



## 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:** 2494 11May26

**Location:** Riverside Social Club, Purley-on-Thames

**Hares:** Pantaloon, Plod, SpecialBranch

### PANTING LOONS



Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Hashgate Motox Foghorn Dumb Dumber WetWipe HashTray Pimp WellLaid Spot Foxy Gnasher CanalBobb Dunny Rampant Iceman Shifty FalseTart Warren Emily OldDog Cuddles SexSlave SkinnyDipper Twanky MessengerBoy and dog Willow(The Dark Destroyer) Trish Rob Emma and dog Sidney Frabet Cockup Pyro Caboose Number2 PolishDumpling

### THE SUNLIT UPLANDS OF PURLEY

**B**rilliant, lustrous, blinding, dazzling. No, not the GM's address to the Circle, which had all the fizzing excitement of a Prime Minister's reset speech, but the evening sun. Low in the cloudless sky, it ensured that no-one could see anything when turned towards it. Which was why the GM spoke to the Circle with his back to the thing – reduced possibility of identification and a chance for a swift getaway if the crowd turned ugly.

As far as I am aware, we haven't Hashed from this social club previously so our thanks to Pantaloon for arranging this. He and Plod obviously worked hard to lay the Trail. I'd be interested to know how he kept up with her on the way round. 😊

We welcomed virgin Warren and returnee HashTray and were On Out towards the river, crunching across the private gravel road in a cloud of dust – it was as dry as a bone. Our expectation that we would trot along the river bank was discarded like a worn-out running shoe when we quickly turned inland, directly towards the sun.



It was like this. Retina melting stuff.

Couldn't see a darn thing. Hands went up to eyebrows. Visual concentration was aimed to facilitate careful foot placement. We'd probably have been ok if we'd all been wearing those immensely long and thick eyelashes favoured by many young ladies these days. Mind you, the sight of a bunch of oddly-dressed, variously-aged runners, each with forest-like eyelashes would have frightened horses and locals alike.

Panic did almost take place when, while we were running past the attractive St. Mary's church, Cockup tried to jump on Emily's back. Now Emily is a fresh-faced young student with a mane of auburn hair; Cockup is a raddled old b\*gger (though he can run faster than all of us). So you can imagine the consternation. Though he apologised profusely, citing sun-blindness and a recent lobotomy, many lips were pursed, eyebrows raised and horrified gasps of, "By jingo! Jyu see thet!" and "Fellah needs a damn good horse-whippin'!" were heard. Emily was unflustered by this geriatric jumping, accepting the apology gracefully and offering a whisper of advice to Cockup that, if he did it again, he'd become deprived of a piece of his anatomy that he may occasionally have found useful in the past.

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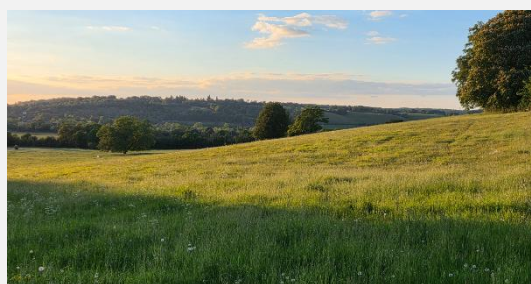
We carried on, fairly blindly, through the urban environs of Purley. We hadn't realised that a riverside conurbation such as this, renowned for winter floods, had quite so many hills. Our Hares had determined that we should enjoy all of them. HashTray particularly took pleasure in not only running up the hills but checking out many of the False Trails. Good to have you Back HashTray. 😊

Finally, after much tarmac and elevation, we fetched up in the wide field where the Regroup lay. Here's a photo of the Pack. Lady-jumper Cockup can be seen on the right. Emily has safely ensconced herself in the middle.



From here, there was the option to take a shortcut via the walkers' route but a combination of fitness, testosterone and a wish not to be embarrassed led us all to continue on the longer (6 or so miles!) runners' Trail. Number2 called "On back!" to those who were checking the wrong way. I'm in two minds as to whether his vocal technique was falsetto or castrato. Is he going through a second puberty? Only time will tell.

