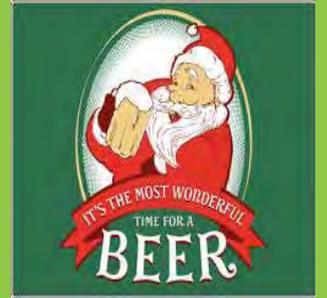




# CRAPAUD



## CHRISTMAS CHRONICLE



Bells, balls & big boobs,  
not to mention bums, bellies and other bollocks



*Blockbusters*



*Bum wrap*



*Bellybuster*



*Stripe-tease*



*Thigh-slapper*



*Moved to tears*



*New balls*



*Astronut*



*Booby prize?*



*Eyes on the thighs?*



*Lots of happy mammories*



*Tinky Winky's angelic mission to save the World*

**It was the night before** the hash Christmas party. All was peaceful in the bedroom where the young IsitB was safely tucked up in his crib, dreaming about the delights the day might bring. For much of his hashing career he'd been a bit of a naughty boy. In one celebrated incident he was so rude to the harriettes during a run that he was debagged and then given a good spanking. He was then left to run home not only sans culottes but they didn't give him back his Y-fronts either.

But IsitB's a bit of a reformed character these days. In fact he's been a good boy all year, having largely stayed away from that crowd of foul-mouthed mud-slingers called the hash. He'd also moved away from that house of ill-repute to a nice new home in St Brelade. That night he prayed to his guardian angel that he would be rewarded for his good behaviour. Several hours later the Archangel Tinky Winky appeared before IsitB. The celestial messenger was a glorious vision in a

king-size white sheet with wings attached from drinking too much Red Bull. Although some might say that the celebrity chest-wig was a trifle over the top. The cherubic figure waved his wand and scattered his fairy dust over the sleeping innocent. "Thou art blessed among women. (Luke 1:28)," he said. "You've been a consistently naughty boy over the years but your recent exemplary behaviour has been noted. Your dreams will be fulfilled." And, do you know boys and

girls, that angel was as good as his word. IsitB found himself in seventh heaven at the party. Not only was he seated alongside a visitor from Guernsey called Wag who was happy to give him a good thigh-ful whenever he looked down. But also Throbbing Banger became his bosom buddy. She used her outstanding charms to squeeze past him every time she left the table. Despite being nearly crushed to death IsitB was such a gentleman he never complained.



# Monsoon madness



***Foiled again?***

The thing about the Christmas party is that it's held in town – ergo, there's no shiggy. It's a dry run. Unless of course you hold it in the monsoon



***Tinsel toyboy***

season. And boy did it rain on our parade. It was coming down so hard during the first drinks stop some hashers decided to have a second



***Hash optimist?***

round, rather than face the elements. The rest braved the downpour knowing their prize at the Dog and Sausage would be a pint of Betty Stoggs. Still at least we did better than those folk taking part in the Santa Fun Run in aid of the Jersey Women's Refuge and the Variety Club. They wimped out and cancelled cos they didn't fancy it in the rain. Some hashers actually revealed a modicum of common sense by adapting their costumes to fend off the elements. Pussy came as a turkey wrapped in silver foil. What's cold water compared to goose-fat? Ballcock was in a silver space-suit – it was designed to withstand a shower of meteorites, never mind a rain storm. Gigolo was in silver lurex one-piece but



***Alien encounter?***

he was a bit concerned whether it was shrink-proof – not that there was any room for it to down-size. Then of course there was Cheryl the Peril. What an angel! Though she looked a bit less than angelic half-way through the run and more like a contestant in a wet T-shirt competition. As for Babs she certainly showed a brave front – with a rather effective rain channel. As for Untrimmed Bush – her outfit was electrifying, but not surprisingly she decided not to risk it in the rain. Otherwise there was the usual assortment of Father Christmases, the odd elf – very odd in Two Stroke's case - Illegal turned up in his Christmas stockings (and a red basque), but the piece de resistance was undoubtedly



