

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
 Kate Glanville (Biff)
 Simon Snowdon (Slush)
On Sec
 Chris Hall (Squits)
Hash Cash
 Jon McGurk (Nipple Deep)
Hare Master
 Brian Martin (Naughty Boy)
Hash Flash
 Paul Glanville (Glani)

Iutxa numerum Currere
Status Datum, Gregoria
Locus
Domus Bibendii
Dramatis Personae
Scriba

No 1948
27 Nov 2017
London Inn Horrabridge
London Inn Horrabridge
Lost
Squits

I Like ABBA. and Rioja (and Merlot, Chablis, Chardonnay) and Champagne, which has nothing to do with the run but I thought I would like to get you all in a good mood first and as Christmas is coming . . .

It was dark, with lots of stars, and lots of torches because it was dark it was cold (Lapse rate is higher than 2 W/m^2) in fact Tracy was very cold, Chopper said it was `nippy` but I knew what he really meant .

Even before the start Scupper Sucker broke something (brittle fracture if you ask me) that was too long so he had to trim it off (my brother said it's a guessing game and you have to make a rude guess but not tell anyone before someone tells you the truth) and Glani was trans-gendering by identifying as a pre-pubescent cub scout and was wanting the join the ickle cubscouts running with gay abandon around the forest.

Wobbly said a few polite words about the short cut being long and the long run being long and you might be back early as the pub kitchen was closing early and its short hash, I'd love to go to his surgery, doesn't matter whats wrong with you . . . the advice will all be the same and inverted !

On to the off (see above), I ran really fast with everyone up the field, and then ran fast all the way down the field, back to the start, Biff by this time was well into nattering mode and catching up on all the latest hashgash (like twitter said spike). Then up the road to the rift valley/defile which had been carefully filled with putrescence and rank odor, (I followed Glani and went round the top and listened to the cries of anguish from the bien pesant following the rules below. Pony said it was definitely Cold, Smelly and Deep.

Team Wobbly then herded the hash over the road to the moors proper and the carefully chosen BOGS (I hate bogs!, and I double hate arachnids!!) the hash made short work of the mires and headed off up the hill sideways with the Shorts (to go over the hill and far away) by which time I was helping Daddy to get lost on all sorts of sheep tracks by pretending to be slow at running as he needs to practice helping others. Next week I'll download the google maps app and GPS to my hearing aid to help him.

We watched you all yomp off over the top and then like ferrets in the headlights we stood and watched as the torches light lit up the skies and then faded, again and again with mind numbing synchronicity as you all ran to and fro. back and forward, up and down (wobbly disease again) for eons until you found the trig point and your way back, so it was either a good hash or you got lost lots like dad.

I found the trail again and helped daddy, and spent some time getting him to do all the checks, false trails and check backs like memory clinic and we then legged it to the bucket before everyone else to get the Kudos

Back at the bucket there was a small affair of ejaculating lemonade bottles to be dealt with (I did that at College last year, along with putting condoms on Bananas, the teachers are not too bright as bananas don't get you pregnant,) note to all hares :- don't knock pressurised bottles over onto sharp stones unless you want to get sticky.

And so to Pub !

Wobbly has finally been eclipsed by his son on doing it outdoors, and on down downs. Team Scrotey are off to Rome and looking for donations to pay the fine for when they strip off and go `eau naturel` with their toned bodies in the Trevi Fountain.

Posh Pinny was in full throat providing examples of pure character assassination from the ladies tables and Raunchy had a new dress on with black (white) spot disease, cool, new meme.!

Patrick is a Virgin and looked good in the pink (getting the hang of this word play stuff now) Wacey got an endo in over the weekend with the SWMBO and was blagging to all and sundry especially as she thrashed Winge as well (OMG, now that is called ABUSE !)

Apparently the ickle scouts didn't find the dead body in the woods, but Glanni did when he went for a Waz (not a clue but thats what someone said at the on down) at the start.

Dodo noticed that Biff had a vibrating thing strapped to her wrist (and how do you just `notice` something like that in the dark Dodo ?) and said all toys should be left at home.

Glani said `switching off -and slowing down is not good` (at his age I guess that's all he can do. Daddy is not as good as he once was but is good once as ever he was, he says)

Don't Forget Mince Pie run 18th December, please bring chocolate and wine or something, my hearing aid had stopped working but I think that's what raunchy said.

On- on



Footloose (me)

Errata in Urbi : there are 3 Kepler's laws of planetary motion with the sun at one of the two foci and the square of the orbital period is proportional to the cube of the semi major axis of its orbit. (that's why its winter and cold at the same time, sort of)

Angus Colvilles Memorial Luncheon team said thank you to the hash for sending a card, Gnashers said she enjoyed going as she was almost the youngest one there.(she caught Wobblies disease, old and young at the same time, weird !)

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

Facebook: www.facebook.com/Tamar-Valley-Hash-
House-Harriers -114194325261427

Web: www.tvh3.co.uk