



# Crapaud Chronicle

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Contacts: GM - 613980, RA - 07797774654, Hash Cash - 07797728360, Hash Scribe - 734911, Hare Razor - 07797827751, Hash Flash - 879292

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## A Virgin Drinks Stop?

### Good turnout

What a contrast to last week. The sun is shining, the air is warm & the hash is favoured with a reasonable number of runners, Bags-of-It & Steptoe have even got on their trusty steeds & cycled to Le Hos<sup>1</sup>. Beep-beep is back from the Netherlands as is Mole Hills from the Algarve & many of last weeks charity runners have returned to less strenuous activities. Pervey is still rusty from a very wet weekend's camping in England. The car park is pretty busy but eventually some 30 or so are ready for the off. But what is this? We are joined by a family of **athletes**. Damian, Rachel, Samuel & Adele having seen sawdust outside their house are intrigued enough to give hashing a go. (I hope it was not in the hope of getting in a strenuous run).



*Athletes before the run*

### Only Sawdust

We are called into a circle & Software announces that the trail is laid solely in sawdust. We are told that much of the trail is through Jersey Potato Marketing (aka Tom Binet) land & as many of the fields have been laid down to new grass we are to keep to the edge. We are promised a bit of virgin territory & are challenged to identify it. Our virgin family is properly welcomed to the pack & it is on-on.

The usual reluctance to show too much willing is replaced when on-on is called from up La Rue du Hocq.

### Up & Down

This probably means we will have to tackle the steep La Rue de la Hougette. We are not disappointed & trudge up the slope with the majority complaining about the inappropriate building at the top of the hill. We continue along the road but are called back to go down (after all that effort to get up here) La Rue du Prince.

### Sense of Humour Failure

We head away from the coast & into the newish estate. A chap painting his fence seems particularly un-amused when asked "Is it doing what it says on the tin?" We try to embarrass Samuel by waving to one of his friends who is looking at from an upstairs window. Such silly things keep us happy.

### Into the Fields

We pause at the main road & consider all the options but the trail is eventually found up the footpath to the fields.



*A Bridge too far?*

<sup>1</sup> For those who might not yet have worked it out this is the traditional rendition of today's venue. The name is believed to have the same derivation as "Hook" in "Hook of Holland".



*Up we trudge*

Can you believe it? Yes, the pack does as it's been told & sticks to the edges of the fields but this does not apply to 2 girls (with one on her bike) coming in the opposite direction.

#### **No Sawdust!**

Although our hare announces a check when we reach the lane He admits to having run out of sawdust & is not armed with any chalk. We seek out the sawdust up & down the lane & even in newly planted fields to no avail until Damian returns to the fold & tells us he has found sawdust down the lane. He is so polite as any of the rest of us would just have bellowed out "on-on" but that comes of being an athlete who doesn't mind the extra exercise. It's not long we are back off road & heading for Nicolle Tower which we never reach as we divert down the slopes & into the woods at Mont Ubé. Shiggy is heard summoning us on but as the hare is heading in the opposite direction none take any notice of the GM. We enjoy the compulsory visit to the dolmen but are disappointed that Software has not provided us with any refreshment. Not to worry we descend to La Blinerie & then into the back entrance of Samares Manor. There is a very nice run around the grounds & into the maze.

Could this have been the virgin territory- no way, our hare is better than that. One of the visitors to the manor even points out the trail – thanks.



*Waiting for better things*

#### **Hooray**

We pause at the entrance to (or exit from) the Manor. Now for the surprise – Rent-a-Bed has suggested that passing a virgins house should result in a drinks stop. Damian takes this as gospel & we enter St. Joseph's Avenue & then his garden through the side gate. In no time at all cans, bottles & other beverages are produced for this impromptu stop. Damian tries to take a photo of us from the upstairs window but fails in all his efforts to open it so has to resort to photographing the assembly at ground level. All too soon we have to be on our way & Rampant Rabbit brings us back to reality by utilising the hosepipe despite the washing in the background. Well you can't expect him to take any notice of that.

#### **The Promised Land**

We cross the field & road & pass the sheds behind L'Industrie & again into the fields. Now we are into the promised virgin territory but Le Marais Flats (another planning disaster) seem to loom over us. Back on the road Samuel & Michael lead us on the short way back to the car park. The saner among us are surprised to see Tinky Winky serenely driving past us on his way to the pub. It seems he was just too lazy to join us on the run this morning. A shame he missed such a good run.

#### **Ale & hearty**

Back at the Le Hocq we are pleased to find that at least Liberation Ale is available to make life worthwhile. The hashers have taken over the outside tables & chairs where we are served individual helpings of sausages & chips. Foxy turns up & promptly starts swapping knee operation notes with Walkies.

#### **Announcements**

Shiggy welcomes Walkies back to our midst after her "little" op &, of course, our athletic virgin family. Whilst all this is going on Popeye & Olive drive past & are enthusiastically greeted by the pack.

It also appears that Mr Angry's toilet seat had been discovered in Damian's loft. It was suggested that it should have been submitted to the experts at The Antiques Road Show being held at Samares Manor the previous Friday. Our GM produces an official letter from Mr. Fopma, the orthopaedic surgeon, relating to Illegal Immigrant's knee problems. Our GM's eyesight makes him wish it had been

written in Braille but TW has an apoplectic fit as he reads the contents. Any how the upshot is that Illegal is described as “the President of the local Athletic Club” & has to be punished for such effrontery. In any case he had also had a “few sherbets” at the Bohemia where he liked it “smokey & hot”.

