



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: 2509 17Aug26

Location: The Woodcutters, Horndean Road, Bracknell

Hares: SkinnyDipper, Spot

WOODCUTTERS



Gnasher CanalBobb Donut Hashgate Twanky Blowjob Gannet Dumb Dumber Bomber NoSole Slapper Sonic Dunny Rampant SweetPee Agatha Foxy Cuddles SexSlave Swallow SlowSucker Suzi Iceman Florence Zebedee Lungs SpecialBranchTipOff and dog Sidney MessengerBoy and dog Willow Number2 WetWipe Fiddler Itsyor Lonely

BEAVERING ABOUT IN THE FOREST

Our first picture shows the state Fiddler is in now that he has become a father to little Monty. Baby awake at night, somnambulist wandering and soothing, feeding, nappy-changing, burping (baby, not him), wife support, earning a crust to keep the wolf from the door... not surprised the poor fellow's knackered. Mind you, it didn't stop him from FRBing during this Hash. Well done Fiddler and our best to Prickles and Monty.



Until we arrived there we weren't sure why SkinnyDipper and Spot had decided to lay a Trail in Bracknell, a location to which we haven't been for some long time. It turned out that Suzi, SkinnyDipper's daughter, lives just around the corner from the pub and Swinley Park and Forest are very close by. So, good enough reasons. We welcomed Suzi as a returnee at the Circle. Nice to see her again. She's also very good at checking, which saved us quite a lot of effort. 😊

Our Hares warned us about the prevalence of roots in the forested areas in which we would run or walk. One in particular, they said, was shaped in a solid, low hoop that would certainly catch an unwary ankle and snap it like a twig. We saw this after a couple of miles and were relieved that a) we'd been warned, and b) Mr Blobby and C5 were not with us on this evening.

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As we ran into the first of many forest tracks, Hare SkinnyDipper suddenly appeared next to me. “I’m very disappointed,” she began, “I was so happy to find that we’d laid the walking Trail as a Pi Trail. We measured it at 3.14 miles. Stupid thing is, I forgot to mention it at the Circle.” With a sad face, she turned away, presumably to find a sackcloth and some ashes. Now if I was a horrid kind of chap I’d say that this attire and makeup would not be particularly different to her usual style. But I’m not, so I won’t.

We scurried along wide forest roads, snaked along narrow paths lined with whippy bracken, plunged through face-stinging bushes. All was tinder-dry until we reached a surprisingly green, grassy area between the trees that Slapper thought might be made of plastic. It was certainly a shock to see grass that colour. I’m sure that those of us who have a garden feel it resembles the Serengeti in the dry season.

Despite the humidity and some hills, we all reached the first Regroup without needing CPR or counselling for being so daft as to run in such heat and humidity. As you can see, dog Sidney was very keen to be in the picture and jumped up on the log. He’d been jumping up excitedly at people all the way to here, especially Foxy, who earlier had some dog treats in her pocket. Poor Sidney – he’d already scoffed them all.



This was where Fiddler had, just before this photo was taken, had lain out, exhausted, on the log bench. I half expected BlowJob to join him since she was yawning her head off in front of me. I felt like Jonah must have done as the whale approached him.

We bumped into the walking group when we On Outed again, Sidney vying with Willow for the large stick they both wanted. But we runners split away, eventually turning and running directly towards the setting sun. It was so bright it was difficult to see where we were going and Dunny agreed with me that it was almost as bright as



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the sun during the so-called eclipse a week ago. 91% obscurity? I don't think so. It certainly didn't stop my tennis match at the time.

