



CRAPAUD H3 REPORT

Run No:	1913	Date:	13 th September 2026
Hare(s):	28D<0 & Droopy Drawers	Scribe:	Pervey

Tale of the Unexpected

The mystery began in the seemingly innocent surroundings of the car park outside St Ouen's parish hall. Virtually the entire Crapaud membership had disappeared without trace. Just five worried hashers remained. Had there been a Waco-style massacre? Had the curse of the Marie Celeste struck again? Had the rest been abducted by aliens? Our worst fears were confirmed soon afterwards when we found the spaceship.

What were we to do? There was no Hash Cash to take our money. No GM to tell us all the latest sports news. Phew. Not even enough of us to form a circle. With just five of us, we made a pentagon instead. We did have a hare ... but no trail. I'm not sure which of the Three Degrees he was, but, whatever his name, he had been caught up in the UK airport chaos and marooned for three days in England unable to do his pre-run duty.

What could we do other than try and pretend it was just a normal Sunday morning. 'On On' was called and we headed down Hydrangea Avenue. Our anxiety increased when we found a suspicious object that looked like it could have been a fuel pump for alien spacecraft. We veered off in a panic along that recently created footpath that took us to an old house where time had evidently stood still. Inside the garage we found an ancient Mini that must have dated back to the Iron Age.

On we plunged into the deepest recesses of St Ouen somewhere near Rue de Grantez. In one of those valleys that lead down to the coastal plain we found the spaceship. We examined it but couldn't find any means to gain access nor could we locate its power source. Where was ET when you needed her? Deeply troubled we moved on through the Badlands towards St Ouen's Church. We declined the opportunity to pray for our missing brethren but instead were persuaded to waddle like ducks to entertain some passing children.

We found the footpath that runs alongside the miniature rifle range and saw what looked like the burnt-out wreckage that could have belonged to another alien spacecraft that had been forced to crash-land. We were very jittery by this stage and were grateful to find a degree of normality at the Farmer's Inn, although a big marquee had been set up which looked a bit like one of those scenes-of-crime tents. Still there was beer on offer and salvers of sausage and chips soon followed, so there was a degree of normality.

However, there were no Down Downs; there was no news of whether normal service would be resumed next week. Nor was there a dark, ironic, and surprising twist ending that completely flipped the story's outcome on its head. I guess we will have to wait in all trepidation to see if there is another episode next week.

On On, Mike







