



CRAPAUD H3 REPORT

Run No:	1827
Date:	19/1/25
Hares(s):	Wendolene

BRRR! It was cold. Cold enough to freeze the nuts off a brass crapaud. That, however, did not prevent a small but select group of hashers from gathering at Portelet to follow a trail set by that ace trail-setter, Wendolene.

Perhaps because of the adverse weather conditions, there were only three runners – the hare herself, Steptoe and Frisco – but they set off at brisk pace, no doubt to keep their circulations going.

The walkers, meanwhile, took the path towards Noirmont, setting off in a welter of steamy breath and various oaths directed at the weather gods.

Surprising how quickly you warm up when you get going – something that applies even more emphatically if you happen to be a runner.

It was good to see Rampant Rabbit and Vulva Viv turning up for stroll. But it was sad to see that our new GM, Jacko, was absent. It seems that he had had a touch of norovirus and was therefore feeling a bit out of sorts.

After a mildly curtailed run/walk, which took participants down as far as Ouaisné, we repaired to the Portelet Inn, a venue we had not used for many a year. Why not, I cannot imagine, because they treated us very well indeed. Comfortably settled into an upper room, we were treated to pigs in blankets, chips, rolls and even chicken goujons. Much to Steptoe's delight, two real ales were on offer.

Wendolene was, of course, punished. So was miscreant Frisco. His crime? Turning himself into a public human water feature, if you see what I mean – and this even before the run had started.

(Nothing much to do with hashing, but I was informed that Frisco erred in another way recently. He had booked an appointment with the Memory Clinic but forgot to turn up.)

On-on!
MD







