



CRAPAUD H3 REPORT

Run No:	1910
Date:	23/8/26
Hares(s):	Smuggler and Nil by Mouth

THE run of 23 August was unusual for a number of reasons. Firstly, it took the pack and the walkers to an entirely different island just after the on-on was called. That the other island was Green Island, that scrap of rock, soil and grass just south of the hares' back yard, should have disappointed no one. Any innovation is welcome, given that, after so many years, the Crapauds have set foot on almost every available square foot of this blessed isle.

It was, meanwhile, good to see a guest hasher, Peter, turn up for the run. Fresh faces are few and far between nowadays. Let's hope he returns to become a Sunday regular.

Another reason why the run was a bit special was its sheer length. It was clocked at six miles plus by the Strava-wearers. Now that's a long plod by the geriatric standards de nos jours. However, there is perhaps no mystery at the heart of the matter. It will have been noted that hare Sumggler abandoned tradition by eschewing sawdust and leading on his bike – and an electric bike to boot. With any luck, when 28 Degrees hares his run in a couple of weeks he won't do it astride his motorcycle.

After the excitement of scaling Smuggler and Nil by Mouth's south-sea island, the runners took off inland, as did the walkers. For the latter, it turned out to be a largely urban stroll as the byways of Le Squez were explored. Little of note occurred – except when a small rat, or a massive mouse, sprinted out of a flowerbed over Illegal's sandalled foot.

As has been the case throughout most of the summer, the weather was very kind, so the hares' seaside garden was an ideal location for the on-downs. Many thanks for NbM's picnic and for our hosts' generous provision of a blanket for our aged GM, Jacko, who is clearly feeling the chill of August these days.

Birthday boy Bags-of-It was duly punished – and he might easily have earned a second down-down for his new and rather brutal haircut. Newcomer Peter was also rewarded with a beer, as, of course, were our hares.

On-on!

MD









