



Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Running with the Pack

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

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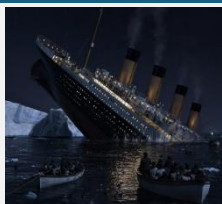


Hash Number and Date: 2510 24Aug26

Location: The Pack Horse, Mapledurham

Hares: Hashgate, Donut, TC

PASSENGERS AND CREW



Posh Bomber Dumb Dumber Swallow Penny SlowSucker Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop PenisGrigiot Harry Spot Motox Foghorn Cuddles SexSlave Sonic SweetPee Agatha Florence Zebedee Twanky Dunny Rampant Foxy Gnasher CanalBobb LemonySnicket Wimpey Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Utopia Lungs John Iceman TreeT FalseTart Shifty FalseTart Caboose Floater Itsyor SpecialBranch... and much later: JJ Aqua

THE 'WHAT I WAS WEARING WHEN THE SHIP WENT DOWN' HASH

As you can see from the photograph below, the 1st class passengers (i.e. those who made the effort to dress in shipboard attire) are at the front and centre. Steerage is further back. FalseTart's mob cap, curler and dressing gown is perfectly set off by her husband's (Shifty) 'just de-trousered after an evening of brandy and cigars' look. Gnasher (left and front) and Lungs (right and front) have already turned in to their bunks for the night. Foxy has readied herself for a plunge into icy waters with an industrial lifejacket and Zebedee and Florence are enjoying their cosplay as pirate and ship's mate port and starboard of SkinnyDipper in that weird T-shirt – if there is a marine reference, it's beyond my understanding. Ship's cook, Sonic, stands to the right, wearing her galley 'David' apron. At centre of the picture is Captain Hashgate with sea-Hares Donut and TC between him and Zebedee. Just behind them, Bomber is anchored to the spot, sporting bright yellow, deep-sea oilskins. These were designed to keep every drop of water out but, on this hot summer evening, it also kept every drop of perspiration in. He sensibly peeled the articles off (uugh! Awful mental picture!) before we set off on our voyage. 😊



This motley crew may have had a sinking feeling about the evening but they were kept afloat, buoyed up at the prospect of a titanic Hash. Well, they were certainly hoping it would go down well.

Website – <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>

Email – iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk



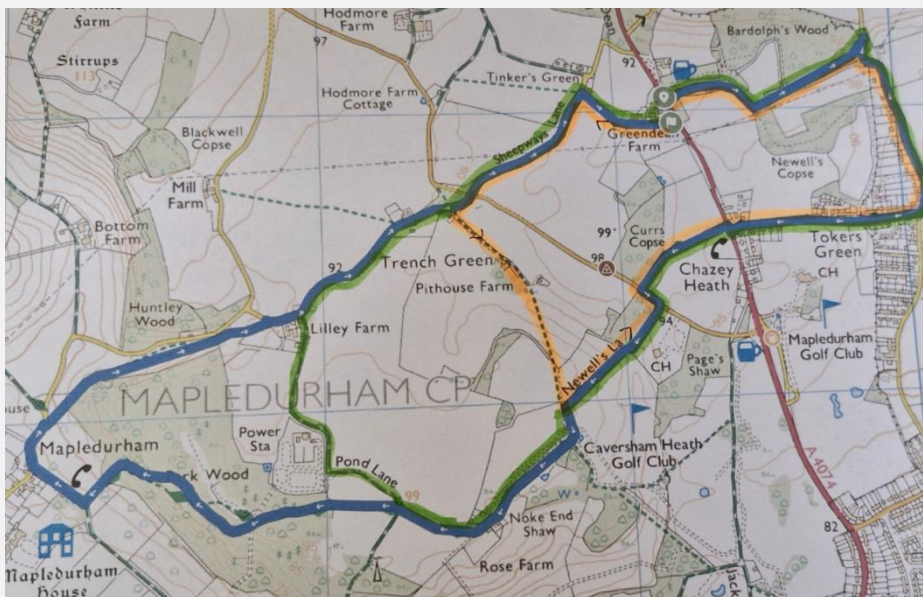
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Our Hash passengers this evening were joined by stowaways Harry, Penny and PenisGrigio. Despite their ticketless status we were pleased they had joined us as we prepared to sail.

Included here is the map that charts the courses. The anti-clockwise orange sea lane was the 3ish nautical miles walking Trail; The green clockwise bearing illustrates the 5ish miles Medium Trail and the blue clockwise liner route is the 6ish miles Long Trail.