***Their bloody umbrella is useless***



*Beware the hares*



*Flying saucer crew?*



*Bagsofit's broken bauble*



*Baron Bushranger?*



*What a shower*

our GM, the archangel Tinky Winky, though seraphic was hardly the appropriate adjective. Indeed some of the hash's younger element found him so terrifying they christened him the 'Nightmare Angel,' rupturing many ear-drums with their screaming. Our meeting-place was the Minden Place car park which at least sheltered us from the rain, even though drivers leaving the car-park had trouble controlling their vehicles as they tried to manoeuvre through the assembled throng, numbering some fifty hashers and assorted hangers-on. We were eager to get out in the driving rain so our hares, Illegal, Whinger and Gigolo, kept their introduction to a minimum – the trail was laid in sawdust and chalk, although some of the latter would be found on walls rather than pavements. The festive trail took us towards the Ann Street car park and then on to the Millennium Park, where sadly the showers weren't operational so we couldn't each enjoy getting each other soaked. However the younger hashers made the most of

the swings and roundabouts – including that veteran hash swinger, Ballcock. But Christmas joy soon followed as the shower curtain opposite the Odeon building was working and we had a merry time running through it, getting wetter than we already were, if that were possible. The trail took us into the back streets of St Helier where our hares led us up the garden path or Garden Lane to be precise. Although Rampant Rabbit had another name for it, Dog Shit Alley. We found ourselves heading for People's Park and another playground, where the usual suspects again made the most of the facilities, before making for the sea front. Thoughts of a refuge from the rain in the shape of a watering hole were in the forefront of our minds – indeed Shiggy started to get quite excited, shouting "Sober, sober," presumably meaning his alcohol levels were dangerously low. But it turned out he was saying "So Bar" in the desperate hope that it would prove to be the first drinks stop. Fat chance. More bars were left in our



*Taking a shine?*



*Halo hello*



*La Route Orange?*



***Bridging the gap***

wake as we ran alongside the old abattoir building and into Liberation Square where Chrissie tried to take shelter under the flag held aloft by a group of brassed off-looking locals. Luckily shelter was at hand. We traipsed through the Christmas market in the Weighbridge with our sights firmly fixed on our place of refuge, The Ha'Penny Bridge where mince pies were on offer as well as the customary fare. As the drinks were quaffed the rain started coming down in torrents and the hares gave us the choice of braving the downpour or staying on for a second round. Some brave souls made it to the Dog and Sausage, or as Molehills remembers it, the Devon and Somerset, where we came across several more of our party including Throbbing Banger and IsitB. Rampant Rabbit was especially pleased to see the former: "How nice of you to pop out," he said. The hares decided to curtail the run at this point rather than endure any further soaking so



***In a class of their own?***

it was a fairly easy run-in to our destination, the Lido, just outside the Market. The awful weather was soon forgotten as we tucked into an excellent meal, the venue proving to be a big hit. Eventually we got round to the afters. First the GM proposed the toast to absent hashers then on a more sombre note revealed that a fellow Crapaud was seriously ill in hospital. Tinky said it would nice if we could convey that our thoughts were with Cooperman. Ragsby volunteered to pass them on. After that things went rapidly downhill. Shiggy proposed that we give the GM a special treat in recognition of his diligent service to the hash during the year. "The only problem," said Shiggy, "is that he's a bit hairy. But luckily we have some volunteers who can help Tinky." The particular follicle challenge he was referring to was the GM's chest hair. Suddenly there was the awful sound of strips being applied to Tinky's torso and then torn off amid much



***Voice of an angel?***



***Dog doorman?***



***Hooray – a drinks stop***



***Fancy dress competition – 98<sup>th</sup> place***



***Light relief***



*The hares were all over the place*



*Waist not, want not*



*Shiggy strings us along*



*Gigolo turns up the volume*

screaming. The torture seemed to go on for ages. But at least it was sponsored torture and we raised £150 for Jersey Hospice. There was also a competition to guess the weight of one of Throbbing Banger's outstanding assets. Was it 2lbs, 3lbs or 4lbs? Nope it was 5lbs and the breast guess, came from Crappyokey. We had a naming ceremony for Sweet Caroline who after some confusion was transformed into Sweet Chucker. However she was in no position to chuck her down down because she nominated Rupert Bear to do the honours. Another celebration followed, this time for Gobbler who had just announced her engagement. Rentabed was revealed as the hasher who'd attended most runs, but because he was absent Commando was nominated to take his place. The restaurant staff were given down downs in thanks for their contribution to the success of the event. And finally the hares were rewarded for a great run, although Two Stroke complained at the lack of shiggy. **On on**



