



CRAPAUD H3 REPORT

Run No.:	1786
Date:	7/4/24
Hare(s):	Frisco

FRISCO faced a challenge – but isn't that the case every day? This challenge, however, was all about a change of venue. He had planned to set a run from the St Laurent pub, but he was told that that was out because of a cheffing problem. So, at the last minute, he was able to switch to St John and set what proved to be a north coast run.

As Pervey explains in the very helpful note set out below, some well-trodden territory was involved. But who could complain? The sun shone, the air was clear and, I think, a good time was had by all. Except, perhaps, Pervey . . .

Pervey writes: 'It was a bit of surprise to find us running on the new north coast footpath for the second week in a row. Fortunately, the surface was less squelchy than on MD's run. Having got to the end of it we were a bit unhappy to find ourselves heading towards La Saline quarry workings and along the cliff path. Our hare did point out the danger sign on the quarry gates and at least we were on the safe route. A bit ironic for me. Trouble was it was a nice day to be admiring the scenery. That was a fatal, well, almost fatal, mistake as I nose-dived into a lump of granite. There was no water to clean myself up and until I caught up with Wendolene (who always carries a tissue) the blood carried on flowing. We finally turned off the path at Wolf's Cave but instead of turning towards home we kept on heading east. We passed MD and TP's old gaff at La Vallette, still heading east, and turned right only at the top of the steep slope above Bonne Nuit. We finally got on to the Mont Mado footpath and then the run-in to St John's village – and a welcome washbasin as far as I was concerned!'

I'm glad to say that Pervey's injuries were only flesh wounds, but he had every right to be a bit shaken up by his misadventure. I'm not even sure that he regained enough composure to snaffle a couple of sausages for Lola.

That was just as well, really, because the sausages were of excellent quality. There were also chips in profusion – all to be enjoyed sitting outside in the sunshine, with only passing traffic to mar the idyllic scene.

On on! MD



















