



CRAPAUD H3 REPORT

Run No:	1784	Date:	24 th March 2024
Hare(s):	Twin Peaks & Wendolene	Scribe:	Tinky Winky

Frisco's Hanky Panky Escapade

Some Crapaud's like playing dangerously while others prefer playing safe, and this Sunday was no exception. Our Religious Adviser went overboard indulging his dangerous predilections on the Run, but more about his escapade later. Before then we gathered at Les Platons car park where a decent number assembled on a relatively bright and almost sunny morning (compared to the blooming awful weather we have recently suffered), even though it was a bit chilly. Someone suggested this was a cold breeze blowing down from Alderney (or was it Sark?), our distant northerly Island neighbours.

There were plenty of good humour going around before starting the Run / Walk. Molehills regaled me about the time he was on a ferry (he did not mention where or which ferry, maybe Condor?) although the sea was very choppy he took a seat of the aft deck, until ferry gathered speed and the spray coming over the ship built up when he decided to move inside. Upon vacating his rear seat two other passengers decided to grab his vacated aft deck seat. Molehills said from inside he watched them getting wetter & wetter outside. "*They got what they deserved*", he observed.

Not to be outdone by Molehills tale Muff Diver took his own *Temps Passe* trip down memory lane, recalling the time he was camping somewhere getting very pissed (I believe this was on a Hash Jollies visiting a UK Hash?) - like Molehills MD did not mention where this was or which Hash we were visiting, or maybe I missed this bit of his story? After having erected his tent for the night he downed several beers (losing count) then after getting totally inebriated MD stumbled back to where he thought he had placed his tent only to find it had totally disappeared! Hunting around he found one guy rope anchored into the ground. But where was his tent? And his cosy sleeping bag? And his cuddly Teddy? They were nowhere to be found, so Muff Diver searched for somewhere else to kip.

Eventually MD found an upturned boat, which offered the only shelter from the cold and gathering rain. So, Muff Diver crawled underneath the boat spending a rather uncomfortable night stretched out flat on the ground causing him a rather disturbed snooze. Having got up early following morning he was astonished to see two police returning his tent, sleeping bag & Muff Diver's other home comforts he had secreted inside his tent all in an evidence bag.... It transpired previous evening the police were rather concerned Muff Diver had erected his tent in what they considered was a "*rather dangerous location*", so they had removed his tent, sleeping bag and other home comforts to avoid any accidents happening. That's what police call "*keeping you safe*", Muff Diver opined! Fortunately, the police were so embarrassed about giving Muff Diver a bad night they did not dare charge him with "*causing an obstruction*"!

Ere too long Illegal Entry was chaffing to get going, so in absence of our Grand-Master (whom very unfortunately was experiencing a bad brain day having blood clots being relieved in a Jakarta hospital, having curtailed his Asian holiday with just one day on the cruise ship he was taken off before even sailing) he called Twin Peaks to announce the mis-directions. Firstly, Twin Peaks asked everyone to choose their burger (bacon or banger?) she was ordering from Bees Knees, the excellent café van in Les Platons car park, before proceeding to announce the Trail was laid in....



Sharing Temps Passe Stories (Tinks)



Oversized Trail Mark! (Tinks)



Plenty of Sawdust Marks (Tinks)

sawdust which had all probably blown away by Saturday's storm leaving just one chalk mark for the Runners to find (actually the sawdust had been very carefully placed in hollows so there were plenty of dollops marking the Trail), before advising Wendolene (now our "all-purpose Surrogate Hare"!) would be leading the Runners and warning the Pack to be careful of hidden dangers. What these were she did not explain, before the Runners were called "**On On**".

At this point the Runners scarpred onto the cliff path going east, while the Surrogate Hare ran in the opposite direction onto the road! Finding no-one was following her Wendolene called the Runners "*On Back*" and eventually the Pack retraced their steps in dlibs and drabs onto the road. From there the Trail led all points eastwards, with a diversion up the track leading to the Air Navigation Radar Dome (the largest Trail Mark I have ever seen) and beyond onto and around the cliff paths going towards Egypt and around the fields in this area.

It was in one of these fields that Frisco had a brainstorm and a rather dangerous escapade. Going off-piste he tried to jump over an electrified fence into a field without gaining enough height so he suffered a severe electric shock. This must have short-circuited his brain because he carried on over to middle of the field then clambered up a rather large water bowser. Why he did this, I don't know, neither could any of the other Runners explain his silly antics. Having stood up on top of the water bowser and stretched out his arms to greet the sunny heavens he and rest of the pack heard the thundering of hoofs and a loud "*Hhhurumph*", to witness a massive bull rapidly approaching....

Rogues Gallery (in no particular order)



Turkish Delight! (Frisco)



Cliffhanger! (Frisco)



To be Christened! (Frisco)



Molehills! (Frisco)



Frisco! (Tinks)



Twin Peaks! (Tinks)



Muff Diver! (Tinks)



Double Tops! (Tinks)



Fuzz! (Tinks)

More Rogues Gallery (in no particular order)



ET! (Tinks)



Software! (Frisco)



Wendolene! (Frisco)



Jacko! (Wendolene)



Tinks! (Frisco)



Bull before Charging? (Frisco)



Frisco's Big Bull Escapade! (Wendolene)



Runners taking a Breather (Frisco)



Walkers having a Laugh: “Hooo”, “Haaa”, and “Heeek” (Tinks)

the water bowser at speed. This was very alarming, however before the massive bull managed to gore Frisco’s posterior he very quickly jumped down to the ground hastily running towards closest point of the electric fence around edge of the field, this time managing to vault the fence in one go. The Runners told me Frisco had a very close escape and they had never ever seen him Run so fast to escape experiencing the large bull horns up his butt!

Meanwhile the Walkers asked Tinky to take their group photo, which resulted in him trying to coach the Walkers to all broadly smile at the same time. He persuaded the Walkers to first give a low down deep laugh from bottom of their chests – go “Hooo” he said. Then another laugh from their upper chests – chortle “Haaa”, he said. Finally, from your necks squeak “Heeek” he requested. This resulted in several Walkers laughing so much they collapsed on each other, although whether this made any difference to the photo I will leave you to judge.

Back at Les Platons car park everyone enjoyed very delicious Beez Knees burgers, before being told to form an approximate circle. There was only one sinner, Frisco who failed to punish himself. The Hares Twin Peaks & her surrogate Wendolene were congratulated and thanked for a nice Trail with great weather everyone had also enjoyed. **On-On, Tinks** [PS: the Stories in here may have been slightly elaborated, that’s my Journalistic Licence!]

More photos of On-Down’s on last page:



Going Weak at the Knees? (Tinks)



More Tom-Foolery! (Tinks)



Strange Hooded Hasher Haranguing the Pack? (Tinks)



The Hares Did Great Job – But Canned Pale Ale & Coffee Down-Down's? (Tinks)