

**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**

Eve Jones (Clever Dickie)

**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**Web:** www.tvh3.co.uk**Next Run No: 1926****Date: 26/06/2017****Start: Warren House Inn****On Down: Warren House Inn****Hares: Arguilles****Scribe: Biff**

Musings from Dildo

A tale of how a Baggins had an adventure', found himself doing and saying things altogether rude and unexpected. He may have lost some respect, but he gained - well, you will see whether he gained anything in the end.



Now it's been some time since my last observations on this here Hashing affair and what a funny business it is too! Not that I've been 'scribe dodging' mind you - as some folk do! No, it's a matter of Hobbit business that takes me away to far-off and wondrous places: Mordor, Pontypridd and Dudley..... to name but a few.

And what a pleasant foray it turned out to be indeed! For it was 'hared' rather spontaneously from the banks of the river Tavi at the dam of Lopwell by the one known as Dog Catcher; and quite unlike his usual form he achieved a prompt arrival for the occasion (5 minutes before the start).

With much enthusiasm of voice, gesticulation of arms - and various body parts - did he talk of a rather well considered but puzzling occasion to come; so off we did venture, ever keen to experience this most enigmatic foray. However; it was not long a while before events proved otherwise than suggested when many an uncertainty transpired as to the direction of travel, thank goodness for intuition.....read on.

For a few brave and seasoned Hashers have looked into the dark mind of the Dog Catcher and have learnt many things: intuitively, 'to boldly go' where one least expects and so they did!

Heavens! I hear the Gannet proclaim a 'split infinitive'! But for those of an erudite nature will know, there is no explicit rule at all on this trifle; for it is rumoured to have started in the time period of your 1800s by the Dean of Canterbury, a certain Henry Alford, who expressed: 'he didn't see a good reason to split an infinitive'.

No matter, I digress, otherwise the Gannet will next be provoked to lecture one and all of the inappropriate use of the apostrophe or other such things pedantic!



So 'On On' did we speed with much running about and advancing behind ourselves into Mirkwood, where in the gloom two shorts, taking-on a rather Ent-like appearance and referred to as the Hurricane & the Do Do, were seen to meander with much folly down the reverse of a 'Long'; for they were oblivious to the guidance and protestations of the wise ones who had traversed this very same route in the appropriate direction some moments before.

However; the wise ones lead by a 'Pony' were very soon doubtful of all direction, until they were gratefully guided along to the 'path of uncertainty' - by a knowing pair of rustic looking locals. Much assurance was given by this earthy couple of the many sightings of a strange white powder, reassurance if ever it were needed.

And indeed, the white powder was as described, until it soon faded into the ether - so the wise ones after much consideration pursued the path of the 'shorts' where the white powder lead onto the road of 'seemingly nowhere'! This treacherous route lay a trap for the unsuspecting Hashers - the 'Hill of Forever' on the 'tarmac of eternity'; and much trouble did it cause to a little pair of hairy Hobbit legs.

But no matter at all for what a splendid occasion it turned out to be: the dappled light of the early evening illuminating the way through the forest of Fanghorn and the return to Lopwell, where certain elements of the Jones family were seen to be in the act of environmentally 'fly tipping' a large sack of unmentionables into a large red receptacle - marked in Elven script - 'if found return to Mordor or else!!'

And so, an al-fresco 'On Down' followed at the inn of the 'Who'd of Thought It' where tales of note were revealed, namely: she who is known as 'Dirty Ore' has committed to 300 of these follies, which raised the question, is there only one ore or two, if two, is one clean? A certain Adam who has an altogether amusing fetish of greasing his nipples is now to be known as 'Flasher' and a welcome reappearance of 'Come Forward' who apparently is conducting a studious life in the land of the Gaul's, at the place know as Cardiff.

Of much merry note and occasion is the/was the forthcoming celebration of Matrimony (recent past by the time you read this) of Spike who has 'gilded his Lilly' ha ha! Festivities to mark the occasion will take/took place in the rather grand halls of H.M.S. Drake where he will give/gave a most eloquent oration in praise of his loved one and to some measure to all those honoured attendees.

So, what did a Baggins gain from this bitter adventure, if it must end so; and not a mountain of gold can amend it. Yet I am glad that I have shared in your perils -- that has been more than any Baggins deserves!

ON ON!