



CRAPAUD H3 REPORT

Run No:	1839
Date:	13/4/25
Hares(s):	Smuggler

THE changing face of Hashing: Hares now do it on a bike – and an electric one at that. But there's no point in regretting such developments, let alone moaning about them. We have to recognise the fact that most of us are geriatrics now and just get on with it. (And can it be long before runs are being set by mobility scooter?)

Anyway, Smuggler, the hare on two wheels, led a small but select band of runners a merryish dance through the highways and byways of Grouville, halting his metallic steed at key points to ensure that the trail was followed. I think that worked – more or less.

It is at this point that your scribe must make a confession. It was only on arrival at the On-downs that he recalled that he was meant to be scribing. Fortunately, that ever-reliable ace of the photographic arts, Steptoe, took some snaps and thereby saved the day.

One of the scenes that he recorded showed the runners coming down Daisy Hill while the walkers, heroes and heroines that they are, made their way up the slope.

Jacko, our noble GM, was, of course, in the pack, but at the On-on he very nearly missed his chance when he joined the walkers by mistake. However, fine athlete that he is, he realised his error and sped off at a high rate of knots to join the other runners.

As usual, the Pembroke did a good job when it came to the catering. The sausages and chips were standard fare, but the bread was focaccia. Posh, or what?

Smuggler received punishment for his velocipedal efforts and he was joined by a couple of sinners, Commando and Pervey. Commando was, apparently, the better part of an hour late arriving for the run and Pervey had stayed for the nosh and the Down-downs, whereas he normally shoots off in pursuit of matters which are clearly more pressing.

On-on
MD







