

CRAPAUD H3 REPORT

Run No.:	1709
Date:	16 October 2022
Hare(s):	Flipper, assisted by Bunty

Check X-ray vision. Check powers of telepathy. Oh, they're not working. Again. And that's just how it was for Run 1709, alas. And since I was the non-running scribe, much of what follows will stray dangerously near the realms of fiction.

I apologise to Flipper, therefore, if I do less than full justice to what was, by all accounts, a very fine trail. (Given that my non-running status was occasioned by a nasty collision with a wine bottle the night before I should really be grovelling.)

Anyway, it all began at the Smugglers, sometimes referred to as the home of Jersey Hashing. The weather was good and the turnout was pretty good too. It was particularly good to see master-builder Ballcock turning up again. His pace-making skills have been greatly missed of late.

Our GM was mercifully brief when the circle formed, babbling on only about the performances of the Island's various sporting teams before the haring pair warned that some of the trail's sawdust and chalk might have been wiped out by overnight rain.

The on-on was called and the pack made a desultory effort to head up Ouaisné hill before striking out onto the common and up the heights of Les Ruisseaux.

That's where I and the other walkers lost sight of them. In fact, I and my strolling companion, Is It Buggery, also lost sight of the rest of the walkers too. Hampered by Is It's bad ankle and my throbbing head, we settled for a brief circular walk, taking in St Brelade's Bay and Point Le Grouin before retiring to the sanctuary of the Smugs.

With luck, the GM's Strava record below will flesh out what happened to the runners on what proved to be a long hack through the gentle purlieus of St Brelade.

As far as the rest of the story is concerned, I hope the pictures will help to tell it.

















