

Grand 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
Steve Derbyshire (Dodo)
Diann Davis (Can't Remember)
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: 1906
Date: 6th February 2017
Start: Pork Hill
On Down: Not sure!
Hares: H
Scribe: It could be you!



Wobbly reporting : Bere beer beery me!

Parking up at the end of the causeway I could hear Hot Rocks preparing the hounds but did not hurry, for the heavens were clear, the stars splendid with Orion shining bright, instead enjoying a moment of peace, listening to the mud oozing, water creeping, peering towards the far bank, tasting brine and somewhere ... cabbages. As I arrived the hash was off, so with a quick hello to Buffy, my pound paid, it was back along the waterfront and so began the Bere hunt! And it went something like this!

We're going on a Bere hunt
We're going to have a good one,
What a beautiful night,
We're not scared

Uh-uh! Mud!
Thick oozy mud.
We can't go over it.
We can't go under it.
Oh no! We've got to get stuck in it!

Squelch squelch!
Squelch squelch!
Squelch squelch!

We're going on a Bere hunt
We're going to have a good one,
What a beautiful night,
We're not scared

Uh-uh! A stream!
A deep cold stream.
We can't go over it.

We can't go under it.
Oh no! We've got to go through it!

Splash splosh!
Splash splosh!
Splash splosh!

We're going on a Bere hunt
We're going to have a good one,
What a beautiful night,
We're not scared

Uh-Uh! A forest
A big dark forest.
We can't go over it.
We can't go under it.
Oh no! We've got to go through it!
Stumble trip!
Stumble trip!
Stumble trip!

We're going on a Bere hunt
We're going to have a good one,

What a beautiful night,
We're not scared

Uh-uh! Grass!
Long wavy grass.
We can't go over it.
We can't go under it.
Oh no! We've got to go through it!

Swishy-swashy!
Swishy-swashy!
Swishy-swashy!

We're going on a Bere hunt
We're going to have a good one,
What a beautiful night,
We're not scared

Uh-Uh! Road!
Dark hard road!
We can't around it.
We can't go under it.
Oh no! We've got to go along it

Plod-plod!
Plod-plod!
Plod-plod!

We're going on a Bere hunt
We're going to have a good one,
What a beautiful night,
We're not scared

Uh-uh! Van
An orange, orange van
We can't go over it.
We can't ignore it
Oh-no! We've got to go to it

Tiptoe!
Tiptoe!
Tiptoe!

What's that?

One shiny wet nose!
Two big furry ears!
Two big googly eyes!
IT'S A HARE!!!

Quick!

Check-in
Thank-you, thank-you, thank-you!

To the bucket
Glug-glug! Glug-glug! Glug-glug!

Back to the car!
Tiptoe! Tiptoe! Tiptoe!

Quick change
Struggle-struggle!
Struggle-struggle!
Struggle-struggle!

Admire the stars
Twinkle! Twinkle! Twinkle!

Down the road.
Get to pub front door.
Open the door.
To the bar
Down the hatch,
Neeps and tatties
Hash-hush

We're not going on a Bere hunt again!
Sob.

Changed, I walked past Dog Catcher, waiting for Footloose, Nashers and Minnie to return and wandered up the hill. Biff was telling Gannet that she didn't think there was much difference between long or short. I'm sure Racey would have an opinion on that matter. The Plough was already filling up when I stumbled in the door; in fact the wimps, tarts and walkers had had their fill of veggie haggis and were nursing their drinks. Walkers K2, Tampax, Raunchy and Von Trapp were recovering after almost being run down by an errant Delilah, on the road to recovery after an incident with a rabbit hole. A few wee Scots arrived, Racey with her cracker bow, Windy with Scottish sideburns, mean and orange, Fergie had overpaid for her £1 shirt, Gannet sported a beaver (I thought they were American) and being sportsmen both Windy and Nipple Deep had a grope, and Glani was Wee Willie Winkie but pregnant. Meantime Grandpa had had a Glasgow kiss or two, and sported both black eye and broken knee (get well soon!), before scooting off early.

It was a surprise seeing Sister Sludge alive and present at the bar. She has been practicing her navigation skills, and being a Rock Solid Legend and Hero with her compass had expected to be somewhere on Dartmoor. Fortunately Cabin Boy had recognised a friendly port and led her home. Hopefully the Dartmoor Rescue team will recognise your hidden talents. Well done Pony for being selected for the Plymouth branch. Whist on the subject of the Von Trapps you will be pleased to know that Clever Dickie has returned from her Plymouth to Banjul, Gambia, rally. Also that G String got stuck in the mud, called for his Mummy and got the ever-gallant Slush instead!

The pleasant humdrummery* was shattered as our horny mattress rose to her feet. With tam-o-shanter askew, looking somewhat Janette Krankie, Biff regaled us with a murdering of a Queenie Scottish brogue interspersed with ooh-arh and Kolkata, but mostly in between. Our Scottish lasses and laddies were identified, the hares thanked, as was the Plough, and there was a "shameless plug" for Bere Brewery beer. The gathered throng were informed

that there will be a **Big Doo** on 11th March and apparently it will be Out of This World. I wonder who's coming as a Klingon. Soon it was time to leave and Raunchy, making her first Hash sortie alone after passing her driving test, was escorted over Denham Bridge by Psycho. Brumm- brumm!

TAVY 13 Sunday 19th March 10am – please enter! Or volunteer as a marshal for TVH3 corner! See Wobbly for more details!

* (for Gannet) Grammatically, this word "humdrummery" is a morpheme, more specifically, a suffixe. It's also a noun, more specifically, a countable noun and a singularia tantum.