



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/i83sCeavt/whGzH20> or scan this QR code



Hash Number and Date: 2504 13Jul26

Location: Silchester Cricket Pavilion

Hares: C5, Mr Blobby

RACE ENTRANTS



Gannet Donut Hashgate Rampant Dunny Spot Rob (now RoboCop, see Down Downs) Emma (now TipOff, see Down Downs) and dog Sidney Gnasher CanalBobb Lonely NoSole Slapper WetWipe SpecialBranch Slips Snowy Mrs Blobby Utopia Cuddles SexSlave CabinBuoy Florence Zebedee LittleStiffy and dogs Ava and Milo SlackBladder Hamlet Number2 TinOpener Lilo and dog Flora DildoShaggins Pyro CouchPotato PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash Motox NoSole Slapper Sonic Lungs AWOL LemonySnicket Wimpey BlowJob Twanky SkinnyDipper With dog Miffy Itsyor JJ Aqua Legover Iceman Pimp

BH3 'FUN RUN' 2026

Rampant and Dunny sat in their kitchen, a dimly thoughtful look on both of their faces. In front of them on a kitchen table littered with dry, half-eaten sandwiches, cups of cold tea and chocolate bar wrappers was a grubby, well-fingered sheet of paper. On its left-hand side was a column of names, headed 'Hashers'. On the right-hand side was a blank column headed 'Handicap Times'. A number of scrawled pencil marks in it indicated failed attempts to add handicaps. "We've been at this for two days." Bleated a weary Dunny. "We've



A clocktopus?

got to get some sleep." A snort and rapid blinking from Rampant showed he had already taken this advice on board. "Wasamarerr?" He ejaculated, before focussing at least one eye. "Hhmmrrrrf. Arr. Yes." He shook his head to clear the mental cobwebs. "Ok. What have we tried so far to work out the handicaps?" "Roulette wheel." Offered Dunny. "Bingo balls." Replied Rampant. "Ouija board." Added Dunny. "Small octopus on a large clock face." Said Rampant, gloomily. "Didn't go well. The buggie kept falling off." All was quiet for a moment before Dunny's phone buzzed. She'd set its alarm to go off every hour so they wouldn't stay asleep. Her eyes widened as a thought wormed its way through her mind. "AI!" She exclaimed. "Eh, what?" Asked the red-eyed Rampant. "We use AI to figure out the handicaps." Replied Dunny. "We just ask it on my phone." "Brilliant!" Came the reply. "Um. How do we do that?" Dunny performed the eye-roll, picked up her phone and opened the Google Gemini app, asking it to create a 10k race handicap list

for the number of people on her list. It only took a minute. She showed the results to Rampant, who exhibited a

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

Email – iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk



Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Running with the Pack

broad smile of exhausted relief. “Result!” They high-fived over the kitchen table and quickly wrote the handicap times against the names on the list. “Sleep?” “Sleep.” They headed bedwards, their job done.

Now, dear reader, you may or may not have heard of AI Hallucination. If you haven’t, it’s a term that describes how an AI agent may provide nonsensical, misleading or skewed results. Dunny and Rampant’s foray into Artificial Intelligence had produced a Hallucination humdinger. Which goes a long way to explaining why Rampant won the men’s Fun Run and Dunny came second in the women’s... 🤖



The Fun Run is a unique event in BH³’s calendar of events. It is our only race and, because it is one, many of the runners don’t get to see or chat with anyone else during their breathless (or languid) exertions. Which is why I’ll have to write this Gobsheet mainly from my perspective. As ever, my fluid prose is based purely on fact, reality and truth. As you will have noticed from page 1... 😊

On this hot evening we had gathered by the Silchester cricket pavilion, underneath the clock and weathervane you see to your left. Quite why the weathervane is a horse instead of a bat-toting cricketer I don’t know. If anyone does, please let me know. Inside the pavilion HashMash NoSole and her sous chefs Sonic and Lungs were busy laying out the excellent food we were to tuck into later. Outside the pavilion volunteer timekeepers Ms Whiplash and PennyPitstop manned (womanned?) the table on which the handicap list had been pinned. The walkers had mostly started off before 7 o’clock. The runners would be told by the timekeepers when they should start. The runners milled about around the table, pursing lips and raising surprised eyebrows at their

handicap times. I chatted with Lungs while waiting for my start, telling her that Donut and I were disappointed to have missed last year’s Fun Run because we were celebrating our 10th wedding anniversary in Paris... Shame really. Oh well.

