

Grand Master

Jess Hilton (Raunchy)

Joint Masters

Stirling Way Spike

Paul Ames (Aimless)

Scribe Master

Paul Waters (Stopcock)

Hasherdabber

Heather Smyly (Sister Sludge)

Hash Horn

Paul Storey (On the Khazi)

Beer Master

Charlotte Watson (Footloose)

**Chamber Pots**

Diann Davis (Can't Remember)

Simon Snowdon (Slush)

On Sec

Eve Jones (Clever Dickie)

Hash Cash

Jon McGurk (Nipple Deep)

Hare Master

Brian Martin (Naughty Boy)

Hash Flash

Paul Glanville (Glani)

Life Pee'ers

Angus Colville (Agnes)

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Hereditary Pee'ers

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Email: tvh3@blueyonder.co.uk**Web:** www.tvh3.co.uk**Next Run No:** 1927**Date:** 3rd July 2017**Start:** Bagga Tor**On Down:** Elephant's Nest**Hares:** Spike**Scribe:**

Well, apologies to those of you who were eagerly anticipating a hash mag tonight from the gorgeous Hot Rocks. I have stepped into the breach left by his (hopefully) temporary loss of lyricism, caused by the massive diversion of neural activity to his Cerebeerlum, the brain's centre for computing all things 'beer'. If I had left him to write it, I really think all you would have got is a string of fairly incomprehensible mutterings about hop utilisation, torrefaction and the like. We can only hope that some semblance of normality will return at some point.

To compensate for my free form interpretation of hashing, the ever lovely Stopcock promised to be my spy on the run, but he, like everyone else, had had his brain addled by the heat, and so forgot. What he did not know was that I'd already had some of my other spies at the committee hand over party – and the superlatives used to describe his Chicken Balti and Naan Bread contributions reached such exalted heights that I am seriously considering offering to trade some hops in return for his secrets in how to achieve such exquisite culinary offerings.

Now I know full well that a run laid by Hurricane and Pimp, diligently and skilfully recce'd by Can't Remember, will have been jolly good. However the only gleanings I could get from those over the age of 40 were hot, hot and hot. The hash youth were slightly more forthcoming, in what they claimed was a heat induced delirium, and spoke of river mermaids, clowns, unicorns, Gollum under a rock and such like. Whatever it is that they're on, I want some. Though on second thoughts, who am I to doubt their visions, as I did see a guy road cycling on snow tyres..... Strangely, Scrotey took sole responsibility for the failure of the longs to kick out checks tonight, claiming that however hard he tried he just couldn't get his feet close enough together. I bet he used to be a whizz at that rugby thing

where they pass the ball behind through their knees.....

Indeed, the Quarry car park was the 'happening' place of the evening – Fergie allegedly (hmmm, I have reason to doubt my sources here) executed the most perfect hand break turn to pull up fully and accurately parked, having nearly over shot. The gang of Plymouf Youfs who had identified the said car park as the venue for their evenings Rave took one look at the multitude, lightly power-dressed in lycra, and wheel spun away at top speed. At the end of the run Analweiss and Chopper were seen mingling sweat with bare skin man hugs, and Can't Remember was left a quivering wreck after witnessing a fulsome moon by Von Trap.

So on to the Pub. In a weird and unsettling moment of déjà vu, I came across the exact same conversation at 2 different tables – 2 groups of ladies engaged in what Gannet ably summed up as a Deep Philosophical Consideration of the propensity of the Great British Male (our lovely men hashers, all such discrete individuals, obviously excluded) to strip off down to their pasty, horribly sunburnt, out of condition torsos whenever we suddenly get some beautiful weather. 'It's not as though any of them are 'love gods', was generally bemoaned. I am left contemplating just what my fellow hashettes' experience of 'love gods' is. Have they had secret pasts, I wonder.

Among those missing from the pub was our dear Biff, who GWR had carelessly, nay wantonly, left stranded in a slow moving carriage with no air conditioning on the hottest day of the year somewhere near Reading. They proceeded to abandon her completely at Exeter, from where Glani, complete in his Knight in Shining Armour kit (or maybe Milk Tray Man kit if he still has it) succeeded in rescuing her. There were many in sympathy with Pony's call for renationalisation of the railways.

It is clear that our beloved leader has formed a Strong and Stable power base, as she smoothly delivered the Hash Hush on the dodgy end of a bench seat with only one decent leg beneath her. The authority that she wields over her de facto cabinet is clearly awesome – to a man (well, Embarrister, Well Shafted, Chopper, Ginger Rogers and Squits) they resisted the obvious temptation of all standing up at once and unceremoniously dumping her. Dear Mrs May may well be envious yet. Meanwhile, Austerity continues to bite deep, and Pony, Analweiss and Ginger Rogers were duly presented with Cut Back trophies containing half a mouthful of alcohol each for completing the Burrator Horseshoe, which they then had to give back. I would have kept it, as I think they're great (possibly only surpassed by the pink willy lollipops), and as there are never any trophies for those of us who are awesome at being consistently mediocre, having one of those on my mantelpiece would add a sense of completeness to my life. At this point Hot Rocks reminds me that I don't have a mantelpiece.

Virgins Harry and Jessica were welcomed and awarded the pink flouro things, hopefully they'll be back next week. How could they resist?

On On
Vampire Slayer