



# CRAPAUD H3 REPORT

<b>Run No.:</b>	1804
<b>Date:</b>	11/08/24
<b>Hare(s):</b>	Twin Peaks

OUR hare, Twin Peaks, arrived in good time at La Petite Falaise, the run's Trinity meeting point above Bouley Bay. Then, as the on-on approached, a succession of runners and walkers arrived, until no fewer than 30 eager Crapauds and Crapaud friends had assembled. Something of a record turn-out for recent years.

Numbers were boosted considerably because it seemed that every Harding living in the northern hemisphere had been persuaded by their clan chief, Tinky Winky, to turn out to enjoy the exceptionally fine weather.

But there was a worry. Would the picnic prepared by TP be sufficient? Or would there have to be a rerun of the Feeding of the Five-thousand? As it happened, Poocock and Walkies came to the rescue, the former having a stash of extra nosh in the back of his car and the latter making a dash to the village shop to top up supplies.

Thanks to the Harding contingent, there were more runners than of late – seven in all – and after the GM and TP had addressed the circle they set off to plod the route shown below. If that wasn't the precise trail set by the hare, it didn't really matter. Everyone enjoyed a good workout. And that was particularly true for Droopy Draws and a couple of the guest runners, who rolled up some time after everyone else had assembled on the green for the on-downs.

In the woods above Egypt there was even a small piece of virgin territory, where the path through the bracken led steeply into the area often favoured by mountain bikers. In the event, the path proved too steep for Software's son Paul, who took a tumble, achieving the not inconsiderable feat of bringing Illegal down with him. Happily, no serious damage was done.

In addition to Tinky's tribe, we were also privileged to see Shilling, our old mate from Truro, back on a Jersey trail again. Like so many of us older stagers, he's a walker these days, but there's no shame in that.

After a lavish feast around the picnic table, the down-downs were announced. First up were Taxi and Ragsby, both condemned for having recent birthdays. Then it was the entire Harding contingent, though our miserly Hash Rev, Frisco, punished them only with water. Finally, the hare was joined by Walkies and Ballcock – whose sins were either too horrible to mention or cannot be mentioned because your scribe is, at this point, having a bit of a senior moment.

MD

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