



# Crapaud Chronicle

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Run Number 1,003

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## Sacre Bleu!



There is a fair turn out in the sunny weather that has prevailed over the last few days. What a pity it was not like this for last week's marathon. When this virgin venue was announced a fair few of the hash were challenged as to it's location but a little research has proved worthwhile. We are surprised but pleased to see IHHABO, complete with pint in hand, gracing us with his presence & Taxi has decided to try a run her first for a long time. Pervey has brought along his daughter Hannah for her first run with us.

### Sport & a Rainbow Run

There is little talk about the successes & spectacular failure of the last 24 hours. Lewis Hamilton had cuffed up his chances in the Japanese GP & England had eventually finished as flattering 5 – 1 winners over Kazakhstan. Wales had achieved an epic 2-0 win over the mighty Liechtenstein while the Scots produced the miss of the season in their no score draw with Norway. Enough of these musings as our hares, Dildo & Gigolo, call us to form a circle. They point out a multi-coloured circle & christen this the Rainbow Run as it is laid in various coloured chalks & plain sawdust.

### Enthusiasm & IHHABO

The usual enthusiasm is coursing through hash veins so not very much happens for quite a while. The main road is investigated but Gigolo in his frustration eventually calls on-on & leads us through the children's playground. This is pretty appropriate considering our mental age when hashing. A bit of exercise around a field populated with hay bales almost livens us up but the descent to the roadway is steep & willing hands help us down. Those that are innocent to IHHABO's evil ways are caught unaware by the water hazard that has suddenly appeared. This is repeated on numerous occasions on the path down to Le Mont du Greve de Lecq. It has been some time since we passed this way so it is quite a pleasure to reacquaint ourselves with this byway. We pass pleasantries with a lady & her dog before we hang about trying to find the correct trail.

### Down & Up

It would be too much to ask for us to head for the heights this early so down the hill we go. We know that we are going to have to climb at sometime & it comes as no surprise when the trail

takes us up that old favourite Les Charrieres Huet. The aid of the little ones is now in evidence with hieroglyphics being spied on the road. The path past Lecq farm is always a good bet but after waiting for any stragglers to catch up we continue inland & spy in the distance Vinchelez Farm. There is to a development at this site but the stern Victorian edifice is to be retained.

We stop at a wayside stall that Stirrups recommends to us. Frisco & Jacko admire the luscious wares particularly the peppers. The opportunity to purchase must be foregone as no cash is carried by the hashers – do we now have an Andy Pepperton in our midst?

### Back to Mont du Greve de Lecq

Gigolo has been putting his all into this run & that includes his body as he proves a poor pupil of IHHABO & is spread-eagled in a puddle. The master proves his worth & continues spreading largesse amongst the pack. Stirrups waxes lyrical about her trip to South Africa & the wildlife observed. We spurn the track down by the Methodist Sunday School & eventually find ourselves at the top of Le Mont once more. Walkies stops for a moment before driving down the hill & Gigolo displays his versatility (you didn't have to look) & takes up the task of traffic direction.

It must surely be a nice jog along the main road to the camp site. Not a bit of it. We go down the hill past the lovely old farm houses, one of which has an old advertising sign for Thorley's Milk Feed that no-one can remember noticing before.

### Home

The descent is not for long as we turn up the side road to the left. The cries of on-on do not endear us to an inhabitant of the house we pass as she emerges asking for quiet as her baby is asleep. It is all rather too late as the majority of the hash is long gone & at almost 11.00am a somewhat hopeful request – just as well they don't live in town.

Anyway this is the last incident of a good run & we reach Le Bleu Soleil at just about the hour. It would be just too much to imagine Real Ale to be available & the only drinkable beer is John Smiths Smoothflow. It was only later that I discovered some better ales were available in bottle – must remember that for the future. Illegal Immigrant & family turn up as getting up early to see the Grand Prix made him to tired to run with us – Diddums, then!

### Down Downs

Our RA has taken up his duties once more & draws attention to the impending elections & particularly the Trinity hustings. Molehills is dutifully punished for his attendance. Our virgin Hannah is too shy to take her lemonade but family honour is maintained when Pervey acts as substitute.

Our GM calls all who took part in the marathon in any capacity to reap their reward. This produces a bevy of beauties from our relay teams plus Nelson, Bags-of-it & Top Gun. Regretfully you scribe neglected his duties & failed to take a photo of the occasion. Hash Rev claims he never harbours a grudge but summons Rent-a-Bed for salvaging his photocopied crossword some 2 months previously whilst running with the JH3. Whilst none too happy with the situation the punishment is taken like a true hasher.

