

Grand Master
Kate Glanville (Biff)
Joint Masters
Ruth Arkle (Mayhem)
Colin Sturmer (Sturmeroid)
Scribe Master
Tony Bairstow (Tampax)
Hasherdabber
Laura Sadler (Embarrister)
Hash Horn
Jon Watson (Dogcatcher)



Chamber Pots
Sarah Jones (Pony)
Steve Derbyshire (Dodo)
On Sec
Jess Hilton (Raunchy)
Hash Cash
Angela Sykes (Gannet)
Hare Master
Ann Marcer (K2)
Hash Flash
Jake Boswijk (Ginger Rogers)

Life Pee'ers
Angus Colville (Agnes) Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)
Hereditary Pee'ers
Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan) Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Email: tvh3@blueyonder.co.uk

Web: www.tvh3.co.uk

Next Run No: 1911
Date: 13/03/2017
Start: Kit Hill – Lower Car Park
On Down: The Rifle Volunteer, St Ann's Chapel
Hares: Do Do

Well last week's hash was sold to me by Chopper the day before when he said he'd planned it to be nice and flat as he knew how much I dislike long uphill stretches because I'm fairly lazy when it comes to those. I should have known better than to listen to his filthy Hun lies because it turned out that he left a big long stretch up a very steep hill right at the end of the hash after I had thought I had gotten away with it for that week. Though I am surprised that the hash was complete at all as Chopper had decided to lay half of it and then think he had time to go watch the rugby and still make it back in time to finish up afterwards. However, as usual with hashers in general, a fair amount of ale put stop to this idea though I wasn't shocked at this turn of events as Choppers usual trick is to immediately fall asleep on the nearest sofa as soon as the rugby has finished. Luckily, he had the assistance of Raunchy on Monday with setting the rest of the hash which you could tell because I ended up in a bog up to my knees at various points during the hour this being a hallmark of a Raunchy hash.

Onto the actual hash, after having turned up at the last minute, I had to help out Raunchy with catching up to everyone else as she had managed to bring a faulty head torch even though she has claimed to have backups multiple times but I guess she's not as organised as she likes to think she is. Having started with one of the Hares you would think that I'd be able to catch up to the rest of the runners especially when she claimed that there was a shortcut. However, she ended up directing me into a very large area of bog so I ended up with very muddy legs and very wet shoes after I'd actually remembered to dry them over the weekend. This was expected of course but I think Embarrister had a worse deal as she had shown off her brand-new shoes to me earlier and they'd gone from blue in colour to completely covered with mud but it was better than her slipping her way through a field as usual.

As I proceeded through the hash, I was amazed at how there weren't any ridiculous hills to contend with which made me suspicious but I was too busy trying not to slip on all the deep mud that we were running through and the various new smells that emerged from the mud and then from my legs which by then were totally covered up. I got off lightly compared to Deepthroat who ended up with both feet stuck in the bog though she wasn't trapped for long which was a shame as I didn't have enough time to properly laugh about it and she didn't even fall over in the end like you're supposed to in that situation.

After escaping the various muddy fields and bogs we came to a choice between a long short and a super short with the longer version looking like it was heading up a very steep hill so I obviously chose the shorter option as I was ready to get to the pub and have a pint by then. This of course led to a hill as well but according to Chopper the other way led up a ridiculously steep hill which he had dragged Raunchy up earlier with a load of flour so I think I chose correctly.

Once I'd got most of the mud off and a pint in my stomach at the pub I was told that Russ Abbot had ended up getting lost during the hash and had to ask for directions at a nearby farmhouse and also had to get a lift up the hill which I know I could have used for sure. Biff then had her own version of the recent Oscar blunder as she called up Dogcatcher for a gold star but at the last minute informed him that someone else was getting a gold star but at least her blunder was obviously planned in advance.

That's all I can remember of the evening from my badly typed out notes on my phone so I will leave off there and fill space with some pictures which is a Hash mag tradition. I hope everyone is looking forward to the Out of this World posh frocks this weekend though I'm sure I'll end up drinking way too much in the evening and then dying when I have to help take the decorations down on the Sunday. Also, a last-minute reminder that the starters will be served at 7.15pm sharp and to not be late as any left overs will end up being stolen by myself especially if I've already been drinking which to be honest is highly likely.



An accurate depiction of what Embarristers new shoes looked like after a Hash that Raunchy had been involved in which isn't surprising at all

On On!