



# CRAPAUD H3 REPORT

<b>Run No:</b>	1748	<b>Date:</b>	16 <sup>th</sup> July 2023
<b>Hare(s):</b>	Software	<b>Scribe:</b>	Tinky Winky

## Picnic in the Pocket Park

GM started proceedings off by moaning about what b\*\*\*dy awful crap weather we have recently been experiencing.... and upon this utterance the skies darkened, black clouds rolled towards us and Jacko rollocked up slightly late (*rien ne change jamais*) sporting a wet vehicle and damp-spattered T-shirt. Apparently, it was already raining in the west and eventually part-way through the Run / Walk we got rather heavily showered upon as well. We thought Steptoe must be a prophet of doom.

Mind you, there was a massive circle of sawdust when the early-birds arrived, of which nobody except the seagulls took any notice. It looked as though they were really keen to join us, but actually they were searching for tasty morsels amongst the shavings and not having found any they flew off squawking in disgust. Steptoe was one of the early arrivals seen walking aimlessly around the car-park in what seemed to be a daze. Maybe he had a heavy night? Software was sporting an "antique" Barcode Great Escape T-shirt from 1998 and mentioned about 3 months ago he had come across Barcode in Jersey, commenting he was pretty big, jibing Barcode made Tinky Winky look rather slim!

After Jacko had belatedly arrived trying to palm a dodgy damp fiver - he claimed it had been "freshly laundered" - off to Hash Cash eventually our GM commanded the 5 Runners and 4 Walkers to form a circle. He moaned about Jersey being beaten in the Island Games, brightening up when he mentioned England won the Cricket Test Match last week and it was the ladies turn



Seagull's waiting for the Run to start (Tinks)



Top: Trail briefing? (Tinks)

Bottom: GM's repatriated hat (Tinks)



**Software's Antique Barcode T-Shirt (Tinks)**

for them to bat today, and went onto exclaim how an unseeded tennis player had managed to win Wimbledon ladies final, with *Marketa Vondrousova* defeating *Ons Jabeur* in straight sets to become the first unseeded player to win the Wimbledon women's single title.

Steptoe then asked the assembled athletes what happened today in 555? Something to do with a pilgrimage, would that help GM asked? Everyone looked puzzled, until Ballcock exclaimed today is Saint Helier's day, when around 555 the story says he was martyred by marauding pirates who beheaded him with an axe – hence the crossed axes on the parish crest of St Helier.

By now some were wondering what had happened to Frisco, but Jacko explained he was going to give him a lift but Frisco had too good a night yesterday evening and was still too drunk to put one foot straight in front of his other foot!



**Runners Route recorded by GM's Strava (Steptoe)**

Software then took over proceedings, claiming he had laid a nice Trail with some virgin territory thrown in for good measure before announcing "On On" pointing in several directions. Actually, there were only two directions – south towards the beach or north behind St Clements Parish Hall, so there was not much hunting around before the FRB's headed off onto the beach and eastwards.



Before they all departed Wendolene spotted a Crapaud hat sitting on a nearby car, which turned out Steptoe had forgotten. He quickly repatriated his hat onto top of his brain box. The Runners then



***Waiting for the Bus? (Steptoe)***



***Ministry of Silly Hop-Alongs (Steptoe)***

turned east along the beach, onto coast road at Pontac slip, north into Sydney Crill Park Estate then cutting back west along fields, north again up Clos du Corvez, eastwards along La Grande Route de St Clement to Old Farm, up the track ascending the cotil then west and north around edge of fields along Rue Graut – translates to the “Grey Street” –turning westwards at the summit across Rue Laurens into yet more fields, left down Rue du Pignon then right into the Parish footpath, turning left down Rue au Blancq past Belle Fleur Nursery before going right onto the track leading to Le Dolmen du Mont Ubé. Phew.



***“No Dogs” allowed, I was told Jacko diverted around this section (Steptoe)***



A local guide claims this Dolmen is 6,000 years old, older than Stonehenge but probably not as old as Steptoe? This passage grave was discovered in 1848 by workmen quarrying for stone. The passage leads into bottle shaped chamber that used to have four internal compartments each blocked with low stone slabs. The capstones were taken as well as all but one of the internal compartments. Within the passage stand three stones that may also have had a low sill at some time. These were later used to block of the passage so it could be used as a pigsty. Finds recovered from the workmens spoil heaps included 10 or 12 pots, a Jersey bowl, vase supports, flint and stone tools, stone axes, polished stone pendants and a grape cup (unique to the Channel Islands). Burnt and unburnt human remains were noted in the cists.

Enough of the history lesson diversion. At some stage both Runners and Walkers had to shelter from a small downpour, as these photos show. Probably long before the Runners reached Le Dolmen du Mont Ubé as the Walkers were still traipsing eastwards along the beach to Pontac.



***Sheltering under the Bushes (Steptoe) Sheltering behind the Seawall (Tinks)***

From Le Dolmen du Mont Ubé for the Runners it was more or less a straightforward route On Home with the weather brightening and sun breaking out, south down La Blinerie and Rue des Samares, cutting back east across some more fields, across Rue de Pontlietat and around the Le Rocquier School playing fields.



***Resting on a wall (Steptoe)***

***Resting in the Sunshine (Steptoe)***





**Walkers spotted residents ingenious method for getting onto Beach (Tinks)      Picnic in the Pocket Park (Tinks)**

Eventually both Runners and Walkers arrive back at the car park next to St Clements Parish Hall. Our Hare Software then led us into the “Pocket Park” behind the Parish Hall where on a handy picnic bench he served up a tasty “Ploughman’s” smorgasbord of pate, cheeses and ham accompanied by very fresh baguettes and pickles.

Ere long after we had satisfied our hunger Steptoe held forth again, firstly announcing our first French Bike Bash since 2019 was all planned by the Hares and the theme is “Red, White & Blue”, before posing yet another history question. “*What happened this week in 1918?*”, before giving us a clue it was something to do with Russia. No-one had any idea, until Ballcock gasped saying this was when Tsar Nicholas II and his family were assassinated, adding apparently his wife Anastasia kept coming back to life. Checking on Wikipedia the reason Anastasia survived the first hail of bullets (along with Tatiana, Olga, and Maria) was because they were each wearing over 1.3 kilograms of diamonds and precious gems sewn into their clothing, providing initial protection until they were stabbed with bayonets and finally shot at close range in their heads. Undeterred Steptoe then posed another question about 1945, which it turned out was when US detonated the first N-bomb over Nagasaki. Finally Steptoe congratulated Software for an excellent trail, even finding some virgin territory in an area the Crapaud’s had Run over for many decades. Mistakenly Jacko took Software’s congratulatory beer thinking he was being given a Down-Down for sinning (shows he’s used to punishment)..... before the almost full cup was diverted into Software’s hands who finished off his Down-Down with aplomb. **On-On, Tinks**



**Down-Down Snatcher (Tinks)**



**The Real Culprit (Tinks)**