

Grand Master
Simon Snowdon (Slush)

Joint Masters
Steve Statham (Krakow)

Mo Rujak (On All Fours)

Scribe Master
Angela Sykes (Gannet)

Hasherdabber
Mark Pratten (Well Laid)

Hash Horn
Alan Eddie (Pist 'N' Broke)



Chamber Pots
Brenda Cotterill (Cheddar)

Ann Marcer (K2)

On Sec
Paul Ames (Aimless)

Hash Cash
Paul Waters (Stopcock)

Hare Master
Kate Glanville (Biff)

Hash Flash
Elena Stamp (Come Forward)

Life Pee'er
Angus Colville

Hereditary Pee'ers
Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

Email: tvh3@blueyonder.co.uk

Web: www.tvh3.co.uk

Next Run No:

Date: 26th August 2013

Start: North Hill area, near Callington

On Down: To be confirmed

Hares: Stopcock

The ship's radio was blaring out sea shanties on Pirate FM as we hove to and dropped anchor at the inland port of Calstock. I put my eye glass to my one good eye and scanned the quayside, wondering if the natives were friendly. There were definitely a few odd looking coves about, a pack of sea dogs, some old salts and a crew of young bilge rats, happy now that the summer holidays were here and they could leave the three Arrs behind them. Uncle had come along as a Welsh pirate with parrot perched precariously on her padded shoulder. Roger had a jolly good idea and came along as Cabin Boy, while Cabin Boy also had a jolly good idea and came along as Roger.

Ramraider was seen smuggling grapeshot in his diaphanous grundies whilst inadvertently showing us he was a proud privateer. Also there was the Pirate in the Hat along with the Prats of Penzance.

Nashers was busy preparing herself to be boarded.

Then up hobbled Long John Saliva who looked the spitting image of our Captain Slush, who'd gone so far as having a toe amputated so as to make his seven seas shuffle look more authentic. He also had a wooden leg though that's just a matter of a pinion.

What has 12 arms, 12 legs and 12eyes? A dozen pirates!

After throwing our pieces of eight into the barrel (Stop cock looking on wishing he could be doubloon the money) we yo ho ho'd and sank tots from a bottle of grog.

Well gather my futtock shrouds and swab my poop deck but don't poop on my swab

deck, it looked like being a rum do.

Dodo, looking a nervous wreck, hauled himself up the Jacob's Ladder, made his way along the bowsprit where, to the encouraging cry of "I can see your Cockswain" he described tonight's jolly jape in the following manner:

"He climbed aboard the pirate ship
And the hare he said to me
You'll be going this way that way,
Forwards and backwards
Over the railway line
And with tot of rum to tickle your tum
That's the hash for thee!"

So we battened down the hatches and set off before the wind, and the keenies, and set out along the foreshore of the river Tamar and on past the black spot of the sewage works. At this point someone shouted "Avast behind" which confused me as I was sure Wacey was in front of us. The climb up to the Crow's Nest was the high point of the night but left us so breathless we couldn't even have blown the man down. Boy!

It wasn't long before a few of the crew decided to swing the lead and set a course back to the home port Even Caught Short was seen to abandon ship but she always was a bit of a short cutlass.

Back at the pub we were made to feel welcome by the choice of beers 'Doom bar' and 'Harbour Special' but they definitely didn't want us supping and dining at the Captain's table as they'd removed all the normal menus from the bar leaving us with rations of hash hardtack and water.

Slush finally arose like a kraken awakening and delivered us some excerpts from his captain's log, though as I was arrd of earring I had to move closer to listen in. Several Birthdays were announced and sung, shanty style (that's more like the towns than Fisherman's Friends) though I swear I could hear some reaching the High C's. he also mentioned something about technical stripy t-shirts but I didn't have a clue as to what the fo'c'sle that was about.

Mo turned up late but fresh from his recent 10,000 metre victory and a long drawn out session of sea cliff climbing. He used to have a nice head of wavy hair but is concerned now, because the tide seems to be going out, if you catch my drift.

Eventually, the landlord invited us to sling our hooks (careful, you might have someone's aye out) so we weighed anchor and feeling a little groggy, walked the plank back to our 4 x 4 masted transport.

Oh by the way don't forget to sort out your headtorches and charge your batteries, twill only be a month before we'll need them again.

And finally

To Err is Human. To Arr is Pirate.

Q 4LANi