



Crapaud Chronicle

15th August 2010

Run No. 1099

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A Run of Two Halves

Hazardous

Yesterday's rain has gone & the sun is trying to shine through the clouds but it must be rather cold as St. Peter's Honorary Police have put out signs warning of ice. Having made our way gingerly down Le Mont du Jubilé we finally see the Watersplash the venue for today's run.

Delay

Not so welcome is the sight of Hashers seemingly aimlessly milling around (They don't normally do much better on the run). They can't seem to cope with Illegal Immigrant being somewhat late & they don't know what to do with their subs. No worries – eventually from the lofty heights of his van Gigolo takes charge. This, of course, causes Illegal to turn up.



Where is he?

Intros

There is a nasty northerly wind so we are relieved when we are called to form a circle. Helier is welcomed back & Frisco introduces us to Peter a virgin hasher & college friend (poor thing). It turns out that Peter is a sailor but, we are hastily, reassured, not a "Hullo Sailor".



That's my boy!

Excuses

Rampant Rabbit explains that the previous day's precipitation had resulted in problems with the calcium carbonate & the trail was therefore laid in sawdust. As a result of Bedpan 2's supplications we had been granted permission to run on a small piece of virgin territory but we should make the most of it as we would not be granted this privilege again.

Revelations

On-on is called & we set off along the sea wall but not for long as the trail takes us towards Les Mielles Golf Course. Steptoe, it seems is suffering from joggers nipple from running in yesterday's rain. It seems that Wet Patch was also out in such inclement conditions but was not afflicted with such a problem. What is wrong with these people that they wish to inflict such punishment on themselves?

We have had enough of these distractions, and head along the road towards the hills yonder. We are near St. Ouen's Pond & spot geese & then

some black swans in flight. This gives us an excuse to pause for just a moment before resuming the run (or walk, for some).



Not Steptoe



Fleeing the hash

Check

At long last we come upon an official check where Software amends the road sign for personal aggrandisement. We get on our way & spot a group of athletes approaching us. This is led by none other than Ripe'n'Juicy but were going too fast for any photo to be taken. We slowly continue along the road until we come to the path to the heights.



Personal Pride

Sloes, us?

It is good to get off the tarmac but there is not a lot of incentive to go faster than walking pace. However the sight of bushes with sloe berries results in a discussion on the merits & method of preparing sloe

gin. Why does our conversation so often involve alcoholic refreshments? It's not too long before we spot the reservoir &, not surprisingly, find that the trail leads down & up the other side of the valley – luckily via the bridge & not by swimming.



Hard work, these slopes

Dogged determination

The recent rains have made the pathway slippery but this does not deter us. We meet up with some reservoir dogs but I was not impressed enough to take a photo. The pack has got split – perhaps some have indulged in a bit of running just to spoil the atmosphere.



Come on, you lot

Restoratives

Having got together again we set off to find ourselves in familiar territory having touched this farm a few weeks ago. This time, however, we have an additional welcome treat. Yes, our noble hares have arranged a drinks stop in the barn. Although we started in dry & almost sun the weather gods have decided that we should not only be wet inside but also outside. Does this deter us? Of course not particularly as it will be a fair way back to the Watersplash.



What drinks stops are made for

Virginal

Leaving our welcome break behind we approach the main road only to find that Bedpan's pleadings have spared us danger by arranging our passage of road. Well done. We are now thankfully heading back to safety. A little troll along the paths, a scramble down the slope & we are at Bethesda Methodist Chapel.

At sea

We are nonplussed not by considering whether or not to join the congregation or but by the lack of direction. No chalk & no sawdust. Practicality sets in & we take the quickest way back to the pub. The hares must have been running short of sawdust as we join the original trail but in a reverse direction. It's good to get back to the pub after a very good, if a little extended, run.



Yes, it is my new toy

Refreshments

The Watersplash is not renowned for the quality of its ale not having any of the real variety. However, eyes light up when a Skinners banner is spied over the bar. Things must be looking up. It is disappointing that the only Skinners is a

variety of lager but at least it did have taste unlike the fizzy, pale liquid purveyed to the uneducated. We are served chips with very good bread & butter which make the resultant chip butties very acceptable.

Down downs



The weather has turned so bad that we have been forced to stay inside but we are now forced outside for the day's punishments.



No watering the beer

The lucky recipients are Peter the virgin, Helier the returnee, Shifty of Battle of flowers fame, Anya star of Radio & TV (including BBC South-west) & Stirrups with her red nose on a float. Anya disposes of hers first by aiming the contents at Gigolo who moves too fast so that Molehills is the recipient. Peter disgraces the spear side of hashing in setting a record slow time for emptying his glass.



I finished first

Finally our hares for providing us with a fine run & drinks stop. Unlikely as it seems political correctness has raised its head at Puddles request & Bedpan 2 is delighted with her pint.



The final act

French Bike Bash



Final costs are now in & the total amount required is £195.00 per person (Non-members £235.00). Illegal Immigrant will be very pleased to relieve you of the final payment £145.00 (£185.00) (assuming you paid the £50.00 deposit) as soon as possible.

Rapidly Receding Hareline

NEXT RUN is No: 1101

DATE: 29th August 2010

VENUE: Shiggy & Taxi

HARES: Mermaid Tavern



Future Delights

1100	5 Sept.	Token	Hash	Bike Bash W'end
1101	12 Sept.	Frisco	Who knows	

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's

Subject: Linda Lykes (Apparently true!)

In the sleepy village of Erbum, in the town of Tillet, Hertfordshire lives a lady by the name Linda Lykes. She owns the local pub called The Cock Inn. Her mail is therefore addressed:

*Linda Lykes
The Cock Inn
ERBUM
Tillet,
Herts.*

(The Postie can't stop laughing with every delivery)

Bike Bash Warning

My neighbour found out that her dog (a Schnauzer) could hardly hear, so she took it to the vet. The vet found that the problem was hair in the dog's ears. He cleaned both ears, and the dog could then hear fine. The vet then proceeded to tell the lady that, if she wanted to keep this from recurring, she should go and get some "Nair" hair remover and rub it in the dog's ears once a month.

The lady went to a shop and bought some "Nair" hair remover. The pharmacist told her, "If you're going to use this under your arms, don't use deodorant for a few days." The lady said, "I'm not using it under my arms."

The pharmacist said, "If you're using it on your legs, don't shave for a couple of days."

The lady replied, "I'm not using it on my legs either. If you must know, I'm using it on my Schnauzer."

The pharmacist said, "Well stay off your bicycle for about a week."

Waiters, wishes and the ravages of time!

A group of 40 year old girlfriends discussed where they should meet for lunch. Finally, it was agreed upon that they should meet at the Ocean View restaurant because the waiters there had tight pants and nice buns.

10 years later at 50 years of age, the group once again discussed where they should meet for lunch. Finally it was agreed that they should meet at the Ocean View restaurant because the food there was very good, the wine selection was good also, and the waiters were cute.

10 years later at 60 years of age, the group once again discussed where they should meet for lunch. Finally it was agreed that they should meet at the Ocean View restaurant because they could eat there in peace and quiet, the restaurant had a beautiful view of the ocean, and the waiters were sweet boys.

10 years later, at 70 years of age, the group once again discussed where they should meet for lunch. Finally it was agreed that they should meet at the Ocean View restaurant because the restaurant was wheel chair accessible, they even had an elevator, and the waiters were kindly.

10 years later, at 80 years of age, the group once again discussed where they should meet for lunch. Finally it was agreed that they should meet at the Ocean View restaurant because they had never been there before.