



# CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

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## The Paralytic Games



*Spot the baubles*

What a sporting year. Loads of gold in the Olympic Games; more than a hundred medals in the Paralympics and now another major triumph in the Paralytic Games. What a staggering success.

All sorts of world records were broken; Gigolo surpassed his Bad Taste gold standard, not once but twice, first revealing all as Michelangelo's David, then re-emerging as The Grinch with the smallest

baubles ever to go on public display. The other main contender, Tinky Winky, knew when he was beaten and didn't even bother to turn up for the event. Pervey set a new mark for the shortest-ever lived hash name, formerly held by Johnny No-Mates, who became Johnny Many-Mates within a matter of minutes. But Pervey's new name, Hash Hacker, barely registered before it was consigned to oblivion. As for the athletic arena, well who was seriously going to take on Illegal Immigrant at any distance from the sprints all the way up to the 5000mls - though it became clear after winning the marathon that Molehills has been training hard and may



*Sprinter Claus?*

prove to be a serious rival in the future. However another runner who likes to go all the

way was out of contention after a leg-pull in the warm-ups: "Wet Patch is wearing a sheepdog bra. It rounds 'em up and points them in the right direction." The idea was to keep the Olympic flame burning bright by making our Christmas run rekindle the glamour and the glory of the London games. Unfortunately Danny Boyle wasn't available so we had to make do with Pussy and ET instead. The opening ceremony was held in the St Lawrence Arena (Ed's note: surely you mean 'area'). The event



*On on your marks*



***David ... & Goliath!***



***Medallion Man***



***Union Jacqui?***



***What a cracker***

was open to nations around the world but only Guernsey sent a team, well, Gobbler. Pussy herself symbolised the Olympic torch though Triple-X mistook her for a parrot. Among the better known athletes taking part were Mo Farah, aka Ballcock, and Father Christmas (Two Stroke managing a passable Usain Bolt impression), though the latter seemed to be using a banned stimulant, namely a carrot. Although to be fair almost all the forty-plus competitors taking part had passed the dope test, their IQs barely registering on the scale. Security was provided by Fuzz, temporarily attached to G4S, and the St Lawrence Militia in the form of the Chef de Police who investigated some potentially serious public order offences committed by Gigolo. The opening ceremony was rather low-key by London Olympic standards – an attempt to form a hash circle proved a



***Making a spectacle of himself***

bit of a flop, but any kind of organised display was always going to be difficult with so many half-wits to deal with. The Olympic Torch gave us our instructions which boiled down to 'follow the white chalk and stick together' drawing an immediate protest from Two Stroke: "I'm not running next to Gigolo, dressed like that." We had a vague idea our destination was in St Aubin so



***Just a mo***

it wasn't hard to work out that we'd start running the opposite way. We went through Coronation Park, stopping briefly for a fashion photo-shoot, before crossing the Inner Road, Shiggy leading us in the right direction. It must be Christmas, we thought. We passed the Mont Felard. Hang on, with having started late, the doors were open, the hares will have to stand a round. "Not at

all," said Pussy. "Haven't you read Law 21, sub-section 19 on Page 16 of the 'Articles of Hashing' which stipulates that enforced purchase of rounds when passing a pub in active service are suspended on the Christmas run." Hmm, it must be Christmas, we thought. We ran up the hill via that narrow footpath the leads up to Le Petit Felard only to find a double arrows and 'eight back'.



***Guernsey turns its back on us – again!***



***Lucky mascots?***



*It's a fair cop*

It's not Christmas, after all. The trail took us through the grounds of the Hotel Christina – luckily it was shut for the winter, so there were no residents left to choke on their croissants – and back down the hill. We ran up La Ruelle Corbel before pack split in two with one half heading uphill only to face an arresting moment when they were confronted by St Lawrence's Chef de Police Hugh Gill. Luckily (for him) he turned a blind eye to our behaviour. We crossed the main road into the La Providence development causing Ragsby to lament, "Do you remember when we used run through green fields here?" "Liar," shouted Plonker. "You never ran anywhere." Down the Perquage path we went and past the Goose which was also open, but we didn't stop. "Bloody Christmas," we thought. But then our luck changed. We were welcome at the inn – namely the Foresters Arms. Emerging from the pub