It appears that only nine places are left on the Bike Bash & two have dropped out of the Alderney New Year trip – Deposits to Illegal Immigrant (while he is still around) if you are interested.

Next Saturday will not only see the Itex Walk but Skin Deep will be at The Old Court House, St. Aubin from 7.00pm to meet the Crapauds. Duty done the serious business of the day was passed to Has Rev.

### **Down-Downs**

Gigolo visits punishment on Frisco for appearing on TV without mentioning the hash;

Our Virgins for being virgins;



*A sit down down-down*



*Reduced to Hashers*

The Race for Life runners;



*Who had a misspent youth?*

Walkies, not for her knee, but for her birthday;

& finally Software for providing us with such a good run.

(No photo I'm afraid, but then you are fed up with them anyway.)

### **Bike Bash**

This annual extravaganza will take place from 4<sup>th</sup> September returning on 6<sup>th</sup>. Note an early start at the harbour at 3.30pm. Only 40 places are available & 31 are already taken so a swift £50 deposit to Illegal Immigrant will secure your place.

### **Ski Trip**

Twin Peaks is once more willing to organise a ski trip to France next February but not at Half Term. Anyone interested please let her know. Her home telephone no. is 864579.

### **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 Illegal Immigrant to pay for your food, no late fine for those who did not run or walk.

Please inform Illegal Immigrant 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.

### **Hash Ha Has**

### **Mr. Turner Brown**

*A skinny little white guy goes into an elevator, looks up and sees this HUGE black guy standing next to him.*

The big black guy sees the little white guy staring at him, looks down and says, "7 feet tall, 350 pounds, 20 inch member, 3 pound left testicle, 3 pound right testicle, Turner Brown."

The white man faints and falls to the floor.

The big guy kneels down and brings him to, shaking him. The big guy says, "What's wrong with you?"

In a weak voice the little guy says, "What EXACTLY did you say to me?"

The big dude says, "I saw your curious look and figured I'd just give you the answers to the questions everyone always asks me, I'm 7 feet tall, I weigh 350 pounds, I have a 20 inch private, my left testicle weighs 3 pounds, my right testicle weighs 3 pounds, and my name is Turner Brown."

The small guy says, "Turner Brown ... Sweet Jesus, I thought you said, "Turn Around!"

### Antipodean Flying

1. On landing the hostess said, 'Please be sure to take all your belongings. If you're going to leave anything, please make sure it's something we'd like to have.'

2. An airline pilot wrote that on this particular flight he had hammered his ship into the runway really hard. The airline had a policy which required the first officer to stand at the door while the passengers exited, smile, and give them a 'Thanks for flying United. He said that, in light of his bad landing, he had a hard time looking the passengers in the eye, thinking that someone would have a smart comment.

Finally everyone had got off except for an old lady walking with a cane. She said, 'Sonny, mind if I ask you a question?' 'Why no Ma'am,' said the pilot. 'What is it?'

The little old lady said, 'Did we land or were we shot down?'

3. 'In the event of a sudden loss of cabin pressure, masks will descend from the ceiling. Stop screaming, grab the mask, and pull it over your face. If you have a small child travelling with you, secure your mask before assisting with theirs. If you are travelling with more than one small child, pick your favourite.

4. A plane was taking off from Mascot Airport. After it reached a comfortable cruising altitude, the captain made an announcement over the intercom, 'Ladies and gentlemen, this is your captain speaking. Welcome to Flight Number XYZ, non-stop from Sydney to Auckland. The weather ahead is good and, therefore, we should have a smooth and uneventful flight. Now sit back and relax - ARGHHH! OH, MY GOD!'

Silence followed and after a few minutes, the captain came back on the intercom and said, 'Ladies and Gentlemen, I am so sorry if I scared you earlier, but, while I was talking, the flight attendant brought me a cup of coffee and spilled the hot coffee in my lap.

You should see the front of my pants!'

A passenger in Economy said, 'That's nothing. He should see the back of mine!'

### Being Politically Correct

A man with a bald head and a wooden leg is invited to a Christmas fancy dress party. He doesn't know what to wear to hide his head and his wooden leg, so he writes to a fancy dress company to explain his problem.

A few days later he receives a parcel with a note:

Dear Sir,

Please find enclosed a Pirate's outfit. The spotted handkerchief will cover your bald head and with your wooden leg you will be just right as a Pirate.

The man is offended that the outfit emphasizes his disability, so he writes a letter of complaint. A week passes and he receives another parcel and note:

Dear Sir,

Sorry about the previous parcel. Please find enclosed a monk's habit. The long robe will cover your wooden leg and with your bald head you will really look the part.

The man is really incandescent with rage now, because the company has gone from emphasizing his wooden leg to drawing attention to his bald head. So he writes a really strong letter of complaint. A few days later he gets a very small parcel from the company with the accompanying letter:

Dear Sir,

Please find enclosed a tin of Golden Syrup. We suggest you pour the tin of Golden Syrup over your bald head, stick your wooden leg up your arse and go as a toffee apple.

### Receding Hareline

1040	28 June	Moulin de Lecq	Hooker & Captain Poocock	
1041	5 July		Josh, Shiggy & Desperado	American Independence Run
1042	12 July			Bastille Day Run?