

**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'er**  
Angus Colville  
**Hereditary Pee'ers**  
Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

**Life Pee'er**  
Angus Colville  
**Hereditary Pee'ers**  
Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

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**Next Run No: 1848**  
**Date: 28/12/15**  
**Start: Tamar Trails Centre**  
**On Down: Copper Penny Inn, Chipshop**  
**Hares: E Coli, Uncle, Deniece**

Well, it happened sooner than I expected being 'volunteered' to write my very first hash mag, so please be gentle with me! Luckily, however, I won't be there to hand them out (with the imminent arrival of son number two) and will be spared hearing any adverse comments.

To the Hash then, in my humble opinion, it was nigh on perfect. It had all the quintessential ingredients; a good dollop of undulating woodland, a heaped tablespoon of river crossings, generous portion of gloopy mud and a soupçon of flattish trails, all mixed together to make a glorious hash pie!

There was concern from the outset however when what seemed like a fairly innocuous field crossing soon turned nasty. I was following closely behind Scrotum when panic erupted! It seemed he had been hit by a rogue sniper, arms and legs flailing everywhere, he took on the appearance of a newly born giraffe taking its first steps. As it turned out he was trying out a new hip realignment programme.

E Coli, it seemed, was doubting her intelligence, asking Dildo and myself, "Am I a bit dim?" We soon discovered she was just having head torch envy. Something we all have to deal with at some point. There are many many options when deciding on the right torch for you. At one end of the spectrum is Dog catcher who seems to guide his way through the night using only 'The Force'.

Pony wan Kenobi and Slush Skywalker have both opted for the light sabre option, a piercing beam of light that would blind a badger three miles away! And the king of lumens himself, Glani, with his super nova head torch which causes most of the woodland creatures to awaken thinking the dawn has arrived early.

On return to the car park, asking Hot Rocks his opinion on the run, he was full of praise. Although, he was slightly concerned when Wobbly was adamant we should continue up past a check back, urging "On Longs" which would have led us to our certain doom over a precipice. An oversight or dastardly plan? We may never know.

Having finally arrived at the pub after a tour of Plymouth (stupid sat nav), I was informed that Hobo was inviting all and sundry to inspect his squashed helmet! This sort of thing is, no doubt, acceptable in certain regions and who am I to poo poo local traditions.

The Hush was, as usual, highly informative, covering all hot topics of the day. The best of the bunch being Can't Remember's bush trimming skills and her dedication to the festive season with the addition of twinkling lights to said bush.

Plankette of the week was Raunchy with a wardrobe malfunction; forgetting her shoes? It's hard to imagine a world where girls aren't thinking of footwear, in some guise or another, at least 23.5 hours per day!

At the point of leaving the pub I thought I had enough info to pad out a semi passable hash mag but then like a gift from the gods Cheddar delivered some gold dust!

Cheddar to Stopcock: "It's nice you always wear your gay tee shirt".

Stopcock looks quizzical.

Cheddar: "The one from the London Pride festival".

Stopcock explained the London Pride referenced on his rugby shirt was actually a beer.

Although, I'm sure, like me, you'll prefer Cheddar's interpretation.

Finally, with the approaching hustle and bustle of Christmas, I've included a momentary diversion. Attached is a colouring-in section (crayons included), clinically proven, along with swings, to be one of the most stress relieving pursuits known to mankind.

On On