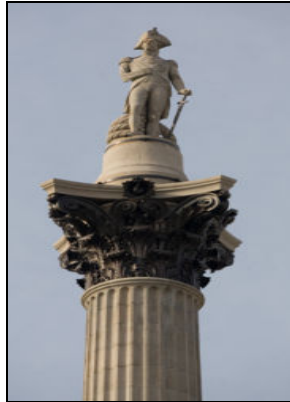
The true sinners of the day, our hares Dildo & Gigolo, are called to account for providing us with a virgin venue & a good run.

**Superb Fodder**

The weather may be fine but the hash are wondering if their appetites will be assuaged or is this just an opportunity to sell more beer? However, when the sausages & chips do appear the quality is superb. Jersey sausages from the Classic herd with Jersey potato hand cut chips & plenty of them quell any mutterings that may have been surfacing.

Our GM has received a phone call concerning language being used at fishermen the previous week. Whilst this was refuted by those on the run it is as well to be aware of potential difficulties & take steps to avoid any conflict.

**NELSON'S COLUMN**



**2 Timothy 4 v 7-8**

*I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith. Now there is in store for me the crown of righteousness.*

smacks of carelessness; but the prospect of being top-sliced in the nether regions leaves me filling a bit limp – well Hmm. All I got was a T-shirt. And it was a long, hard road to salvation - or St Saviour, wherever the Jersey marathon went. I didn't have a clue where I was going in that downpour. Two thirds through the run I hit the wall. Bloody solid it was too – the driving rain obscuring my vision again. And preparing for the race was a lot of hard draught, sorry, I mean, graft. I did lots of yards in training – mostly Carling Black Label. Five pints the night before had me raring to go. Luckily, the loo was vacant. Of course it all meant that I had to forsake my ecumenical duties yet again. But I am back on the job now – at least I would have been ... Yes, I'm afraid there's bad news for the Harriettes. I've got an appointment with my doctor. No I don't mean the shrink, but it is possible that my column may be a little shorter next week. I know it's a sad fate for a national monument, but as erections go, it's never disappointed, never deviated from the straight and not-so-narrow, if you know what I mean. Anyway what's an inch or so between friends? Still, losing an eye may seem like bad luck; losing an arm as well positively detumescent in fact. Still they can perform miracles these days, can't they? Or was that only in the Bible? Fear not, Bags-of-It is predicting hard times ahead. So it's not all bad news.

Blessings to you all from the Hash pulpit

**Hash Announcements**

**Weekly dues:-**

When you attend a run you must pay your subs (£3.50 Members, £4.50 Non - Members or guests, £2 tadpoles).

If you arrive late, or pay after the run/walk, then a 50p late fine is added to the subs! No pay - no run and no food! If you aren't running/walking & therefore arrive after the run then see Tinky to pay for your food, no late fine for those who did not run or walk. Please inform TW if you do not intend to stay for food as this will save the club paying for your food.

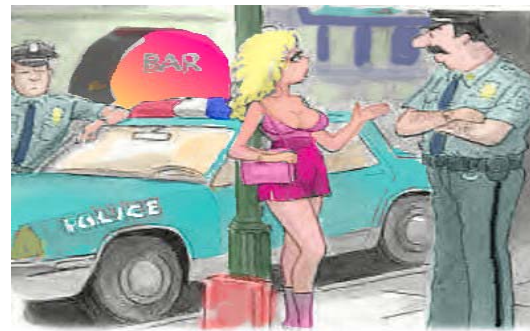
**Hares – Important Reminder**

Hashers who are booked to lay a trail and cannot make it for some reason **must** find a replacement and not just rely on the Hare Razor to do the work for them.

**Halloween Extra Special**

**Gigolo is planning to hold his Second Annual Halloween Run on Friday, 31<sup>st</sup> October. Those who participated last year are sure to want to repeat the experience. Those that didn't, now have a second chance. Meet Gas Place Car Park @7.00pm. Fancy Dress essential. Usual Charges apply.**

**Jokes**



**I am not selling sex!  
I am selling condoms,  
with free demonstration.**

**Golf Hazard**

*A man staggered into a hospital with a concussion, multiple bruises, two black eyes, and a five iron wrapped tightly around his throat.*

*Naturally, the Doctor asked him, 'What happened to you?'*

*'Well, I was having a quiet round of golf with my wife, when at a difficult hole we both sliced our golf balls into a field of cattle. We went to look for them and while I was looking around I noticed one of the cows had something white at its rear end.'*

*'I walked over, lifted its tail, and sure enough, there was a golf ball with my wife's monogram on it - stuck right in the middle of the cow's girlie bits. Still holding the cow's tail up, I yelled to my wife, 'Hey, this looks like yours!''*

*'I don't remember much after that'*

**Receding Hareline**

1005	27 Oct	St. Peter, park at Parish Hall	Twin Peaks & Is-it-Buggery	
1006	2 Nov	Rozel Bay	Tinky Winky	Durrell Dash
1007	9 Nov	Chimes, The Parade	Wendolene	
1008	16 Nov	Jersey	Nil-by-Mouth	Half Marathon