

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
Peter ArGles (ArGuilles)
Peter Jones (Von Trapp)
On Sec
Brenda Cotterill (Cheddar)
Hash Cash
Hayley Sampson (H)
Hare Master
Charlie Lloyd (Wobbly Knob)
Hash Flash
Steve Andrews (Russ Abbot)

Life Pee'er
AnGus Colville
Hereditary Pee'ers
Chris Laurence-KinG (Bloodnock) Sara Laurence-KinG (Shortcut) Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

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Next Run No: 1818
Date: 1st June 2015
Start: Whitchurch Down Golf Club, Down Road, Tavistock.
On Down: Whitchurch inn, Whitchurch
Hares : DoGcatcher & Bach

The hashmaG tonight is brought to you by the letter G

Poor Mr Bearstow, he`s very confused nowadays one minute he says his knees had Gone South, one pint later he said they had Gone West. Barni, my best friend, says its because he`s North of 60, my Guess is they both failed their Geography exams when they were children, Daddy said they were being metaphorical, I think they were just being silly.

Gannet , best frend number 34, is really lucky, she had a cute appendix-itis, (something to do with having too many words I think but I`m sure she will get them in order if she tried, she used to be a teacher).

Grandpa, another of my best frends, (number 15) who has a swimminG pool, said the hash was fantastic as it had 100011 checks (that`s 35 for you that didn`t Get their Binary O level) and 101 (5) long short divides and lots of wunderfull bits in it and bluebells and no shoes in the pool and I`ll tell you more about his swimminG pool later.

Our illustrious GM was not at the helm and piratinG tonight, has his doG has been at the GroG ? (Admiral Vernon RN liked GroG so much he named his coat GroGram)

So, like a ship without a rudder, and seepaGe in the bilGes we were off, luckily I was there at the front and showed you all where to Go, off into the hills behind the house. Plain Jane (frend # 17) cauGht me up (she was cheatinG as she was layinG the run as she went from a baG), and as she lauGhed when we had to do a loop throuGh a muddy stream and alonG a path of brambles so I`ve dropped her one prime number and she now best frend number 20 (hint, chips are worth 3 places, beer is 4 places)

After we Got back to the road the lonGs went off to do a loop down to the pond (Gradndpa says Lake) and we stood at the top and threw rocks but missed them all and then off to the top of the spoil heaps (Grandpa says Geo-enGineered Hills) before careening (Daddy was in the navy so blame him) down the other side into the stream (Grandpa says River) : at this point I Gussed Grandpa was livinG in a parallel world where words Get tautoloGically twisted and replaced, `dire`

to be replaced with `crackinG`, `duff` with `enthralinG`, `backyard` with `Vinyard`, `Weeds` with `Bluebells` etc

On we scudded into the next field (open country) and ran on beams end down to the stream (river) where that Great hash GarGantuan Glani Gesticulated wildly at the Group of cows to Get out of the way, the cows, having read the book, decided otherwise and Glani we last seen cowering in the corner. Talking of cows mummy said daddy was a cash cow, she just relaxes at home, which is really, really cool, and daddy has to slave away to Get more money and now I'm 18 I can spend his money as well, especially after I stole his credit card.

With a fair wind behind us we Gathered speed and shot across the boG (water meadow) and Gallomped into the Groves of Fire trees (forest) past the tepee (now that brinGs back memories) and the lonGs looped a lonG loopinG loop (Gannet, help) before GettinG back into the fire trees (Great forest) for some incline traininG with a deadly false trail GoinG off down a very dark forebodinG path under the trees that NO-ONE wanted to Go down, Scary! (just like Gannet in a hoodie I suppose)

By this time I was in front again and had the keenies charGe past throwing caution to the wind and burninG rubber on their way down to the shed (Gazebo) for the fiendish Gradient back up the row of trees (Alder, I think) to the Gate and on to be greeted by the foaming bucket

At the On down someone said there is a new Gender Dysphoria clinic opening in Tavistock, I'll ask them if they will take a Group bookinG from the hash, havinG looked at the red dress run photos you Guys need it LOTS I'm sure they are nice people and would understand if they looked too.

Gannets chanGed her cute appendix thing for Postop-itis which makes her say silly thinGs, I heard her ask Slush if his biG plate of chips and curry was the chilli and Nachos, I think it called `food blindness` !

I told my maths teacher about the hash and we worked out that all the ups were matched exactly by your downs (that's $U + D = 0$, averaGe, that means the lonGs must do more and shorts equally less, so $s^{\text{long}} = s^{\text{short}}$ and where `s` can be substituted for `t`, I told her that is was probably a normal distribution , she shook her head and muttered "abnormal", but then we did $2P^1$ Radians so $U+D = 2P^1R$ (to base 10) but if we went to base 8, that's octal, then it would be Greater than 2 unless we convert to Binary first as $2 = 1$ which is easy to solve, I love maths.

Hot rocks had something that was a bit wobbly, someone said he'll need a new one.

Hurricane has a multi tool, he uses it in all sort of interesting positions, his frend Ben Dover agreed Gannet was wearing a hoodie, but she didn't know why, now that's SCARY !

Barni was Grasping his eGGs in his baGGy shorts, Tony had hold of them before that, maybe they are tryinG to keep them warm to hatch them or somethinG, didn't they do bioloGy at skool !!!

Biff was swinGinG the lamp as she remembered the first Clay pits run where she first met Gannet, followed rapidly by being stuffed by Gannet, who disappeared into the distance at a rate of knots !

Amo amas amat amamus amatis amant

Gispert Gallop 5th to 7th June Okehampton EX20 3DN by TVHHH (that's not TVH3 just in case you were thinking)

P.S.

Boyfriends are weird, mine wants to buy me a G string, I've tried to tell him, I don't have a guitar.

P.S. we had lots of fun playinG `head skittles` with a biG wet ball in the swimminG pool, cool

On On

Footloose (me)

Tamar Valley Hash House Harriers