

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: 1797****Date: January 5th 2015****Start: Lydford Castle..... Dungeons****On Down: Castle Inn Lydford****Hares: Fergie**

Hello there Hashers and the generally confused. It's about time for some more musings from Dildo's kitchen.....before I'm accused of that much practiced art of scribe dodging. In truth I was skillfully cornered - like a rat – one Monday evening by the one known as 'Scribe Master'. What clever plays he now uses as to lure the unsuspecting into forging the odd word or two. Well I'm not at liberty to reveal his ruses, for next it could be YOU!

Once more the trusty briar is freshly filled with the weed. A tankard full to the brim of Maidens Promise waits me. Feet having had a thorough comb and bouffant rest resplendent on the kitchen table: essential for us Hobbits you know, care of our feet: as necessary as birds do preen their feathers, the first part of your anatomy the lady Hobbits look for, not the bulge in ye nether regions!

And so it was at Burrator we did meet on that dark and windy... well slightly windy night (Plain Jane), for a jolly rousing and festive mince pie run, magically hared by the two known as Von Trapp and his Pony.

Had Pony been sampling the mead earlier that evening, it was asked: for her annunciation at hash hush was troublesome, sternly informing all that should we dare be late, all would be 'mincing'? Well that might be acceptable in some societies but no time for that behaviour on a hash and impossible up-hill! However; "on on" we did trot, once the Pony had regained her eloquence. And what a jolly fine caper it was: up hills, down the hills, into the water, out of the water and into the Dark Woods!

Who was the first victim of the night? It was the Uncle, who came unstuck or stuck you might well argue in the first of many a water crossing. With gallant hashers to ably assist, she was plucked from the icy clutches of a gushing torrent, only later to complain of broken fingers and many a laceration; and to tell of other such parts broken and bruised in the pursuit of Hashing. It was indeed an impressive account of ailments. Perhaps the Uncle would fare better if she embraced the less hazardous past time of kick boxing!

And let it be known that she who is known as Footloose was found abandoned and torch-less by that most zealous of hashers, the Dogcatcher, who wrongly believes his offspring have inherited his same sense of the night.

Now, it was much suspected that the Ram Raider had also a liking of the festive mead for he was not his usual spritely self, for lag he did on those hills and was taken to muttering altogether rude and unexpected rantings about **twatting** his hamster or was it his hamstrings. Perhaps that howling wind corrupted his tongue or his mind, one never knows with him.

It's little wonder with these same winds that Hash utterings become a Chinese Whisper. For on such a night as this "Shut the gate" was transmogrified before our very ears to:

Shut the gate.....Slush at the gate.....The sluts late..... Slaps my mate.....Sludge is a state....Jane's got a date.....What's he say?....Can't Remember....No!....Wobbly's got a bidet.....F*** it shut the gate anyway!

No matter! On we did all hash with much talk and twitter t'ward the foreboding forest of Fanghorn; where loose tongues soon turned to rampant rumour.... for the wood was all a glow with a ghostly quality. Was it the doings of Tim Benzadrine the spaced out enchanter of the woods, or.....the mutant spiders of Chernobyl with haemorrhoids, perhaps worse still, Shelob the man eating monster from Mordor. What would await us?



Spellbound by a thousand ethereal haemorrhoids floating in the canopy all descended to meet their fate.

"Thank heavens for hairy feet", all cried, for it was the magical doings of the spaced-out enchanter of Burrator forest, the Von Trapp and his Earthlings. And what fine winter fare and tuck was offered to chase the cold away.

So enchanted was the Cheddar by the illuminations that she was transported back to the days of her childhood. The one known as Glani confesses to achieving the same with hallucinogenic weed.

Reluctantly, all departed for the Inn at Burrator for more refreshment, carolling and proclamations, especially with regard to the Gannet who was much absent and it is said is laid up in the infirmary with a penguin inside her.... or was it appendicitis? Must get the hearing attended to. A much vexed Grand Master was to complain of her intermitted twinkling Bush! And of all and sundry fiddling with her stocking tops. Well did any get past the giggly bits as once achieved ya laughing?

Well Hashers that's all for this Christmas offering and next year I'm to follow the Glani's advice and will not be sending out those Advent calendars as he says: 'their days are numbered'.



Shelob! any relation to Sturmeroid?

ON ON