

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
Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

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Next Run No: 1808

Date: 23rd March 2015

Start: Who'd Have Thought It Inn, St Dominick

On Down: Ditto

Hares: Lost

WOTTER GREAT HASH!

SHOUTS OF 'MOOR! MOOR!' HEARD AFTER CHOPPER'S HASH GETS AN UNPRECEDENTED 11/10 FROM GRAND MASTER

'THE GREATEST RUN EVER, CHOPPER WILL GO FAR' JOINT MASTER

'BALMY EVENING PERFECTLY COMPLEMENTS ORIGINAL AND INVIGORATING HASH SET BY CHOPPER.' SCRIBE MASTER

IN OTHER NEWS...

The Serious Fraud Office is to investigate the biggest ever bribe from a hare to scribe. Ram Raider has denounced this intrusion into his privacy, saying that the six-figure, unsecured, opened-ended loan was to cover printing costs. 'Haven't you seen the price of vellum?' he yelled as he roared away in his brand spanking new Aston Martin. It appears that a misunderstanding occurred when Chopper saw the venerable scribe with pen and paper in the pub. When he asked what he was doing, Ram Raider replied 'Only taking notes'. Chopper took the hint.

Now then, where was I? Oh yes, reality. What a fragile construct it is. A vivid illusion created by our immensely complex brains to keep us knuckle-dragging apes occupied so we don't notice how vast and empty the universe is and how pointlessly insignificant are all our mundane little lives. Oh, too early for existential angst? Let me try again.

Good morning (local conditions at time of writing). Thank you for choosing this hash mag. You are now contractually obliged to read it to the end. Please tick this box to say you have read and agreed to my terms and conditions.

One of the great joys of writing a hash mag is the lack of restrictions – no word count, no subjects to avoid, indeed no ideas whatsoever. A veritable tabula rasa, carte blanche, an empty vessel making a lot of noise, signifying nothing. But enough of what's in my head, where shall I begin?

For no particular reason I'd like to talk to you today about over-achieving and all its flaws. Why you shouldn't set the bar too high to get the low hanging fruit and why metaphors - like good cocktails - should always be mixed. Are you with me? You'd better be, you ticked the fucking box.

Perhaps with a few pints of lubrication and a dose of lucubration I might be able to clarify my ideas. Because clarity is essential for the subjugation of obfuscation, so to speak. And not just speaking but listening. Listening to the voice in one's head. I take we all hear this voice, not just me? Surely not. Surely everybody has that constant internal mutter narrating their lives. How else could anybody function? Obviously there are the thuddingly stupid who don't, and the slightly less moronic who do, but manage to drown it out with Radio 1. But the rest of us? We band of brothers, struggling frustrated anxious caring empathetic reasonable kindly tolerant people? No, no, no I mustn't dwell on the voices or the men in white coats will be knocking on the door.

This was not the start I wanted to make at all. What to do? Perhaps take the advice of Tom Lehrer 'Plagiarise! Let no one else's work evade your eyes.' Not a bad idea.

To begin at the beginning: It is spring, moonless night in the small town, starless and bible-black, the cobblestreets silent and the hunched courtiers'-and-rabbits' wood limping invisible down to the sloeblack, slow, black, crowblack, fishingboatbobbing sea.' Now that's what I call a beginning! Not quite like Wotter, though, which was more of a fluorescent, bathed in light, china clay white, flour white, soiledtissuewhite white night.

In the beginning god created heaven and earth, and a bit later china clay. Nah.

Let us go then, you and I, when the evening is spread out against the sky like a hasher etherised upon a moorland... Too Prufrocking wordy when 'on, on' would do.

It is a truth universally acknowledged that a single man in possession of a good bag of flour must be in want of a hash. No, too austentatious.

When shall we three meet again? In thunder, lightning, or in rain? When the hurlyburly's done, when the hash's set and run. That will be ere the set of sun. Not bard but I can't help feeling it won't end well.

In sooth, I know not why I am so sad. It wearies me. Not true. I know what wearies me – trying to get this start right. A writer once said his success could be summed up in 6 words – bum to chair, pen to paper. Well my bum is sore with sitting and you are suffering my penmanship, so there must be more to it than that.

Climbing towards the Lee Moor moonscape we found ourselves running on the tarmac of a disused road in a post-apocalyptic dystopian world, running for our lives. Hmm perhaps a little bit too much Tarmac Mc Carthy.

Youngsters on the 'longs' are not yet as embittered and cynical as some of the older hashers and kindly regrouped often. So we crossed the road together and headed down the valley into, what was for me, virgin hashing territory. Half a league, half a league, half a league onward all in the valley of death ran the six hundred. A slight exaggeration. And not exactly a valley of death but a bit spooky with the sodium lit behemoth of Imery's kiln drying plant brooding at the bottom of the valley. Strangely no matter how hard I ran (not very) this nightmarish monster never got any closer and never receded.

When Gregor Samsa awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a gigantic insect like creature. Yeh, nightmarish but not really relevant.

In my beginning is my end. In succession hashes rise and fall, crumble, are extended, are removed, destroyed restored...errrr

Now this is not the end. It is not even the beginning of the end. But it is perhaps the end of the beginning. Grab a cigar and flick a V sign.

That's it! Eureka! Oh Hallelujah! All this time and the perfect beginning was under my nose all along, in plain sight, so easy and so right, I can't imagine why it took me so long to see it. How could I have been so slow? It was there all along, the perfect beginning, and here at last it is, dear reader, time to begin the hash mag proper -