



CRAPAUD H3 REPORT

Run No:	1846	Date:	1 st June 2025
Hare(s):	Illegal Entry	Scribe:	Tinky Winky

Rats & Education Trail

While laying the Trail Illegal reported he saw 5 Rats sunning themselves on a wall opposite Ransoms Garden Centre! Now I know he smokes weed... err, roll-ups, so I wondered if he had been hallucinating as I have never witnessed such a spectacle myself. Even more, Illegal assured me the Rats stayed well & truly put without moving as he approached them. When I get close to any Rats they scarper off quick before I attack! Maybe Illegal has an affinity with Rats, or maybe they were actually Cats with whom I know he has an affinity? Or maybe he did hallucinate seeing 5 naughty Hashers sunning themselves on this wall? I fear we will never know why or even how he saw (or maybe imagined) this abundance of sedentary wildlife.

It had become customary for Illegal to force the Pack onto a bus going west, leaving us to disembark somewhere before La Rocque to trudge back through the byways and bogs of eastern Grouville while he finished cooking Haut Cuisine, but he promised not to inflict this punishment again as this time he was adopting Bas Cuisine (which was still very tasty & delectable!). Even then, he bunked off to get some fresh baguettes. **Before we started Steptoe worried he was a Lone Runner**, but just in time Software & Frisco materialised to keep him company. Unfortunately, Jacko was hamstrung so trotted along with the Walkers.

Our GM Jacko commented about British prospects in French Open Tennis, Paris St Germain winning against Real Madrid in the European championship football final and Jersey Bulls promotion before Smuggler interrupted, claiming Jacko had got shares in Weatherspoon and was promoting them being allowed into Jersey! **Blimey, what an accusation** although I have to say having recently dined twice at Weatherspoon in Keswick I am unable how they manage to serve very acceptable drinks & grub at amazingly low prices. If my experience is anything to rely on if they were allowed here they would wipe out many good local hostelrys & restaurants, big time. That would be very unfortunate.

Eventually our Hare Illegal had his turn, after giving away secrets about where he had laid the Trail (my nosy ears twigged whispers about Ransoms & Queens Valley Reservoir) to the Runners & leading Walker before announcing the Trial was Laid in sawdust & a bit of chalk, but importantly there were no Check Backs... he added just to confuse Frisco! **So, with a throw of dust off their Trainers** the three Runners disappeared into the distance, not to be seen again for about 1.5 hours. I heard they traversed very close to my Pad in latter part of their Run, or so they claimed. **Meanwhile the Walkers trotted through** the byways and paths of Gorey Village, when Rampant Rabbit closely avoided becoming Spatchcocked Rabbit stepping back just before a car turned corner into the village then Jacko turned dog-like sniffing poppies by side of a footpath short-cut.

As Walkers climbed up Mont du Gouray Tinky spotted a very tempting short-cut, or so he thought. What comes next is a warning to all SCB's. My note of this misadventure record "*Tinks trying to be a clever Dick, silly Sod*" and this is what misdemeanour I committed: "*I spotted a short-cut up a passage leading to Gouray Church & thought I could gain an advantage over the lead Walkers. So I broke off the Pack & climbed the steep steps, after arriving opposite Gouray Church I needed a rest so sat on a granite bench outside entrance, like a Stone Troll. While I was waiting for Walkers to arrive the faithful began arriving for their morning worship, including one friendly*"

colleague who invited me to join them! I muttered about waiting for the Crapaud's to arrive. After waiting for about ½ hour I gave up, deciding Walkers had bugged off elsewhere so I "girded my loins" and marched up to top of the hill deciding I would find my shortest way back to where we had started and Illegal's pad for the On-Down's. Except I went up a dead-end, before walking down Ruelle Faldouet when behind me I heard Rampant Rabbit's very loud voice (rumours claim he has been heard from St Ouen's Bay when he has been home in St Helier!). Turning around I saw the Walkers were jesting with Bagsofit (who had been due to fly on Blue Islands at 9.00am but flight was delayed to maybe 2.00pm) outside his house, so after accidentally turning what I thought was a short-cut into a rather longer-cut I rejoined the Walkers again".

After leaving Bagsofit to see if he would get his flight today and my re-union with the Walkers **Rampant Rabbit strutted down middle** of Ruelle Faldouet swinging his hips like a trouper, when he narrowly avoided becoming Spatchcocked Rabbit again. **Except Tinks did not rejoin Walkers for very long**, because after turning off the main road near Queens Valley the Walkers decided to bugged off again Green Lane Gossiping with each other (I thought on Green Lanes you had to be quiet for enjoying the natural beauty & greenery?) unknowingly to them leading them away from the finish. But they were clearly enjoying a good natter. Instead Tinks took the shortest route back to the start down steep lane to back of Gorey Village, finding Molehills back at the start in Longbeach car park who had opted out even earlier than Tinks had departed the Walking Pack.

It was a while before the Walkers reached Illegal's pad I believe around 11.35am, although at first they were furtively hanging around outside Illegal's front door unsure if this was the right front door. **The three Runners** were even later arriving at 11.45am but wasted no time going straight in without ringing the door bell, Steptoe commenting with was an Education Run visiting memorials galore. **Then Poocock turned up pissed out of his head**, moaning & groaning about the boozy weekend he was suffering while Hooker was away cruising, saying "while cat's away the Rat can play" [Cat = Hooker?]....

After enjoying a lovely smorgasbord Illegal had thrown together including loadsa sticky glazed mini-bangers **our GM Jacko held forth**, noting it was a brilliant Run and no sinners (amazingly I escaped being punished for my misdeeds) then passed the throne over to **our RA Frisco**, who thanks Illegal & Glutinous Minimus for providing the fantastic smorgasbord warning everyone Hima was seeking to offload his potatoes again, before Frisco awarded the only Down-Down to Illegal for a great Trail & the delicious Nosh.

On On, Tinks













