



Crapaud Chronicle

20th December 2009

Run No. 1065

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Christmas Cracker

Chilly Outlook

St. Catherine's Breakwater is long & a little boring so let us hope that our hares have not decided that we are going to run to the end & back & then call it a day. Mind you the weather is miserable (but not as cold as it has been) & an early visit to a hostelry might not be a bad thing.



Exciting, or what?

However in this last pre-Christmas run the day is brightened by the festive headgear employed by some. We even have a virgin in the shape of Chris who has been tempted out from the sports pages of the JEC. Does this mean that we will get even more coverage in that august journal? - Probably not.

Piddling?

We are informed that the previous day the trail had been laid in yellow snow – does this indicate that our hares had excess liquid in their systems? However, the improved conditions have resulted in a re-laying in sawdust although the chalk may not have survived.



All ready for Christmas Eve



Happy hares or Pantomime dames?

Steps

Our choices are simple, the road & track to Fliquet or the road south to Gibraltar. We try out

both but the on-on is sounded for the southerly route. This does not last too long as we find the trail up steep steps above Belval Cove. There is always the danger that enthusiasm overcomes wisdom & our hares have exploited this principle. Thus 6 naïve hashers find the double arrows & have to enjoy the pleasure of the steps once again.

Views

The views from the top are good but on the previous days a snow covered France had shown up particularly impressively. No chance of that today as the rain has started to fall & the north wind is cool. This should be no problem to hardy hashers appropriately dressed for the conditions. This does not mean that the shelter of a hedge is to be spurned while the FRBs seek out the trail.



Happy to shelter

Knowledge

Having taken the trouble to climb the heights we are disappointed to follow the trail down into Fliquet. This can only mean one thing – yes, we will have to come up again. This does however give Software to chance to show off his telephonic knowledge by indicating the hut which was built in the 1880s for the French cable. Once covered in ivy this has now been cleared to reveal the hut. We also admire the chateau type building that has been undergoing restoration for something like the last 40 years. On the observation that it must be a lovely place in which to live, Software's superior knowledge comes to the fore again when he says the rooms are particularly dingy. Don't judge by external appearance - lesson of the day.



What a revelation!

Doubters

Having received the benefit of education does not make the climb any easier &, in fact, it is sad to relate that some of the pack were seen to be walking – can you believe it? We hold the check at the crossroads & are put to shame by a lone female athlete running up the hill. The sight of us rabble must have been too much for her as she takes a sharp left turn & heads off towards La Haie Fleurie. The hares follow but the pack is not convinced & maintains its indecision. What a doubting lot we are as eventually “On-on” is called & the pack has a lot of catching up to do.

Surprising

Not too difficult to guess where we will be going next. Yes, it's the footpath to Rozel Woods. The ice & snow has made this a tad sticky but we have dealt with much worse. Our resident rugby man complains of the greatest injustice he has experienced in a long time. How can this be? England has not been playing & the Jersey game was called off. He reveals all when complaining of the little tit winning. Yes this supporter of a man's game has been seduced by “Strictly come Dancing”. Mind you, with the confessions of Gareth Thomas should I be surprised. As for me, I don't care a monkey's.

Barrier

One thing has altered since the last time we ran this track as the fates have conspired to place a fallen tree in the way. Some divert through the adjacent field but as the trail is laid across the trunk that is the way the majority, with help, go. Puddles is struggling in the greasy conditions & accepts help from Tinky Winky aided by Steptoe.

She should know by now never to trust a hasher as she is “helped” at great pace down the slope.



Worse is yet to come

Woods

The workmen with their empty wheelbarrows seem somewhat bemused by the appearance of bizarre runners - but not as bemused as the pack who can't decide the correct route.



Walking on Water?

Do we take the meadow way or stick to the path? Those that chose the damper course meet up with the bulk of the pack when the trail leads us to scramble up the valley side. No real problems here although we come upon a sad sight when the body of a lievre (or was it a lapin?) is discovered at our check. Such is the devotion to duty of our hares when laying trails.



Is that hare a rabbit?

Diversions

The trail takes us down the road & surely to a swift end of the run. Don't be so silly, we are sent “off piste” & find ourselves by the German Reservoir. Not for too long as we head up (again) the hill but are once again diverted by La Bouaisie & down to the lifeboat station. It's now a nice trot along the sea wall back to our cars. Jacko does his usual starring role by driving against the one way system. The afters have been arranged at the Dolphin at Gorey Pier. Plenty of parking even if some of it is a bit remote. The bar is crowded but in the middle of it all is Software distributing his individually named 1066 run t-shirts - & very smart they are too. The problem with this venue is what imitation beer do you drink? There was a choice of fizzy stuff but the establishment redeems itself by serving up individual platters of sausages, “scampi” & chips - definitely a cut above the norm.

Announcements

It seems that last weekend's celebrations have been too much for the GM, his family & certain other Hashers. So Gigolo steps up to take his place as he gives advance notice of the Guernsey Mud & Fun Run. As our lone representative two years ago he hopes that we can raise a team this time.

Down Downs

The R.A. reminds us that it customary to present a virgin with a down-down but it is also customary for any such virgin to complete the trail. Less than half a hash means that this privilege will be deferred – Hard luck, Chris.

He next turns his attention to the sinners. Jacko (yes, him again) had decided that the meeting spot was the Vic. in the Valley. I'm sure that the other lot were

quite welcoming. However, he had also told Whinger of the venue & she had proceeded to text all & sundry. Another example of “Never trust a hashier” but to check the JEP (If you can trust that august journal.)



Would you trust them?

Whinger is not over amused as she dislikes beer, lager, cider or anything of that ilk – she must be a whinging wino.

The hares are rewarded for providing a good run eventually finishing in the sun.



No doubt who was second

Hash Announcements

Weekly dues:-

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 Illegal Immigrant to pay for your food, no late fine for those who did not run or walk. Please inform Illegal Immigrant if you do not intend to stay for food as this will save the hash money.

Hares – Important Reminder

Hashers who 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 to do the work for them.



HASH HA HA

Scouse Vasectomy

After having their 12th child, a Liverpool couple decided that enough was enough, as the social wouldn't buy them a bigger bed and they weren't strong enough to nick one.

The husband went to his doctor and told him that he and his wife didn't want to have any more children.

The doctor told him there was a procedure called a vasectomy that would fix the problem but it was expensive. A less costly alternative was to go home, get a firework, light it, put it in a beer can, then hold the can up to his ear and count to 10.

The Scouser said to the doctor, 'I may not be the smartest guy in the world, but I don't see how putting a firework in a beer can next to my ear is going to help me.'

'Trust me, it will do the job', said the doctor.

So the man went home, lit a banger and put it in a beer can.

He held the can up to his ear and began to count: '1, 2, 3, 4, 5,' at which point he paused, placed the beer can between his legs so he could continue counting on his other hand.

This procedure also works in Middlesborough, Birmingham, Woking, parts of Bradford and anywhere in Scotland.

Rapidly Receding Hareline

***RUN No:** 1067*

***DATE:** January 3rd 2010*

***ON DOWN:** The Tenby, St. Aubin*

***HARES:** Is-it-Buggery & Stirrups*

(As this is the day after the return from the excesses of the Alderney Bash your hares beg you to turn up as a great run is promised.)



Hanging around for Christmas