



CRAPAUD H3 REPORT

Run No.:	1756
Date:	10 September 2023
Hare(s):	Double Tops

WHILE the cats were away the mice were going to play. Unfortunately, there were not too many mice on this occasion.

The cats, as you might guess, were the 13 Hashers who, for the first time in a number of years, returned to France for the annual Bike Bash. (By all accounts, they had a wonderful time.)

The mice, meanwhile, had gathered at Reg's Garden, where Double Tops had arranged for the run to begin. Among their number were front-running stalwarts Jacko and Ballcock. The others on parade, besides DT, were Illegal and Muff Diver, neither of whom were in a fit condition to run.

(Injury, rather than inebriation.) Later they were joined by Molehills – and that was it.

So just three set off to sample DT's trail. And it's fair to say that they ran something rather shorter than a full marathon.

That said, hats off for DT for haring on a day when it was obvious that the turnout would be very limited. And hats off again for DT for producing a fine spread of sandwiches and sausage plait to be consumed in the rather soggy surroundings of Reg's extraordinary rustic sanctuary.

Reg turned up, on a mobility scooter, to say hello, insisting that no donations were necessary, even though we were using his facilities gratis. However, I'm happy to report that banknotes were deposited in his collecting tin.

Illegal had had to depart early to continue his decorating duties, but the five who remained ate, drank and enjoyed some civilised, if sometimes ribald, conversation.

Ballcock, meanwhile, stepped into Steptoe's shoes, quizzing the others on what had occurred in a given year in history. As it happened, he chose 1485, which, as any fule no, was the year of the Bottle of Basworth Field in the Wars of the Roses.

Well done the runners, and thanks again to DT, who turned what might have been a very damp squib into a very enjoyable occasion.

MD











