



Crapaud Chronicle

25th July 2010

Run No. 1096

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Sand, Fields & Sh*t!

Inclement

It's summer & the sun is shining down out of a cloudless blue sky. Oh no it isn't. It may be summer but there is cloud & drizzle about & I am assured that in the far north of the Island the drizzle is more akin to rain. Not to worry though as hashers will turn out in any conditions to get the Sunday morning activity. Well at least some of us do. The number of runners ready for the off is only about 15. However, there would seem to be more walkers & their canines this week than we have seen for some time. Please Insert, though injured, has brought Jack; Illegal Immigrant has arrived with Keeper, & along with Phoebe Walkies has turned up with Bramble, a newcomer to the ranks. But what a surprise, Smooth Operator has deigned to join us.



You put your right foot in

Information

Software is our lone hare today & informs us that the trail is laid solely in sawdust. We are to respect the fallow fields & will enjoy the sight of tethered cows that have retained their horns.

Beach Bums

It is well known that there is a general reluctance in the Crapauds to seek out any trail but today nobody, but nobody, shows any inclination to move. Have the muggy conditions affected our muscles? Eventually, the pack moves off & we descend the steps to the beach (not much sawdust here) & negotiate the wet sands to Pontac.

Fields

Not much of a delay here as the pack heads inland to the Inner Road. This is familiar territory & we find the trail into the fields. But what has got into Wet Patch? She is a FRB "par excellence" today leaving all & sundry in her wake. The only compensation in following in her wake is that the grass is very wet & for once in ages our trainers are getting an unexpected clean. Our hare must be feeling flush as he has laid the trail with copious amounts of sawdust so no one should have any excuse for going "off piste". Shiggy is not with us this week so the accuracy of this statement could not be tried out.

Hedges

We pass the Millennium Stone & continue along the footpaths. Software reveals that he does not know how long the trails through the fields will be viable as many of the hedges have been re-laid in Hawthorn & Blackthorn. This will be good for wildlife but may not work in our favour. Notwithstanding, we make use of the fields &

clamber down the banks. Wet Patch endears herself to Steptoe by offering to help him down & addressing him as “Pops”. Someone suggests that he could hear Shiggy calling & catching us up. Someone’s hearing needs testing as the “voice” is emanating from some late rising cockerel – I’m not sure what this says about Shiggy though.



Phallic or what?



Down we go

Ordure

Our hare points out little blue plastic bags deposited in the hedgerows. No, he has not found a novel way of marking the trail but are bags of dog sh*t left by “considerate” owners. Much better to deposit the deposits unbagged although best is to use the bin. The point is emphasised when we reach a new footpath where the notice has been carefully edited.



Succinct message

Last Rites

Our next landmark is Nicolle Tower & into the woods at Mont Ubé. Another old favourite this, but none the worse for that. On the way to Samarés Manor Ragsby gives the final respectful rites to a squashed crapaud & throws it into a nearby waste paper bin.



Sad sight

Manor

We ignore the no entry signs relating to Samarés & enjoy a tour of the grounds. The paths have been extended & there is now a jungle trail for children, which quite suits the hash very well. We even have a discussion on the nature of a certain fruit which we decide is a walnut. There are plenty of Mallards & even a couple of black swans to cheer us on our way to the check by the main road.

We cross the road & skirt the doomed & defunct glasshouses. It is possible that any new development will prevent us using this route but the thought is that children will still find a way through & surely we will follow. Plenty of talk as in “temps passé” these fields were covered with tomato plants which fed an export industry which is now dead. As we pass along Sefton Close a police dog is spotted in a house porch – but not to worry this one is not interested in other nor any thing else.



On guard

Final Fields

We cross the road & enter the fields behind “L’Industrie” where the new gym, despite local opposition, is to be constructed. This gives us a good opportunity to stretch out our legs which is particularly important as time is getting on & the pub is beckoning. On the road we see the welcome note “On home”. Some take the opportunity to cross the school playing field whilst others stick to the pavement. But either way there is no problem in finding the car park.

Pub Fare

The walkers are occupying some of the outside tables where we join them & enjoy the Liberation Ale which is on offer. Daisy Ann is making her first visit to the hash & poor Captain Poocock is wearing George Cross Crocs in support of an undeserving England football team. Once the chips & bread & butter have been served up we are ready to receive our RA.



First visit to the hash



Futile support

Down downs

Our RA is in despair as it seems that there have been no sinner on today’s run. He accuses us of getting too old & committing no indiscretions & Pussy adds no running either. She does know how to wound.

He is reduced to summoning Wendolene for impaired driving ability & for being unable to distinguish between entry & exit to the car park. In order to prevent further deterioration in her driving abilities she is presented with a glass not of vodka but of water.

Top Gun is rewarded for his football defensive abilities as reported in the JEP.

Smooth Operator is welcomed back but the sad news is that he will not be on the Bike Bash & the traditional ceremony of Aqualung’s knickers is at risk.



Triple Crown

Finally our hare, for providing us with an excellent run, has to summon his courage to down the pint of Mary Ann – poor thing.



Not Mary Ann, again

Rapidly Receding Hareline

NEXT RUN is No: 1098
DATE: 8th August 2010
VENUE: The Dolphin, Gorey
HARE: Tinky Winky



Future Delights

1099	15 August	Rampant Rabbit & Bedpan 2	Vic in the Valley	
1100	22 August			
1101	29 August			

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

Snotty Receptionist

An older gentleman had an appointment to see the urologist who shared offices with several other doctors. The waiting room was filled with patients. As he approached the receptionist's desk, he noticed that the receptionist was a large unfriendly woman who looked like a Sumo wrestler. He gave her his name.

In a very loud voice, the receptionist said, "YES, I HAVE YOUR NAME HERE; YOU WANT TO SEE THE DOCTOR ABOUT IMPOTENCE, RIGHT?"

All the patients in the waiting room snapped their heads around to look at the very embarrassed man. He recovered quickly, and in an equally loud voice replied, "NO, I'VE COME TO INQUIRE ABOUT A SEX CHANGE OPERATION, BUT I DON'T WANT THE SAME DOCTOR THAT DID YOURS."

The room erupted in applause!
DON'T MESS WITH OLD FOLKS.

Nag, nag, nag

An attorney arrived home late, after a very tough day trying to get a stay of execution. His last minute plea for clemency to the governor had failed and he was feeling worn out and depressed.

As soon as he walked through the door at home, his wife started on him - 'What time of night to be getting home is this? Where have you been? Dinner is cold and I'm not reheating it'. And on and on and on and on.

Too shattered to play his usual role in this familiar ritual, he poured himself a shot of whiskey and headed off for a long hot soak in the bathtub, pursued by the predictable sarcastic remarks as he dragged himself up the stairs.

While he was in the bath, the phone rang. The wife answered and was told that her husband's client, James Wright, had been granted a stay of execution after all & that Wright would not be hanged tonight.

Finally realizing what a terrible day he must have had, she decided to go up stairs and give him the good news.

As she opened the bathroom door, she was greeted by the sight of her husband, bent over naked, drying his legs and feet.

'They're not hanging Wright tonight,' she said.

He whirled around and screamed, 'FOR THE LOVE OF GOD WOMAN, DON'T YOU EVER STOP?!'