Bomber continued with his imitation of Plod by finding a False Trail from every Check that we came across. Luckily, the fellow is fitter than a butcher's dog on amphetamines, so it mattered nothing to him. He did join us



at the second Regroup, which was also the Beaver Stop. I believe WetWipe has beaver radar, since he found our furry friend almost immediately. Here he is, showing her off... along with his wetwipe. 🐾😄 The exemplary Trail-laying was demonstrated yet again when the first of the walking group: Donut and Swallow, tramped around the corner of the track along which we had come. Sadly, of course, there would be no Foxy's Beaver for them. Sadly, also, for the runners, there were six ways we could continue from this point and it took a while and a hint from Hare Spot to find the correct way. Which was directly opposite from the way we had expected to go. Doh! We trotted sweatily along a lengthy and slightly uphill track until we found a one-blob Check with a choice of three directions. Slapper and Iceman began to wander down one, with apparent tacit approval of Hare SkinnyDipper. The cry of, "On On!" sounded from a different track and Skinny, naughty lady, called out to Slapper and Iceman, "Oops! Apologies. I sent you the wrong way." with the appalling realisation of her 'genuine mistake' written all over her laughing face. The two lads took it well. It's a Hash – there are no rules! 🎉

Soon, though it seemed like half a mile, there was the option to take a short cut and Slapper, BlowJob and Gnasher took it. I joined them as a responsible committee member to ensure their safe return. I must mention how well Slapper had done up to this point. He'd spent all day entertaining a six-year old birthday boy and was pretty done in. Amazing he could run at all.

Despite a slight miscalculation of our geographical location we managed, with the help of local girl, BlowJob, to meander our way back to the pub, where a good towel-down and a cold drink awaited us. Also, the sight of WetWipe, Fiddler and Rampant racing each other into the car park. Sad really.

Thank you to our Hares for a fine Trail through some lovely forest. And for laying a shorter Trail than usual so we could avoid heat exhaustion and get back before dusk.

On On Hashgate

THE GEORGE MICHAEL COMPETITION

In last week's Gobsheet there was a competition to identify the eight song titles associated with George Michael, who had been the Hash theme that evening in Goring. I can't say I was expecting an avalanche of entries and that was the case. A single snowball came my way in the form of Twanky. He identified all eight titles correctly and therefore wins the competition. Well done Twanky... and my apologies for forgetting to buy you a winner's drink. 😊 In case you're interested, the eight song titles were: Club Tropicana, Careless Whisper, Edge of Heaven, Faith, A different Corner, Last Christmas, Bad Boys, I'm Your Man.

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DOWN DOWNS

RA Gnasher presented the following, as dusk fell, in the warm and pleasant pub garden.

Beneficiary	Awarded For
NoSole, Lungs, Sonic	Since they cannot all attend the AGM, our HashMash and assistants were presented with three mugs (see below) for their sterling work in providing BH ³ with food, particularly at the 2500 th , the Fun Run and C5's birthday event. Well done and thank you to them
NoSole	GM Hashgate asked HashMash NoSole to stay for an individual presentation. He mentioned that everyone knows that she works so hard to supply us with a superb variety of excellent food. To thank her, the committee had agreed to present her with a restaurant/comedy evening voucher for two people. A well-deserved round of applause followed. Thank you NoSole! 😊
MessengerBoy, BlowJob	Happy Birthdays to them. However, MB had had to leave earlier. Maybe a Down Down next week.
Suzi	Our returnee. A fine Down from her.
Lungs	Since WetWipe had found Foxy's Beaver but had had to leave earlier and had passed the small furry to Lungs, she received the chocolate bar award.
Fiddler	Catching up on his sleep on that log bench.
Sonic	Awarded the 'David' apron by Gannet. He had caught and got rid of Covid fairly recently and Sonic had told him he and his germs should step away from the Circle at the start of the evening. 🦋
Itsyor	Happy Birthday to him.
SkinnyDipper, Spot	The Hares

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

Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2510	24Aug26	Theme - "What I was wearing when the ship went down" The Packhorse Woodcote Rd, Mapledurham, Reading RG4 7UG What3Words: ///truth.race.vote StreetMap truth.race.vote	Hashgate Donut TC
2511	31Aug26 * 16:30 * Bank Holiday Monday	BH ³ Summer Party Theme - Wear a Pub on your head! YMCA Activity Centre Ramptons Ln, Reading RG7 4QT What3Words: ///playoffs.darker.marathons StreetMap playoffs.darker.marathons Bring plate, cutlery, mug & drink.	MessengerBoy and The Crazy Gang



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HashMash NoSole, Sonic and Lungs enjoy their Downs.



The HashMash mug!

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