



# CRAPAUD H3 REPORT

<b>Run No.:</b>	1797
<b>Date:</b>	23/6/24
<b>Hare(s):</b>	Bags of It

OUR hare, Bags of It, chose the main St Martin car park as the starting point for the run and the Royal as the venue for the on-downs. As with others in the past, he discovered that negotiating with the present management at the Royal is an uphill struggle. However, he persevered, and having had top-level talks with the pub's chef, he did a deal which just about fell short of bankrupting the Crapaud treasury.

Anyway, the weather was fair and a fair crowd turned up for the morning's exercise. As now seems customary, there were six runners and a slightly larger contingent of walkers.

Exactly where the runners went remains a bit of a mystery for anyone walking, but the GM – currently a temporary stroller – made a Strava record of the walk. (See below.)

Meanwhile, one of the runners, the delightful Turkish Delight, found the trail a total mystery from the outset. She lost contact with the pack about two minutes into the run and was obliged to join the walkers. Fortunately, in a lane near Beauvelande campsite, the rest of the runners were spotted racing across a field and TD was able to rejoin the fun.

Further along the leafy lanes of St Martin, Double Tops was able to pose for a pic in front of the cottage where she and her sisters were brought up.

In the event, the walkers got back to the pub in advance of the runners and established themselves comfortably in the beer garden. The sun shone, the winds were light, and when the food – sausages in brioche rolls and chips – arrived it was judged worth the price that Bags of It had managed to haggle with so much difficulty.

In the absence of Frisco, Jacko officiated at the down-downs, punishing Poocock for being a birthday boy. (He's still going strong at 93.) Also punished were sinners Ballcock and Turkish Delight, who enjoyed her half of bitter so much that she lingered over it for several minutes. They were joined by the hare, who, it was generally agreed, had set a fine run – wherever it went . . .

*On-on! – MD*









































