



CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

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5%)
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Run 1590

The official organ of the Jersey Crapaud Hash House Harriers

What's the point? *

IT was a *braw bricht* day (that's a bright and sunny day for those not of a Scottish persuasion) but with a chilly breeze as we gathered for our run. We met at the car park at Le Hocq where we saw Flasher, our hare, arrive on his bike. He let us know that he had just checked out the trail again and was a bit worried about how long it took him. Gulp!

The GM then called the circle to order. *He asked us if we knew what Le Hocq meant in English but was met with blank stares. He was to explain later that it meant 'the point'. That was pretty pointless were some of the kinder mutterings.

There was a goodly number assembled – the usual suspects were augmented by a large contingent of Flasher's friends and relations. Flasher once again stressed that this would be a long run which led to some of the pack to seriously consider joining the walkers. Before we set off we all posed for a group photo and then it was on-on.

The trail was eventually found leading down to the beach and then off in an easterly direction. We came off the beach by the steps leading to Pontac. We then ran (for 'ran' read 'walked') up Rue du Prince and the old



Crapauds assemble

lags among us thought that the trail had a familiar ring to it – but they were to be proved wrong. We headed down a slippery bank and into a large field. This was the start of a pattern of weaving in and out of the fields around Jambart Lane and St. Clement's Inner Road.

Eventually we ran down a little lane and discovered a table laden with a variety of

alcoholic beverages and slices of fruit cake and Battenburg. (I can heartily recommend the homemade liqueur gin, yum-yum).

As we were enjoying the tasty treats we had a rude awakening. A few tadpoles came charging at us with the largest water pistols I have ever seen – 'water AK47s' would be more accurate. After soaking a few of us

they decided to lay an ambush for the walkers who were due to join us imminently. Your humble scribe assisted them by telling the walkers to gather for a photo opportunity. Once they were suitably grouped the tadpoles attacked (joined by the biggest kid of all – Ballcock). Rampant Rabbit and Molehills took the brunt of the attack and how they laughed!



Spot the photographer

After all this jollity it was off again. This time weaving in and out of fields that eventually came out on the road leading to the Seymour Inn. The old lags were at it again, this time checking their watches to see if the pub would be open when we ran past it. They were all ready to admonish the hare but had to hold their breath as he led us into the lounge bar of the aforesaid hostelry. A roaring fire greeted us along with half pints of Doombar. The GM was crowing but poor old Soft-

ware looked really down in the mouth as he was doing a dry January.

When we had finished our beer it was on-on again and what proved to be the longest on-home I can recall. Luckily the weather was holding and it was a very pleasant run/jog/stroll back to Le Hocq. We were greeted there with piles and piles of buttered bread, chips and sausages.

After gorging ourselves we were called outside for the

down downs. First up was down-down regular Captain Poocock. He had managed to lose £40 excess from the Christmas Party at the Topsy in St. Peter (speculation is that the staff had seen it lying on the bar and had assumed it was their tip!). He had gallantly offered to make up the shortfall himself but was told he would just have to take his punishment instead. He was joined by the water pistolling sinners – the tadpoles, Grantchester and yours truly. Next it was the kind



Four legs better than two?

providers of the first cake and drink stop – sorry I didn't catch the names :-)

Rampant Rabbit was punished because he had exacted revenge for his soaking by stealing drinks to pour over Ballcock et moi!

Finally it was the turn of our hare Flasher and his assistant, Squirt, for a great run with some welcome twists and turns.

TTFN
Smuggler



Above: What's she smiling about?

Left: Hound handling



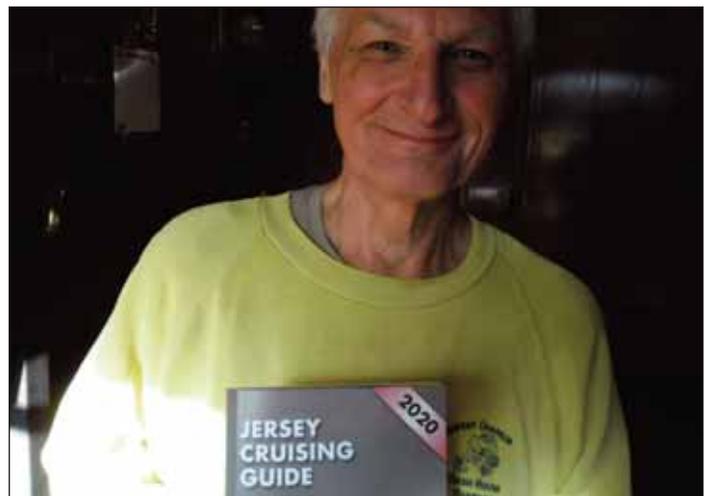
What a lovely spread



Kids will be kids



Gotcha!

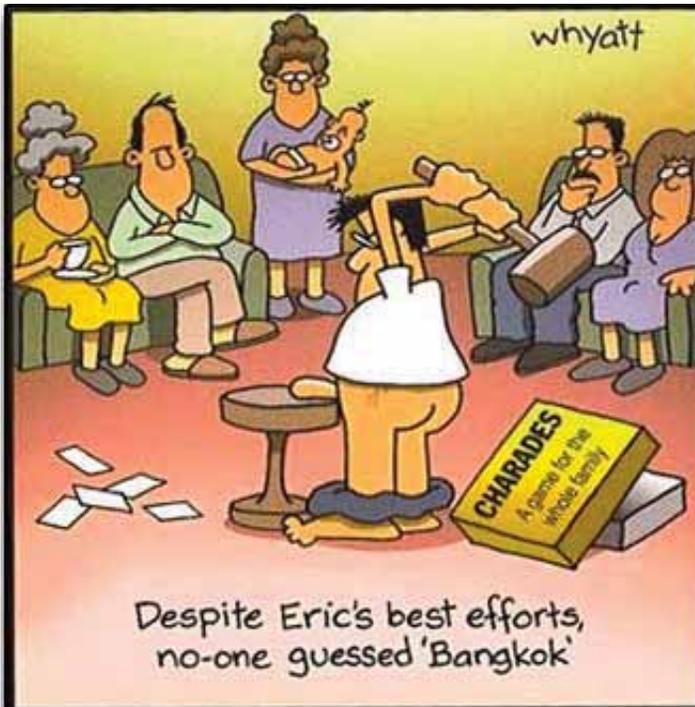


Above: Software's new hobby
Left: What a civilised run



The down-downs . . .

Hash ha-ha



If you're being chased by a police dog, try not to go through a tunnel, then on to a little seesaw, then jump through a hoop of fire. They're trained for that.

One of my earliest memories is seeing my mother's face through the oven window as we played hide and seek, and she said: 'You're getting warmer.'

Hopefully, I've got a book coming out soon. Shouldn't have eaten it really.

I hate sitting in traffic because I always get run over.

I used to think sticks and stones could break my bones but words could never hurt me, until I fell into a printing press.

My grandfather is always saying that in the old days people could leave their back doors open, which is probably why his submarine sank.

It's not easy to say what my wife does. She sells seashells on the seashore.

. . . and some more down-downs

Hareline

Run: 1592

Date: 2 February

Hare: Ballcock

On-down: Seymour Inn, Grouville

Scribe: Pervey

Run: 1593

Date: 9 February

Hare: Skywalker

On-down: TBC

Scribe: Discharge

For latest updates, news, contacts and all the gossip, see: www.crapaud.org