



# CRAPAUD H3 REPORT

Run No:	1850	Date:	29 <sup>th</sup> June 2025
Hare(s):	Lady Trotsky & Surrogates	Scribe:	Tinky Winky

## Triumvirate Harriette's Trail

**What a surprise this morning, to find our Hare Lady Trotsky had commandeered not one but two other Surrogates (err, Harriette's) to help her with planning the Trail!** Now I know from my advancing years experience if you have become a Walker you also need a Runner to traverse the planned route with you before the Big Morning Run laying the proverbial markers (with my thanks to Wendolene & Steptoe for suffering my sometime disastrous routes, including losing my sole in a bog!) so the Surrogate Hare is able to confidently lead the Runners on the Big Morning Run because they know where the Trail is heading. Except for a couple of weekends ago despite laying a Trail with Steptoe & to jog his memory giving him a map marked with the Trail we had walked only 1.5 days before, instead he completely misled the Runners off-Trail onto tracks we never explored!

**However, it turned out Lady Trotsky had recruited another two Walkers as her surrogates, namely Twin Peaks & Vital Statistics!** Some hope they could lead the Runners, so thinking ahead as a back-up plan Lady Trotsky had carefully prepared two maps replete with very neat arrows showing route the Triumvirate Harriette's had navigated laying the Trail. Wikipedia tells me that "*A triumvirate (Latin: triumvirātus) or a triarchy is a political institution ruled or dominated by three individuals, known as triumvirs (Latin: triumviri). The arrangement can be formal or informal. Though the three leaders in a triumvirate are notionally equal, the actual distribution of power may vary.*" This was the case, with Lady Trotsky taking centre-stage collaring Jacko (being our Grand-Master) to show him the Runners Route but having left his glasses at home he complained of being as blind as a Bat! Some hope the Runners had left of finding the Trail.

**As the Pack gathered it seems Software needed** a new iron, or maybe persuading Birdie to hang the washing out to dry before it all got creased, because he was sporting a very creased Hash T-Shirt. His only excuse was his T-shirt was Vintage, from 2013! **Eventually, after several minutes past the hour had gone and lots of Banter our GM Jacko muttered** "*Oh, we might as well get going*". What enthusiasm! We were slightly short on numbers, with Smuggler & Nil-By-Mouth having persuaded Shiggy, Taxi, Captain Poocock, Hooker, Rampant Rabbit and Vulva Viv to accompany them on a pre-2025 Bike Bash practice cycling weekend... in France, of course! And I thought Smuggler had got plenty of cycling practice when we did our 2025 FBB Recce only two weeks ago?

**I digress, anyhow Jacko invited our Triumvirate Hares** to announce the Trail. To me it seemed the Holy Spirit was Lady Trotsky, Jesus is Twin Peaks (she is great at badgering Hashers to be Hares!) and maybe Vital Statistics is really God Almighty? Lady Trotsky advised the Trail was laid in pink chalk & sawdust. Pink sawdust was a surprise, never been seen on a Hash before so Software & I queried its colour before being corrected "*Its wood colour of course!*" about which I believe Vital Statistics admonished us, but she did not distinguish between varieties of hardwood & softwood that have very different colours! Someone asked the Triumvirate Hares "*Are there any dangers?*" to which I believe Twin Peaks replied "*Only the Road Sweeper trolling us while we were laying the Trail!*"

**While our GM was giving us the “Hima Warning”,** advising he might bring more sacks of spuds & curries to dish out (I am told the potato curries are delicious, if rather hot, making a great curry base to which you should add tomato passato or a splurge of tomato paste) and collect his curry containers from last week (gulp, only 2 containers were present!), a rather loud Brass Band struck up playing in the Parish Hall. The problem was, they let the rear fire-escape door open (no doubt to vent their hot air) with which Jacko could not compete, so he ended up muttering *“I’ve got map, I won’t get lost, I’m in charge!”* and sped off outa the car parklike as greyhound out of the trap, with Runners following in his Trail.

**Unlike the preamble and announcements, the actual Runners Trail & Walkers Stagger seemed particularly uneventful** except the photos appear to show the Runners got lost, were chased by a horse & rider chasing a fox, were boxed in by a site hoarding and mauled by a peacock. Afterwards Pervey commented to me *“It may be of interest to know that the combined age of today’s runners was exactly 200 years. And that the picture of me Software and Jacko we are 75. 76 and 77 years old (from which you can deduce, Graham’s son is 37! Despite our hares reassurances there were plenty of wild animals on today’s run - peacocks, foxes, horses and flamingos.”* Mon Dieu! Without Steptoe with his trusty Strava being present this Sunday we will never know where the Runners actually Ran.

**It took a while for the Front-Runners to appear at the Farmers Inn, followed by stragglers and the Walkers.** We were joined by Isitbuggery and Dodger also appeared as this is his usual haunt. Isitbuggery confessed he *“likes his dancers tall & slim”,* well I never. Molehills rejoined *“I did not know you were that fussy!”* and then creased over in laughter for a while, that was nice to see he was on top form. We were served & enjoying delicious bangers, chips & butter laden bread (always a great On-Down at the Famers Inn) and enjoyed the post-exertions Banter.

**Then Jacko took over (with RA Frisco being away) revealing Hashers mis-deeds.** He told us there were quite a lot of Down-Down’s today so proceeded to reveal **Muff Diver, Twin Peaks & Vital Statistics mugs** had been published in Bailiwick Express article about La Fregate Café (I have been unable to find the connection, check last page!). Muff Diver queried if this was an offence? Tut Tut, Muff Diver with your JEP pedigree getting featured in Bailiwick Express **must be like going over to The Dark Side!** This would have been an offence while Muff Diver was working for JEP before their media empire bought out Bailiwick Express? There was another Down-Down for Zac Software’s son, having welcomed a new baby I seem to recall? **Finally, Jacko called up Lady Trotsky** for her reward for a Trail well laid (and standing in to help out) with assistance of Jesus & God and for booking an ever-popular venue which we always enjoy. Although remainder of the Triumvirate, aka Jesus & God, somehow managed to escape a Down-Down! **On On, Tinks**



Hare wearing Hare’s T-Shirt!



Wot, a JH3 T-Shirt what a Sin!



Blind GM Map Poring! (Tinks)





**Trotsky's Red Arrows Map (Tinks)**



**Giggling Assistant Hares (Tinks)**



**The Walkers outside a Ruin, but what's Inside? (Trotsky)**





**Inside What a Vintage Wreck! (Tinks)**



**Three out of Four Runners (Pervey)**





**Mounted Rider chasing Fox (Pervey)**



**Flamingo Flamingos! (Pervey)**



**Helicopter Check (Pervey)**



**Fastest Fence (Pervey)**



**Peering at the Trail (Pervey)**



**Avoiding Mounted Rider (Pervey)**





**Three's a Crowd (Pervey)**



**More Peacock Wildlife! (Pervey)**



**Rambling Walkers (Trotsky)**



**Illegal's Ministry of Silly Steps (Trotsky)**



**Blooming Chickens! (Tinks)**





**This Beers Mine! (Tinks)**



**GM's Announcements! (Tinks)**





Muff Diver Wins! (Tinks)



The Mystery Remains – No Search Results! (Tinks)



Map's No Use to Me! (Tinks)



Lead Hare Congratulated! (Tinks)



Down in One Gulp! (Tinks)