



CRAPAUD H3 REPORT

Run No:	1863	Date:	28 th September 2025
Hare(s):	Ballcock	Scribe:	Tinky Winky

What a Stalwart Ballcock!

I have to report that **Ballcock** took a massive risk Haring this Sunday's Run / Stagger, by not bothering to lay any sawdust nor any other markings. His only excuse was, having visited his usual sawdust supplier, he was amazed to find the veritable company and their saw-mill which chucks our loadsa free sawdust **had completely disappeared! Indeed, for good measure their premises had also been demolished** and the land was being re-developed into yet more luxury houses. **Ballcock atoned "*instead this Run has been laid in Love*".** He should have said "***Just follow me & I will lead you astray***". The lack of markings did not deter the 6 Runners, who could have followed Ballcock's invisible Trail which we have trodden many times, even if they had been blind-folded & told to Run backwards. **Mind you, some of them** appeared to be suffering from sight-loss problems due to heavy Saturday night "***On the Tiles***", or so I was told.

However, Ballock deserves a massive plaudit for carrying on Haring this Run despite his surgical procedure the previous week and his post-op chest sensitivity – **What a Stalwart!** He told me a **vindictive surgeon had carved a large hole out of his chest almost slicing out his right nipple.** Sometime during the Run he exposed his chest displaying a veritable plethora of sticky plasters covering what I am told was a chasm (see photo) when a couple of BDSM inclined Harriers offered to **quickly pull them off to view his Black Hole.** Ballcock declined their offer, preferring to keep his few remaining chest hairs left after the **naughty nurses had shaved his torso and to avoid any Hashers accidentally dislodging his nipple as well.**

Most of the Pack gathered early, except Frisco as usual but he arrived with an ex-University mate Mark who appeared to be a **Virgin Walker** (if there is such a designation). **Eventually our GM Jacko garnered us into a circle,** before wishing Europe's Ryder Cup golfers best of success trouncing USA. **Twin Peaks complained, muttering "*get onto important News*",** but Jacko continued unabated covering England's Women's Rugby World Champions & Jersey Bulls for managing 3/2 win against whom I failed to note. **The Runners & Walkers then departed** to who knows where (there not being any marked Trail), not even Steptoe's Strava recorded his route.

Afterwards I questioned Runners about their experience, one of whom claimed he was suffering post-traumatic-stress-disorder having been almost sucked into the Black Hole on Ballcock's chest. **Evidently our GM had escaped this awful fate,** because he waxed lyrical about Ballcocks "***Amazing Trail***", with no fallers (not even himself), no markings, no incidents and not even any Sinners. **Poocock spoilt this story** by announcing three Walkers had ducked-off into Holme Grown for a coffee & convivial chat, one being Poocock himself! **I can reveal shortly later one of them got singled out for Sinning, although not for this misdemeanour.**

Finally, our not-so Religious Adviser Frisco called up the Sinners. Given it had been said there were no Sinners this morning one wondered how he had identified 3 culprits when only two persons deserve being hauled up in front of the Hash Kangaroo Court - **our Virgin Walker Mark & our Hash Stalwart the Trail-less Ballcock.** **Frisco then broke an immutable Hash Rule "*What Happens on Trail Stays on Trail*",** by calling up Tinks for his e-bike running out of power cycling back from Cancale on extra Monday the 2025 Bike Bashers had enjoyed in France. **Tinks muttered "*it was the headwinds draining my energy...*",** before Frisco as expected congratulated our Virgin Walker Mark & thanked **Ballcock for laying an "*Invisible Trail*"** PS: **Tinks won the Down-Down Race! On On, Tinks**



"I think my Invisible Trail goes Thata-Way!"



"Did you see Hare go Thata-Way?" (Tinks)



Friar Tuck? (Steptoe)



"Listen to me, you Rabble"! (Tinks)



Frisco's Fancy Footwear (Tinks)



Do Hasher's resemble Goats? (Tinks)



Or maybe Hasher's are more like Cows, always Huddling around the Beer Tank? (Tinks)



“Conspicuous Bravery” at the Battle of Givenchy (Steptoe)



More Cows, errr sorry, Crapaud Runners - the Fit Buggers (Steptoe missing)! (Steptoe)



Walkers Trapped by Smuggler! (Smuggler)



Frisko relives his Old Playground (Smuggler)



Poocock & Molehills Skulking in Holme Grown Café! (Tinks)



A Useless Road Sign! (Smuggler)



Ballcock's plastered "*Black Hole*"! (Steptoe)



“You wanted my Invisible Trail Marking with Sawdust? See what I dropped Here”! (Steptoe)



“I seem to recall my Invisible Trail went Thata-Way!” (Steptoe)



The Old Playground of Ballcock & Wendolene, as well as Frisco's Fav. Haunt! (Steptoe)



"Shall I Go Under or Go Over?" (Steptoe)



"You still Want More Sawdust?" (Steptoe)

Scary GM Frightens Baby & Mother? (Steptoe)



On the Fountain of Youth (Steptoe)



On the Beach of Old Age (Steptoe)

The On-Down's & The Down-Down's



Pay by Foot Tap! (Tinks)



Undercover GM? (Tinks)



Yorkshire Lad draining Gravy Boat! (Tinks)



GM Addresses the Pack (Tinks)



The Miscreants are Punished (Smuggler) | "I Won!" – Tinks