



## Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Running with the Pack

This year BH<sup>3</sup> is pleased to be supporting [Daisy's Dream](#).

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

**Hash Number and Date:** 2492 27Apr26

**Location:** The Cherry Tree, Stoke Row

**Hares:** Number2, Lonely

### CHERRY PICKERS



Spot Donut Hashgate SkinnyDipper WetWipe PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash Dunny Rampant Swallow SlowSucker Twanky LemonySnicket Wimpey Frabet Cockup Cuddles SexSlave Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Utopia Rob Emma and Sydney the dog MessengerBoy and Willow the dog Sonic Gnasher CanalBobb Foxy Iceman Dorothy Emily Pyro Sleazy PrettyInPink Squeaky Simon Itsyor OldDog Motox Foghorn

### HILLS AND HEIFERS

Firstly, some great news from Itsyor. His son, Fiddler and his lady, Prickle, were recently married in a joyful, happy ceremony in Lincolnshire, where they now live. Husband and wife are also looking forward to the birth of their first child. BH<sup>3</sup> wishes them all the very best of happiness and health and we look forward to seeing them again, hopefully soon, at the Hash. ❤️

The second piece of great news is that the sheep have returned! At the end of Stoke Row Road is a triangular patch of grass upon which a small flock of aluminium sheep have grazed in a variety of positions over the years.



When we hashed at the nearby recreation ground a few weeks ago they were nowhere to be seen and we were aghast, aghast I say, at their disappearance. However, last night they had reappeared, contentedly cropping the grass and minding their own ovine business. Here is a photo with Mr Blobby in their midst to prove they were there and that they do not (immediately) attack Hashers.

We found out at the Circle that Hare Number2 ("I am not a number! I am a free man!") And, yes, I know it was Number 6 who said this in *The Prisoner*. Give me a break) had co-opted (bribed) Lonely to assist him with the Trail-laying and provide walking group leadership. Also at the Circle we welcomed back Squeaky and Simon, who had appeared last week, and virgin Emily, a university student who has written a thesis on the language and

terminology utilised in various running fraternities, including our own. I believe she must have included a massive glossary for our arcane Hashing terms. E.g. Kennels, On On!, Bar Check, Down Down, to mention just a few. We wish her well with her dissertation<sup>3</sup> and look forward to seeing her again on the Hash.

We On Outed, in a slightly cool breeze but with the sun still in the sky after its day-long arc across it. A pleasant evening, made all the more pleasant by an initial run down a very lengthy hill. Rampant illustrated his inability to identify a hole and a bloody great big flint by hurtling into both and attempting to break his ankle. I'm pleased to

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report that he not only failed but also managed not to explode verbally with a word that rhymes with 'duck'. Well done, Rampant. He managed to canter onwards, albeit with a distinct limp.

What goes down, of course... It was a long, winding uphill tarmac lane. Iceman, Emily, SkinnyDipper and I set the pace up it at the rear of the Pack. It certainly gave the lungs a work out. But even though it did, none of us took Hare Lonely's option (no idea where he had sprung from) of a short cut across a field that would take off a mile of Trail. "If any of you have no shame..?" he offered. With an imperious shake of our heads and an implied, "Get behind me, Satan." We staggered on up the hill. Silly us.

Approaching a verdant field containing a herd of youthful cows, Skinny advised Emily and me that, "If you lie down in a field with bare feet, the cows will come and lick your toes." There was a moment's silence while we trotted on and absorbed this glistening drop of esoterica as it splashed into the pool of our respective knowledge. Questions bubbled to the surface: how could Skinny know this, had she done this and if so, why? We may never know. But feel free to ask her.

The young beeves viewed the ragtag of Hashers heading towards them across the field and decided to hoof it into the next field via a gap in the hedge. All bar one black and white girl who stood hesitantly while most of the Pack walked in front of her and through a metal gate. Just as the rest of the Pack were about to do the same, the herd figured it would be a good idea if they all stampeded back to their original field, almost taking Number2 with them. Since there was no official Regroup on this day and therefore no photo, here's one of the inquisitive cows forming their own Regroup. Fortunately on the other side of the gate where I stood. Plenty of beeves but no beaver. 😊



