



CRAPAUD H3 REPORT

Run No:	1838	Date:	6 th April 2025
Hare(s):	Vital Statistics & Shifty	Scribe:	Tinky Winky

Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner

So proclaimed Fuzz, about Wendolene's misfortune after what I believed was caused by her arriving very, very late (even later than Frisco, which takes some doing) long after the Pack had departed St Ouen's Parish Hall. **Almost a week later I was reliably informed** that Wendolene had actually arrived on time for the start (unlike Frisco) and was leading the Runners around the Trail (what a stalwart) when she diverted following the Trail into a field only to discover the Pack had bugged off elsewhere, no doubt misled by Frisco. Retracing her steps she searched high & low for the Runners but ended up joining the Walkers a couple of times.

This morning we welcomed Molehills relations over on our Rock for Gill Cheney's funeral on Friday. Ellie, Gill's daughter & Molehill's daughter-in-law, accompanied by Mollie his great grand-daughter, had joined us before, the evidence was clear from the CH3 sweater Mollie was wearing and when shortly before the Pack circled for the Trail advice when Ellie said it was "*Cap Time*", pulling out of her pocket a CH3 hat placing it proudly on her head. As the saying goes, "*If the cap fits wear it*". However, Ellie's cap was not on her head for very long because a short while later our GM Jacko stepped forward when everyone was strictly told to remove their caps. Jacko thanked all the Crapaud's who attended JH3's 2,000 the previous weekend, welcomed our visitors, and made some obscure comments about the Island's sporting prowess before handing over to our Hares for this morning.

Shifty proceeded to Welcome everyone to the Run / Walk, but then confessed there "*were a few difficulties*" for the Runners to navigate firstly watch out for brambles in the green meadow, then "*what was the other bad bit?*" she asked herself before remembering to warn "*watch out for your ankles on the cliff path*" What a give-away, everyone now knew the Trail went northwards! Shifty finished by announcing the Trail was marked in fine sawdust and there is one Check marked in chalk - although later we saw lots of chalk markings recorded in the photos. As for the Trail route see Steptoe's Strava record on last page.

After the pleasant & sunny Run / Walk we gathered in front garden of St Mary's Country Inn. Shifty admonished everyone saying there was only one banger each, although there were plenty of tasty chips and even brown bread showing through the butter coating that must have been applied with a trowel. After we had satiated our thirst and appetite Jack congratulated the Hares on a great Trail, although he noted the markings had suffered from the rogue St Mary's sawdust eater (*Scribe, I saw plenty of sawdust along the Walkers route*), blaming this for the Runners getting somewhat lost, although not as much as Wendolene had got lost. Some blamed the GM for leading them astray on the cliff path.

Software stepped forward clutching a bottle of Rum, which he had been awarded with last Sunday morning after JH3's Hangover Run for correctly naming most *Temps Passe* pub's in Triple-X's quiz. Clearly many decades ago Software had drunk in all of the long-lost pubs many times and still had a good memory! Software told us he does not drink Rum, so auctioned his prize in aid of charity with Frisco's £25 bid beating everyone else's. Only problem, did he have the money to cough up?

Eventually Sinners were unfrocked, with Chick Pea dragged forward for her birthday, Wendolene for fruitlessly chasing after the Runners only to never find where they had bugged off to, and Molehill's visitors for their great company. Finally our Hares were thanked again with a double Down-Down. **On On, Tinks**



Happy Family! (Tinks)



Happy Hares! (Tinks)



GM Spouts Forth! (Tinks)



"Cap Time"! (Tinks)



Hooker's Getaway! (Tinks)



Holy Smuggler! (Tinks)



Even Holier Jacko! (Steptoe)



Blooming Magnificent Head Gear! (Muff Diver)



Where have the Runners Gone? (Tinks)



Lost Runners (Having Escaped Wendolene their Leader)! (Steptoe)



The Walkers! (Tinks)



Please Don't Jump! (Steptoe)

Anonymous Street Artist - all way down Rue de Crabbe (Tinks)



Prepare to be Gobbled! (Tinks)



Decipher the Message! (Tinks)



Egyptian Hieroglyph? (Tinks)



Happy Bunny! (Tinks)



Purring Pussy Finale! (Tinks)



Mini-Shetlands Walking Owners! (Tinks)



Frisco Disgracing Himself! (Steptoe)



Software Disgracing Himself! (Steptoe)



The Harriers! (Molehills)



The Harrietes! (Molehills)



GM Captivates the Pack! (Tinks)



GM's Secret Dancing Talent! (Tinks)



Mollie's Elevated Down-Down! (Tinks)



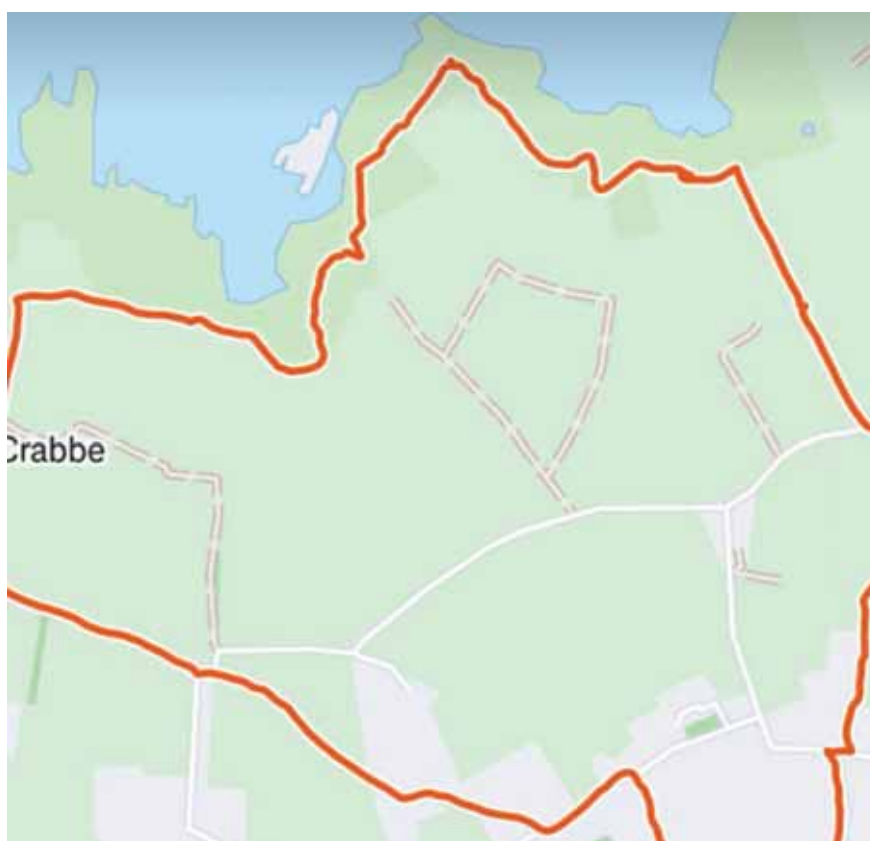
Very Rum Auction! (Tinks)



Birthday Girl! (Tinks)



The Last Dregs! Note Jacko downed half pint while Hariettes have hardly sipped theirs! (Tinks)



Runners Trail (except when Pack Lost) according to Strava! (Steptoe)