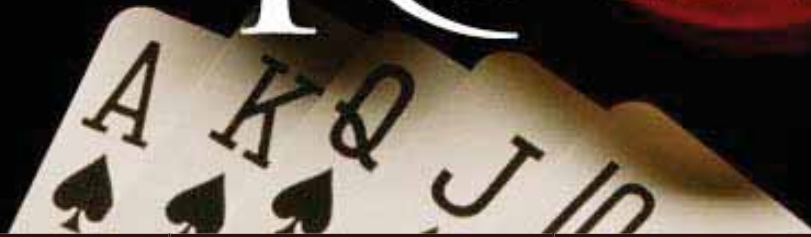


# CABARET ♠ ROYALE



## CRAPAUD HASH HOUSE HARRIERS FRENCH BIKE BASH 2012



**The cars**



**The women**



**The blokes**



**The action**



**SPECIAL EDITION  
COMMEMORATING OUR EPIC TRIP  
AROUND BRITTANY IN 80 MILES**



*The line up for the 2012 bike bash*

**It** could have been billed as the third Olympic Games; the first for the world's top athletes, followed by the Paralympics, and then the fun and games for Jersey's sporting alcoholics. There were several parallels. Just like the opening ceremony at the Olympics the bike bash weekend featured a cameo performance from James Bond and a special appearance by HRH Queen Elizabeth the Second. The production standards would have been envied by Danny Boyle, even the ferry left on time. And the weather was perfect – sunshine and blue skies throughout but always a breeze to take the edge off the heat.

**Booze Cruise**

But even cloudless skies can have a grey lining. Cooperman failed to arrive and Frisco turned up without his passport. Somehow he blagged his way on to the boat and we set sail with a hash crew of thirty-six. The harriettes gave the bike bash its traditional launch with a bottle of champers. Frisco offered Easy Rider a beer but he turned it down on the basis that he didn't want to dilute the one he already had. Illegal and Gigolo were armed with long cylindrical cooler bags containing six cans of beer. Whinger was asked if she wanted a drink and replied: "Ooh no, it's far too early for red wine. I'll have a gin and tonic instead." Tinky Winky slaked his thirst with a miniature bottle of Baileys.

**P2.**



*Bubbly blondes*



*Sackcloth and Hashers*



*Monsieur James Bond*

Others adopted different approaches to enter the spirit of the event. Klingon warmed to the 'Jersey Royals' theme by wearing a neatly pressed potato sack.



*Gigolo's six pack!*

Once the ferry arrived in St Malo we quickly disembarked and found James Bond, heavily disguised as a Breton, along with his van, which luckily had a lot more carrying capacity

than an Aston Martin DB5 and he was able to relieve us of our back packs and transport them to our hotel. Thus unencumbered we set off past the Intra-Muras and headed

East. As we got underway it was clear that few of us has passed our cycling proficiency tests. French motorists had no problem passing us in single file and they seemed to cope with two-abreast, but they definitely got the hump when we made it a menage a trois as when Rampant Rabbit gaily cycled on the wrong side of the road oblivious to the car behind.

## Mange tout

But we made good time and reached our lunch stop at St Meloir des Ondes by 1pm. The hares told us we were free to make use of a wide range of eating establishments including a pizzeria, a sandwich parlour and several grill bars, though some chose a purely liquid lunch. It was here that Bedpan damaged her vulva, tearing the membrane - sorry, I think I meant vuvuzuela. But she managed to patch it up with some cling-film - the musical instrument, I mean.

## Déjà vu for Steptoe

Fully refreshed we free-wheeled down the hill to the coast road the skirts the bay between Cancale and Mt St Michel. However we turned right at Hirel and ominously for Steptoe headed for the rocky outcrop upon which sits the village of Mont Dol. It was where our veteran hasher had had a memorable contretemps



*First re-group on the road to St Meloir des Ondes*

on a previous bike bash, except that Steptoe doesn't remember much about it, having parted company with his bike and head-butted a granite wall. Luckily he was so well anaesthetised with alcohol he didn't feel a thing - well not at least until he woke up with a headache in hospital.

## Pervey the deviant

Our hares weren't interested in sparing Steptoe's feelings and we duly had a drinks stop at the bar on top of the crag. Leaving Mont Dol we had the unexpected sight of 35 bikes heading one way and Pervey doing the opposite. We didn't see him again until we reached our destination. He later explained he'd left his backpack behind. While Hash Scribe had taken the high road the rest of us ventured on to the French equivalent of the Dutch

polders and 'La Voie Verte' a dedicated cycle track which took us most of the way to one of our hotels, the Quatre Salines. This was the one with the bar. The unlucky thirteen - well they would have been if Cooperman had bothered to turn up - had to make do with the Domaine du Mont, an apartment hotel, about ten minutes walk away but which did have the advantage of an indoor pool. We all dined at

the former establishment and then retired to the big room below for fun and games, including Gigolo's version of 'Greek Statues.' Muffdiver, Pervey and Full Monte were the victims for some minor indiscretion and were forced to adopt a pose and then remain motionless while their clothing was subtly re-arranged. Frisco was awarded the first down of the weekend for his failure to bring a passport.



*Supper at Salty Towers*



*Getting shit-faced?*



*First down down*



*Battle of the bulges P3*



*Trick cyclists*



*Queens of the Mountain?*



*Nobby's nuts?*



*Queer choir*



*Who needs Freddie Mercury?*



*Vuvuzuela Viv*



*What a fag!*



*Multiple arrows*



**P4** *The Cowell triplets*



*Virgin bike-bashers*



*Moulin Rouge*



*We are not amused*



*Mrs Potato Head*



*Alice in Blunderland?*



*Patriotic pair*



*King Street*



*Bottoms Up*



*Eye-ful Tower?*



*Can*

*Can't*

*Can't*

*Can*



*Tinky gets a grip*



*What a knees up!*

we'd all received welcome bags with the Bike Bash T-shirts. Also included were warnings on how to defer to the Queen when we met her on the Saturday evening. We'd also been told we were to become members of the Order of the Garter, the highest honour the Queen could bestow upon us. Just before we set off on the Bike Bash we were given our garters, which were either pink, white or blue. The first leg took us to St Broladre, the only place in the universe, other than St Brelade, named after the same patron saint, and a bar called Le Refuge.

**Garter martyrs**

On arrival SOS and Big Sue decided to strip off and switch their T-shirts round, inviting hashers to park their bikes at the front entrance. After refreshments everyone with a pink garter was required to sing a tribute to the Queen with rendition of a song written by her – or was it the band of the same name? The other colours had to wait their turn at the various drinks stops. Our worst fears were realised the trail was taking us up the steep hill by the church.

**Over the hill?**

Several attempted on their bikes, but a few did succeed, Ballcock and Wendolene amongst them, plus Frisco, who had the nerve to ask to be told when the hill had started. Wet Patch was one of those who tried and failed. Why had she done it? "I was told I'd be well shagged if I reached the top."



*I think I swallowed the cork*

The trail was virtually traffic-free as it wended its way round picturesque farms and hamlets. As we approached our lunch venue Gigolo and Illegal decided to go on ahead to get the drinks ready for our arrival. Sadly we got to The Télégraphe restaurant long before them as they got hopelessly lost. They eventually turned up to a chorus of 'Lost in France' and earned a down down for their trouble. Slapper was also punished for wearing her hat while the GM



*James Bond incognito*



*The King and I*

was speaking and he in turn was a victim of the Golden Peg. The five Bike Bash virgins took their reward on their knees – Slapper, Full Monte, Commando, The Freak and Clive. And there was also a re-naming for Frisco who was called Petite Nob after a string of misdemeanours, Nobby for short. Bedpan also got a new handle – err, she became Vulva Viv. Very vulgar. The white garter choir then sang their

Queen number, 'Bicycle, bicycle', which was judged by Simon Cowell and his twin brothers. From the Télégraphe it was onwards and downwards to a bar in St George. Gigolo and Illegal sped off early and this time they were waiting for us. However there was another vanishing trick – this time Plonker and Fuzz disappeared. The blue garter squad belted out 'Another one bites the dust' – appropriate really as that's what happened to one of the bar's chairs when it collapsed under Easy Rider.

**Royal reception**

Then it was a short sprint back to the hotels and a bit of R&R before the coach arrived to take us to the ball. Except that it never did arrive. Those in the Domaine du Baie simply had to walk across the road to the promised cabaret venue, the rest had a long march in full regalia as passing French motorists looked on in awe. There were some amazing sights. Tinky and Illegal were



*We three kings ...*



***Ragsby in raptures?***

as exotic as ever. Ballcock's couture version of King Street was brilliant and Commando was king of the crops ... of the Jersey Royals. All of which were received by the Queen with a quiet dignity as we entered the nightclub. To tell the truth she wasn't very animated at all and her smile was a bit stiff but perhaps she'd had a preview of the cabaret. It was a bit risque for the Royal family – Prince Harry excluded.

**Boys will be girls**

We sat down at two long centre-tables with a few French punters in the wings and prepared to enjoy the show. The cabaret featured two scantily-clad young dancers and a more mature layd'ee. Ragsby



***Candlelit Klingon***

Foxy will be visiting Specsavers soon after insisting through most of the show that the star turn was in fact a woman. Some of us – no names but study the above photos carefully - managed to get close enough to find the truth. A banquet fit for kings – and queens - was served between the various cabaret acts.

**Those who can can**

Even the comedy turn went down well, despite none of us understanding a word. Freaky and Gigolo got on stage to showed the Harriettes how the can can should be done – well, that's what they thought. The dancing and drinking went on well into the night long after the artistes had bid their farewells.



***Muffdiver tickled***



***Freaky comes out?***



***The name game: Freaky, Slapper & Full Monte***

The next morning there were plenty of sore heads, not to mention sore arses but we gamely saddled up and headed back towards St Malo. After a drinks stop in St Benoit des Ondes we trundled into the ferry port, parked our bikes and

headed for the traditional bike bash end of party venue, the St Ponton. James Bond was there to meet us and we sat down to another excellent meal, before heading out on to the decking for the final fun and games to mark the end of what had been a truly memorable bike bash.



***Dancing in the aisles***



***It was a bloke, I tell you.***



***Commando call***

First we had to contend with the rather unedifying spectacle of our new GM's version of the ritual exchange of Aqualung's knickers. With Shiggy and Smooth Operator both absent we had to make do with Tinky and Big Sue instead. Somehow, it is alleged, they managed to swap underwear at the cabaret evening and decided they would return the skimpiers at the St Ponton. Tinky dutifully exposed himself but Big Sue had the sense to wear a smaller pair of knickers under the bloomers that the GM had entrusted to her.

forgotten the precise nature of their sins, but Commando, Ragsby, Klingon and Muffdiver were among those arraigned, oh and Frisco, now Petite Nob, for at least the third time during the weekend.

### Name-calling

The GM also bestowed new names on three members of the company. Mark became Le Freak, though I think he'll answer to Freaky – something to do with the tattoos on his knees, apparently the result of a mid-life crisis. Caroline became Slapper because she'd shamefully smacked our GM on her very first run. Her husband became the Full Monty, although I don't remember him exposing himself, though they do have a big dog named after the desert rat. With ceremonial nonsense all completed we headed off to



### Parking space?

our bikes, said our farewells to James Bond for his sterling service and boarded the ferry for home. According to someboy's sat-nav we'd ridden at least 80 miles in our three day jaunt around Brittany, consumed an awful lot of beer



### Knickers to you?

and put the royal seal on yet another Crapaud adventure. Already thoughts are wandering to next year's event. It's bound to be a Dutch treat!

### Crime & Punishment

While it hadn't event threatened to rain on the trip there was plenty of water in evidence as the down downs were awarded. Buckets of the stuff rained down on the hapless law-breakers as they awaited their

### On On

### A PERSONAL MESSAGE FROM HM THE QUEEN



I wanted to tell one's loyal subjects just how much one enjoyed oneself at the Crapaud Bike Bash. One would also like to add that there are further exciting events to come.

**October 27<sup>th</sup>, 2012**  
Halloween Run. We'll all be in the dark again for Gigolo's ghostly goings-on

**December 9<sup>th</sup>, 2012**  
The Xmas Party run, hared by Pussy and ET. More details to follow.



*The sinners have a moment to reflect and repent before being chastised*



*James Bond and the hares receive their down downs, shaken not stirred*