



8th April 2018

Run No. 1497

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Crapaud Chronicle



Damp but Delightful

Absentees

A birdie with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window-sill,
Cocked his shining eye and said:
“Ain’t you ‘shamed, you sleepy-head?”

Our valiant leader, Tinky Winky, must have wished that a bird such as this had roused him from his slumbers. A phone call whilst driving to Les Quennevais alerted me to the fact that our GM had been unable to rise early enough to get to the hash.

Other notable absentees are Illegal Immigrant who had fractured his ankle whilst descending (very rapidly!) the stairs at his son’s abode, as well as Pervey who was at Wembley to watch his beloved Lincoln City FC beat the daylights out of Shrewsbury 1 – 0 in the EFL (Checktrade) Trophy final.

No need to worry as all dues were properly collected & accounted for. Despite the constant light rain some 20 or so hardy hashers turned out & our Hares, Wendolene & Double Top, sent us happily on our way.



A dead end run?

Dunes?

We set off at a rapid pace heading for Creepy Valley but turn right, eschew the Adventure Centre & head for Les Ormes Golf & Leisure Village.



Happy in the rain!



Wait for us

Inland

After Jacko checks out the worth of a for sale car, instead of heading west we take the footpath past the Airport Social Club & find ourselves on La Route des Quennevais but not for long. Although the FRBs forge ahead the canner hashers find the trail that has been laid through Le Clos Saut Falluet.



Can he afford it?

Virginal?

After a little more road we enter the familiar territory of Le Chemin des Bruleries & meet up with some equines on a quiet Sunday walk. This diversion does not delay us for too long & the leading group are well ahead when called back to cross some fields. I suspect that this could be virgin territory as I have no recollection of hashing them previously.



Well met

Not only could this be virgin land but it could also be considered dangerous as legs were lifted over or the bodies slid under the many electric fences. Luckily we found, unlike on another recent hash, that the power had been turned off.



Hazardous!

We end up on a farm track & Ballcock, true to form, leaves this to explore the adjacent valley. Praise be to the Lord! as, for once, Ballcock has found the trail & is soon disappearing from sight. The pack are amazed to be called back to follow what they reckon must be a false trail.



Spot the hasher



Tough, this hashing

Once we reach the top of the opposite slope Bags-of-It paused to see what the weather has done to his crowning glory – not a lot, I'd say.



This rain is really messing up my hair style

Railway Walk

Some more fields & eventually a wooded slope brings us down to the civilised territory of the Railway Walk. However, it appears that “The Green Man” has revived for the oncoming spring & is spotted amongst the saplings.



The Green Man of the woods



Another Green Man

It transpires that Jacko has soon put off his new persona & re-joins the Hash as an almost normal being. It can't be long we are back to the Clubhouse but our hares have other thoughts & make sure that we take the long way round Les Quennevais Playing Fields



Take three girls



First difficult steps in cycling

Clubhouse

After changing our damp apparel we are presented with a lavish spread in the clubhouse This is indeed compensation for there being no decent ale available. Tinky Winky eventually

makes an appearance having roused himself from his slumbers. He is warmly welcomed, particularly as he has brought the latest edition of the Chronicle. All, of course, realise that punishment will be visited upon our leader shortly.

Punishments

Molehills takes centre stage as acting RA & tells us in a long & rambling discourse of the sad demise, in Liverpool, of Tinky Winky – apparently a victim of the demon drink. Clearly fake news & as his unplanned slumber was not terminal TW doubly deserved the pint of John Smith’s Smooth – poor soul.



Sleepy head

That might wake him up



Our hares have different ways of “enjoying” their halves. Double Top made a fair job of getting hers down but Wendolene, as usual, struggles with her down down. This was a shame as our hares had done an excellent job of creating a varied trail on a dreary day. Well done Harriettes!

Rapidly Receding Hareline

*Run 1499 on 22nd April, 10.00am start
HARE: Software VENUE: A Surprise!*

*Run 1500 on 29th April, 10.00am start
Hare: Lady Trotsky Venue: TBA*



Last rites



HASH Ha Ha

Cosmetic Surgery

A cosmetic surgeon was sitting in his consulting room chatting to a friend when a beautiful woman walked in, kissed the surgeon and said: “Thank you so much for everything you have done for me. I felt ugly before, but now you have turned me into a princess.” When the gorgeous lady left the room, the friend asked: “Wow, who was that? You’ve certainly done a good job on her.” The surgeon replied: “Oh, that was my mother.” And they continued their conversation.

A few minutes later, another beautiful lady walked into the room. Even more stunning than the first, she, too, kissed the surgeon and said: “Thank you so much. You have made me look twenty years younger. The facelift and liposuction have done wonders for me.” As she left, the friend exclaimed: “Wow, she looks like a supermodel! Who was she?” “Oh,” replied the surgeon nonchalantly, “that was my wife.” And they carried on with their conversation.

A few minutes later, a third beautiful woman walked in, this one even more gorgeous than the other two. She had a perfect body with breasts to die for. She walked over to the surgeon, slapped him hard around the face and yelled: “You b.stard! Look what you have done to my body! You’ve ruined my life!” As the woman stormed out, the friend looked at the surgeon in bewilderment.

The surgeon shook his head sadly and said: “Let’s not talk about it. That was my father.”