



Crapaud Chronicle

8 August 2010

Run No. 1098

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Non-Running Tinki Wonky

Slipped Discs

It was sunny at Gorey and parking was not too difficult albeit that discs are required even on a bloody Sunday. We gather under the shadow of the castle and watch the aged bikers on their Harley Davidsons (1940's technology – 21st Century prices) return from their breakfast and kick their relieved youth into full revs. I should have taken a picture, but I forgot that I was scribing so this will have to do:



Bikers

Anyway, a goodly pack is assembling and we have visitor; an Australian from Brisbane and a strange Scottish couple that have just returned from crusing. Shiggy and Taxi, welcome back strangers. Eventually, inspired by Rentabed's constant whinging, the hare calls the pack to order. The trail is laid in posh hardwood sawdust and chalk but, and this is a big but, Tinki Winki is unable to run along with us as he had an operation on his leg and must rest. Ahhhh! But Gigolo volunteers to take the lead and so it is on.

Misalignment

The pack splits up and looks for likely trails hither and tither. But as it turns out its tither rather than hither and so we all set off along the railway walk and then down steps into the harbour. It is wet under foot and the harettes complain loudly. Tinki Wonky is spotted in the distance and we head towards him but in vain, the trail is further along the beach.

Too Common

The FRB's check out sundry options before we settle for the path along the common. This leads into the marsh and then up to Route des Maltiers. Ragsby thinks he knows the way but he is wrong. We head in the opposite direction and then divert through some fields. At the top there is a large crop circle which has miraculously formed itself in the shape of a check. We check.

How Green is my Valley?

We are on Rue des Teurs Champs which leads down to the bottom of Queen's Valley.



Queen's Valley Temps Passé !

The pack is somewhat divided at this point. The FRB's find no trail but carry on regardless while the main part of the group follow the hare along the west bank. The reservoir is looking a little

low at the moment but nothing to worry about just yet. We pass ducks and other wildlife and then cross over the mid-way bridge to the other side where the FRB's have already encountered Tinky Wonky.

Drink Stop

TW has kindly provided us with mid point refreshments from the boot of his car. Not only is there beer and lemonade but nibbles and dips too! Almost un-hashlike. We all pause to catch our breath and slake our thirsts on this humid morning.

Pissing About

Adjacent to our picnic is a Portaloos. Jacko decides he could do with a leak.



Bog Standard

A bad mistake with hashers present, Shiggy and Rampant Rabbit rock the loo too and fro with Jacko in mid flight! He emerges rather like Clark Kent after saving the world and comments that the ladies may complain about his hitting the seat!

Double Arrows

Finishing our drinks we head up the lane from the valley. The more seasoned hashers are careful not to get too close to the front as this looks classic double arrow territory. We are proven right and the first six double back around the pack. We head on up to the top of the road joining Les Monts. The hare attempts to divert us but we *know* that this cannot be the way. We exit onto the main road near Faldouet and head up toward the dolmen.

Visitor Attraction

Having set off past Bagsofit's residence and noticing the latest building work at Haut de la Garenne which doesn't include any coconut, Frisco kindly takes our Aussie visitor on a tour of the dolmen.



Room with a view

We later gather that he is impressed with the style of architecture adopted by the early settlers in the island. He is assured that this was indeed an early example of a Dandara home.

Hill Side

The pack is directed to the steep hill that leads to the Castle Green. We anticipate passing an open pub but we are instead confronted by yet another set of double arrows. Hard work for the poor FRB's that encounter this one.

Come to the Mission

Instead of passing the pub we are led off the road and down a track and enter what appears to be someone's somewhat overgrown garden. However, we are assured by Gigolo that this house belongs to the Salvation Army and it is perfectly OK to trespass, as they forgive ours.

On Home

Back on the main road we head off down the hill and take the steps to descend past the 99p shop and back to the pub. A very pleasant run on this very pleasant Sunday.

