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The Official Organ of the Crapaud Hash House Harriers

2010 Away Run No. 1

Special Edition – Guernsey Mud-n-Fun Run 2010
From your International Reporter

Muddy Madness !

Playing Away

While the Home pack were moving greenhouses the Away Team were recuperating on the way back from their exploits in Guernsey at the bi-annual Mud-N-Fun run. Or so it is called, definitely extremely muddy but whether it can actually be termed 'fun run' or rather 'endurance run' is another question. To resolve this quandry our five intrepid hashers Gigolo, Illegal Immigrant, Molehills, Knickerbox, Tinky Winky, and Monty left our shores very, very early on Saturday morning, probably before any other Hasher had their head off the pillow. Having dodged the snow on landing in bitterly cold Guernsey and checked into the hotel they decided some serious training for the event was required.

Serious Training

We checked our pace with a quick warm-up trot into St Peter Port finding this not too strenuous being all downhill. Discovering the Centurion open allowed more strenuous training to immediately commence with a beer, or two, or three – in the end extending into five pints imposing a rigorous arm muscle work-out, clearly very important for overcoming obstacles on the impending run.

This gave plenty of time for our veteran Gigolo to give us a pep-talk warning about dangers lurking hidden in watery culverts, reed-beds and bogs we were about to discover. Molehills proclaimed his practised expertise at finding short-cuts would result in a quick finish for him. Tinky thought we would follow Molehills. We agreed our best hopes were Knickerbox and Monty coming in first.

Gigolo was just wondering if The Other Hash had sent any delegates when four friendly faces hove into view, led by Jumper. We enquired about their recent cold-



Crapaud Away-Team Huddle for Warmth

weather run record and whether they were really out for a jolly weekend rather than the Mud-n-Fun run. This promised to be freezing weather conditions. Jolly banter was had amongst the assembled throng.

New Shoes Monty

After a pit-stop back at the hotel our mini-Pack decided a bit more training on the start line would be a good idea.



Late Entry exits Tent

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The Pack surges forward - Spot our Team at the Front

We headed off by taxi – not wanting our energies to be exhausted before the Big Event - to the Guernsey Rugby Club for a quick refresher drink or two before the start. Finding ourselves the first to arrive in plenty of drinking time Dick Bachmann and others from the Guernsey Hash gave us a warm welcome. Dick spotted Monty had not heeded Gigolo's advice, arriving in New Shoes, but after Dick threatened due punishment Monty quickly replaced them with slightly dirtier ones for the run.

gradually joined us ready for the off. Some were definitely certifiable having travelled from as far afield as Edinburgh to find the best Mud. Dick called us to order, using a megaphone incapable of overcoming the babbling throng, who exhorted everyone to warm up for challenges lying ahead. We spent so long jumping up and down plus stretching this had the opposite effect with our extremities beginning to feel slightly cold. Perhaps this helped our feet acclimatise to the numbing water we were about to endure. Gigolo warmed himself with a pre-run ciggie while dancing in front of the throng, little did he know CTV News would broadcast to the Nation his pretence of a really committed athlete. Shiggy had a great chuckle on his sofa as this sight.

one route without scaling a high granite wall or penetrating thick prickly bushes. There was no alternative but descend into the chilly waters.



Guilty Hare Checking Route

Duck Preparations

Our clever planning gave us plenty of time to prepare with Gigolo advising us all to Duck Tape shoes to our legs with the full roll he provided. Tinky Winky took this too far by taping all the way up his lycra leggings, planning this might keep his feet dry in the ditches and keep the mud out. Knickerbox tried to tape Tinky's head in the same way but it was realised not seeing where the run actually went would slow him down even more than usual. Illegal Immigrant cautiously duck taped his knee brace together not relying on Velcro's fastening effect lasting in the murky waters.