*Chandelier crooner?*



*Knees-up or knees-down?*



*No cold turkey for Gobbler*



# CRAPAUD CHRISTMAS WORDSEARCH



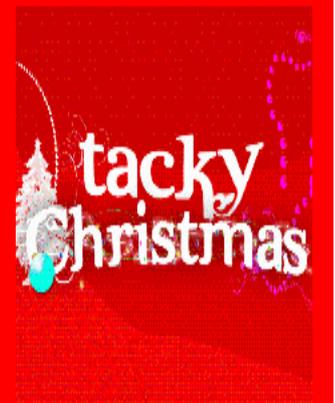
G A S I R G E O R G E C A R T E R E T T H F E A N  
H A O Y T O N N S Y T G N I H P L O D C K A H O S  
M S T M R L D E S E O O M A U F G T Z A H P T K K  
K G A R O I C L E A S M U G G L E R S E B E A E G  
G R T L A R O A L A F O R E S T E R S R L O L N C  
I T R M P F U P R A I M O L O E B H T Z E I T T P  
S O R P E S A U B A I E F G O F R S O V L R N R N  
C E U I M O R L Y E L L A V E H T N I C I V I N W  
M G O S B Y A E G R E B U A L P Y F N N Q O E Y E  
N I M O R G T N T A T F V Q L N U R I T R I B N E  
B F Y I O A S T M A R Y S C O U N T R Y I N N F L  
T R E F K R U E L L W S O R S S Y R S I E V E N E  
A L S R E B M A H C H A R E G R U A L T E T Y Y R

Rather than be stuck at home when you'd prefer to be hashing why not console yourself with a visit to the pub – in fact why not try all 24 of them. They're all named below. All you have to do is locate them in the grid above.

SIRGEORGE  
CARTERET  
STMARYSCOUNTRY  
INN  
PRIORY  
WATERSPLASH  
LAPULENTE  
MERMAID  
STAR  
LEHOCQINN

TENBY  
TRAFALGAR  
TRINITY  
LAUBERGE  
ROZELINN  
FIVEOAKS  
DOLPHIN  
PEMBROKE

SEYMOUR  
VICINTHEVALLEY  
SMUGGLERS  
GOOSE  
FORUM  
CHAMBERS  
FORESTERS  
BAGOT





### One for the gals

### One for the guys

For a drunken prank on New Year's Eve some Jersey RFC players stole the goal-posts. The trouble was they couldn't remember where they'd hidden them – until the helicopter crashed through the clubhouse roof.

I've thought long and hard about my New Year's resolution. And I've decided: 1024 x 768

My New Year's resolutions:  
 1 To stop making lists  
 B To be more consistent  
 7 To learn to count

A woman is suing Jersey General Hospital after an operation which resulted in her husband losing all interest in sex. A hospital spokesman however defended the surgeon's actions. "Mr Maynard was admitted for a cataract operation. All we did was correct his eyesight"

For all my Scottish mates: the 1986 calendars are the ones you can bring out and re-use

My New Year's resolution is to buy a bed made entirely of caramel and toffee. Finally, a New Year's resolution I can stick to.

## RAPIDLY RECEDING HARELINE



**Run No:** 1324  
**Date:** Dec 21st  
**Hares:** Muffdiver and Twin Peaks  
**On Down:** Trinity Arms. Park at Parish Hall

**Run No:** 1325  
**Date:** Dec 28th  
**Hares:** Charity and Knickerless – joint run with the JH3  
**On Down:** Prince of Wales, Greve de Lecq



H  
A  
S  
H



H  
A  
H  
A



My wife bought me a nasal hair-trimmer for Christmas. I don't like it. In fact it's really getting up my nose

I asked my wife what she wanted for Christmas, She said she would like some chocolate and a nice surprise. So a Kinder Egg it is then.

On Christmas morning I'm getting up early to cut the garden hedge. Then later I'll be sitting down to Christmas dinner with all the trimmings

The kids were upset when they unwrapped their Christmas presents this morning. Seems I forgot to buy toys for their new batteries

I've found a great way to hide the Christmas presents this year. I haven't bought any

Cherie Blair is touring the countryside in a chauffeur-driven car. Suddenly a cow jumps out into the road. They hit it full on and the car comes to a stop. Cherie in her usual charming manner says to the chauffeur: "You get out and check - you were driving." The chauffer gets out, checks and reports that the animal is dead. "You were driving; go and tell the farmer," says Cherie. Five hours later the chauffeur returns totally plastered, his hair ruffled and with a big grin on his face. "My God, what happened to you?" asks Cherie. The chauffeur replies: "When I got there, the farmer opened his best bottle of malt whisky, the wife gave me a slap-up meal and the daughter made love to me."

"What on earth did you say?" asks Cherie. "I knocked on the door and when it was answered, I said to them: "I'm Cherie Blair's chauffeur and I've just killed the cow."

Brunette: You want to come to my New Year's Eve party?  
 Blonde: Sure. When is it?

