



Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Running with the Pack

This year BH³ is pleased to be supporting [Daisy's Dream](#).

Hash Number and Date: 2481 08Feb26

Location: The Royal Oak, Westwood Glen, Tilehurst

Hares: Motox, Plod, SpecialBranch

MUDLARKS

Iceman Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Donut Hashgate Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Lilo and dog Flora TinOpener C5 Dunny Rampant Swallow SlowSucker Spot Posh Bomber Snowy Foxy Floater DipStick Rob Emma and dog Sidney MessengerBoy and dog Willow Gnasher CanalBobb Twanky Number2 Cuddles SexSlave AWOL Cloggs Lonely Julia and dog Archie Sonic Caboose Pyro Dorothy Lungs

GOING COMMANDO

But not quite the way 'Friends' understood it. Rampant's exhausted description of this Trail after he'd finished it (or had it finished him?) was that it was like a commando course. Got to agree, even though your reporter accompanied the walkers today. Liquid and viscous shiggy, steep, wet hills, soaking forest paths scattered with tree branches and deep puddles. This Trail had everything. And a bit more. Let me show you a photo of Foxy attempting to scale one of the slippery slopes. It's a vignette showing grit, determination, a



refusal to give up... and failure – not the muddy skid where her rear shoe has slid from under her.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. Let's start with the beginning. We met Hares Plod, SpecialBranch and Motox in the pub car park, where SpecialBranch told us he'd fallen in the shiggy while laying the Trail. This gave everyone a lot of confidence in the underfoot conditions. Three Trails were available to us: a 6ish mile, a 4½ ish and a walking route led by Motox, who told us he would be leading the SLALs, the Sick, Lame And Lazies. We all On Outed down the woodchip-strewn, downhill alley by the car park. Except Dorothy, who had arrived late. I pointed

him in the right direction and off we went.

The first part wound around Tilehurst, either on tarmac or up and down shiggy-smearred alleys. I hadn't realised there were so many of these in this area. The runners had disappeared and the walkers had split into two groups: Motox's SLALs and slightly faster people who were intent on walking round the shorter of the runners' Trails. The latter consisted of Lonely, Julia and dog Archie, MessengerBoy and dog Willow, Snowy, Twanky and me. It wasn't long before we turned into the first of the shiggy-filled forests, slopping and sliding our way along the narrow, root-filled little paths. Twanky, who was behind me, counted three almost Hash Crashes by me. Surprising none of us went over. Willow splashes back and forth along our trudging line, making light work of the terrain. In the middle of a forest where many of the trees had been cut back recently, which accounted for the mass of branches on the ground that we had to negotiate, was a deep dip in the ground. Our Hares, of course, had laid



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blobs down into and back out of it. I believe this was where Foxy enjoyed her mud slide. You can see it in the picture, where Twanky and MessengerBoy are edging gingerly around it. Snowy, by this time, was being leader of the pack, along with Willow. 😊

We met several wannabe Willow's as we schlepped onwards. Large and small, these dogs had one thing in common: they were carrying huge sticks, almost branches in their mouths. And looking very pleased about it. Willow seemed a tad miffed, because she hadn't yet found a stick bigger than the ones the other dogs had. We reached the Regroup, the runners had probably long gone. There was a Short and a Long Trail split so while the majority of us took the Short (slightly inaptly named I might add) Lonely decided to take the Long. This proved to be a bit of a problem for Julia, Lonely's friend. Lonely often looks after her lovely dog, Archie and the little fellow has rather bonded with him – I believe they have similar philosophical views, though Archie is a touch more forgiving of Wittgenstein than Lonely. As Lonely stopped off on the Long Trail Archie ran after him and it took a lot of shouting and dog-whistling by Julia to get the chap to come back. He look very miffed at having to desert his alpha friend. Speaking of the Regroup, here's a photo of the runners lurking by it, many of them not realising that Foxy's Beaver was hidden back at the pub, not by the Regroup.



Not long after this we caught sight of the SLAL walking group. They were not living up to their name but striding along purposefully. Well, as much as they could in the sticky shiggy and puddles.

Snowy and I hit the front, recognising that the steep, muddy hill in front of us led to the road that would, in tun, lead us back to the pub. However, there was a path off to the left, where flour blobs sat atop fence posts, so we splashed off in that direction. But we were called back by Motox, Sonic, Swallow and Donut who were determined to go straight on. Snowy and I know our place so returned and started up the hill. Crikey! This was the slipperiest, shaggiest, slidiest (probably not a word but you know what I mean) and most exhausting yomp we've done for a while. How one of us didn't fall over I do not know. It was two steps forward and one step back. But finally we made it and popped out on to the road, breathing in lungfulls of air and desperately trying to lower our heart rates. Thank goodness the pub was just down the hill.

Many thanks to our intrepid Hares, who laid the Trail on the day and ran/walked it with us.

Your reporter would like to offer apologies for a slightly shorter, less in-depth Gobsheet than usual but he has a plane to catch. Yet more holiday! See you in a couple of weeks. 😊

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Best wishes for a joyful Red Dress R*n around Reading and the hope that much money is raised for BH³'s charity of the year: Daisy's Dream.

On On Hashgate

DOWN DOWNS

BH³ had ensconced itself firmly in the warm lower bar and RA Foxy's exhortations to people to go out into the cooler pub garden to find her Beaver was generally received at a temperature similar to that in the garden. However, a few hardy souls went foraging, Ms Whiplash, Dunny, Rampant and Foxy among them. Ms Whiplash returned shortly, triumphantly waving Foy's Beaver aloft. Foxy then awarded the following.

Beneficiary	Awarded For
Ms Whiplash	Received her chocolate bar for finding the Beaver.
Hashgate	Allegedly telling someone to eff off. Can't say I remember that...
Cloggs	Mistakenly asking if a Field Check mark was a False Check. Doh!
SlowSucker	So poor he had to wear just socks in the pub.
DipStick	Intending to get the train to the Hash, then cycle round the Trail. Except he realised on his way to the station that he had forgotten his bike and had to go back and get it. ☹️
C5	He asked us to sing Happy Birthday in honour of C4 who would have just enjoyed her 80 th birthday.
Number2	Awarded the 'David' apron by Bomber because he was so covered in shiggy during today's Hash that he needs some protection in future.
Mr Blobby, C5, Foxy	Today's Hash Crashers. Surprising there weren't more considering the underfoot conditions. SpecialBranch went over while laying the Trail.
Plod, SpecialBranch, Motox	Our Hares.

Future Hashes – starting at 11:00 Sunday mornings unless stated otherwise.

Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2482	15Feb25	<p>* The Red Dress Run * raising money for Daisy's Dream</p> <p>The Moderation ("The Mod") 213 Caversham Road, Reading RG1 8BB https://www.themodreading.com/ What3words: ///beans.herb.transmitted</p> <p>Parking: Limited free parking across the road at: - Thameside Promenade RG1 8EQ (NOT the Village Hotel car park & NOT Toby Carvery car park) What3words: ///deputy.vocal.cycles or Rivermead Leisure Centre RG1 8EQ (Ringo 15511) What3words: ///froze.oiled.method</p> <p>3 hours Free/ 5 hours for £2.50</p> <p>Wear your best red frock!</p>	Slapper WetWipe



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Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2483	22Feb26	The Woodpecker Washwater, Newbury RG20 0LU What3Words: upholding.jiffy.heats If you want food please call Emma Winter 07970 662113 or emma@goodpubfoodnewbury.co.uk	HairyVirgin Claire



Floater and Foxy on the slippery slope.



Mud, mud, glorious mud.