



Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Running with the Pack

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

Our Just Giving page is <https://share.google/i83sCeavtlwhGzH20>

Hash Number and Date: 2489 06Apr26

Location: The Fox and Hounds, Tilehurst

Hares: WellLaid, Pimp

BUCKS AND DOES



Motox Foghorn Donut Hashgate Florence Zebedee Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Cuddles SexSlave Utopia Spot WaveRider Diver Treacle with children Katy and Harry Cockup Posh Bomber Dunny Rampant ForestDump TinOpener SkinnyDipper Nosole Slapper Sonic LemonySnicket Wimpey Linda CanalBobb Gnasher SpecialBranch Aqua JJ Rob Emma and dog Sydney Twanky Lungs Pantaloon Prickle+1 Fiddler C5 Legova Frabet

BLUEBELLS AND THE EASTER BUNNY



So here we are at The Fox and Hounds, ready to enjoy our first BH³ Monday evening Hash. Shortly after this photo was taken we On Outed, having assisted the three kneelers finally to stand up 😊. The evening was sunny and warm, a blue sky overhead. Perfect conditions. Our Hares had told us that the 6-mile runners' Trail was marked in white flour and the 3-ish mile walkers' Trail marked in pink. They also mentioned that Foxy's Beaver was on holiday this Easter weekend so we should search for an Easter Bunny at the Regroup instead. There was, they added, a Naughty Stop, plenty of bluebells, a possible detour from the original Trail due to a fire in a pillbox and Pimp had lost a dog lead while they were setting the Trail yesterday so please keep an eye out for it. Inevitably, someone asked if there was a dog attached to the lead. By the way, if you don't know what a Naughty Stop is it's a place on the Trail, usually a bench, marked with 'NS', where you should stop, bend over and receive a spank from the following Hasher... who then receives one from whoever's following them. Juvenile I know. But hugely enjoyed by those who are into that sort of thing. Ok, nearly all of the Hash. 🙌

We set off in the direction that we usually do. Perfect, we thought. This first bit's all downhill; we can get the legs working. We did, though it wasn't long before we swung off into the first bit of woodland where the Pack split into two distinct groups. WaveRider, Treacle and I led one... the wrong way. Luckily, we saw Hare Pimp leading the

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other group uphill to our left and traversed to meet them. This was where we caught our first sight of the hazy mass of bluebells that carpeted the area. Here's a photo, kindly supplied by SexSlave, that illustrates how lovely



it was to be going through these Spring flowers. Cuddles leads the way from PennyPitstop, with Mrs Blobby, Utopia and Twanky following on.

There was a lot more of these woods and plenty of roots to trip over; one of which caught out Spot – see Down Downs. At one Check I was surprised to find Bomber catching me up... until he told me that he'd got there earlier and run round more or less in a circle to not find the Trail but

return to the Check. Just as well he's pretty fit. It was just after here that the Naughty Stop bench appeared. Unfortunately, there was a young, loved-up couple sitting on it and our feeling was that they wouldn't be too impressed with a group of ageing Hashers indulging in a bit of spanking. So we left them to it. Mind you Slapper, living up to his name, gave one (a slap) to WellLaid just to show his support for the Hares' Trail-laying effort.

The route then described a lengthy pointing finger shape and, since Aqua, Donut, Posh and I were with Pimp and WellLaid, who told us they intended to short cut at this point, we didn't want them to be lonely so joined them to cut across the knuckle of the finger before scooting (more like shuffling breathlessly) up the next big, grassy hill behind FRB Donut to rejoin the Trail.

Just after this hill, on entering a footpath between paddocks, I was overtaken by a puffing Rampant who asked me, "Do you have divine guidance, Hashgate?" He couldn't quite figure out how I'd got so far ahead of him. "Surely you remember," I replied, knowing he'd been the GM a little while ago, "it's one of the perks of the GM job."

