

Grand Master
Simon Snowdon (Slush)

Joint Masters
Steve Statham (Krakow)

Mo Rujak (On All Fours)

Scribe Master
Angela Sykes (Gannet)

Hasherdabber
Mark Pratten (Well Laid)

Hash Horn
Alan Eddie (Pist 'N' Broke)



Chamber Pots
Brenda Cotterill (Cheddar)

Ann Marcer (K2)

On Sec
Paul Ames (Aimless)

Hash Cash
Paul Waters (Stopcock)

Hare Master
Kate Glanville (Biff)

Hash Flash
Elena Stamp (Come Forward)

Life Pee'er
Angus Colville
Hereditary Pee'ers

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

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Next Run No: 1729

Date: Monday 19 August 2013

Start: Roy Rowe's Garage, Treburley

On Down: Springer Spaniel, Treburley [leave your car at the garage and walk to the pub]

Hares: Arse (you've got to admire him being willing to set a hash at all after you called him that)

DILDO BAGGINS BAGS A GREAT HASH!

Well.....it is not often the hares (or one of them anyway) get the chance to write their own Hashmag and so, in the spirit of blatant hyperbole and self-promotion Nippledeep has provided the following manuscript, planned, as you can see, well in advance with only minor amendments to take account of irrelevant factual accuracy.....

What a superb Hash it ~~will be~~ was. Like ~~Stanley and Livingstone~~ Laurel and Hardy our two intrepid hares ~~foraged~~ limped off into the wilderness around Meldon Reservoir to set a hash that ~~will be~~ was of epic scale, complexity, refinement and enjoyment.

There ~~might be~~ happily wasn't rain at the start but they ~~were hopeful~~ prayed that a sunny evening would ensue – and so it did. A fine mix of the wet and the dry underfoot, fiendish checks, and even a repeating loop over the bridge so you ~~might be able to~~ would never work out that after going 'round it a couple of times you have to look for where else the dust might be, thrills, spills and flatulence, and occasionally finding the right way to go ~~will hopefully~~ did provide a memorable evening's excursion.

At which point even Nippledeep's bullshit gland was exhausted and so we will have to deal hereafter with mundane fact, run of the mill lies and invective, as reported to him in the pub.

All credit to Dildo Baggins (may the hair on his toes never fall out) for planning a really good run. Nippledeep assisted him rather like Sam Gamgee but with less style, fortitude and, er, fitness.

Sadly the clever little ruse about going 'round in a circle over the wooden bridge and through the river again did not meet with everyone's approval, particularly not Grandpa's – which means we must do it again. But otherwise folks seemed to have enjoyed it, even though the cancelling of the barbecue had unfortunate consequences for someone's sausage (see below).

Minor events must be reported to break up the unceasing flow of praise for this brilliant hash:

- Arriving late our (t)rusty Plymouth contingent of Scupper Sucker and Hurricane quickly forged to the front of the shorts sucking up the miles like a scupper (really?) and flying like a, er, well, hurricane (come on give me a break)
- Pist 'n' Broke discovered the excellent acoustics and echo of a large concrete damn and gave us a resounding Hash Fanfare – what a pity there was no discernable tune in it
- While following Racy up a crack DoDo was heard to comment favourably on her pins (oh please! - Look I just write this stuff down you know)
- One of our newer hashers (yet to be named though this may give us some material) defrosted his sausage especially for later on the barbecue and was most disappointed that it had been cancelled, by which time it had gone limp and could not be used again

(hopefully if it stays this bad they won't ask me to write another mag for ages)

- His companion refrained from running altogether saying she was saving herself for later, and at the risk of some disappointment perhaps
- Can't Remember turned the simple act of scaling a fence into an edge-of-the-seat thrills scene reminiscent of Steve McQueen on his motorbike in the Great Escape
- Arguilles didn't lose Arthur this time – because he didn't bring him along – or so he claims, otherwise the poor lad is still out there running around the loop between the wooden bridge and the river
- In another story about Racy – Dildo claimed triumphantly that the river crossings had succeeded in getting Racy's knickers wet, only to be informed by Windy that she doesn't always wear them while hashing – I must remember not to run behind her when she has been eating beans or a curry then
- Uncle enjoyed it so much she actually got back to the bucket 4th from last as opposed to on Tuesday morning
- Can't Remember claimed a worryingly long length of rope from Sir Slosh's lost property at Hush which she said was going to be used to remedy and hitch up the inevitable testicular sag that comes with a hasher of Hurricane's maturity – the very thought made my eyes water

Slightly more sensibly: Mo was touting t-shirts and can everyone make sure they hand over £5.40 to him this Hash BEFORE they go to the bar.

On On