On Downs

We are gathering at the Dolphin this morning. This is a pub that is in need of a makeover, although they have removed the nets that used to hang from the ceiling.



Usual suspects

The beer is nothing to write home about. Theakstons and Smiths with an assortment of largery stuff. Still, it could be worse. The on-downs soon arrive, individual servings of chips with scampi and mini-sausages.



Quite tasty and good chips, even if we could not break into the sauce sachets!

Down downs



Der Führer

Shiggy has a few words about the impending bike bash, and Illegal Immigrant informs the hash that there will be a trial run arranged on the 21 August starting outside the Royal Yacht at 10.00. This will prepare bums for the real thing.

There are punishments too; Jacko and Shiggy for misdemeanours on the run. Birthdays are celebrated by Taxi, Ragsby and Jack, a young tadpole who downs his punishment before the traditional song. There is one for the visiting virgin Darren from Oz. Finally the hares Tinky Wonky with Gigolo awarding himself one. All in all an excellent run.

Special report from Software, the stand-in scribe.

Rapidly Receding Hareline

NEXT RUN is No: 1100

DATE: 22 August 2010

VENUE: The Pembroke

HARES: Bags of it



Future Delight

1101	29 August	Shiggy & Taxi	Who knows?	
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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.

Trial Bike Bash

21 August 10.00 outside Royal Yacht.



HASH HA Ha's



The Queen was visiting one of London's top hospitals and she specified she wanted to see absolutely everything. During her tour of the floors she passed a room where a male patient was masturbating.

"Oh my", said the Queen, "that's disgraceful, what is the meaning of this?"

The Doctor leading the tour explains; "I am sorry Your Majesty, but this man has a very serious medical condition and is only following doctors' orders. His body produces too much semen and his testicles keep overflowing. Until we can find out exactly what is causing this problem he has been instructed to do that at least 5 times a day or there is a very real danger that his testicles will explode, and he would die instantly."

"Oh, I am so sorry", said the Queen.

On the next floor they passed a room where a nubile young nurse was giving patient a blow job.

"Oh my", said the Queen, "What's happening in there?"

The Doctor replied, "Same problem, but he's with BUPA"

A guy is strolling along Vegas Strip when a stunning hooker catches his eye. He strikes up a conversation and eventually asks, "How much?"

The Hooker replies, "\$500 for a hand-job.'
The guy's jaw drops: "\$500 dollars, For a hand-job! No hand-job is worth that kind of money!"

The hooker says, "Do you see that Hard Rock cafe on the corner?"

"Yes.'

"Do you see the Hard Rock about a block further down?"

"Yes.'

"And beyond that, do you see that third Cafe?"

"Yes.'

"Well," says the hooker, smiling invitingly, "I own those. And, I own them because I give a hand-job that's worth \$500.'

The Guy says, "What the hell? I'll give it a try.'

They retire to a nearby motel. A short time later, the guy is sitting on the bed realizing that he just experienced the hand-job of a lifetime, worth every bit of \$500. He is so amazed, he says, "I suppose a blow-job is \$1,000?"

The hooker replies, "\$1,500.'

"\$1,500? No blow-job could be worth that.'

The hooker replies, "Step over here to the window, big boy. See that casino just across the street? I own it. And I own it because I give a blow-job that's worth every cent of \$1,500.'

The guy, basking in the afterglow of that terrific hand-job, says, "Sign me up.'

Ten minutes later, he is sitting on the bed more amazed than before. He can't believe it but he feels he truly got his money's worth. He decides to dip into the pension savings for one glorious and unforgettable experience. He asks the hooker:

"How much for some pussy?"

The hooker says, "Come over here to the window. Do you see how the whole city of Las Vegas is laid out before us, all those beautiful lights, gambling palaces, and showplaces?"

"Damn!" the guy says, in awe, "You own the whole city?"

"No," the hooker replies.....

"but I would if I had a pussy.'