



CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

FREE

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almost
weekly*

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

On and On

Dodging Dennis the Menace



Hardy Hashers Braving Storm Dennis

Last Sunday morning The forecast for last Sunday morning was heavy rain very windy gales, floods everywhere and even just venturing outside risked your life. So, a rather reduced Pack of committed Crapaud's braved Storm Dennis by turning out for the Run, but those staying indoors need not have been deterred. The forecast was completely wrong, or maybe our Hare Software had chosen a southerly location at Le Hocq escaping worst of what Storm Dennis could throw at us. The Run proved to be dry, pleasantly mild albeit freshened by slightly gusty winds. Unlike last night when seaweed had been blown from the sea right over the cost road ending up neatly parked in the car-park bays.

Some Hashers were prevented from appearing by other forces of nature. Having gone to watch Lincoln City lose another football match (*Editor, Why?*) Pervey was marooned in Blighty. Even worse, Molehill's Audi had locked him out when he stopped off to buy a Sunday paper. But Lauren had turned out admitting she "*was here needing to de-stress*".

Despite Dennis Ballcock and Steptoe had turned out in shorts. Our GM started by mysteriously asking why 1649 was significant? No-one had any idea, so



Up yours Dennis



Parked Seaweed



Trail was well-Laid with plenty of Workbench shaving Markings



Fuzz goes Swinging again!

Steptoe explained that 1649 was when Charles II was proclaimed King. Software brought proceedings back to reality when he advised “Using sawdust found under my workbench I laid the Trail backwards”. We all thought this was a really difficult feat as you cannot see where you are going backwards, but it turned out he should have more correctly said “The Trail is laid backwards”, being a route he had used before but laying the Trail other way round.

By all accounts the Trail was much enjoyed by the depleted Runners. The Walkers strolled through the mini-park cutting north through Le Rocquier School then up Rue de Presbytière onto the footpath along the cotil descending to St Clements Parish Church, repeatedly finding the Trail, evident from the copious sawdust strewn around, but without seeing any sign of the Runners. When nearing end of the Trail at top of Rue de Prince the Walkers witnessed Ballcock leading the Pack charging up the hill, closely followed by Bagsofit and Lauren, with Jacko, ET & Software rather further behind.

I wondered how Rue du Prince got its name. Apparently off Le Hocq beach (a Jèrriais name meaning “the headland”) three sizeable rocky outcrops are called King's Rock, Queen's Rock and Prince's Rock roughly forming a no. 7 shape. You can see Prince's Rock from this steep lane.



Hare's uphill Stagger!



Keeping to the edge!



Jacko Races to the Top



Closely followed by ET & Hare Software

Instead of taking a breather at top of Rue du Prince the FRB's Bagsofit and Steptoe turned around trotting off down back down to bottom of the hill and back up gain. What finely honed athletic stalwarts they are!

But where were Frisco and Steptoe? It turned out they were this weeks stragglers. Maybe Steptoe had drunk too much Real Beer the night before, but Frisco was moaning about feeling out-of-sorts and being unfit. He was even drooling spittle out of his mouth. Considering he had just been on a cruise we quietly worried if he was infected with Covid-19 and was spreading it amongst us. Fortunately, there have not been any reports of anyone else catching his bugs, although I suppose we have to wait another week to find out if we have all escaped his infection.

Back at Le Hocq Inn we had to use the back-door as the front door was locked to prevent gales gusting through the pub. Some tried the front door and thought the bar was still closed, even though it was well after 11.00 o'clock. Bagsofit commented on the Trail "Not a difficult Trail to lay, but truly enjoyable", with Smuggler (only appearing after the Run), adding "Hare damned by faint praise, I think!". Software was having none of this ribbing, commenting "since my Birthday on Wednesday I'm no longer 70 years old", which was a real give-away he Hares Runs the week after his



Stragglers Steptoe & Frisco



Plenty of Adulterated Under-Done Bangers!



Steptoe expounding on virtues of Real Beer!



Tripartite Harriettes



Pack sings Birthday Song to Software



Starting Down-Down



Finishing Down-Down


birthday each year, thereby deftly reducing two Down-Down's to only one.

As usual Le Hocq Inn laid on loads of Bangers & Bread, accompanied by French Fries. However, this week they had cooked the Bangers in a strange way using sweet whole mustard to spice up the flavour. It was a rather sticky mess as the Bangers were under-done.

Eventually our GM congratulated Software on a well-laid Trail, announcing – surprise, no surprise - it was also Software's Birthday so the Pack duly sang the usual Birthday song and silly "I've lost my glasses" rhyme before a rendition of our usual Hash Hymn. Software then made the most of his Down-Down draining every last dreg. There were no other Sinners called to repent.

Ballcock concluded the proceedings by announcing the Trail was 7.6 kilometres during which "I spat in the eye of Storm Dennis, but it blew Frisco's spittle back at me!". I hope Frisco will be better next Sunday to Hare his Run? **On On, Tinky Winky**

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STORM DENNIS JOKES

There's a technical term for a sunny, warm day which follows Storm Dennis It's called Monday.

Gosh, it's raining cats and dogs, said Fred looking out of the kitchen window as Storm Dennis lashed down outside. "I know," said his mother. "I've just stepped in a poodle!"

If a band plays music during Storm Dennis, who is most likely to get hit by lightning? The conductor.

A British man called Storm Denniss was inundated by messages from trolls complaining about Storm Dennis. One person posted: *'Please don't f*** my fence this weekend! Only just been repaired.'* Another commented: *'Hi can you do me a favour and try avoiding west Yorkshire this week we have already had a battering with the weather this past week. Thanks.'* Mr Denniss, of Whitby, Yorkshire, was given the name Storm because he was born on a particularly blustery night in March 1995. Fortunately, he is taking posts in jest, believing people are having a laugh. He said: *'I found it hilarious when the storm was named after me and my family started making jokes about it. The next day I started getting random messages from people I've never even heard of.'* [True Story]

RAPIDLY RECEDING HARELINE

Run no: 1596
Date: 1st March
Hares: Flasher & Discharge
Start: TBC
On Down: TBC
Scribe: Molehills



Run no: 1597
Date: 8th March
Hares: TBC
Start: TBC
On Down: TBC
Scribe: Software