“We’ll just get this one off.” Ms Whiplash said to PennyPitstop while concentrating on her handicap list. “Would that be me?” I enquired. “Oops. Sorry.” She replied with a smile. “Off you go then.” I set my watch (Lord knows why, given my current running ability) and sped off in a visual blur, like a starving grey wolf after a particularly tasty-looking Muntjac. I flashed across the open field and shot onto the narrow track between bushes at its edge, pebbles rattling beneath my feet, plant stems whipping my shins, tears streaming from the corners of my eyes due to the extreme speed of my travel through the hot evening air. Two hundred metres on and the legs sent a message to my brain: “Bugger this for a game of soldiers. We’re having a rest.” And they did. We went down through the gears from Turbo to Yomp. At least I could now breathe.

Our well-marked race route led through forest, along pebbly paths, across arid, packed-earth footpaths. I began to catch sight of JJ, who had been sent off five or so minutes before me. And then I came to a curious flour blob formation across the stony track along which I was running/yomping. Five blobs spread across it. I stopped. Was this one of the two Bars that Hare Mr Blobby had mentioned to us earlier? Luckily, I saw another blob further up the Trail, so decided to go that way. Just as well I did, for this was the correct way go. I found out later from Hare C5 that the blobs had been laid in the expectation that runners would approach from the right-hand side of the track and they would lead them to the next blob, saving them from accidentally turning to the right up another track (where there was an actual Bar). I, of course, had approached from the left side. The best laid plans etc. 😊

I caught up with Lilo, TinOpener and dog Flora at a really dangerous step down from a road towards a field. The very narrow decline contained loose flints and pebbles which rolled underfoot. Hare Mr Blobby had warned us



Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Running with the Pack

about this but it was almost impossible not to fall, given the state of the ground. Fortunately, no-one did. I let Slapper pass me as we trotted diagonally across the field of tall, dry grasses towards the crumbling walls of Calleva Atrebatum, the old Iron Age/Roman town. This was where I caught up with walkers, Slips, Donut, Hamlet, SkinnyDipper, Snowy, Twanky, BlowJob, Utopia, Mrs Blobby and TreeT at various locations.

It seemed hotter and a scorching breeze had blown up as we circled the walls. AWOL cantered past, his rubber knee bowing outwards as it took his weight. Rampant surged past, followed by Gnasher, CanalBobb and Pimp. We began to head back towards the cricket ground, along the lengthy and very straight pebble track. I heard the crunching of feet behind me and what sounded like an elephant seal with nasal obstructions in the final throes of life. It turned out to be Lonely. 😊 He may have sounded rough but he was going like a train and given that he was very ill a few months ago I take off my hat to him.

I reached the cricket ground along with JJ and we started following the flour blobs that Lungs, in a helpful manner, was pointing out. As we neared the pavilion we noticed that Ms Whiplash was frantically waving at us to veer left, towards the second loop in this figure-of-eight Trail.

Hmm. Ok. We turned left, noticing that there was a water station next to the road. Brilliant! JJ and I slaked our thirsts just as Spot arrived. We silently thanked Dunny for bringing the water dispenser, which she has named Hugh. Ask her if you'd like to know why. 😊



From local archives, a photo of an actual Roman centurion guarding the walls at Calleva. Astounding historical picture!

