



CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

FREE

(Plus GST
at 5%)

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The official organism of the Crapaud Hash House Harriers

Run Number 1500

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On & On x 1,500!

1,500 Runs & Not Out!

It was a momentous Occasion, with the Crapaud's achieving 1,500 Runs – or nearly, whether previous Jolly weekends were assigned numbers or letters. Our GM is still trying to work it out, but who cares now? To celebrate this 10,000th milestone - likely to be 10K miles if you are still an FRB, like Ballcock, or maybe have been a FRB, like Steptoe, going up all those bloody dead-ends - we had pulled out all the stops laying on a Virgin Hare. Yes, Lady Trotsky had finally laid a Trail. Our very own Double Agent had finally crossed over to Run with the Crapaud's - not just during summer when Mother-Hash go Monday Mad - but even before the clocks went forward Lady Trotsky was gracing us with her presence. Maybe she was a Mother-Hash plant spying on our secret fun? Maybe Putin himself had planted her to unmask on all those Ruski Oligarchs hiding their wealth in our Isle? Up a dead-end with the Crapaud's - except for Bagsofit of course, but he was not Trotsking this weekend. Maybe there was some dodgy business going on, seeing a few had wrapped themselves in Russian rugs to fend off the chilly breeze? Or maybe this was defence against a mild dose of the Russian nerve agent Lady Trotski? They seemed to survive, even after Trotski opened her palms and some dust fell out. The Pack was rather depleted with GROGS away sniffing the Offa emanating from the Dyke between Wales and England. Mind you they came off a lot worse than the Pack this weekend, what with Pervey getting crushed by the Dyke suffering a collapsed lung and broken rib (that's all he was prepared to confess) and Muff Diver losing his toenails left, right & centre. Eventually Troski explained this Run was laid in Red Chalk (suspicious Russian influence, methinks) and pointed north. A classic double agent foil, because Trail led to south then onto La Pulente slip and the beach. Virgin Hare, Virgin Territory! The FRB's moaned about a lack of markings, despite being on the beach, but it was a long, long Trail as you will find out from this Picture-Book exclusive report. It seems Crapaud's now enjoy viewing pics rather than reading, so do get your Specks On & Enjoy!



1) Defence against Double Agents secret weapon: Wrap yourself in Russian Rug and hope you don't get infected by any suspicious substances. Looks like they inhaled a Nerve Agent?



2) Blast from the Past: What a surprise to see Nelson encounter us at the On-Off! Dale looked as young as he was 15 plus years ago when he was Hash Rev. Bloody Hell, what's his Secret Agent?



3) How she beguiled us: Double Agent in full flow. "Look at my hands, clean. No silly Novichock surprises. Let me blow some dust your Way then we are off on Trail"



4) Nearly Legless: Showing off 1,500 Legs, Steptoe had stripped down to nearly his bare essentials displaying an antique pair of Trotters, err sorry, Socks. No Beer is sight, though!



5) Beer Spring: Meanwhile Gigolo was relieving himself from copious amounts of John Smith's he downed last night. It was Running everywhere. He also appears to have had a Bad Hair day?



6) The Trail: Led us onto the Beach, but petered out across the sand. The FRB's moaned they did not know where to Run, not that unusual. "Follow me" said Trotsky.



7) Getting Confused: From La Braye slip the Pack picked up the Trail again, suddenly finding themselves surrounded by signs some Hashing related, others more serious. Which route do we follow? Surely not the Spartan Triathlon route, or maybe we do?



8) Into the Dunes: After some confusion about which way to Run the Pack found more Hashing related marks leading across the Dunes towards La Moye. After a brief rest the FRB's sped off again, chased by their dogs. Elvis chasing Colonel Tom and another mini-doggie (I forget it's name) chasing Red Baron



9) Walkers Crossed Path: The Pack happened across the Walkers, but it seemed some were missing. Where were Tinky Winky & Molehills. Twin Peaks suggested they had got lost, which was true. Having sneakily taken what they thought was a short-cut they wound up in a Dead-End!



10) Hash Posueur: What a show-off! From dribbling down the Slip to posing beside Triathletes Race Signs. It should really read “*Caution Gigolo Racing Here*” or better “*Caution Gigolo Farts*”.



11) Dead End: More confusion about which way to go. The signs appear to indicate a False Trail up a Dead End, from where the only way is Back? Has our Hare tricked us? Do we have to Loop Back? If so, to where do we Run?



12) Stretching Onward: Some were not so confused, stretching their long legs up the Railway Walk. Or was it going down the Railway Walk? Lets not worry about which direction!



13) Even More Confusing Marks: By now the Pack were wondering if they were really doing the Triathlete’s route, because having looped around La Moye onto Railway Walk they were heading for Corbiere. Will this 1,500 Run finish us worried the Pack?



14) Front Running Racers: Just to prove there is some fitness and youth left in our Club the FRB’s decided to race each other along the Railway Walk. It seems Muff-Diver’s daughter has taken her stride from her Dad, maybe even taken his toenails as well, but I have never seen Muff-Diver perform the levitation trick it is apparent she has perfected. Not just On-On, but On-Up!



15) Twenty-One Pretender: Meanwhile thoughts of when he was young sprung is Steptoe’s mind, reliving his yester-years that actually were a very long time ago. Maybe he came across a young Girl raising his tackle?



Is He Guilty?



Tossing the Dregs



Sipping Hare's Reward

Eventually the Pack arrived back, rather late, at La Pulente Pub: Skywalker came in first a long way ahead of the other FRB's. It took another 15 minutes for rest of the Pack to materialise, following which we enjoyed copious amounts of tasty sawn-off bangers and chips before the **Down-Downs commenced**: Gigolo revealed that Skywalker had Run through all the Checks, On-Backs and even the Triathletes 'U' turn, for which he got a well-deserved Down-Down pint of water. Most of it got thrown over Gigolo. Our Grand-Master announced the sad news that Dave Gardner (Old Peculiar) had died, he was a former Crapaud GM (Runs 50-100) and the only person to have been GM of both Jersey H3 & Crapaud H3 and a minutes silence was held in his honour. Tinky confirmed, contrary to press reports, he was not dead but his namesake who starred in the Teletubbies TV shows had unfortunately frozen to death, then announcing a Hare appeal as we are about to Run out, with Ballcock and Twin Peak kindly volunteering. Finally it was Lady Trotski's turn to be congratulated for a well-laid Trail, assisted by Twin Peaks. Troski needs Down-Down practice, daintily sipping her half-pint very, very slowly - so slow Twin Peaks assisted downing the dregs. **On On**



Downing the Dregs



RIP Tinky Winky

Old Peculiars Funeral



Tuesday 8th May, 12.00 midday
at the Crematorium.
Donations to Jersey Stroke Association
**Please attend and honour a
former Crapaud Grand-
Master**

RAPIDLY RECEDING HARELINE



Run no: 1502
Date: May 13th
Hare: Twin Peaks
On Down: TBA

Run no: 1503
Date: May 20th
Hare: Ballcock
On Down: TBA

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Barman says to Molehills "Your glass is empty, fancy another one?" Looking puzzled, Molehills replied "Why on earth would I want two empty glasses?"

Hash Bear is driving over a bridge and spots his ex-girlfriend about to jump. "What the hell are you doing" ...? says Hash Bear. The girl looks round in tears and says "You got me pregnant and left me so now I'm gonna kill myself" "Good" replied Bear "you are not only great in bed, but a bloody good sport as well".

There were two fish sitting in a tank. With a puzzled look on his face, one fish turned to the other and asked: "Any idea on how to drive this thing?"