Loony Bin gathers

Having completed preparations by getting fully fuelled another 450 similarly mad-minded individuals had



Long queue in First Ditch

Body-Jam Short-Cut

Finally on the stroke of 2.00pm we were off with Knickerbox and Monty our FRB's giving our Team high hopes of a winning finish. They led the pack fast across the first ditch bottleneck, but Molehills and Tinky were not so lucky finding themselves jammed in the middle of a heaving mass of bodies waiting to cross this obstacle. At this point Molehills spotted a Run Marshall aiming for a gap in the Leylandi trees some distance away and quickly leading Tinky to the shortcut they went through the gap across the ditch to find themselves having made up ground already lost and back in front of Gigolo and Illegal but not for long.

From there it was across several grassy meadows before encountering the first brook. Molehills and Tinky looked in vain for a shortcut but there was no escape, the trail had been cleverly laid leaving only



Scaling the Ramparts

This seemed to make some runners tread even more carefully with Tinky admonishing them "Hurry up, my feet are going numb". While everyone's feet were going numb from exertion the remainder of your body was definitely warming up, for a short while.

Marshland Hell

The brook was just a taste of what was to come. After a few more muddy fields we came across a reed filled marshland with the trail cut through middle of the reed beds. Espying a classic grassy short-cut alongside a ditch Molehills kept to the right, avoiding the runners waiting to get through the marshy swamp.



Where's my Teeth gone, Whinger ?



Boggy Waters

Just as he was preparing to jump the ditch a cry went up "This way, on back" from the crowd. Fearing a lynching Molehills doubled back and joined the pack sloshing between the reeds. This time the cold soupy black gunge reached all the way up to sensitive parts making the harriette's, and quite a few harriers, squeal in agony.

Full Immersion

As an interlude we now climbed up rope nets over high field walls and thence faced the castle challenge. The castle was surrounded by a muddy moat with what passed for a bridge, three or four ropes, to get across. Most ended up in the moat before scaling the castle bank. There was lots more black gunge to come with the run plumbing new depths of thick black soupy mud going through another reedy marshland and lots of boggy tree lined glades across which we ducked, dived and climbed over.



Bog Waltzing Knickerbox

We were getting dirtier as time went on but the muddiest, dirtiest, soupiest ditch was left to last.



New Bog Creature Discovered

Here some runners went overboard tripping on obstacles hidden in the murky depths. Others volunteered for the full immersion, possibly because there was a prize for the muddiest Harriette. This did not explain why some Harriers tried the same trick or maybe they were confused with their physical assets having turned inwards by this stage of the run. Many got totally plastered and stone cold sober all at the same time.

Three come a Cropper

Eventually the Rugby Club grounds came into view presenting the final set of obstacles. Illegal crawled under the electrified wires placed strategically just above his bum. His undulating crawl produced a shout of 'ouch' when bum contacted the current. Just behind him Molehills lifted his head to see what the fuss was about resulting in another short electric shock. Gigolo was not so lucky when he dove down too quickly, dislocating his left shoulder. St Johns Ambulance said it was much too serious for them to give emergency treatment on the spot.



Electrified Danger !

Good job no-one had a more serious accident on the run. The final leg, just for a change, was through two skips filled with water to rinse us off.



Final Ditch

Post Run Prandials

Now our Team discovered the Fun that came after the Run. The Rugby Club has only one set of showers so Harriers and Harriette's alike stripped off, ran in, cleaned down and attempted to bring back to life their frozen body parts. Lots of Harriette eye candy was enjoyed. We all warmed ourselves in the bar downing lots of beer and a burger after which Gigolo carted himself off to hospital for a check-up where after full body scan he was reassured his arm was still fully attached to his shoulder. The Run results were announced, our own Monty and Knickerbox FRB's triumphing within the first 10% of runners back home !

After a brief respite and with Gigolo back in the pack we set off to hunt the delights of St Peter Port's night life. After a lovely meal at Cornerstone it was down to the front and into the bars. Monty excelled at Karaoke with the locals believing Elvis was back in town. Tinky was press-ganged by Knickerbox into murdering an Elton song.



Ghost Runner Hands Shock

We then stormed the night-clubs till very early the following morning, gathering a Guernsey lass along the way. Gigolo was last seen waving both arms above his head on the dance floor thinking his shoulder had fully recovered, which his shoulder later very much regretted on the way back home.

We all concluded there was Fun with the Mud Run, but you had to go through a lot of Mud to eventually get to the Fun.