

**Grand Master**  
Ruth Luff (Luffly)

**Joint Masters**  
Dave Sykes (Scrotey)

Jon Watson (Dogcatcher)

**Scribe Master**  
Mick Peach (Bumsen Burner)

**Hasherdabber**  
Jack Southward (Penny Farting)

**Hash Horn**  
Lee Renshaw (Hornblower)



**Chamber Pots**  
Brenda Cotterill (Cheddar)

Judith Nash (Gnasher)

**On Sec**  
Jane Colwill (Plain Jane)

**Hash Cash**  
John McGurk (Nipple Deep)

**Hare Master**  
Ruth Arkle (Mayhem)

**Hash Flash**  
Ann Marcer (K2)

**Cross Dresser**  
Stirling Way (Spike)

**Life Pee'er**  
Angus Colville

**Hereditary Pee'ers**  
Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

**Email:** tvh3@blueyonder.co.uk

**Web:** www.tvh3.co.uk

**Next Run No: 1695**

**Date: 21st January 2013**

**Start: Walkhampton Church Car Park**

**On Down: Walkhampton Inn, Walkhampton**

**Hares: Mayhem & Wun Hung Lo**

Where was I? ..... Oh yes, that's it, the event of the year so far (until a certain member of Royalty calves that is). 'Midsummer Madness', no that wasn't it, 'Medieval Mayhem', again no. Ah yes 'Twelfth Night'.

We were welcomed to the frivolities by the Juggler Elfric, who dropped his balls and assuaged our thirst with a drop of punch from the scrotum. All and sundry were there whoever they are. Also there was Penny Farting who asked if I wanted to see what was holding up his trousers. Imagine my disappointment when it turned out to be just a shrivelled bit of string, still it was a cold night. Windy looked like he was the hedge through which someone had been dragged backwards. Wacey came dressed as Miss Havesham from Great Expectations, though she had fermented grape expectations. Lord Lost Norris came as the Court Portrait Painter and had no problems getting the ladies to display their wares. (Some of his sketches are now to be seen on TVH3's website). Dodo lost Claire for a while as she was hiding in the middle of the room, standing on her own! Most men were having problems knowing where to put their loose change. Grandpa rallied from his sick bed, apparently he'd been ill for two nights on the trot. I hope it's not that Nora Batty virus. Charlie suffered a crisis of sartorial confidence and rushed home to get dressed. The Rickeards came resplendent in overalls and rolls of pipes. No, me neither till they explained, 11 pipers pipe laying, only the other 9 couldn't make it.

Dildo exclaimed he was much relieved! Much ado about nothing we suggested. The juggler, Alfred, lost his balls on some maiden's lap, and renamed Slush as Sir Slosed. Ollie was the grim reaper or was he just plain Tired Fruck? Sir Slosed inserted a unicycle in the cough position for

Health Freak (did I mention he was the juggler?). Dildo made an entrance as a Knight Errant, but then he likes a bit of ruff. Ritual games were played and ritual humiliation ensued. The classic 'cod piece hoopla' with the ladies thrusting their hips in the manner of a dying piece of cod. Tiny Pianist tried to mount Plain Jane in the Humpy Sack Race. Gannet got stitched up by Scrote. Into her dress that is, the problem as I see it is that chocolates and Christmas cake makes your clothes shrink. We bade farewell to Horatio Hornblower who we encouraged to set sail by hearty renditions of 'I am Sailing', 'In the Navy' and 'I do like to be beside the seaside'. The Juggler Aelfric bade us all adieu and ieu and ieu and ieu.

And so, it came to pass that this Monday last there were rumours of a short Hash set in the Whitchurch region, but try as we might all 50 runners couldn't find it, not even after more than an hour of running. Still it blew the cobwebs away, especially for the Lloyds who came steaming back to the bucket. Wobbly, all flecked with spittle, and Hob Knob hard on his heels covered in a bead of sweat. Wobbly was lost for words after and was unable to tell us who'd won the Alpha male contest.

The pub as usual was crowded. How is it that wherever we go on a Monday night all the pubs are crowded? We welcomed virgin Jan and Andy; Slush was officially renamed Sir Sloshed but only after he puckered up. Luffly declared she's the Epiphany, well I certainly didn't see that coming. There was a request for adult clothing for the homeless, and Spike! Scrote says he enjoys Thai bars (I think that's what he said). Gannet says he's got influence, he says it's just man flu.

And finally,

I lost my job with last minute.com for being persistently late.

The British are becoming more tolerant according to some tossers in a pathetic survey.

I lost my next job as a cricket commentator for saying 'I won't bore you with the details'.

And finally, eventually,

I got a sweater for Christmas, I'd have preferred a moaner or a screamer, but no I got a sweater.

#### Events:

Friday 8th - Sunday 10th March 2013: Hash Away Winter Weekend. At Treyarnon Bay Youth Hostel, near Padstow, Cornwall. It is right on the coast path and just 1 minute walk away from a surfing beach. The hostel will serve a 3 course evening meal (approx £8) and has a bar. Prices per night: 2 bed room £25.00, 3 bed room £30.00, 4-6 bed rooms £40.00, dormitory £15.00. Please express interest to K2 as soon as possible.