



Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Running with the Pack

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

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Hash Number and Date: 2496 26May26

Location: The White Horse, Emmer Green, Reading

Hares: WaveRider, NappyRash

SUN LOVERS



SpecialBranch ForestDump Donut Hashgate Foghorn Motox NoSole Slapper MessengerBoy and dog Willow Posh Bomber TinOpener Lilo and dog Flora Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Utopia Sonic Gnasher CanalBobb Foxy Floater Rampant Dunny Iceman Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Lungs Number2 Swallow SlowSucker Spot Twanky Lonely Itsyor Florence... and later, TC and dog Flossie

SCORCHIO!

It really was scorchio! 34C and you could fry an ostrich egg on the pavement... should you have one going spare. If the weather was a chilli, it would have been above Carolina Reaper on the Scoville Scale. The White Horse car park shimmered in the heat, an oasis scintillating across the tarmac. If a horde of camel-riding Bedouins had thundered over it I would not have been surprised. A group of us gathered in the sticky heat of the sun to chat and wonder why we were there. Number2 looked me in the eye and said, straight out, "I am hot." Now I didn't want to hurt his feelings and I certainly didn't want to encourage further conversation down this particular avenue so I merely agreed that, yes, the temperature was a touch warm for the time of year. Most people were lightly dressed, hardly a plus four or long trouser in sight. Dunny swished out of her car, sporting millinery that would be highly acceptable at Royal Ascot. The wide-brimmed straw head furniture provided elegant and perfect protection. On the other hand, MessengerBoy's T-shirt was the total antithesis in style and class. Here's a photo for you to "Harrumph!" at. 😊



First of all, we must applaud our Hares for laying the Medium, Long and Walking Trails in the oven-like heat of the morning, before going round with the runners in the evening. All in all, they covered about 13 miles during this hot day. And NappyRash had cycled round to recce the lengthy course he is laying With Shitfer for NashBash the day before. Plus, they laid the Trail only to realise Foxy's Beaver had not been hidden at the Regroup, necessitating a swift run to and from it. 🙄

I mentioned above that a group of us had gathered in the sticky heat. Obviously, it had scrambled our brains. ForestDump came over and asked, "Wouldn't it be a bit cooler if we stood in the shade of those trees like the rest of the Hashers?" Duh. We sloped sheepishly over to where SpecialBranch, Foghorn et al were

enjoying the slightly cooler air.

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The Circle formed, Hare WaveRider was wished a Happy Birthday for Saturday and we cantered On Out. The wrong way, initially. We had to circle round to the front of the pub and enjoy the peace of the duckpond before crossing the road towards Budgens. Which was where we met Mrs Blobby and Utopia, who had obviously stocked up on cheap hooch at the supermarket before returning to the car park to drink their stash secretly.

We ran through parts of Caversham Park Village, the temperature of which had been set to regulo gas mark 4; ideal if you want to sear a suckling pig but not if you are attempting to run. If horses sweat, men perspire and ladies merely glow, at that time we all embraced our inner equine. Those of us who know the area well were very pleased to enter the shaded woodland of Clayfield Copse. However, we quickly encountered a Field Check at the edge of the vast playing fields that are home to Caversham Association Football Club. Bomber scooted off along the edge of the woods to the left, Mr Blobby took a diagonal route across the middle and I set off to the right, by the clubhouse. It was a tad disheartening to see the Pack appear a long way behind us and turn immediately left, into the woods along which Bomber had traversed. At least, when we caught up, we were on forest trails, in the shade. Although Hare WaveRider did call out to co-Hare NappyRash, who was near the front of the Pack, "You've gone wrong." A reply wavered back among the dry tree trunks, "Nooo, lii haven'ttt." WaveRider looked around her for a moment. "Oh, all right then." And she carried on.



There was an awful lot of scurrying about, lost Trails and False Trails, which proved the Hares had laid the Trail well. At the apparent end of a particularly gnarly, narrow and overgrown track Rampant found a Bar Check. Hmm. We eventually found that we more or less had to carry straight on, into a gnarly, narrow and overgrown track festooned with brambles by the stout metal fence that defends Thames Water's newly built reservoir.

