

Grand Master

Jess Hilton (Raunchy)

Joint Masters

Stirling Way Spike

Paul Ames (Aimless)

Scribe Master

Paul Waters (Stopcock)

Hasherdabber

Heather Smyly Sister Sludge)

Hash Horn

Paul Storey (On the Khazi)

Beer Master

Charlotte Watson (Footloose)

**Chamber Pots**

Diann Davis (Can't Remember)

Simon Snowdon (Slush)

On Sec

Chris Hall (Squits)

Hash Cash

Jon McGurk (Nipple Deep)

Hare Master

Brian Martin (Naughty Boy)

Hash Flash

Paul Glanville (Glani)

Life Pee'ers

Angus Colville (Agnes)

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Hereditary Pee'ers

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Email: tvh3@blueyonder.co.uk**Facebook:** www.facebook.com/Tamar-Valley-Hash-House-Harriers -114194325261427**Web:** www.tvh3.co.uk**Next Run No: 1939****Date: 25/09/17****Start: Wotter (Grid Ref: 561617)****On Down: Moorland Hotel Wotter****Hares: Chopper****Scribe: On the Kharzi**

I'm sure in the long history of the hash that there have been many Hash Mags which were well written and accurately described the run along with including various moments of note and useful information. However as I've spent the last week off from work and in total holiday mode my brain had decided to forget that I was actually supposed to write the thing for this week until around 1pm earlier today.

This, of course, caused me to break out in a cold sweat not as I happen to live with the current GM and she is known to have a bit of a temper, especially when I tell her that I've forgotten about something even though she had definitely told me about it previously. Unlike the other times where I'm sure she's just lying to save face, I had actually made a mistake this time. To be fair though she did tell me on the last Monday to do this after I'd have a few pints so who's fault is it really? But getting back to actual important hash stuff I should write something more relevant.

Talking of forgetting important things it seemed like a few of our members, including our esteemed GM, along with myself had arrived at the Hash without bringing certain vital pieces of equipment for the changing seasons. These were however only trivial items such as coats or towels or anything warm to wear afterwards so we can't be criticised too harshly and anyway the weather was only fierce mild at worst and the shivering was just a quick warm up before the Hash begun.

With only one large dark cloud in the distance to worry about we set off on the Hash fairly confidently or at least confident in the knowledge that inevitable slow uphill slog up the nearest hill would warm us up plenty. Unsurprisingly, the lone grey cloud on that evening decided to float on over to our band of fools but at least allowed us to make it over the first hill before unleashing what I can only describe as a days worth of rain onto our heads.

Luckily, the fierce mild wind came back into play as there is nothing quite like a brisk breeze to dry a person off on a Hash so turns out I didn't even need my coat in the first place so it all turned out alright in the end.

Continuing with the Hash, there's not a lot I can actually remember after a week of drinking a fair amount of cider and also our GM didn't give me any actual time to write notes in the pub afterwards. However, as now I've spent enough time casually throwing Raunchy under the bus, I do remember that the Hash contained the required amount of long slow uphill slogs that I've become very familiar with after starting to run on the longs for whatever reason. The upside to these is that I only have to run up them until someone around my age gives up and starts walking so I don't feel too bad about nearly dying on every uphill stretch.

On a good note there were plenty of good downhill parts on the Hash, which is much more my type of running, though the inclusion of some very slippery rocks made it slightly more interesting than it had any right to be while my head torch was doing a very good dying swan impression. I'm glad to report that no one twisted an ankle by the end of the Hash however this doesn't make for good material for a Hash Mag but it's been a while since I've blown out my knee so I'm sure a scribe in the near future will get lucky.

The only other thing of note I can remember is the reason for my having to write this mag today, which was the remarkable appearance of two separate mags making the rounds at the pub after the Hash. I think we all know who to lay blame at for this madness and I won't be as crass as to actually name this person but I'll just say that it's not a surprising from a person who's as untidy in our flat as she is. Also she keeps talking loudly when I'm trying to eat cheesy chips in pub every Monday which is just bad manners.

Having totally run out of time to write this out while also having forgotten anything else about the evening, I feel like this is a good time to quit while it can be loosely said that I'm ahead. I will also wish good luck to whoever ends up living with our GM after she totally murders me for trashing her as much as I have in this mag and on that note there would be a few pictures at the end here to fill space but I don't trust her printer to not explode and kill me if I tried to make it do any work, much like its owner.

On On!