



Crapaud Chronicle

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Saints &/or Sinners?

For all the saints, Who from their labours rest...

With the shenanigans of Halloween now over for the year it was certainly time for the sinners to make way for the saints on All Saints Day. And after last nights revelries at the Vic in the Valley it could only be saints (although it must be said that Hooker admitted to possession of a thick head) turning up at St. John.

Halloween

The previous evening had seen a good run through the woods in St. Peter's Valley following the various clues, being ambushed by ghouls, frightened by ghostly monks & all in search of an absent murderer. Mind you body parts were discovered & the chilling mood could only be thawed out by copious amounts of mulled wine prior to drinks & a buffet at the Vic. The fun & games after the food was the icing on the cake. And it was all in the dry, at least on the outside.

Raining dogs

To say that the morning was challenging is but an understatement. The numbers gathering for the Great Dog Walk from West Park to St. Aubin & Back were extremely few as I drove past the assembly point. The roads were awash & one felt sorry for Pussy & Twin Peaks efforts in laying a trail for very low numbers. But the reputation of our hare's abilities has gone before & I was surprised to see so many hashers gathering in the car park at St. John's School. Although the rain has eased the 20 odd (very odd, more like) are sporting various strange versions of wet weather gear.



Damp or what?

No hanging around this Sunday. The circle is formed & we are informed that the trail is laid in sawdust (if not washed away) no chalk (this would no longer have been in existence) & this would be a mud free run (believe that if you will). This did not prevent the pack from setting off in the wrong direction before getting on the right track. Bags-



Across the waters

of-It observes that this is an exploration of the housing estates & roads of St. John just as we emerge onto the playing fields. We had been urged to keep to the edges in

the fields &, for once, this we do even though the fields look bare & forlorn at this time of year. Our feet sink into the earth (not mud) as we make our way into the wilds of the parish.

Challenges

There is no way that the checks are going to be held today. The rain has returned accompanied by a mist. We ford rivers (well only a small one), climb slopes



Slippery Slopes

& even wait in vain for a bus to move & waft us to the warmth & safety of the pub.



Double-decker delight?

Long way round

We hope as the conditions deteriorate & we are on the half marathon course that the way to the village will be short even though we may not be swift. Hope springs eternal but this time in vain as the trail once more takes us across the fields in what seems to be an attempt to prolong the agony. However, we finally end up on La Rue de l'Eglise & head towards St. John.

Strippers!

The school car park finds hashers in different stages of undress as all sensible members have brought a change of

apparel. That of course explains why our RA is still to be found in his running togs.

Food & non-drink

We have not seen the inside of the St. John's Pub for some time. This is not surprising as there is no real ale in sight & they have also run out of Special & only one barmaid to attend the thirsty runners. But this time they swiftly provide plenty of sausages, chips & bread for our delectation.

Halloween Hares

Our Vice-Master takes the stage & swiftly punishes Gigolo & Hooker for being hares & organising an excellent Halloween celebration for the hash.



Ghostly Hares

Down-Downs

Our worthy HR takes over & reminds the pack of the requirement to mention the hash when appearing in the press. Frisco is promptly called upon to atone for the error of his ways & is joined by Rampant Rabbit for being the absent murderer the previous evening. No ordinary down-down for this recalcitrant as his pint is served in a skull & delivered through a spinal cord. It's a good way to get wet if you are not too careful.



Skulduggery

One of our hares is missing! Pussy has had to leave to attend a 90th Birthday party. HR has had the temerity to suggest it could be her own. I trust that Puusy's revenge will be swift & terrible.



Lonesome Hare

Christmas Party

Great news - We have a date – 13th December.
There is as yet No venue, No price & No theme.
If this mystery intrigues you please pay a £10.00 deposit to Illegal Immigrant.

This was my first run for 2 months & I would like to thank Pervy & any other scribes for raising the standard of these newsletters. Sorry but you have been lumbered with me this week.

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 hash money..

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 Ha's

A short story

A guy and a girl meet at a bar. They get along so well that they decide to go to the girl's place.
A few drinks later, the guy takes off his shirt and then washes his hands.

He then takes off his trousers and again washes his hands.
The girl has been watching him and says:
"You must be a dentist."
The guy, surprised, says:
"Yes How did you figure that out?"
"Easy..." she replies, "you keep washing your hands."
One thing leads to another and they make love.
After it's over the girl says: "You must be a good dentist."
The guy, now with an inflated ego, says:
"Sure - I'm a good dentist. How did you figure that out?"
The girl replies: "Didn't feel a thing."

Guinness

Michael O'Leary - him wot's off Ryanair - walks into a bar and sees a sign on the wall saying "Guinness - 25p a pint". Wow, he thinks, I'll have one of those, so he goes up to the bar and orders one. Barman says that's £8.25 please.
What's this?" says O'Leary. "Sign there says it's 25p a pint."
"So it is," says the barman. "But it's £2 for the glass, £1.50 for the head, £1.50 for the wee shamrock drawn in the head, and £3 because you didn't order it on-line in advance."
"Well, where's me bloody pint, then?"
"You've to fetch it yourself - it's in the bar at the other end of the road."

Receding Hareline

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