And then we were heading towards Loddon Brewery; or so I believed. Not so. As we reached All Saints church, Eye and Dunsden (where our Hares' daughter was married) a marker for the walking Trail nipped off across the church car park towards the brewery, while we runners had to traipse uphill towards a road well know to me. It was where our house is located. Donut and I had noticed what appeared to be a large splodge of flour outside our drive earlier. The Pack assumed it was either a Beer Stop or the Regroup and some wandered hopefully into the drive. Spot was very interested in the drive and garden generally, prowling around it and peering at the



Sarcococca and *Pieris*, like Alan Tichmarsh on a botanical investigation into middle-class planting habits. I had virtually to drag him out.

Not far down the road lay the Regroup. Since I arrived there a little late, these were the only Hashers who

From l to r; CanalBobb, Dunny, Slapper, WaveRider, Mr Blobby.

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were left to photograph against the beautiful, sunny backdrop.

From here, the more avid Hashers took the option to run a long way down the rock-solid earth of the steep hill, a fair way across the bottom of it, then back up an equally steep footpath that brought them out by Dunsden Green... where the above group had gone, missing out the exhausting hill loop in a display of sensible decision-making rarely seen by BH³ members. Poor Hare NappyRash had hoped that everyone would take the short cut, so that he wouldn't have to run the long route again. Top marks to him for doing it.

Our small group wandered past Loddon Brewery, on to the lengthy cinder and stone road that heads towards Caversham Park and Emmer Green. Mr Blobby and I were chatting gloomily about the current state of the nation when Bomber and Rampant (who had both taken the hill route) panted past. No other members of their group were in sight, which illustrated quite how fit they both are. Mind you, Rampant did just manage to huff out that he was totally, "knackered." Which we could totally understand.



"Not far from here," said WaveRider, "is a flying pig." Mr Blobby and I looked at each other quizzically. Flying pig? Then, suddenly, just outside a field of tired-looking donkeys, there it was! The piggy in the sky - le cochon au ciel (I don't know why I tried a bit of French there either). Our elevated porcine friend seemed to point in the direction we should go so we took his (and WaveRider's) advice.

We enjoyed a fairly lengthy hike through Clayfield Copse, which took us to Caversham Park Village and the second and largest of the day's two duckponds. Four fluffy goslings slumbered by the edge of the pond, flanked by a watchful mum and dad. Ducks with their heads tucked over their back opened a sleepy eye as we passed. A grey squirrel skittered over the grass and up the trunk of a beech tree. A very pleasant and peaceful scene. We just had to drag our hot and exhausted carcasses up the seemingly never-ending path that rises up through the middle of Caversham Park Village and we were back at The White Horse. WaveRider and I met a young couple and their daughter sitting outside the pub. "You must be mad to go running in this heat." They observed cheerily from behind their tall glasses of cold lager. We droopily agreed. Mind you, the father is a runner and his young daughter does parkrun and they said they are all keen to come to one of our Hashes. Be nice to see them.

Our thanks to the Hares for Trails well-laid in the baking heat and for seeing us safely round. Thanks also for providing us with two duck ponds, a variety of aquatic feathered friends, a field of donkeys and a flying pig.

On On Hashgate



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DOWN DOWNS

RAs Gnasher and Foxy awarded the following in the sweltering heat of the pub (concrete 😊) garden.

Beneficiary	Awarded For
Bomber	Received the soggy chocolate bar in this picture for finding Foxy's Beaver. 
Motox	Admitted to all and sundry that he had "a small one" before cutting his hand on a bush while having a whizzer. Fortunately, it was only a little prick.
TinOpener	Using a machete to assist his passage through overgrown areas.
Twanky	Had a little car trouble. He obviously likes the pub so much he wanted to stay there.
SlowSucker, SpecialBranch	Happy Birthday to them!
Florence	Awarded the 'David' apron to Florence because she kept running past him, then stopping to walk. Also, she's a woman. 😊
WaveRider NappyRash	Our Hares.

Future Hashes – starting at 19:00 Monday evenings unless stated otherwise.

Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2497	01Jun26	King William IV Hailey, Ipsden, Oxfordshire, OX10 6AD What3Words: ///stly.moguls.linguists Please park in the top car park. If you want a meal, please book a table and then order before the run.	Dunny, Rampant
2498	08Jun26	The Old Boot Stanford Dingley, Reading RG7 6LT What3Words: ///trickster.eternally.harshest StreetMap trickster.eternally.harshest	Plod SpecialBranch