



CRAPAUD H3 REPORT

Run No.:	1792
Date:	19/5/24
Hare(s):	Twin Peaks and Vital Statistics

RUN 1792 was another picnic affair, so it was just as well that the sun blazed down on La Pulente, where a fair number of hashers gathered in the large car park ready for the morning's exertions. Our GM was present once again, though for the time being he still has to be content with a quiet stroll rather than an all-out run. That said, recuperation from his medical emergency in parts foreign has not dulled his appetite for asking silly questions before on the on-on.

As a walker, your scribe now has the pleasure of handing over to Pervey, still a very able runner, to give an account of what happened to the pack.

'The guest was Haz (?!) (short for Hazukashii, which, apparently is Japanese for Bashful), who sold his house in Hawaii and is working his way round the world's hashers.

'The run was threatening to be the shortest ever, as we were back at the starting-point twice before eventually finding our way up the much-loved vertical ascent of the north face of the Atlantic Hotel.

'However our reward was the Jersey equivalent of a car boot sale – an open air display of Aston Martins, car boots and the rest, all up for grabs. The one we looked at cost a quarter million. Software enquired whether they delivered and the salesman indicated they would do so free of charge. Unfortunately we didn't have time to haggle any further.

'We then crossed the main road, only to be snapped by a pap lurking behind a farmhouse threatening to sell her pix to the tabloids.

'We threaded our way through to the railway track but, thankfully, were on it only briefly before emerging above the desalination plant, where Ballcock took great delight in giving our visitor chapter and verse about the fascinating history of the enterprise.

'We ran on towards Corbière but diverted alongside the now defunct Highlands Hotel, crossing the railway track and then plunging down towards Petit Port.

'We were surprised to find the trail followed the coastline, meaning the run was going to finish somewhat prematurely so we asked the proto-hare for guidance as to whether we should extend the run by going off trail and running along the beach. While Wendolene dithered we decided en masse to head for the beach. Even so we still managed to reach the on-down long before the walkers. You know all about that happened thereafter.'

The principal reason why the runners beat everyone else to the finish was that the walkers strayed as far as Les Quennevais and were then obliged to make their way home via the sand dunes. That was no hardship, however, given the superb weather.

Déjeuner sur l'herbe took the form of a lavish spread of sandwiches provided by Twin Peaks. Muff Diver was eventually punished for helping to prepare them, though he hadn't actually lifted as much as a finger to help. Also punished were our Hawaiian guest, TP herself, and Illegal. Ballcock, meanwhile, was the birthday boy.

On-on!

MD





































