



CRAPAUD H3 REPORT

Run No.:	1911
Date:	30/08/26
Hare(s):	Twin Peaks . . . with more than a little bit of help from Muff Diver

This week's big decision was whether to have a run on the north of the island followed by al fresco food or play it safe and meet at a pub.....the weather gods won the battle as the forecast wasn't that good and we settled on the George Carteret for our On Downs just in case the heavens opened – which they didn't so all that worry and planning for nothing.

We weren't expecting a big turnout as many hashers were away but a few old faces returned to the pack and helped swell the numbers, for the walkers at least. Our GM mentioned a few local sporting achievements which went over my head but I was able to impart a bit of wisdom to my fellow hashers by getting them to guess the name for a group of ravens . . . in case you don't know its an 'Unkindness' of ravens. You heard it here first.

Anyway the pack was called to order and warned to look out for low branches, brambles etc. etc. plus the above mentioned ravens. With that the runners and walkers went their separate ways with no further sightings of each other until the beer was drawn.

The trail was laid in the usual sawdust and chalk which the hashers duly followed towards the church, into the estate and eventually, by a roundabout route, into St Peter's Valley. From here they ran through the woods and tracks along the top of the valley to emerge close to the Vic in the Valley pub. Fortunately it wasn't open as I might have landed myself with a hefty drinks bill. It was in this part of the valley that our runners veered slightly off course and they ended up scrambling through the under growth by the duck pond to emerge near the top of Mont Fallu. Luckily they were able to pick up the trail again and soon arrived safely back at the starting point. In the meantime the walkers had made it to the pub and were enjoying the rewards for their exertions. A big thank you to the pub for providing such a huge amount of chips, sausages and bread butties, all gratefully received.

On downs were awarded to:

Frisco for a recent birthday, Walkies for issues with her car (?) Chickpea for a long walk, Pervy for disappearing too quickly after the previous run – actually rumour has it that he got lost . . . Piston Broke for coming back into the fold and our two hares for well, being this week's hares of course.

A welcome back to Foxy too as its been a while since he graced us with his presence.

And here's a contribution from Pervy:

Strictly for the birds

How the hash coined a new collective noun

Today's turkey-talk embraced the rather arcane world of collective nouns. We were all familiar with a crash of rhinos and a smack of jellyfish, but, what, we were asked, is a gathering of ravens called. Somebody muttered something about 'a murder of crows', but our hare Twin Peaks insisted that the species in question, although belonging to the crow family, was the common raven. Cue puzzled brows and furrowed foreheads. Twin Peaks enlightened us: they're called an 'unkindness of ravens'. We were told to look out an example on the trail.

The run was no hen party – in fact all six hashers were, in the avian vernacular, cock-birds. They were also rather old birds – their plumage was in several shades of grey although Jacko still sports an impressive cockscomb while Steptoe is more of a coot. Meanwhile the turkey boy himself, Frisco, was celebrating the anniversary of the day he was hatched. All those years of being hen-pecked! Despite being advised not to count his chickens, the GM who rules the roost, even inquired after our ages and came to the conclusion that, despite the spring chicken amongst us (the odd bird being the offspring of Software), we had amassed 450 years between us.

The flock left the coop, sorry Coop, not exactly as the crow flies, but in a north-westerly direction before veering northeast into Rue du Vieux Presbytère. We then flew down into St Peter's Valley and up the other side following a well-laid trail which took us almost to one of the major German resistance nests. Our progress was punctuated at intervals whereby the birdbrains of the hash flocked together to discuss some of the important topics of the day, like the names of Captain Pugwash's crew members. These gatherings gave rise to a new collective noun: a group of hashers is henceforth to be known as a 'mass debate'.

From Le Panigot we had a bird's eye-view of across the valley, before spreading our wings and heading back down into St Peter's Valley. It was more a question of tunnel-vision as we spotted an open gateway into the tunnel complex where they used to grow mushrooms. We investigated thoroughly but chickened out when we heard an engine noise and worried that we might become jailbirds. We arrived at the Vic in the Valley dead on 11am, hoping it would be drinks all round - and at our hare's expense! But, sadly, it proved to be a dead duck, as the pub didn't open until midday. So much for counting chickens.

We flew on, heading back up the valley, only to find our goose was cooked. We had lost the trail and found ourselves on a wild goose chase. We tried to wing it, flying blind for a while before escaping through a fence into a housing estate. From there we soon found ourselves on the airport flight path and headed home to join the mass debate.

On-on!

























