



CRAPAUD H3 REPORT

Run No:	1754	Date:	27 th August 2023
Hare(s):	Pussy	Scribe:	Tinky Winky

Mystery Hare Exposed

There had been speculation going around the Crapaud's for many weeks about whom the "Mystery Hare" might be, some speculation bordering on the farcical. Could it be one of our friends from Truro H3? Or a visiting Hasher from another UK Club? Or maybe it was Shiggy? Or maybe Santa Claus was arriving early this year? Or a long-lost previous Crapaud member? It turned out none of the speculation was anywhere near the truth as the "Mystery Hare" was much closer to home than many thought, although what this puzzle did ensure was a good turnout at bottom of Val de la Mare reservoir. This was a good cunning trick by the *Hare Razors* Twin Peaks and Fuzz, the gathering Pack was all agog waiting to see who was leading our Run this sunny Sunday morning.



Surely not Smuggler? (Tinks)



Maybe Sam from New Zealand? (Tinks)



Where is the Mystery Hare Hiding? (Tinks)

The anticipation and excitement about who was our “Mystery Hare” today built to a crescendo. The gathered Pack were frenziedly searching around in an attempt to discover where the “Mystery Hare” was hiding. Some Crapaud’s had difficulty containing themselves, but fortunately no-one had any personal accidents – well, none they owned up to and confessed!



Surely not Wendolene? (Tinks) Surely not Twin Peaks? (Tinks) Revealed - It's Pussy! (Tinks)

Eventually the Pack began to realise. Who had not Run with us for a very long while? “Blow me Down, Pussy is with us” exclaimed one Hasher. And so the Mystery Hare was unmasked, especially when she said “Lovely to see you all, it’s very nice to be back, the Trail is laid with chalk & sawdust, but there’s nothing that is really dangerous!” What, we thought? Nothing dangerous? Of course, she is a grand-mother, used to protecting babies from danger! The Pack chimed “Oooh, Ahhh !”

Before the Pack had realised who was our “Mystery Hare” Steptoe held forth and almost let the proverbial “cat out of the bag” by welcoming Pussy back to the Pack, together with welcoming our “long-range visitor”, Sam from New Zealand. Our GM proceeded to briefly mention there had been bad news on the sporting front without going into any details about what had happened, before posing his usual riddle “Who was born in 551BC?” As no-one in the Pack was around back then it was an impossible question, so eventually Steptoe confessed it was Confucius. He had a great saying for Walking Hashers: “It does not matter how slowly you go as long as you do not stop.”



GM Holds Forth (Tinks)

By all accounts from various Runners it was a great Trail, many commenting “Pussy has not forgotten any of her Tricks”, which is evident from Steptoe’s record of the Run. Despite his long and substantial Hashing experience his Strava shows our GM can still be misled a long way up False Trails. Having noted that I also note Pussy ignored an unwritten Hash Rule that Hares should never lay the Out Trail over same ground as the On Home Trail, not that any Runners seemed to notice! It was just lovely seeing lovely Pussy with us again, despite her misfeance crossing ground already Run over.



Runners Route recorded by GM’s Strava (Steptoe)



Manhood Pair Personified! (Steptoe)



Onwards & Upwards! Hooker plods? (Steptoe)



A Good Turnout of Runners – Hugging & Cuddling! (Steptoe)



And good number of Walkers – Molehills doing a Steptoe Impersonation! (Tinks)

Mind you, when the Runners reached the top of the cotil their Hugging & Cuddling well and truly ceased, there was a frenzy of splashing which we had not witnessed for many Runs. It was Dog eat Dog time. Steptoe reports he placed Captain Poocock under arrest to stop him soaking the Runners from the multiple puddles. Double Tops tried to get her revenge, but against Poocock's torrential onslaught it was a thankless task and was hopeless [Scribe I think both were clutching at straws, rather they were stamping in shallow puddles!]. Steptoe added that the route was very much "enjoyed" by the runners. Steptoe also noted we had 12 runners [Scribe, plus 11 Walkers] - the largest number for a while. "The attraction of the Mystery Hare?", he surmised. Eventually harmony was restored and the Runners carried On On back Down Down onto Chemin de Moulin.



Dog eat Dog Time! (Steptoe)



Harmony Restored! (Steptoe)



Captain Poocock under Arrest – What a Bad Boy! (Steptoe)



What's this all about? (Steptoe)



What a Giveaway! (Steptoe)

"Spion Kop" is the common English name for a "military engagement" between British forces and two Boer Republics, the South African Republic and the Orange Free State, during the campaign by the British to relieve the besieged city Ladysmith during the initial months of the Second Boer War. The official South African English and Afrikaans name for the battle is "Spioenkop". This battle was fought on 23 & 24 January 1900 on the hilltop of Spioen Kop about 38 km (24 miles) west-southwest of Ladysmith and resulted in a Boer victory. Spioen means "spy" or "look-out", and Kop means "hill" or "outcropping". So, the painted pebble marks location of a look-out house occupied by a South-African living on the hillside!



Corbiere Lighthouse seen from above Grands Vaux Reservoir (Tinks)



Hare's First Back? (Tinks)



No! I'm First Back! (Tinks)

The Walkers were back at bottom of Val de la Mare Reservoir for quite a while before the Runners eventually arrived, in one's & two's. Gradually they staggered back to the car park, exhausted. Frisco claimed he was first back, but the real Front Runners Ballcock & Jacko were so far ahead of him he could not see them without his spectacles, particularly because they had already Run around the last bend in the lane!

Then Pussy pulled. A masterstroke, in case you were wondering. In a flash she revealed a smorgasbord of delightful treats for our enjoyment. Assorted sarnis, cucumber, tomatoes and various tasty crunchies of the crisps kind – but not crisps kind.



Delightful Smorgasbord! (Tinks)

Eventually Steptoe sternly instructed us to “Form a Circle”. What authority he showed, even ET stopped nattering, although a few forgot to remove their caps – for a short while until our GM threatened them with a Down-Down. Steptoe congratulated Pussy for laying an excellent “Old-fashioned” Trail which he announced was perfectly 4.98 miles long. Everyone clapped Pussy! Then Steptoe posed his usual riddle “What exploded in 1883?” One wag joked “Your Bum!”, but in fact it was Krakatoa which unfortunately left 36,000 dead. Undeterred our GM lobbed another poser “Who was born in 1908?” Another wag suggested “You!”, but actually it was Bradman, a renowned cricket player. Fortunately, Steptoe gave up at this point handing over to Frisco who as our not-so Religious Adviser handed out Birthday Down-Down’s to ET & himself [*Scribe, he can’t do that!*], before congratulating Pussy & giving one to young Sam (a water Down-Down, in case you wondered!) and even more Down-Down’s for last Sunday’s Trail to Poocock (who had been forgiven for his earlier misdemeanours) & Hooker. For an unknown reason Steptoe & Smuggler also downed theirs.

On On, Tinks



You’ve gone overboard with D-D’s RA! (Tinks)



ET & Frisco Birthday Song! (Tinks)



Group of Hare, Past Hare’s & Sam – with Smuggler & GM joining for Fun! (what for?) (Tinks)