

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
Steve Derbyshire (Dodo)
Diann Davis (Can't Remember)
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)

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Next Run No: 1908

Date: 20 February 2017

Start: St Dominick (look at the map on the website)

On Down: The 'Who'd Of Thought It', St. Dominick

Hares: Gnashers and Tampax

Scribe: Some poor sod who couldn't get out of the way fast enough when Raunchy was on the hunt

DEATH BEFORE DISHONOUR -or- IT'S A MYSTERY IN THE MIST

Greetings fellow hashers and particularly the brave band that struck out towards Cox Tor last week in noble (yet futile) pursuit of the dust laid by H, Delilah and Minnie in conditions that can only be described as not conducive to knowing where you were or where you were going.

As usual the brother/sisterhood of the hash shone forth in mutual concern for our fellows:

"Sturmeroid's fell over" – "What again? Oh leave him".

"But he may have banged his head"- "OK, go through his pockets and see if he's got any money".

"Where is everyone?" – "Who cares? I am off to the pub".

A shivering Gannett rejected an offer of inner warmth claiming the first person to accept shelter while waiting for the hares to show up at the bucket would be subject to ignominy and derision – and even death was preferable to that. Some people take this outdoor thing too seriously. Many thanks to the hares for setting a fun hash in lousy weather – even though we didn't find all the dust – it was an adventure! Good pub and good beer so almost everyone was happy.

That was just as well because we were again subject to a vicious tongue-lashing from royalty. Her Biffness announced she had been on the throne for 65 years – Glani for one would like her to get off now as he has wanted a p— for a while and is getting uncomfortable.

As her long and dramatic reign drags to its sordid close, concerns have been raised about the misuse of ethnic accents in her increasingly wild performance fantasies during the

euphemistically-named 'Hash Hush'.

Anyone within six feet of the startling mix of Scottish, Norwegian and Cornish at The Olde Plough the other week is probably suffering from PTSD. Frankly I am surprised we were not immediately invaded by an army of irate Picts wanting to know what was being done with their cultural heritage.

One can only imagine the scene at Hurdwick Towers as she orders about her minion each Monday teatime.....

Biff (her Maj); "OCHAYE THA STREEN DAE STUPPID DILDODODO FAE BE SHITE ALLOOVER BURNUM WOODY"
Glani (slave): "Oh yes your Majesty, DoDo and Dildo will have their feet and buttocks roasted over an open log fire for the crime of not doing what you expected of them"
B(H-M): "ANNA CANNABAE FASH TAE BASH ALLEARSLES WOT BLATHER WENNAM TAKKING"
G(s): Of course your Eminence, reliable staff will be on hand to discipline any peasant scum talking eating or drinking during your noble oration"
B(H-M): "OOOAN SUFFERBALL DAE SHAWTFATTWATTY WOT CRAP ALLOOVA DA PAGE"
G(s): "Yes ma'am, Nippledeep will have his testicles nibbled by ferrets for writing mindless bilge in the hashmag"
B(H-M): "AYEEI DOON THE BROON TETIME"
G(s): "Er....half past three?"
Aside: "AAAARRRRR"
Both: "Shut up Well Laid you're not GM any more so get back in your box under the stairs!"

There have also been worries about the level of punishments administered by this committee – will there be a new committee post of torturer? 'Hash Lash' anyone? One wonders what the new committee will bring in perhaps....

- For LOW grade crimes (such as forgetting the beer – eh Embarrister?) : Being force-fed LSD and locked in a room with Uncle until it wears off.
- For MEDIUM grade crimes (such as losing your own dust when hare): Being locked in a room with Nippledeep while he reads you his latest memoirs (unabridged): "*Interesting Civil Service acronyms I have known*".
- For SERIOUS crimes (such as paying 98p at the bucket): Being locked in a room with Dogcatcher.

On the subject of suffering (and any of you who have read this far will know what that means), and thrones, H. revealed that she has been subject to domestic torture when Delilah decided to paint their loo and read War & Peace at the same time – as she was forced to use the cat litter. No word on whether the cat was in the litter at the time although it hasn't been seen for a while.....

COMMUNITY NOTICES:

11 March – Big Space Out Do – wear your spandex astronaut suit with pride – and freak out in a Moonage Daydream – tickets available from Madam Mayhem at £22 or the special discount rate of £22

On On.