



CRAPAUD NEWS

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Run Number 986

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Archirondel Towering Success!

The Gathering

Another bright sunny morning, slightly cloudy but nice and warm. The assembly point is the car park north of Archirondel. An excellent turnout given that it is Father's Day and all dads will, of course, be having lie-in's and being cosseted by their offspring. Yeah, right! The hares, call the pack to disorder and announce that the trail is laid in "posh" sawdust and chalk. We will come to realize what posh sawdust is later. There are a couple of visitors brought along by <> this morning arriving a bit late. However, much to our surprise the GM is present and not late.

On the up

With a little hesitation the pack sets off up Mont des Landes. This is a bit of a sudden start for many of the hashers, however, half way up the hill we are guided off the road and onto a cotil full of bindweed, which is a bit slippery for some of the pack. At the top there is a great view and Crappyoke calls the pack on back because they have gone up the wring side of a hedge. Boos all round. From here there is a little uncertainty since the sawdust approximates to the colour of earth. We wait for a lead from the hares, who duly oblige.

Over the hill?

Following the guidance we set off down the hill. At the bottom there is an arrow and we follow round but wait, there is a fork in the road. Some careless picnicker, no doubt. The pack waits for some steer, complaining that the trail has gone dead. The hare kindly informs us that we 'obviously haven't see the double arrows'. So we hang back and wait for the others to catch up. The two visitors, unaware of the outcome, are suckered into taking the lead. Ha, ha! Sure enough at the bottom of the hill there is the trap in sexist format of '6 men'. We suggest that if the sign had been '6 harriettes with 'D' cups', there would have been protestations.

Well, you wood

St Catherine's woods beckon. We slip down a pathway, past a pair of red wellies and into the wood. Plonker's girls immediately take to the water and begin the splashing process. We all have to run the gauntlet. Further on Capn Poocock finds the children's swings and does his impression of Tarzan. Hooker keeps her distance. Another water crossing and the girls are back on the case. There a queue waiting to cross. Rentabed finds a work around to avoid the soaking. We pass a few walkers as we head up the valley to the next check.

All the way to Fliquet

We head up the narrow path which has become somewhat overgrown with the wet spring. Ragsby warns his troupe to take special care when insulting the RA, lest the normal punishment kicks in. The trial leads down to Fliquet and some of the FRB's miss the trail (what trail?) and carry on to the bottom. The coastal footpath was washed away during the winter and an alternative course is posted through a field which leads further up the bay than the normal route and it brings us to a barbeque area settled by families having Sunday lunch. The coastal path is rejoined and we run around the harbour wall and past the lifeboat station back to Archirondel. A very pleasant end to a good well timed run.

Down Downs

The on-downs are sited just below the tower in the bay. A picnic has been arranged and there a find display of delicacies, crisps, lager and beer. We all relax in the sun sipping on our cans and await the RA's punishments. Gigolo turns up with his entourage and sorts out the hareline. The GM announces the announcements remind us of the Bike Bash and of course the 1000th. Then the RA hands out the punishments. Unfortunately our visitors have pissed off early (were they forewarned?) and so it is straight

into the main sinners. Capn Poocock and Please Insert are punished for operating too much spin. Nelson is punished by the GM for something to do with a half marathon. Nicole for taking exams and And of course the hares



RA punish thyself!

RAPIDLY RECEDING HARELINE

29 June	The Goose	Hooker & Capt Poocock
6 July	Les Charriers, St Peter	Gigolo
13 July	TBA	ET & Miracle Grow
20 July	TBA	Beep-Beep

Hash Announcements

1000th Run.
Reserve your place before the end of June to get the Best rates!!

The French Bike Bash is upon us again. Get your name down with Tinki Winki to reserve a place.
Details of costs – watch this space!

REMEMBER 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 Tinky to pay for your food, no late fine for those who did not run or walk.

Hashers that 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.

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Joke Time

A man walks into a pharmacy and wanders up and down the aisles. The sales girl notices him and asks him if she can help him. He answers that he is looking for a box of tampons for his wife. She directs him down the correct aisle. A few minutes later he deposits a huge bag of cotton balls and a ball of string on the counter. She says confused "Sir, I thought you were looking for some tampons for your wife?" HE answers, " You see, it's like this, yesterday I sent my wife to the store for a carton of cigarettes and she came back with a tin of tobacco and some rolling papers, cause it's " sooooooo much cheaper ". So I figure if I have to roll my own...so does she.

A group of workers were standing around the office. The main discussion was Bill. Bill was an upbeat guy, always replying to any situation "It could have been worse". They came up with a brilliant idea. They were to think of a situation so bad even Bill can't find the better side of it.

The next day Bill was approached by his colleagues. One of them started describing the plot. It started out with "Hey Bill, did you hear about Frank".

Bill, not knowing what was going on replied no. Another worker continued. "When he got home last night he caught his wife in bed with another man. He went to his closet, grabbed his shotgun, shot his wife, shot the man, then turned the gun on himself, now they're all dead.

Bill smiled and replied "It could have been worse".

One of the workers piped up "How could it be worse"?

Bill said "Two nights earlier and I'd be dead!"

