



# Crapaud Chronicle

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## Wet but Wonderful

### What a week!

Well it was if you are a Spurs supporter, 7 points out of 9 & great comebacks against Arsenal & Liverpool. You could not say the same for the England 20/20 cricket team who slumped to a 10 wicket defeat by the Stanford All-Stars in the million dollar match. Illegal Immigrant is again not too tired to join us as the final Grand Prix of the season is scheduled for 5 o'clock, but in the evening not the morning.

### What a day!

The dull morning has turned to steady rain & there is little room on the slipway at Rozel & any latecomers have to park on the main quay. Many are wearing waterproofs & hats in this lousy weather. Tinky Winky is collecting cash as well as having laid the run & as he rings the pub with numbers he has to constantly update as yet more hashers decide to turn up. Although there are 25 booked in some 20 actually start the run. Rent-a-Bed appears as a hang glider or should that be the caped crusader? Smuggler retains his loyalties & is defiantly wears his green Liverpool shorts but still laments the defeat.

### Sympathy?

After the delays Tinky calls us into a circle & tries to evince our sympathy by declaring he had discharged himself from hospital in order to lay the run. It would seem he was suffering from an impacted wisdom tooth. Tinky had delayed laying the trail on Saturday as he hoped the rain would ease. It didn't & the land owners were amazed that we would still be bothered to run in such adverse conditions. They underestimate the determination of hashers. However there is sawdust marking the trail (if it has survived) albeit rather erratically.

### Very late arrival

We search up by the pub & the hill but on-on is eventually called & we cross the beach or should I say shingle to the main slipway. The water from the valley is gushing out & we have to leap across the streams. We try along the quay but are called back. However we are stopped in our tracks by a motor scooter rider. Amazingly our GM has turned up. He quickly ditches his steed & protective gear & manages to join us. We are in a quandary the FRBs are disappearing up Le Mont de Rozel but the majority wonder if White Rock beckons or should we be taking to the woods? Eventually on-back is called & we take to La Rue du Catel. This is hard going but half way up double arrows are encountered & our back markers are urged to slow down to

give the FRBs a harder task. This does not seem to deter Rampant Rabbit who attacks the task with gusto. The slog up the hill is relieved by the ditions posted in the garden near the top of the hill.

### Le Catel de Rozel

We take to the track leading to White Rock but divert past the prehistoric Le Catel de Rozel. Puddles abound & we make sure that Shiggy & Tinky Winky are not around to soak us. The slopes down to the cliff path are very slippery & Smuggler makes an impressive descent but manages to retain his feet. The cliff path is wet & muddy as is to be expected but we press on taking in the very clear views of La Belle France where we can pick out individual houses. It's been quite some time since these conditions have been experienced but I suppose we can thank the rain for clearing the air & the now emergent sun for highlighting the distant coast.

### La Ferme

We eventually head inland & it must be La Ferme, mustn't it? Yes we are right & take the trail past the cattle sheds. We are viewed with curiosity by the bovines & Frisco, Software & Steptoe muse on the whether or not the cattle are turned out during the winter & from there the economics on farming in the Island these days. We set to down to the woods but are called back onto the muddy paths to Ville Brée. We hang around admiring the house & other buildings that are for sale but at what a price. A good spot to be developed but Illegal Immigrant deflates our musings by stating that there is probably no mains water.

### We can see our way

We pass the Westlea Centre for the visually challenged (can't say blind these days) & are soon off road again. But not for long, as we make our way to Hollybush House. We can only but admire this fantastic establishment which has its own race course. Sadly the problems associate with training horses & getting them to the UK in prime condition has meant that this function has ceased. The traverse of this property is a tad difficult as the banks are very slippery & fallen leaves abound. Nonetheless we reach the road safely & a gently jog down the valley brings us to the pub & our transport at the end of a good run.

### Bliss

It is a while since we used the Rozel pub & are delighted to find we have the choice of Directors, Ringwoods or Hobgoblin. Is-it-Buggery has turned up & recommends the

Hobgoblin which is in prime condition. The pub feeds us with sausage & cheese with French bread backed up with chips.

**Announcements**

The GM summons us outside & gives us the usual gubbins about Christmas run, reminds Ragsby of the boy’s night out he was due to arrange & mentions Molehills liaisons with Emma Martins. He welcomed Cooperman who had sought the hash at The Royal & Bouley Bay before arriving at Rozel far too late.

**Down-downs**

To the cry of “Daddy’s doing down-downs”, Gigolo took up the post of Hash Rev. in Nelson’s absence. Shiggy provided us with a rambling explanation of his late arrival which convinced no one & fully deserved punishment as did Cooperman from whom we had no such explanation.

Wendolene was summoned for appearing in the JEP astride a large beast & Is-it-Buggery was punished for a bathroom accident whereby he damaged his little finger. To emphasise the point Is-it-B was presented with his reward in a coffee cup whereby the offending digit could be ostentatiously displayed.

Our lone hare expected his normal punishment for a good run but it had been noted that he had, in a moment of madness, worn new shoes. The offending footwear was locked in his car but Illegal Immigrant kindly donated his trainer & Ragsby a sock for the ceremonial straining of the ale. Tinky Winky managed to do the decent thing.

**Where Were You?**

Congratulations to the 6 brave hashers who turned out for the Second Annual Halloween Hash. Starting from the Gas Place Car Park we enjoyed the grounds of Victoria College where surprises in the shape of a water pistol, almost unnecessary in the evenings weather, & a welcome mulled wine break. A little troll through town ended up at the Daily Globe where pumpkin soup warmed up the pack

**Pay up & play the game**

The time has arrived once more for hashers to dig deep & pay their annual subs. These remain at £40.00 & if not paid by mid-November non-payers will be deemed non-members & have to pay full weekly fees. The good news is that the weekly fees remain as before – see Hash Announcements below.

**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 money by not 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.

**Joke Time**

**The Music of the Trees!**

While walking through Golden Gate Park in San Francisco, a man came upon another man hugging a tree with his ear firmly against the tree. Seeing this he inquired, 'Just out of curiosity, what the heck are you doing?'

'I'm listening to the music of the tree,' the other man replied. 'You've gotta be kiddin' me.' - 'No, would you like to give it a try?'

Understandably curious, the man says, 'Well, OK...!' So he wrapped his arms around the tree and pressed his ear up against it. With this, the other guy slapped a pair of handcuffs on him, took his wallet, jewellery, car keys, then stripped him naked and left. Two hours later a nature lover strolled by, saw this guy handcuffed to the tree stark naked, and asked, 'What the heck happened to you?'

He told the guy the whole terrible story about how he got there. When he finished telling his story, the other guy shook his head in sympathy, walked around behind him, kissed him gently behind the ear and said, 'This just ain't gonna be your day, cupcake ...'

**Phone Sex**

*An Irish woman was admitted to hospital after having phone sex. Doctors removed 2 Nokias, 3 Motorolas and a Samsung. No Siemen was found.*



**Well at least your hash does – Hares urgently required.** Please see Gigolo to book your next run.

**Receding Hareline**

1008	16 Nov	Old Portelet Inn	Nil-by-Mouth & Smuggler	Half Marathon
1009	23 Nov	Trash Hash	Rent-a-Bed & Bags-of-It	
1010	30 Nov		A Volunteer	

**Oops:-** Almost forgot – Pussy ran the Dublin Marathon in 4.42.49. Well done.