*Toupée or not to pay for a hair-piece?*

there was a distinct reluctance to get back into our stride but luckily we weren't quite legless yet. For a while the trail took us on the route of the previous week's run before running through the grounds of Mon Plaisir and on to the track that leads back to St Aubin. Muddy puddles there were aplenty, but no-one wanted their festive apparel to be contaminated with shiggy. We ran through the streets of St Aubin, passing the Trafalgar. Again we were

disappointed, only to find another welcoming hostelry, the Old Court House. From there it was an easy stumble to our Christmas dinner at Mash, a new restaurant on the Boulevard where we were packed in like sardines. The meal was a protracted affair and it was nearing 5 o'clock before we were called to order by the GM, who'd finally turned up in his civvies after spending most of morning talking about somewhere called Plemont.

Tinky Winky apologised for missing out on the run – after all there was £14m at stake, not that our meal cost that much. He congratulated the hares for laying a proper trail rather than a token Christmas run, before declaring, because it was Christmas, some re-namings were in order. First up was hasher who'd indicated he'd be happy with a new moniker on the lines of Shakespeare or Hash Bard or even Enid Blyton. However Pervey was instead to



*Flaming cheek*



*Hello sailor*



*Donkey gong?*



*21 again*

be called Hash Haka, after the All Black's rugby chant (*Ed's note: surely you mean Hash Hacker?*) A voice from the assembled throng said 'he also takes the photos, why not Hash Flasher?' But the majority were not impressed and insisted on calling a paedo a paedo and so Pervey he remains. Less fortunate was Stirrups, though whether her new name will last is questionable. IsitB explained the thinking. He was on branchage duty when the St Lawrence hedge vigilantes spotted Stirrups' straggly bush. I think she must have been in the shower at the time. The upshot is that her new hash moniker is 'Untrimmed Bush'. After all that the down downs flowed like, well, beer. Gigolo got one for his sartorial style, or lack of it, the first ever hasher to run in a mankini. Molehills was given one for completing most runs in the preceding year,

though that seemed to get misinterpreted as setting the longest runs. Fuzz won the award for the best themed outfit on the day. Cooperman was punished for something but Muffdiver, for once, wasn't. Wendolene was rewarded for being a year older. And finally the Hash Danny Boyles got their comeuppance, ET for organising the venues, Pussy for laying the trail and Illegal Immigrant for supplying the labels. Even then we hadn't finished – there was to be further entertainment at the Trafalgar. It looked like a karaoke session, judging by the way Crappyoke broke into song: "We wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year," sentiments that all the staff at the Crapaud Chronicle, as well as the newsletter's publisher, would like to endorse.

**On On**



*The outfit threatened to bring the house down*



*Close your eyes and pretend it isn't happening*



*Bushido warrior*



*Over the top security*

**RAPIDLY RECEDING  
HARE-LINE**

**RUN #1221  
Joint XMAS EVE run  
with JH3**

**DATE:** 23<sup>rd</sup> December  
**HARES:** Charity &  
Knickerless  
**ON DOWN:** Red  
Houses

**RUN #1222  
NEW YEARS FROLIC**  
**DATE:** 30<sup>th</sup> December  
**HARES:** Rentabed  
**ON DOWN:** Trinity  
Arms



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*When four of Santa's elves got sick, the trainee elves did not produce toys as fast as the regular ones, and Santa began to feel the pre-Christmas pressure. Then Mrs. Claus told Santa her Mother was coming to visit, which stressed Santa even more.*

*When he went to harness the reindeer, he found that three of them were about to give birth and two others had jumped the fence and were out Heaven knows where. Then, when he began to load the sleigh, one of the*

*floorboards cracked, the toy bag fell to the ground and all the toys were scattered. Irritated, Santa went into the house for a cup of apple punch and a shot of rum. When he went to the cupboard he discovered that the elves had drunk the punch and hidden the cask of rum. In his frustration he accidentally dropped his glass which shattered into hundreds of tiny pieces all over the kitchen floor. He went to the broom cupboard only to find the mice had eaten all the straw off the bottom of his brush. Just then the doorbell rang. Santa angrily yanked open the big oak door. There stood a little angel with a big smile*

*on her face and holding up a great big Xmas tree. The angel said cheerfully: "Merry Christmas Santa. Isn't this a lovely day? I have a beautiful tree for you. Where would you like me to put it?" And thus began the tradition of the angel on top of the Christmas tree. Not many people know this.*



*Say no more*