

**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**

Bruce Trower (Ernie)

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:****1775****Date:****7<sup>th</sup> July 2014****Start:****Plym Bridge****On Down:****The George (by the park and ride)****Hares:****Last Minute & Sam**

**W**ith apologies to Hansel and Gretel, a Grimm hashing tale.

**O**nce upon a time, a long long time ago (last week actually) on the borders of a dark forest, there gathered a group of hashers. The hash was very poor indeed, they had not had enough beer to drink for weeks, until at last one night the poor grand master (Who is she? Can't remember) said "What are we to do? There is only one can of beer left and I fear we shall all be sober"

"We must get rid of the hash" answered the chamber pots, Bin Liner and Fergie. "Tomorrow we will take them into the wood and leave them there. They will never be able to find their way home."

However, the Hurricane clearly remembered the conversation and relayed it to the worried hashers. "Oh!" sobbed the Pratt in the Hat, "we shall be lost in the wood, and the wild beasts will eat us." "Do not cry, little sister," said Embarrister. "I will take care of you."

The sun was shining, and the flour at Tesco was on offer. Chopper stopped there and filled his pockets with as much flour as they would hold. He left many a little white blob of flour on the trail to mark the way the hash would follow.



"I am going to the Who'd" the GM said, "and you can all get lost!!"

The hashers set out, and found the white flour blobs shining like little lamps all the way back to the car park. "You bad hashers!" cried the chamber pots, "the trail continues that-a-way"

Not long after this, the chamber pots said to the GM, "We are even poorer than we were before. We must send the hashers once more into the forest, where they cannot possibly find their way on-home."

This time they went much farther into the heart of the wood. When the children were tired, Big Drawers and Embarrister lay in the mud, getting cacky pants and decided to rest until the others returned. Scrotey and his clan shamelessly short-cutted until they reunited with the hash in the woods. Escaping from the tangled roots and pheasant pens, they found the most wonderful car they had ever seen. It had a boot laden with snacks.

Gannet took a piece of biscuit in one hand and a cookie in the other, and sat down to enjoy herself. Then, as the children went on eating, the car door opened and an old, old woman hobbled out. "Dear little hashers," said Jess, "do not be afraid of me. You are welcome to eat as many biscuits as you like."

Then, hand in hand, Penny Farting and Wobbly Knob set out once more to try to find their way to the pub. They had not gone far from the wood when they came to a river, which only a fool would cross. "What shall we do?" said Farting "There is no bridge, and I can see no boat to carry us over." "Look," said Wobbly. "I heard there was an old road here. Why don't we wade across?"

So WK and PF waded across the river, through the squelching mud until they appeared by the dam. Here they were greeted by a hoard of friendly hashers, frolicking in the water, On All Fours, Come Forward, Anna et al. Join in they must!

The hash were exhausted so briskly dried off and drove to the pub, to replenish on a feast of cheesy chips and beer. Here they were greeted by a thankful GM who welcomed them back to the hash now there were in a building with a steady supply of ales. And they'll all live happily ever after (with the possible exception of the grumpy old men!)

## *The End*

Hash news:

Sadly a farewell must be said to Embarrister and Chopper who have promised to return!

Big welcome to CJ who managed to get away without the pink sash of honour. Congratulations to Cabin Boy on his lip surfing debut, 10/10 style points for the handlebar flip.

Finally the duckhead trophy to Chopper – good luck in the RAF!

On On!