



CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

FREE

(Plus GST
at 5%)

Published
almost
weekly

2nd February 2020

The official organ of the Crapaud Hash House Harriers

Run Number 1592

Contacts: Grand Master 07797 722364, Vice Master 07829 800840, Vice Mistress 07700 747999, RA 07797 811080, Hash Cash 07797 728360, Hon GM / Hare & Scribe Razor 07797 740420, Hash Haberdashery 07700 747999
For latest updates, news and all the gossip see: www.crapaud.org

On and On

All cisterns go with Ballcock

Last Sunday's run was the first hash after the momentous upheaval which saw the nation's political landscape change forever. Yup, Dry January was over. Although not on ET's home planet. Apparently their solar year begins on January 16th so ET was only three weeks into her alcohol-free purgatory. Your scribe was one of those who embarked on the Dry January journey and if I'm honest I don't think I'd have managed it sober. Thirty-one days without a bath or a shower! But I digress. It was also the first run after Brexit – quite how ET celebrated that is not

clear, presumably with a Brut Champagne. The opposite of dry, of course, is wet – well it is in my dictionary of antonyms, and that's how last week's hare, Ballcock, that denizen of the water-closet, chose to celebrate the new era, basing his run in the wettest and muddiest parish in Jersey, formerly known as Grouville (in recognition of its super-saturated state, it changed its name recently to Glueville). Kevin Costner was a recent visitor looking at it as a possible setting for the sequel to his film Waterworld. Following heavy overnight rain



Never mind the view, feel the quagmire



Baywatch?



Usain Ballcock



We have splashdown



Setting a creaking pace



All hands to the pumps



Going with the flow



Not that way!

Ballcock's trail took us through the paddy fields of the Far East, not that you see many Irish labourers these days. Nor did we see any evidence of the health clampdown that resulted from the Coronavirus outbreak in Oriental parts of the world. Though disturbingly Sky-scraper turned up in the pub afterwards explaining that he hadn't run because of a chest infection. But he said he had enjoyed his trip to Wuhan.

reference to "the Big Man's Well" or something like that – certainly Illegal seemed fine. Among the beneficiaries of this jewel of wisdom was a 10-year-old virgin, Kirk, and his father Andrew who was a half-virgin (in so far as he'd joined us on the run two weeks previously at the half-way stage).

On a grey, misty day, threatening drizzle if not a full onslaught, we assembled in the car park behind the Seymour Inn, some seventeen runners and a handful of walkers. Steptoe welcomed us but then proceeded to tell us some disturbing news about a distinguished former Crapaud called IHABO (If I Had A Big One) who'd had a collapse in Spain and been in a coma. We wished him all the best.

Ballcock told us the trail was laid in sawdust and pink chalk, although there may be some blue chalk which he hadn't yet laid. There would be no FTs unless he got there first. With that Ballcock said it was all cisterns go (or On On, I'm not sure which). And we headed off towards the beach. Luckily the tide was out. Very soon there was a strong sense of déjà vu – the run proved to be a BOGOF job and I don't mean bog-free. It was quite the opposite. However it proved to be the exact reverse of the last run Ballcock had set. In fairness it had been an extremely good trail and not surprisingly it was just as good this time round, if marginally wetter.

The GM then gave us his first history lesson of the day about the name of the road on which the pub stands, La Rue de Puits Mahaut, It was apparently a



Going downhill fast



I'm browned off



The anti-aging creams are beginning to work



Software eavesdropping?

We left the beach and splashed through some fields turned into swimming pools much to the delights of ducks, geese and even some herons. The landscape turned industrial when we broke through a hedge amid crates of scaffolding parts. Software immediately burst into a rendition of "Lily the Pink".

Steptoe was starting to get anxious: "Twenty minutes to pub opening time," he warned. He became desperate: "Come on. Pub's open," he warbled. Then "Pub's been open for four minutes." But the youngsters had more weighty matters to consider. Ten-year-old Squirt said to ten-year-old Kirk, "Do you remember when you were young?" And I thought that was the old codgers' line.

The going got really rough after that as we squelched through one swamp after another. It was reminiscent of that film, 1917 – without the floating corpses or the skulls with the rictus grins. Although Software did at least



Squirt squelching

pay homage to the fallen when he went down like he'd been hit by a hail of machine-gun bullets, though all he suffered was a mud-bath. We continued via morass after morass before finally breaking through a hedge, which to our relief proved to be just downwind of the Seymour Inn. Decent ales and a more than decent sausage and chips scam followed.

Afterwards we trooped outside for the last rites. Software turned out to be a deserter having bunked off before being awarded a down down for his prat fall. He'll be offered the choice of a delayed down down or being shot at dawn. Bloody conchies. Skyscraper nobly stood in for him. Meanwhile Flasher was punished for letting his dog Lola go astray and Tinky Winky joined him. He apparently appeared in some obscure publication talking about planning and failed to mention the hash. That left the final honour to be awarded to Ballcock for services rendered.

On on, Pervey



Make way for the athletes



Pipe down Fuzz



Give us a cuddle



Between the sheets



See more – geddit?



Bankers



It's all going downhill



I'm not going to spill a drop

Down downs served in thimbles

I went to a joint party recently to celebrate both Burns Night and Chinese New Year. They called it Chinese Burns Night. I didn't want to go but my mate twisted my arm

Just arrived home early from work and saw some thieving bastard that had been trying to break in to my house. He managed to escape by hopping over into the neighbour's garden. I'm proud of my wife though. She must have put up some fight cos she's half naked, covered in sweat and can hardly walk

I've had life-changing surgery to fix the vertebrae in my neck. I haven't looked back since

I love the food from southern Spain. It's so Moorish

An authoritarian goes into a bar and starts ordering everyone a round.

Spent all my dosh on a sex change. Now I haven't got a sausage

A condom that's 100% safe. That's inconceivable

"Black ice causes 12 car pile-up at entrance to M6." Probably happened on the slip road.

"Son you're just not cut out to be a mime artist." "Was it something I said?" "Yes."

My mate went to the university of hard knocks. He now works at Oak Furniture Land.

Can anybody tell me how to meet people and make some friends when you are a total loser that nobody wants to be know you? Asking for a friend.

Customer: How much is a toilet roll? Venezuelan shopkeeper: 2,600,000 Bolivars. Customer: I think I'll use the Bolivars.

I have just accidentally swallowed one of my cats worming tablets. Don't ask meow

Gary Glitter got some of his favourite chocolates this Christmas. Under Eights

I entered the post code lottery. The next day I heard someone singing outside and knocking on my door. That bailiff thinks he's hilarious

Today is the start of diarrhoea week (runs until next Sunday)

Amish murderers get the acoustic chair

Q. What do you call a gay Irishman? A. Patrick Fitzgerald

Q. What do you call his husband? A. Gerald Fitzpatrick

I'm not saying my husband's fat but he says he wants to live on Quality Street

If I went to see a plastic surgeon do you think he'd let me pick my nose?



I once had a job transferring urology samples between various pathology laboratories. It was really taking the piss.

BMW car recall: More than 100,000 models recalled over safety risk: an electrical fault causes the indicators to work.

I've just won a dozen games of rock, paper, scissors on the trot against that predictable twat Dwayne Johnson.

My new girlfriend is a very posh Scots lass. Her favourite dessert is deep-fried Ferrero Roche.

RAPIDLY RECEDING HARELINE



Run no: 1594
Date: 16th February
Hare: Software
On Down: Le Hocq
Scribe: TBC

Run no: 1595
Date: 23rd February
Hare: Frisco
On Down: TBA
Scribe: Steptoe