

**Grand Master**  
 Mark Pratten (Well Laid)  
**Joint Masters**  
 Matt Hampe (Chopper)  
 Bob Westlake (Grandpa)  
**Scribe Master**  
 Henry Thornton (Turd)  
**Hasherdabber**  
 Tracy Windemer (Racey)  
**Hash Horn**  
 Anna Luff (Hot Socks)



**Chamber Pots**  
 Sarah Jones (Pony)  
 Peter Jones (Von Trapp)  
**On Sec**  
 Brenda Cotterill (Cheddar)  
**Hash Cash**  
 Hayley Sampson (H)  
**Hare Master**  
 Charlie Lloyd (Wobbly Knob)  
**Hash Flash**  
 Steve Davis (Hurricane)

**Life Pee'ers**

Angus Colville (Agnes) Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

**Hereditary Pee'ers**

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan) Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

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**Next Run No: 11101001000 doing silly maths now at colledge**  
**Date: what I went on when daddy wasn't looking**  
**Start: he did when I told him what I got up to afterwards !**  
**On Down: daddy said we`d better not go there**  
**Hares: cubic ones , or I think that's what the boyfriend said.**

**Footloose`s flurries,**

Abba, that's *əbba* when you are cool and like.. real `collegiate`. Gannet mags are so last sentury like get with it with *æɪl ʃuːblɪʃ* wot computers speak, Turing is my Hero, he started it all and Siri is like the fembot wot is saying Gurlls are good too as they have brains, as boys haven't got.

Well, the *ruːn* HASH started near *æw ɪpəʊs* fallic thingy after lots of inUendo and pointless Barrack ing, and off we went. Whattthree words could sum up that *ruːn* HASH ? Roadways.capillary.musically for a start !!! who needs wildcards, \* eat your heart out.

Back to the *ruːn* HASH. It was like my fave wine (Merlot) "filled with hints of hedgerow fruits and tarmac undertones"

(Daddy says remember its daylight now so torches can be left where they were lost in the back of the shed last year)

After we backed onto the metalized road and went Zoom (like daddy does when no one watches) up to the Garden House where lots of wheezing from Grandpa et Al and H and others confused their voice app GPS`s and they missed the turning and ran straight on, and then *æwɔːtəʃbɔd* happened upon the throng *ɪ*

Uncle, Dodo, Strummer et Al (Al gets everywhere) were found soggily trampling mud down through the Garden House trail and woz saved by Uncle who saw wot the others didn't see. The stream was cold and wet and silly hares should know better than to get into a stream if they have to get out a bit further down, they must be hare brained (Glani gave me that one) Argles was last seen heading down the road for Buckland Monocorum in lock step with and nattering to one of his grandchildren (maybe). More fields and that brilliant sneaky windy trippy uppy path up to Long Ash, massive track but better if *ruːn* HASHED in the opposite direction

*RæɪnS RæddnɔS* was passed to port and the *ruːn* HASH headed to the higher ground of the down. Now that does my head in ! tvh3 are tooo negative, up to the Down, on Down, Down Down, etc can be replaced with... On Up. Up to the pub and Bottoms Up, I'll write to the cap`n

and say `bottoms up` would be far more fun in the pub than drinking a pint quickly.  
Now the ~~run~~ HASH went Massive they all went one way and another and got lost, I did ten  
torrs and didn't but was at the back so couldn't help them, I tut-tutted loudly just in case  
someone could hear and ~~HASHED~~ ran on. I guess Lost was helping (is that an oxymoron),  
Glani wasn't.

Nothing was happening, Suddenly nothing continued to happen, as the photons and IR  
Radiation scudded from the sky leaving a background count of 16 / minute and a few stray  
BTU's, not enough to keep even a small # 1 warm. As the dark bits folded in on the wind (just  
did plagiarism at school today)scattered clumps of ~~runners~~ S.H.S.V.H were spread like sheep  
in a traffic jam. Hot Rocks was seen sans torch (probably cheating)as were others but they  
gave me money not to say it was ~~\*\*\*\*\*~~ (a clever way of not letting out it was Wobbly)

On the flat it was stretch leg time as it turned into a metalised road runs with bodies drifting  
in and out of vision on the flank in between the shrubbery off to the corner where we found  
some silly hashers broke the rules and went and made up their own ~~run~~ HASH and did an  
extra bit before rejoining the hash right at the end>>>>> I hate cattle grids, daddy still finds  
it difficult to balance with me on his back, he'll get used to it in the end I'm sure.

The pub was a sweaty melange with ~~useH əʁəp 'useH ʎɹəuueɹS~~ and TVH3 all there at once I  
guess that the pirate kid set this up to let them see how big we are and how it can be fun to be  
in a massive lot like us, maybe they were just lost and needed inspiration, food was brill, wine  
selection score was at least minus 3

Chopper curled up near the roof and mumbled and gave Strummer and Fibb a free drink and  
Fiddler mingled freely trying to work out what it was all about

Musnt forget K2`s talk on ~~Napa Kneepal Nipples~~ Napalm, she says it will be a blast, see K2  
for more info.

Also must not forget something else that I was told to remember but the scratty notes from SS  
did not help

ON ON , Esooltoof (me of course)

Next weeks run is

Lowery cross by Grandpa and Chopper on Monday

On down is the Burrator inn Dousland

I wonder if we can get the coppers back like last time , ~~ə ɸʉəŋeɪ ə ɹɔʃ ʎɹɪə ɹɪə ɹɔʃɔs əwɔɪ ɔɸ I~~  
at least