Aqua, JJ, Mr Blobby, Donut, WellLaid and I tramped womanfully and manfully along the many and various root-knotted woodland paths for what seemed like a mile or so before catching up with the rest of the Pack at the Regroup. This had been laid next to a deep swallow hole, at the bottom of which were several trees, some fallen, Treacle, Bomber and Rampant, who uttered a triumphant cry on finding what he thought was the Easter Bunny in the bomb hole. Thing is, he was holding aloft an apparent poo bag and none of us, including him, were sure it contained a rabbit instead of... well, I'm sure you can imagine. He bravely and at arms' length, undid the bag and, luckily for him, a pair of ears popped out. We all breathed a sigh of relief. The Trail split into Long and Medium and the majority of people went Long, disappearing across the field into the trees. Itsyor, panting somewhat, suddenly appeared, carrying a stick. I'm tempted to leave it there, without explanation. But I wouldn't be so cruel... would I?

Ok then. 😊 He knew that his son Fiddler, having driven for three hours from Lincolnshire, with Prickle+1, to be here, had started even later than he had so he had been marking bits of the Trail for him, using the stick. Since Itsyor was going to run on Skinny very kindly helped him by marking out, with her own stick, an arrow and an 'L' to indicate for Fiddler where the Long Trail went. Now either the ground



Rampant proudly displays his Easter bunny.

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was very hard or Skinny couldn't get enough weight behind the stick, but I figured that Fiddler's chances of seeing where to go lay somewhere between a dog's and no. I'm pleased to report that later, at the pub, he told your reporter that he'd actually found the marks. I guess his eyesight and tracking abilities are better than mine.

Skinny, Donut and I decided to do a Bomber and go our own way, picking our feet up over the gnarly roots that littered the slim earth footpath through the trees. It wasn't long before we found this, a bright, Easter egg-shaped object and a sign clearly indicating which way to go. I've included this so that future Hares may take note of how to mark their Trails more clearly. No-one's going to get lost with this kind of direction. 😊 We certainly didn't and it wasn't long before we came out on to the road by the school around the back of which was the wide footpath that led down to the On Inn and the pub that Dunny missed (see Down Downs).



Our thanks to the Hares for excellent running and walking Trails. The forests and bluebells were lovely, the weather perfect and the early start got us back well before sundown. Oh yes, and the pub's very good too.

On On Hashgate

DOWN DOWNS

Since it was by now quite chilly outside we huddled together in the pub's small ante room to listen to RA Gnasher's Down Down awards.

Beneficiary	Awarded For
Rampant	He found the Easter Bunny at the Regroup.
Motox	Happy Birthday to him!
Prickle, Fiddler	For being returnees and for shortly introducing into the world the youngest BH3 Hasher! 🐰 Bomber led us in the singing of "Who Ate All the Pies." 🎵
Spot	One of tonight's Hash Crashers.
Slapper	Stripping during the Hash. A terrifying thought.
Bomber	Yet again making up his own Trail. But then he is the Trail Master.
Dunny	Illustrated her geographical disability by following WaveRider to her car which was in the opposite direction to the clearly visible pub and 'On Inn' sign. Doh! 😊
Welllaid, Pimp	The Hares.
Treacle	Received the spare Down for being a returnee. Crikey, he can drink fast!

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

Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2490	13Apr26	The Turners Arms West End Rd Mortimer Common, Reading RG7 3TW What3Words: /// jump.waddle.mirror StreetMap jump.waddle.mirror	C5 Mr Blobby



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Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2491	20Apr26	The Volunteer Church Street, Theale, Reading RG7 5BX What3Words: /// cook.ages.handed StreetMap cook.ages.handed	CanalBobb



Stirrups(?!) seen hanging in the bunny bomb hole at the Regroup. Pimp said he'd been using them the night before the Hash...



Cockup in the pub after the Hash. Can't he see the sticker? Maybe he needs some new glasses... 😊