We Hares had laid most of the Trails on the Saturday afternoon in searing heat, experiencing arid doldrums through some fields and lanes and blustery buffeting in others. Our plan was that the ~~nutters~~ faster runners could enjoy the additional mile or so around Mapledurham, while Medium



Trailers could ensure their return to port well before dusk, and both sets might meet the walkers as they steamed along their path in the opposite direction. I'm pleased to report that some did meet, semaphoring 'Ahoy! Ahoy!' greetings – ships that passed before it was night.

Now I was the Hare who followed the Hash cruise liner as it ran magnificently along; that is, I could rescue anyone who had fallen overboard or become lost in the sea of blobs. Additionally, I could drop buoys in the form of extra flour for the two old scows (Motox and Foghorn) that were chugging along behind me. Incidentally, if you're not sure what a scow is, the nautical definition is a large flat-bottomed boat with square ends, used for transporting heavy cargo. Anyway, since I was mostly on my own I am unable to report on most things that happened with those in front of me. However, there were a couple of events. It was pleasing that Dunny, Spot and Itsyor had run downhill at the Two-way Check and found the False. As we agreed when they ran back: 'Never check downhill.' 😊 A little further on I approached a Waitrose delivery van with a couple of chaps inside it. When they saw me running towards them with my Captain's cap and formal white shirt they laughingly saluted. I duly snapped one back at them. Great moment!

Later, TreeT, FalseTart and I met the walking group, led by SexSlave, Ms Whiplash, Mrs Blobby and Utopia in the narrow, fern-lined footpath by the golf course. "Aye, aye Captain." they chorused with a smile. We carried on towards the Regroup by Pond Lane. The Long Trailers had already gone, including Bomber, who had found Foxy's Beaver. As the three of us approached this point we found a number of motionless Hashers tossing at anchor: Shifty, Caboose, SkinnyDipper and Posh among them. Our arrival stirred them into action and they uphailed, setting sail along the winding concrete (Caboose thanked we Hares for laying such a flat surface) that led finally to Lilley Farm, where the Long Trailers would connect.

Somehow, Dumber had joined our small group as we negotiated the narrow channel of the road that led to the final footpath and the On Inn. Just as we entered the dim, tree-lined footpath Rampant slid past like a speedboat, leaving us bouncing up and down in his wake. This was just before we saw Posh coming towards us! Why? She



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told us that she'd only done four miles and needed to do some more. Well, good for her. We surged forwards towards the welcoming lifeboat of the pub. 🚤

Almost all of us returned before dusk fell, which was good to know for we Hares. However, there were two swabs who didn't get back until later: Aqua and JJ started quite late, having gone to The Pack Saddle pub instead of The Pack Horse. Doh! I feel a keelhauling could be due for these scurvy dogs. 🦞

On behalf of the Hares thank you all who could get to our Hash and especially to those who dressed for the occasion. We hope you all enjoyed the evening as much as we did.

On On Hashgate

DOWN DOWNS

RA Dumb presented the following in the increasingly chilly environs of the pub garden.

Beneficiary	Awarded For
Wimpey	Being a probable contender for 'Husband of the Year'. When his wife, LemonySnicket, turned back during the Trail because she felt a little unwell, it was reported that he said, "Who cares?" 🙄
Florence	Having a whizzer on the Trail. The RA was re-hydrating her.
SkinnyDipper	Having a T-shirt with the logo 'Show me yours and I'll show you mine' on it. She thought she ought to be a bit less 'out there' so whipped it off to wear inside out, thereby showing everyone hers anyway.
SexSlave	"Isn't it a lovely sunset." He said towards the end of the walk, not realising he was looking at the lights from the pub.
Foxy	She was over-prepared at last week's Hash, bringing an unnecessary head torch.
Dumb	She couldn't figure out where musical notes were coming from when she was crossing a windy field during the Trail. It was the breeze whistling through the holes in her walking pole!
Donut	Presented the 'David' apron by Sonic because she mentioned to her that the nipple tassels were in exactly the right place.
Bomber	Presented an IOU for a chocolate bar (since one was not available) for finding Foxy's Beaver.
Hashgate, Donut, TC	The Hares
Hashgate	Dobbed in for forgetting to take his flour container round the Trail. Oops! 😊

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

Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2511	31Aug26 * 16:30 *	YMCA Activity Centre Ramptons Ln, Reading RG7 4QT What3Words: ///playoffs.darker.marathons StreetMap playoffs.darker.marathons	MessengerBoy and The Crazy Gang

