

CRAPAUD H3 REPORT

Run No.:	1781
Date:	3/3/24
Hare(s):	Ballcock

IF it's Ballcock it must be the Pembroke. But that's no bad thing. Our domesticated Scouser is now so familiar with the highways, byways and off-road territory of Grouville that he could lay a trail blindfold.

Anyway, familiarity with the area and with the on-downs pub appeared to put few hashers off attending. Even though a fair number of stalwarts were up in the mountains doing scary stuff on snow there was a good turnout.

There was also a bit of novelty. Although the sun was shining cheerily, the Jersey Royal

golf course was closed because of the recent spell of heavy rain. Accordingly, runners and walkers were able to take advantage of real estate that is ordinarily out of bounds. Being hors de combat nowadays, I did not sample the run proper, but I am told that it was well up to Ballcock's usual standard. Long, in other words. However, given that only true athletes are involved in the running side of the club, that was apparently no problem. Perhaps I should add 'for most'. As is so often the case, Jacko did his level best to confirm the laws of gravity by finding a matchstick to trip over. Actually, it was a substantial twig, which he met with such force that it was catapulted into the next parish. As for Jacko, he

Other things also ran true to form. The Pembroke produced a good quantity of food, including half-decent bangers and – oh so sophisticated – garlic mayo. And at down-down time Poocock was, once again, in the spotlight. His crime? Multiple small-screen appearances decrying the miserly compensation offered by the gas company for its deeply inconvenient service failures.

merely measured his length on the ground, sustaining nasty wounds to his knee and

The others receiving punishment were Zack, Software's youngest son, Jacko (of course), and the hare, Ballcock.

On on! MD

fingers.



















