

**(GingerGrand Master**  
Kate Glanville (Biff)  
**Joint Masters**  
Ruth Arkle (Mayhem)  
Colin Sturmer (Sturmeroid)  
**Scribe Master**  
Tony Bairstow (Tampax)  
**Hasherdabber**  
Laura Sadler (Embarrister)  
**Hash Horn**  
Jon Watson (Dogcatcher)



**Chamber Pots**  
Sarah Jones (Pony)  
Steve Derbyshire (Dodo)  
**On Sec**  
Jess Hilton (Raunchy)  
**Hash Cash**  
Angela Sykes (Gannet)  
**Hare Master**  
Ann Marcer (K2)  
**Hash Flash**  
Jake Boswijk (Ginger Rogers)

**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: 1892**

**Date: 31.10.2016**

**Start: Whitchurch Down – Halloween Run**

**On Down: Whitchurch Down – Fancy Dress Please**

**Hares: Dildo Baggins and Dogcatcher**

**Scene:** It was a dark and cold night in the B&Q car park. Our heroes are gathered together preparing themselves for the challenges that lie ahead. They depart a merry bunch unaware of the fate that awaits them . . . . .

As is typical of our heroes they are easily confused and run in circles for a while until shown the correct direction by Mayhem. They come to a series of ditches; soon a brave hasher discovers the way and it's into the tunnels! Springwatch look out, Condom watch is here. Very low count in the end, Hashers: Many, Condoms: 0.

They emerge onto a perilous cliff face saved only by the faithful hare (Mayhem) from plunging into the gaping chasm; having only juts survived the treacherous low ceilings of the tunnels. Our heroes have now been lulled into a false sense of security; this seems like a safe hash, how wrong they are!

Our merry band have paused at a check on the edge of the Canyon, and this is where we join them . . . . .

Deep Throat: I'll go and check this way. *(She sprints into the darkness)*

*(Raunchy, Embarrister and Ginger Rogers wait where she left them)*

Distant Hasher: On On! *(The herd moves on)*

Raunchy: DEEP THROAT!!!!!! THIS WAY!!!!!! *(They wait and see her head torch emerge from the distant trees)*

*(Suddenly a scream pierces the night and a crash echoes around the canyon!)*

Raunchy / Embarrister: DEEP THROAT! *(They rush to her side, Ginger Rogers follows)*

Embarrister: What have you done this time? *(Raunchy crouches to examine the patient)*

Deep Throat: I am injured, go leave me and save yourselves!

Raunchy: No, we won't leave you. We won't abandon you like this.

Embarrister: Raunchy is right, no hasher gets left behind!

Raunchy: Can you walk?

Deep Throat: I don't think so *(They all look concerned)*

*(Ginger Rogers, a hero of few words, steps forwards)*

Ginger Rogers: Step a side ladies. *(He rolls up his sleeves and bends to aid Deep Throat)*

Deep Throat: Are you sure Ginger?

Ginger Rogers: I'm sure. Everyone will make it back to the car park tonight.

Deep Throat: But what if someone else is hurt? *(He smiles and winks at her)*

Ginger Rogers: Trust me, I'm on the Committee. *(He scoops her up in his arms and starts to walk – Raunchy and Embarrister follow, both are lost for words)*

*(It is like this that our heroes find there way back to the car park, guided by the slightly baffled Mayhem after stumbling across this confusing scene)*

*A couple of hours later, at the pub . . . . .*

Biff: I dub thee . . . . . Good Head!!!! *(Deep Throat blushes)*

Raunchy: Good Head come meet Deep Throat *(Deep Throat blushes even harder)*

And Curtain! *(Applause)*

Dildo says – “Mulled Wine in Mother-in-Laws Garage at the end of the lane” – Don't Forget!