

Grand Master

Diann Davis (Can't Remember)

Joint Masters

Sarah Cohen (Fergie)

Treeve Gillan (Bin Liner)

Scribe Master

Bill Stacey-Norris (Lost)

Hasherdabber

Mark Preston (Scupper Sucker)

Hash Horn

Sam Sparks (Erectus)

**Chamber Pots**

Peter Argles (Arguilles)

Jerry Rickeard (Hot Rocks)

On Sec

Tricia McGurk (Posh Pinny)

Hash Cash

Roger Smyly (Cabin Boy)

Hare Master

Sarah Jones (Pony)

Hash Flash

Shelley Davis (Last Minute)

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: 1801****Date: 2/02/2015****Start: Cotehele Quay****On Down: The Who'd Have Thought It Inn, St Dominick****Hares: H & Delilah**

This should be the easiest hash mag to write; it's been a very eventful hash week. But fitting it all here? Pffff I could have written a book! (maybe not best idea when sneakily printing at work)

Starting with the headlines:

On Monday, we temporarily lost 3 of our girls.
My team didn't win the Pub Quiz.

On the Hash

Slush announced that this run will be forever known as The Run of Four River Crossings... I think it would be fair to say, that whilst listening, armed with the equipment to 'be bold, start cold', I was very worried.

First things first, 'The Story of The Lost Girls'. Sorry Slush, I think this might be known as the night the girls bugged off. So the story (according to the mutineers in question) goes like this. Harriet, Sasha and Millie (I'm not efficient enough to remember your hash names) got lost at some point, which they couldn't explain to anyone after. And ran on for a bit, into the wild night. They then got freaked out by some abandoned waders hanging in a tree and decided enough was enough, time to go to the pub. Understandable.

Meanwhile, I caught wind of this news as I was tucking into chips at the pub. Being the hero I am, I volunteered

..... my work chum Matt (currently not named, but known amongst the young plymmo hashers as Quif) to go on the search party. By the time the news was properly announced to the rabble, and volunteers officially asked for, (and said volunteers were eying up their muddy kit); the girls made their entrance. Dramatic timing, girls!

With all minor panic and worry now dissipating (I say minor, for I'm pretty sure you couldn't come to too much harm with an Ames present), we turned to stories of other lost souls. Including one from Glanny, whereby they had a missing man that 1) they never looked for/found and 2) who signed in **4 months** later! I find this story both incredulous, and simultaneously 'very glanny'.

Apart from the aforementioned carelessness, it was a VERY muddy one: Bogs, Trees and Tunnels. Full of cuts, scrapes and bruises, the sight in the pub was one characteristic of HHH; muddy, wounded but ecstatic. From Mincer with a cut on his face and ear, to Quif, Golden Rivet, and Spurdy Shouts (is this your name? I can't read my handwriting!!) with bloody legs, everyone had pints in hand and smiles on faces.

The biggest inhibitor of any 'good pace' was the sheer volume of fallen trees creating a fantastical obstacle course which was icy, muddy and the best fun I've had in ages. Where was the hash flash, eh? This went on (according to my new watch – See, I can be as posh as Biff!) for over a mile. Speaking of Biff, she has one complaint from the night: her 'Endomondo'(oooh err) paused frequently due to inactivity... She blames the obstacles presented. Many of you also told me how spaced out you were on the run ... what have you all been taking??

Once the trees were over, the bogs were, in the words of CS Lewis, 'impassible'. As I went up to my big drawers (tee hee) in mud, it was up to Hot Sox and Embarrister to pull me out. (A common situation it seems, see Lopwell Hash Gallery for proof). Our Virgin, Zack, in this spot lost his shoe, bonding him with the longs as they searched in the mud for it. This has in no way put him off the ridiculous idea that is hashing, however, as he hasn't shut up about how much fun he had. Ladies and Gentleman, we have a new disciple. He also has proved his enthusiasm, as he battled through adversity to get there – he was locked in at work, but in Cinderella-stylee, still made it!

With everyone in good spirits, and having had a good run, we were back to normal, with Turd "running his mouth like a sailor of the dock" (Embarrister's words, not mine). I heard that Tampax wants to learn how to fish, and that Turd will be the teacher. Watch out for these foreign bodies in waterways near you!

We missed out on an ailment and showing of the virgin due to the absence of Can't Remember. I feel that this is a defining moment for him, and he must not be spared this embarrassment. We must not let him off lightly this week!!

And speaking of which, I discovered that Turd's son, James, has not yet been named. I suggest Tiny Turd, as when I suggested it, he expressed how much he disapproves.

On the Quiz:

I regret to say that I drank quite a lot on Saturday night after the quiz (as did a lot of our twenteen hashers) so a proportion of it is muddled now...

However, what I *can* tell you is that on our team we had no one over 25, and we blame this for our loss. Clearly this proves that age beats degrees.... How embarrassing. BUT we learnt a life lesson; do not fear failure, for if you are the worst, you will be rewarded with humbugs! I can't even remember who got the prize, as I was blinded by jealousy and failure (and a sugar high from the sweets).

Oh and a van (didn't note the driver) got stuck in the mud, and had to be pushed out by all the young men. Again, Hash Flash, where were you? Must I do all the work) This, I might note, is one time where I didn't play the 'I'm stronger than a boy!' card, because... well.... Mud. Eugh.

Pasties: Yum.

Cocktails: yum.

Hashers taking on a greasy spoon at 5.30 am? Also Yum.

Don't forget: Posh Frocks is only £20 and is a mere 33 days away! (28th Feb – get tickets from Fergie!!)