

**Grand Master**

Diann Davis (Can't Remember)

**Joint Masters**

Sarah Cohen (Fergie)

Treeve Gillan (Bin Liner)

**Scribe Master**

Bill Stacey-Norris (Lost)

**Hasherdabber**

Mark Preston (Scupper Sucker)

**Hash Horn**

Sam Sparks (Erectus)

**Chamber Pots**

Peter Argles (Arguilles)

Jerry Rickeard (Hot Rocks)

**On Sec**

Tricia McGurk (Posh Pinny)

**Hash Cash**

Roger Smyly (Cabin Boy)

**Hare Master**

Sarah Jones (Pony)

**Hash Flash**

Shelley Davis (Last Minute)

**Life Pee'er**

Angus Colville

**Hereditary Pee'ers**

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

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It is the luck of the draw scribing. Some days you turn up and the amount of information you glean from everyone is enough to write a book, themes pop into your head, laughter abounds. Other days, like now, no-one has much to say to you, nothing much happens, but the expectation of the reader remains the same; what will the mag be like? Am I mentioned? Will it make me giggle? Will I read about Embarrister and the carrot? What about Well Laid on his mat with his legs in the air? Will Zak show us how to dump in the woods this week? These are after all the important things in life. Nippledeep felt sure that Streaky had written last week's mag whilst under the influence of drugs.

So, abandoned by Scrotey & Gannet this week as Scrotey was due to flex some muscles the following day (though which ones I wouldn't like to ask), Glani brought the Biffmobile to a halt outside Nipply and Posh Pinney's and piled them into the back. It was a wonder we got there safe and sound as twice Glani drove off piste, convinced we were going somewhere else. Which we were!

In the car park the moon halo was the subject of much waxing lyrical as Glani could be seen trying to photograph it by walking backwards trying to fit it into the frame. Dirty Oar, meanwhile, was spotted trying to get her mini into the wrong entrance - good job it was small and well oiled. And after nearly 20 years of marriage Jerry still has the Hot Rocks for Vampire Slayer as they threw caution to the wind and the condoms out of the window with a quick pre-run snog in the back of their van. *[This snippet was followed by my informants trying to imagine snogging Glani for some reason but despite thinking long and hard about it Big Drawers and Chopper failed miserably].* Hurricane, who didn't eat his greens tonight - tut tut - was seen rubbing his thighs in anticipation before accompanying two young female virgins around the route.

Out setting the run H fell over and drew blood landing behind the legs of a horse. H was worried about getting a good kicking but Delilah was more worried he would have to set the run on his own. Later H was seen rolling around on her own in the back of their van, while Crutchless was

in the front seat with Delilah. Maybe they should meet up with Hot Rocks and Vampire Slayer for some 'white van man snogging advice'. Apropos of this Glani once, while at work, suggested to an amorous naked couple in a car that he didn't mind them living on the fruits of love but would they mind not throwing their skins out of the window?

On the run we all headed into the woods, avoiding Zak's many piles, and soon we were all breathing heavily. Over to Danescombe where the longs were led right along the road to Calstock before diving left into the bushes and back up into the woods. Big Drawers, perhaps with her eyes closed still on a snogging mission or admiring the moon halo, fell on her posterior only for Hot Sox to comment that she was "so pleased she had seen that". It's great to have such supportive friends. Tiny Turd and Zak had a go at swinging in the woods. Glani couldn't understand why he was seeing so many new runners on the hash; the keenies couldn't understand what he was doing running with them on the longs. Last Minute thought he reminded her of Mr Benn the shopkeeper as "if by magic Glani kept appearing."

Back at the pub, Biff realised that she had done the last couple of miles of the run at a two minute miling pace and burned off 920 calories. It was then she realised that maybe she should have stopped the GPS at the end of the run ...

Good to see Fergie back in the fold and back to business selling Posh Frock tickets after her short unwelcome spell in the limelight. She's getting a hoody made up with "as seen on TV" on the back.

Can't Remember welcomed two virgins, Charity and Heidi, and thanked the Hares for a 9½/10 excellent run (creep). The duck head was awarded jointly to Nipply for terrific shortcutting for getting back to the bucket before the rest of the hash had set off and Biff for not providing a calorie count. The GM was struggling with an Extraordinary Erection whilst giving the hash hush and thanks were passed to all from Fergie for all the support and help she had received recently. Taogh McDonough was named Plonker for reasons I didn't quite catch but something to do with being a Scottish French Plongeur. Streaky was apparently influential (guilty) with the naming but I'm wondering if she was still just under the influence-ial from last week's drugs trip (see first paragraph).

Stopcock was chuckling at the barman saying Turd with Relish and then showed me his little pinky which was all red and swollen with a kink. Vampire Slayer is being troubled by something white with ginger spots - hopefully nothing to do with the white van man snog. Crutchless and Biff would like it known that they prefer Slush with more length but he reckoned it was just cold. Barney Rubble has reappeared after a long absence looking even more like William Shatner (according to Streaky) and told tales of his Eurohash Nordic travels. I wonder what the Scandinavians thought of our old geyser? Apparently Krakow is entertaining 500 people later in the summer, does Caught Short know?

Crutchless had wanted to swap Mitch for a young person at the recent Trivia Quiz but he later provided a pinnacle of satisfaction with his ability to put different sizes in the right order when required.

Much concern tonight over the whereabouts of Dildo Baggins. Rumour has it that Jen has locked him in the shed after his confession to buying something hot and throbbing. I wonder if he still has his hat on?

**Don't forget your Posh Frock/Fancy Dress tickets "Hashers go to Hollywood" at the Moorland Garden Hotel on 28th February 2015, three course meal and dancing to Orangutan Wheelbarrow, all for £20 per ticket. Get them from Fergie.**

And finally the AGM will be at The Who'd Have Thought it, St Dominick on Monday 23rd March 2015. Now is the time to start worrying ...