From here there was a long, downhill, flint-strewn track. Further down I could see Mr Blobby, Emily and SkinnyDipper. It was a pleasant, if stony, glide down, spoiled only by the sight of the immensely long, rising forest path up which the Pack were variously running, gasping, stumbling or walking. To our left the forest shimmered with bluebells. It was quite beautiful



and partly took our minds off the task. We passed a sign indicating the location of 'Bottom Cottage'. Appropriately named, since it was at the bottom of the wood. We struggled on, up the narrowing dry earth path. A long way up a stile appeared on the left, with a short cut clearly marked. In the interests of exploration, the possibility of a journalistic scoop, a wish to experience and enjoy the work of the Hares and to ensure readers of this organ would benefit from a description of this route, I decided (against my conscience) to take it.

Glad that I did. At the top of the grassy hill the air was still, birds sang their evening songs and views like this met my appreciative eyes. The waning, gibbous, silver moon hung in the azure sky. Beautiful.

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Meanwhile, the runners who had continued along the lengthier route were enjoying what Rampant described as, “a chuffing great hill.” On the track where they would come towards us, Skinny (who had also, sensibly, taken the shortcut) had marked out an impromptu Regroup, since everyone was so spread out due to the fast running along lengthy paths and tracks. Cockup was the first to arrive, followed by Rampant and WetWipe. SlowSucker skittered up, his back festooned with leaves and one knee bleeding. I guess that, since Mr Blobby hadn’t tripped over, he had altruistically acted as a proxy for him. Sleazy trotted up. She told us that she’d been running by herself and had passed an old bloke in his garden who had called out to her, “You’re behind.” Or it might have been (hopefully not), “Your behind.” Either way, she didn’t hang about to find out. Apparently, this fellow was a bit of a misery and not at all impressed that Rob and Emma’s dog Sydney was (perfectly legally) not on a lead. Mr Blobby told me later that the old bloke had shouted out to the Pack, “You’re all b\*stards!” Not so much Mr Brownlow, then. More Jacob Marley (pre decease). 🙄

Motox and Foghorn strode up to the Regroup and we On Outed again. Via, you guessed it, a long forest track. Luckily, this time, not uphill. A couple of gates then led to an arid, earth and tussock-clumped pair of fields that led down and up respectively. Clouds were building up in the sky and the sun was sinking, painting it salmon pink and grey. We eventually stepped through a rather decorative, high garden gate on to the road where lies The Crooked Billet and continued up the road towards The Cherry Tree. Which was where I met Sleazy, who was running towards me. Quite why, I didn’t find out, but she was in the pub later so she certainly wasn’t lost. A hundred yards and Squeaky and Simon hove into view, apparently about to strip off behind their car. I left them to it. Beer awaited.

A fine, if challenging Trail by our Hares. Our thanks to them. The countryside around this area is perfectly lovely. Especially on a night like this.

## On On Hashgate

### DOWN DOWNS

Just as the heavier rain began to spatter, the darkness fell and the air became significantly cooler, RA Gnasher dragged us all outside the pub to present the following.

Beneficiary	Awarded For
Dorothy	OldDog gave the ‘David’ apron to him for pointing people in the wrong direction.
Emily	The evening’s virgin. Nice Down by her.
Rampant	Tripping and almost flattening most of the walkers. Jury’s out on whether he apologised or not. 🤪
Mrs Blobby	Requesting the services of two burly men to assist her over a stile. What a hussy!
Frabet	Threw a stick for Willow (The Dark Destroyer) and caught her arm on barbed wire. Oops! Cockup was nominated to Down the drink. She said, “I’m being punished but <b>you’re</b> paying for it.” 🤪
Number2, Lonely	Our Hares.



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

Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2493	04May26 * 17:00 *	<b>The Saracens Head</b> 129 Greys Rd, Henley-on-Thames RG9 1TE What3Words: <a href="#">///refreshed.lads.beefed</a> StreetMap <a href="#">refreshed.lads.beefed</a> Park in Scout Hut car park opposite Note: Henley May Fayre is on in the Market Place – plan your journey accordingly.	Swallow SlowSucker
2494	11May26	<b>Riverside Social Club</b> 82-84 Wintringham Way, Purley on Thames, Reading RG8 8BG What3Words: <a href="#">///loser.track.starts</a> StreetMap <a href="#">loser.track.starts</a>	Pantaloons Plod



Iceman and Number2 approach the milling beeves.