The second loop was an eyeballs-out couple of miles that dog-legged way out into the forest. The first part of the leg was nearly all downhill – nice. The second part was nearly all uphill – not quite so nice. I set off along it with JJ and Mr Blobby, who had enjoyed laying the Trail so much that he had decided to take part in the race. Fit, or what? Mind you, fifty metres into the forest and in front of me, he tripped over a jutting root and crashed to the dusty earth. Fortunately, he was ok and, after I'd brushed the dry leaves, twigs, larva husks, dust and the dried carcass of a small hedgehog off him, he trotted on, none the worse for it. Resilient, Mr Blobby; I'll give him that.

The drag up the hilly part of the leg was, well, challenging. Though Florence and LemonySnicket seemed to manage it without too much effort. I chatted with Rob (now RoboCop, see Down Downs) who was giving his complaining Achilles a bit of a rest before carrying on. We turned right at the top of the hill and headed along a well-known route through the heath before embarking on that never-ending pebble path that finally led back to the cricket ground and a well-earned drink.

The food prepared by NoSole and helpers Lungs and Sonic was, as ever, utterly delicious. The menu contained: Coronation Chicken, Rice and Peas, Butternut Squash Tagine, Mixed Bean Pasta Salad

Cherry Cheesecake, Tiramisu, Meringue, Hummingbird Cake

Most of us sat outside the pavilion to enjoy our food, chat and drink. Oh yes, and recover from the 'Fun Run'. It was a great evening and the success is down to all the volunteers who gave up their time to make it so. Entries, handicap administration and water provider: Rampant and Dunny; Hares C5 and Mr Blobby; Food providers NoSole, Sonic and Lungs; Timekeepers Ms Whiplash and PennyPitstop, helper Gannet and anyone else who pitched in – thank you.

On On Hashgate

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

Email – iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk



Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Running with the Pack

DOWN DOWNS

We have three excellent RAs: Foxy, Gnasher and Dumb. On this occasion, Foxy officiated, wearing her trademark Fox onesy and demonstrating her innovative and original approach to the job. Such fun! 😊

Beneficiary	Awarded For
DildoShaggins	She has recently moved to our area and is going to Hash with us. Welcome!
Gentlemen's Race 1 st – Rampant 2 nd – Slapper 3 rd – Zebedee	Pimp actually came third but he'd had to leave so Zebedee kindly stood in for him. They all received appropriate mugs. See below.
Ladies' Race 1 st – Gnasher 2 nd – Dunny 3 rd – Pyro	They all received mugs too. See below. (Two women's 1 st place mugs... 🤖)
Rob and Emma renamed as RoboCop and TipOff	Some clever, witty names thought up by Foxy. Rob is a police officer so RoboCop is a perfect name for him. Emma used to be a police officer and recently nearly cut off the tip of her finger recently. Thus TipOff. They both took their baptisms very well. TipOff slipped on a shower cap just before her naming... which SkinnyDipper ran over to and whipped off! 🤖 Congratulations both. See below photos.
LemonySnicket	Awarded her 100 th Hash tankard by Hon. Pres. Spot. Well done to her!





Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Running with the Pack



RoboCop and TipOff are named, assisted by Floater, C5, Foxy, Gnasher and Donut.



LemonySnicket receives her 100th Hash tankard from Hon. Pres. Spot.

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

Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2505	20Jul26	The Maltsters Arms Rotherfield Greys, Henley-on-Thames RG9 4QD What3Words: /// routs.bleat.locked StreetMap routs.bleat.locked	Dunny Rampant
2506	27Jul26	Burghfield Village Hall C5's Big Birthday Hash Recreation Rd, Burghfield Common RG7 3EN What3Words: /// warns.late.powder StreetMap warns.late.powder Bring plate, cutlery, mug & drink.	C5 DryRot

All images used in this Gobsheet are either photographs taken or pictures created by Berkshire Hash House Harriers members or images downloaded under the [Pixabay licence](#) as free downloads.

* Incidentally, Gemini or a similar AI agent will actually create a handicap schedule for races. Mind you, it isn't clever enough to know and order the runners in order of their ability. 😊

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

Email – iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk