



CRAPAUD

CHRISTMAS CHRONICLE



11th December 2016

The official organ of the Crapaud Hash House Harriers

Run Number 1428

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For latest updates, news and all the gossip see: www.crapaud.org

On and On

The miracle on Pier Road





Foiled again



Swan vestments

A bright orange star shone in the east. It wasn't a heavenly sight. Despite that many followed its course. Including a French Hen clucking right behind him. There were also Maids-a-milking (and several that didn't) and cattle lowing (well, a cow, a Friesian, despite the fact it wasn't that cold), Lords-a-leaping (and Ladies), Drummers drumming and Swans-a-swimming. Didn't see many plumbers plumbing (or was it piping?), nor any geese-a-laying. Nor were there many shepherds and there was a distinct shortage of wise men, although there were some gifts, like Gold in the form of five gold rings, but no Frankincense or Olly Myrrhs. There was a Turtle Diva, far too many Partridges in Pear Trees, but I'm not sure about Calling Birds. There was also a giant cracker which doesn't seem to fit into either the nativity story or the 12 days of Christmas.

We had been summoned by two angels (aka nurses) to witness a virgin birth, that of the

Wacky walkers



Hare apparent



Someone's come between us



We're just good friends



It's been a bit of a cock-up



Turtle Power

Lord of the Ring?



Robotic dancers?

son of Our Lard, the saviour of the Hash. It took place in that barn of a car park at Pier Road. Apparently we couldn't find a suitable Inn. Very cold and draughty it was and nor was there a crib for a bed, in fact there was bugar all in the way of creature comforts. However our nurses, who didn't say a lot, produced a birthing chair and made Our Lard sit upon it before covering him in swaddling clothes (what's called a blanket in modern-day terminology). Labour was induced with much pushing and heaving before ... Hallelujah ... a baby was born. A black baby. How very diverse. Should have been a girl though. In fact why not the full English breakfast, LB,G,T,Q,V (Vegan)?

We rejoiced and headed for town where we were assured there would be many inns where we could anoint the baby's head. Down Pier Road we ran and into the Arctic Village where we planned to celebrate the virgin birth in style. Okay, bit of a hiccup in the party planning – there was lots of noise but precious little style. Still that didn't



Maid for each other?



Just as well we weren't in fancy dress!



Pair of partridges?



Skirt lifter?

Snowball fight?



Having a snowball



All aboard

stop us having lots of fun including a snow fight in a big plastic bubble. Gigolo – sporting the most down-key Christmas costume he has ever worn – even danced with a friendly little Christmas tree. We were in danger of our-staying our welcome until the Red Baron – or, after this, the Orange Baron - was thrown out for frightening the children. Then of course he peeled down his face mask and really traumatised them. So we took off in a hurry and legged it to the bus station where we caught the char-a-banc to St Aubin, although we got off at Coronation Park.

We did our best to terrify some more children, but lots of cars also honked at us in sympathy. Lord Poocock told us of the difficulties he and his wife had getting attired for the day ahead. “Can’t get the servants, you know. Had the devil of a job getting Lady Hooker’s chastity belt on,” he said. “And it’s bloody uncomfortable to wear, I can tell you.” By now throats were getting a little dry but drinks stops didn’t seem to be on the agenda. We snuck on



Game birds?



Move along the bus, please



Hash tug of war



I've forgotten the baby!



Tinky in labour

to an open space behind Bel Royal School and though at last our prayers would be answered but after a brief hiatus we were told to get running again.

Through La Providence we went and by various routes we converged on the Goose. Very thematic. And, lo and behold, the miracle of miracles, there was room at the inn and what's more they let us in. Hallelujah, did we wet the baby's head? There were several old friends there including Shiggy and Taxi who had intended to be with us but were undone by emergency grandchild maintenance problems. Eventually the hares, whoever they were by now, dragged us out. Muffdiver had been one of the originals to blame but he cried off sick at last minute, rather spoiling the GROG's attempt to turn up as the Five Gold Rings. Four just doesn't cut it. The man flu also prevented Muffdiver from laying the trail and what with Twin Peak's bad back (what a pair of hypochondriacs) poor old Vital Statistix



Heart on the sleeve?



Monumental mistake?



Band aid



Eloping couple?



Hen party?



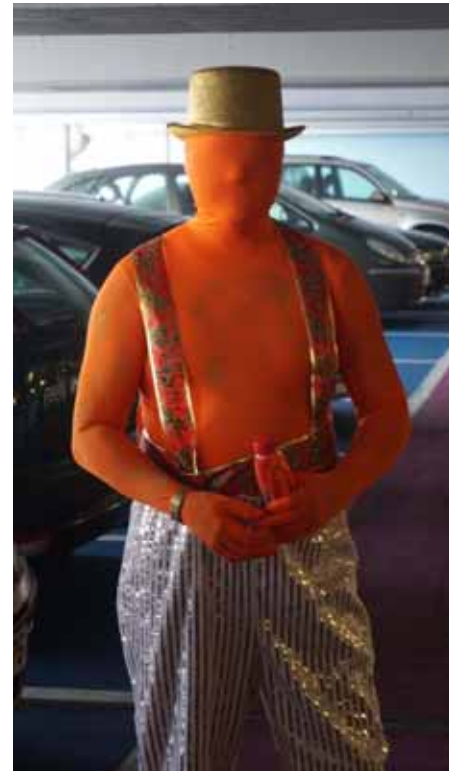
Allez poulet!



Bus pass party

was called in to do the hard work – which might explain why the run fell apart at this point, with a contingent heading for St Aubin on the coast road, the rest taking to the hills via various feudal estates. But we all eventually found our way to the party On Down, the Old Courthouse. Hallelujah.

After a few restorative drinks we got stuck into assembling paper garlands and stringing them across the restaurant. Pervey absconded at this point, apparently he had far more important event to attend – a pétanque match: to my knowledge the first time the game has been played in full fancy dress. Shiggy then led a bout of community singing including a rendition of the ‘Twelve Days of Christmas’, accompanied by our two drummers drumming. After all the excellent food and entertainment the Down Downs were awarded. The Orange Baron was first up for being ejected from the Arctic Village. He couldn’t finish his down down so Hooker was called upon to do it for him. Fancy-dress prizes were awarded to the Lords-a-leaping (Molehills and Captain Poocock), plus the truly brilliant Mime



Last Tango in Pier Road

Traffic cop

Cow drinks milk? Milkmaid drinks malt?



The party begins to take its toll?



Quiet before the storm?

Nurses (apparently Crappyoke and Pussy, although only the former was able to attend the do). Jacko got a down down for going off trail and ending up on the beach. Although another interpretation was that he'd been rewarded for participating in more hashes than anybody else this year. ET had an orgasmic sneezing fit during the proceedings. Birthday down downs were awarded to Wendolene, Foxy, Cheryl the Peril and Hash Bear. The latter, who has clearly been drinking too many Singapore Slings and can no longer handle the volume, couldn't finish his down down and Hooker again came to the rescue. Her Ladyship described her fellow hashers who'd failed to perform as the "Woosies."



Monocular vision?



High jinks

The hares were congratulated for their splendid efforts, especially in the light of all the vexations they'd suffered. Twin Peaks and Vital Statistix were summonsed along with the surrogate hares, Lord Poocock and his aide-de-camp, Steptoe. Twin Peaks also organised the Xmas Raffle with no less than 12 prizes. Commando won the top prize – didn't she win the football scratch card prize recently. I smell 'fix'. The dancing and drinking continued (along with some excellent live music with a chanteuse and her guitar) until the early evening, though the sensible ones had started drifting away before then. All in all, a great time was had by all.

On on



Frisco's had a nose job



Two little drummer girls



Chain reaction



Community singing



Crapauds bankrupted by an excess of down downs?

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The funeral took place today of Mr Spenser P Dobson, a famous compiler of crossword puzzles. After a short service he was buried six down and three across.

States of Jersey Police today announced they wished to interview a man wearing high heels and frilly knickers, but the Chief Officer, Mike Bowron, insisted that his officers wear their normal uniforms.

I went to watch the worst faith-healer I've ever seen last night. He was so bad a bloke in a wheelchair got up and walked out.

I have only one word for women who look at me like I'm a sex object. Hi.

Someone ripped off the pages from both ends of my dictionary. It goes from bad to worse.

A fleeing Taliban terrorist, desperate for water, was plodding through the Afghan desert when he saw something in the distance. Hoping to find water, he hurried toward the mirage, only to find a very frail little old Jewish man standing at a small makeshift display-rack-selling ties."

The Taliban asked, "Do you have water?" The Jewish man replied, "I have no water, but would you like to buy a tie? They are only \$5."

The Taliban shouted hysterically, "Idiot Infidel! I do not need your over-priced western adornment - I spit on your ties. I need water!" "Sorry, I have none - just ties - pure silk - and only \$5."

"Pahh! A curse on your ties, I should wrap one around your scrawny little neck and choke the life out of you, but I must conserve my energy and find water!"

"Okay," said the little old Jewish man, "it does not matter that you do not want to buy a tie from me or that you hate me, threaten my life and call me infidel. I will show you that I am bigger than any

of that. If you continue over that hill to the east for about two miles, you will find a restaurant. It has the finest food and all the ice-cold water you need... go in peace!" Cursing him again, the desperate Taliban staggered away over the hill. Several hours later, he crawled back, almost dead and gasped, "They won't let me in without a tie!

What happens when the Pope dies? Another one popes up

Fidel Castro was a cigar-smoking, repressive leader, who hated free speech and a free press. Donald Trump, by comparison, doesn't smoke.

A hunter kills a deer and takes it home to cook for dinner. Both he and his wife decide they won't tell the kids what kind of meat it is, but will give them a clue and let them guess. The kids were eager to know and begged for a clue. "Well," the father said, "it's what mummy calls me sometimes." The little girl whispers to her brother, "Don't eat it. It's an arsehole."

Ironically, if you voted for the Green Party you've just wasted a piece of paper.

I keep telling my kids to stay in school but they keep coming home

RAPIDLY RECEDING HARELINE



Run no: 1430

Date: December 26th

Hares: Untrimmed Bush

On Down: TBA, but note there will be an 11am start

Run no: 1431

Date: January 2nd

Hares: Steptoe's birthday run

On Down: Shiraz Lodge, Belvedere Hill, near the Merton. Another 11am start