



Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Running with the Pack

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

Hash Number and Date: 2482 15th February 2026 – Red Dress Run

Location: **The Moderation ("The Mod")**
213 Caversham Road, Reading

Hares: Slapper, Wet Wipe (+ emergency sweeper – Plod)

RED DRESSED HASHERS

Mr Blobby, Iceman, Twanky, Legover, Lonely, Canal Bobb, Zeb, No Sole, Ever Ready, Mrs Blobby, Gnasher, Blow Job, AWOL, C5, Posh, Plod, Well Laid, Karen, Bomber, Pimp, Lungs, Motor X, Crawler, Special Branch. Visitors – Diver Dan & friend

RED & WET

It seems that whenever I am “volunteered” to write the gobsheet, it p#sses down with rain and today was no exception. This means that I make no notes on the way round and so most of this gobsheet is pure imagination.

As Posh and I are “local people”, we strolled down to the designated car park on the Thames Promenade and availed ourselves of the open boot of Gnasher & Bobb’s car to store our dry things for later. Parked just across the way was a very steamed up white car packed with heavy breathing hashers. Eventually, a hand cleared one of the back windows and Mr Blobby peered out. C5’s car was rather overcrowded with C5, Legover, Mr Blobby, Mrs Blobby and Motor X – Motor X had been patiently waiting for the bus on the small island that now contains his home and the Cunning Man when C5 barrelled past almost drowning him with spray. Was it guilt or generosity that motivated C5 to stop and offer him a lift?

At this moment the hares arrived – in a car! They hastily explained that they hadn’t laid the trail from the car, but had just parked elsewhere and had staggered around the trail that morning as both were injured. Wet Wipe was so concerned by his injury that he had roped in a replacement sweeper at late notice to help keep the pack together. The problem was that he’d asked Plod; as she is renowned for running all the falses, we weren’t quite sure how that was going to work.

We made our way through the rain to the pub where a couple of visitors were sheltering from the downpour in the porch. A tap on the window persuaded the landlady to open up for us and we crowded into the warm pub, protecting our red dresses from the rain and the suspicious gaze of passers-by. It took quite an effort to motivate the crowd to circle up and, eventually, leave the warmth and relative safety of the bar for the puddles and traffic of the Caversham Road. As our esteemed GM is busy being chauffeur driven around his tea plantations in Ceylon, C5 had to step in to circle us up and urge us outside.



(BTW – if you are ever in the area again, as well as being a great pub, the Mod also does superb Asian & Thai food).

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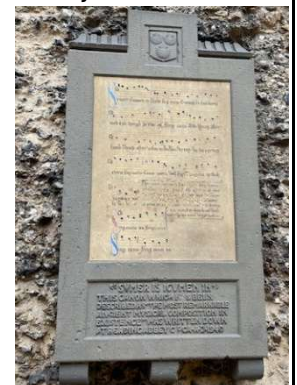
The hares had designed a cunning figure-of-8 trail with Slapper laying the southern portion (laid in flour) and Wet Wipe the northern portion (laid in green chalk); hoping that the two sections would meet somewhere. They first took us past Lonely's boat along the southern bank of the Thames before crossing the footbridge into Christchurch Meadows, where we diverted off the flooded footpath onto the old BMX pump track – which has seen better days. Canal Bobb was just reminiscing about the old days of riding his Ridgeback over the jumps and berms when I found myself moving rather more sideways than I had intended. "Oh sh*t, should've worn trail shoes" I thought as I slid uncontrollably down the slope to end up on my knees in the mud – that'll be a down-down.



We crossed the mill-stream on the rickety bridge and took a quick detour around View Island before crossing the Thames again over the weir and Caversham Lock. Starting to head downstream towards the flooded Kings Meadow, the pack was called back to loop behind the Lido, under the railway bridge and towards the Forbury Gardens, where we regrouped and hunted the beaver on the "beautified" Forbury Hill.



The bulk of the pack then headed off to explore the ruins of Reading Abbey, there was no trail leading in there, so this was just a touristic excursion. The plaque on the wall promised that "Sumer is i comen in" – it certainly did not feel like it on a very wet February morning. The trail actually led us through Forbury Square (which was originally supposed to hold the eastern loop of the Reading Inner Distribution Road) and down two sets of steps to the Holy Brook. It was a shame that Dumber wasn't there (get well soon) to share stories of kayaking up the Holy Brook beneath various civic buildings whilst avoiding the shopping trollies and the rats.



Clearly, by this time, our hares were so exhausted that Slapper had to use a convenient lift rather than the stairs and Wet Wipe peeled off to limp back to pub with his trapped nerve giving him more than a little gip.



