

Grand Master
Mark Pratten (Well Laid)
Joint Masters
Matt Hampe (Chopper)
Bob Westlake (Grandpa)
Scribe Master
Henry Thornton (Turd)
Hasherdabber
Tracy Windemer (Racey)
Hash Horn
Anna Luff (Hot Socks)



Chamber Pots
Sarah Jones (Pony)
Peter Jones (Von Trapp)
On Sec
Brenda Cotterill (Cheddar)
Hash Cash
Hayley Sampson (H)
Hare Master
Charlie Lloyd (Wobbly Knob)
Hash Flash
Steve Davis (Hurricane)

Life Pee'ers
Angus Colville (Agnes) Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)
Hereditary Pee'ers
Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan) Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

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Next Run No: 1861
Date: Monday 28th March 2016 (Bank Holiday)
Start: Crapstone War Memorial
On Down: Drake Manor Buckland Monachorum
Hares: Ernie, Bin Liner and Amy

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I was supposed to be scribing last week- but Scrote and I were struck down by Manfluenza and unable to attend. Turd then employed a wicked plagiarist instead, who misappropriated the trusted *Gannetmag!* logo, together with all the goodwill attached (not that much, he was to find). For those of you who are newer hashers, the effect of this was remarkable on the said scribe, whose literary offerings were a cut above his normal efforts. Suffice to say there was only one picture of a scantily clad female and hardly any spelling mistakes.

But back now to the *real thing*, my little possums. Coca Cola not Pepsi (don't mention fizzy drinks; will the sugar tax affect the price of filling up the hash bucket?!), Big Mac not Wimpy, 007 not Jason Bourne, TVH3 not Stannary..... In the car park there was the usual revving and shunting associated with a tricky slope and not enough space. K2 slotted her car niftily into a gap everyone else was avoiding and pronounced it the perfect size as she crawled out of the boot, and over a bemused Toddy. Then we were off, with instructions from hare Slushy to be careful round the mineshafts. Not for the first time of late I found myself on the short instead of the long, and subsequently playing catch up all on my own in an unfamiliar area. I trotted on until I came to some cottages, and I couldn't see where the flour went. To my relief along came Streaky, Ernie and Cabin Boy to help with the trail finding. Suddenly a posse of snarling mutts erupted from the nearest house along with an unfriendly bloke who seemed to be enjoying the sight of a shaggy black terrier kiss Ernie's bum with its teeth. It must have been the Eau de Postman after shave that did it. The rest of our run was uneventful – we never did catch the rest of the longs, but how wonderful it was to be hashing over dry ground at last.

In the bar I was keen to get cracking on my Dreaded Lurgy survey of all the men present. Here are some answers to this question: Have you had the Manflu this winter?

Hot Rocks: Manflu? It was much worse than that! (What a drama queen.)

Glani: The older I get, the iller I was.

Scupper Sucker: I flirted with it, tickled it under the chin and moved on. (Bloody hell, a metaphor.)

Hurricane: I was laid so low I had to stay at home and play with my planks.

Cabin Boy: What's the definition? Time off work?! (No, just lots of snotting and sighing.)

Pimp: No. I'm not a man.

Do Do: I must be super macho, because I have had it for about 4 months.

Well Laid: None of these landlubbers have suffered as much as me. Oooh Aaaaarrgh!

I did get fed up eventually with all the self-pity and snivelling so I went to speak to Bad Girl and welcome her back into the bosom of the hash. Bosoms had been rather troublesome, apparently, as they kept squirting milk every time she went over a bumpy bit. However, she was at pains to reveal that this Milky Way was made from Gold Top, not semi-skimmed. She's classy, Bad Girl; I am really impressed with her Peppa Pig water bottle. Next I chatted with Tampax, who is mightily relieved that he is not going to be taxed at 5% any more and after that I caught up with Slush, who had been to Wigan on a romantic weekend away with his motorbike. Our own answer to Guy Martin came a creditable seventh in a very competitive field and for once could concentrate on his own race rather than trying to show Dildo how to master his stabilizers.

The hash hush seemed to consist of a strange punishment ritual involving the hares, who were forced to do Down Downs with pints of water. I know we are still experiencing austere times, but this committee is now stealing beer from the most needy and spending the money saved on the squeezed middle of Grandpa, who is off on holiday again to the Caribbean. Do Do then hacked away with a cutlass at a model of a pirate ship which was hanging from the ceiling (don't even begin to ask why) and hundreds of sweeties cascaded down, just like heavy confetti. With wrappers. Goodness knows what an alien would make of this spectacle if it just happened to be passing by on an asteroid.

Well that's it for another week. I am typing this while listening to shouts of frustration emanating from downstairs, where Scrote is growing visibly older watching England trying to win a Grand Slam. Methinks our continental rivals are doing their best to de-rail the Brexit campaign. If you can't beat 'em, re-join 'em!

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"Mountains, Temples, Schools and Earthquakes: Two Years Living in Nepal."

An illustrated talk by Ann Marcer on Friday 8th April at Lamerton Village Hall starting at 7pm.

Admission £2. Tea and coffee. Raffle.

(All money collected to be sent to 'Global Action Nepal' to help fund the project I was working on.)