It was very pleasant to canter in the sunshine along the edges of the huge fields before plunging into the leafy surroundings of the forest. Emily, SkinnyDipper and I trotted along solid earth footpaths to a Check, managing not to trip over the ever-present, foot-catching, triffid and mandrake roots on the way. We met Florence and Pyro who were returning from a False and thanked them for saving us the effort. I spied Spot, behind a tree and off the Trail. He caught up with me, bemoaning the fact that, "It takes seconds to have a wee, then minutes to catch up with the Pack." We plunged on through the forest, splitting into two streams of runners: one on the marked route through challenging undergrowth, the other on a lower footpath. A little further on Number2 became the first of the Hash Crashers, ending up on his back amongst the twigs and leaves with his legs wiggling about, like a dung beetle with a balance problem. Minutes later, Spot recreated the scenario, though he resembled more an incautious fly that's been fatally attracted to the alluring blue light display on the wall of the local chippy.



Out of the forest, we enjoyed some beautiful, sunlit scenery, some of which you can see in the photo to your left. We flitted in and out of fields and woodland until we began to slip back into the outskirts of Purley. Our Hares had thoughtfully ensured that much of the Trail



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from here to the social club edged along or between fields rather than along roads. Enjoyably too, most of it was downhill. The sun began to dip below the horizon and the air temperature dropped. There was the shortest of shortcuts (about 200 yards according to Hare SpecialBranch) that led back to the club and a well-earned drink.

Not only a drink but some delicious cake that had been baked for us by Cuddles to celebrate husband SexSlave's birthday. Dropping cake crumbs on the carpeted floor was inevitable but, fortunately, we had two hoovers that sucked them up eagerly. I refer, of course, to dogs Sidney and Willow. 😊

Thanks to both Hares, particularly Pantaloon for arranging to Hash from a new location. 😊

### On On Hashgate

#### DOWN DOWNS

RA Gnasher dragged us out of the warm social club into the finger-whitening cold of the car park to present the following. The Down Down beer was of the Arctic variety, mirroring the environmental conditions.

Beneficiary	Awarded For
SexSlave	Happy Birthday to him!
FalseTart, Shifty	Hon. Pres. Spot presented an embroidered logo puffer jacket to her and a pair of similarly embroidered shorts to him for completing 200 Hashes with BH <sup>3</sup> . Congratulations!
HashTray	Returnee. He nearly choked on the icy-cold beer.
Warren	Our today's Virgin. His Down speed was amazing! He must have a cast iron throat!
Spot, Number2	A down for going down – they were Hash Crashers. Number2 threw the last of his beer over his head since it was too cold for him to drink. The unfortunate Foxy was directly behind him. ☹️ She advised him that she would be RA next week...
Iceman	He called "ON ON!!" so loudly a bird fell out of a tree.
Motox	Leading the walking group astray twice. Tch. Tch.
Foxy	Walking injured at present. She told Motox she was proud to be a, um, wa*ker.
Foghorn, Gnasher	This should have been the Hares, but Plod had had to go home to look after her unwell child and Pantaloon had disappeared. Presumably he'd had quite enough of the walkers, who he'd led. Foghorn got his for chaotic parking and Gnasher got hers because she was the RA and no-one dobbed anyone in. 😊

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

Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2495	18May26	<b>The Pack Saddle</b> Chazey Heath, Mapledurham, Reading RG4 7UD What3Words: <a href="http://attend.rear.flesh">///attend.rear.flesh</a> StreetMap <a href="http://attend.rear.flesh">attend.rear.flesh</a> <b>Please park in the top car park – Oxford end.</b>	PolishDumpling

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Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2496	25May26	<b>The White Horse</b> 9 Kidmore End Road, Reading RG4 8SD. What3Words: /// <a href="http://photo.pints.radar">photo.pints.radar</a> StreetMap <a href="http://photo.pints.radar">photo.pints.radar</a>	WaveRider NappyRash

### BH<sup>3</sup> 2500 CELEBRATION ON JUNE 20<sup>TH</sup>/21<sup>ST</sup>

**Y**ou will all have received 3 emails that contain details of this event and a link to enable you to register. So that the committee can plan and purchase appropriately please register and pay as soon as possible before the May cutoff date. If you haven't registered and would like to be sent the registration link again please contact any committee member.

We look forward to partying with you. 🥳



FalseTart and Shifty enjoy their 200 Hashes Down Downs.