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Across the Kings Road and down another set of slippery steps next to The Outlook, we headed up the canal towpath towards the Oracle shopping centre. A few bemused shoppers stared at us as we weaved our way past the cinema and over the footbridges that connect the car-park to the shops. Past the almost flat



County weir to the tunnel, which Karen had helped decorate; the pack stopped, bemused, by the steps that led up to the IDR. “There’s no way out up there”, “it’s a dead end” called out Pimp – and we all believed him, despite having taken that route in reverse on Slapper’s Christmas pub crawl. Eventually, Plod appeared to save us – and led us straight up the steps. Pimp’s “dead-end” was no more than a line of bushes.



Having teased us with the Oracle shopping centre, Slapper’s trail then took us through the Butts Shopping Centre Broad Street Mall (showing my age there). We slid over the pristine polished floor like stones on the Winter Olympic curling rink, leaving muddy trails for those behind to follow and the cleaners to curse. Fortunately for us (but not for the shop keepers), the shopping centre was deserted.

We regrouped again outside the checkerboard flint-clad Reading Minster, where the sign said “refugees welcome”. A friendly lady at the door offered to make us all coffee and wasn’t the slightest bit fazed when C5 told her that there were about 30 of us. Declining her kind offer, we headed off into Broad Street to continue our mission of bemusing shoppers and entertaining the homeless. With no idea of where the trail led, or even if any flour had survived the deluge by this point, we decided as a pack to head back in the general direction of the pub via the Station underpass.



Back to the river we ran, “surely we’ve been here before” we cried, “sod this, I’m going to the pub” announced Canal Bobb – and off he went. Over Reading Bridge and back across the flooded Christchurch Meadows into Caversham, our last hare gave up and headed back to the pub; leaving us to be misled by Plod. What was left of



the pack scattered, finding random checks around the streets of Caversham, through the St Martin's Shopping Centre and the “Artisan” (I think they have misspelt “expensive”) Sunday Market before emerging onto Caversham Bridge by The Crown. On the bridge I stopped with Slapper & Iceman to determine whether we were at the front or the back of the pack (we were at the back) at which point one of my neighbours appeared walking into town and steadfastly refused to acknowledge my cheery “good morning”, perhaps he found Iceman’s pneumatic nipples slightly distracting.

Finally, back in the pub to discover most of the hashers already enjoying a pint and donating heavily to Daisy’s Dream who had a stall set up in the back room.

All praise to the hares who set a trail that encompassed pubs, waterways, parks, floods, ruins, bridges, shopping centres and drug dens all in miserable weather and while carrying injuries.

On On Bomber (guest scribe)

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DOWN DOWNS & ENTERTAINMENT

We were entertained by the Daisy's Dream dog and various stories of hashers getting lost in Reading town centre and short-cutting back to the pub.



The Down-downs were first led by Gnasher who then handed over to C5 for the hares and Sophie from Daisy's Dream – who attempted to down a Jack Daniels & Coke (so I was told)

C5 found the beaver, which was aptly dressed in red.



The highlight of the afternoon was supposed to be the announcement of the winner of the Daisy's Dream charity entry to the Reading 1/2 marathon. But unfortunately, Wet Wipe couldn't get the raffle app to work on his phone, so we all left relieved (or disappointed) that we hadn't won.

But – stop the press – I've just heard that Flo was the "lucky" winner (and is now holding her own raffle to allocate the entry to someone who actually wants to run).

Anyone who still wishes to donate can use the link below or scan the QR code.

<https://www.justgiving.com/page/daisysbh3page>



Charity Registered in England & Wales No. 1177145

Beneficiary	Awarded For
Bomber	Falling - Another one bites the dust.
Crawler	Using the lift rather than the stairs
AWOL	Joining the paparazzi with all his photo taking
Pimp	Short-sightedly announcing a dead-end on the trail
Slapper, Wet Wipe	The hares
Sophie	Representing Daisy's Dream

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Future Hashes – starting at 11:00 Sunday.

Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2483	22/02/2026	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	Hairy Virgin & Claire
2484	01/03/2026	The Swan Basingstoke Rd, Three Mile Cross Reading RG7 1AT What3Words: ///ozone.bunny.bunny St David's Day - Welsh theme.	Wet Wipe, Floater & Iceman
2485	08/03/2026	The Hinds Head Wasing Ln, Aldermaston, Reading RG7 4LX What3Words: ///lots.humble.gossiping	Twanky, Messenger Boy & Dorothy