



Crapaud News

special retro edition

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For all other information see www.crapaud.org

Common but not Garden

Ouaisne Bay on a damp Sunday morning, clearly the hare has ordered up the wrong sort of weather. A goodly pack is assembling and as it does so the clouds thicken and the drizzle turns to downpour.



Setting the disorder

I am assured by Muff Diver, our friendly hare for this run, that it will be a run of three commons. So that's clear, the first one no doubt will be the one we are currently standing in, its just a matter of which way.

After a quick word from the GM the hare advises the pack that the trail is laid in sawdust, adding that there is plenty of it. So on-on,

Ballcock overflow

The trail led out of the car park past the bacon butty van and onto the road across the common. The rain was now steady and we looked forward with some trepidation to a wet run. Circling

back towards the coast and onward towards the Jersey Tower.



Common ground

The hare suddenly veered across the heather and led us along the trail towards a pond formed in a dune. Ballcock took it literally and ploughed on waist deep across it. Sadly I failed to ready my camera quickly enough and missed the photo opportunity.

Beach party

The majority of the pack having avoided the pool headed along the path towards the slipway where it became obvious that we were heading up the cliff. By now the rain had eased but we were all nevertheless pretty wet. We head up the cliff through the old quarry and up to a check at the top.



Pervy at the back grumbling about his cancelled Flybe flights.

Windswept

The pack moves on around the cliff path which is exceedingly draughty. No time for messing as we have to watch our step with mud, puddles and rough path beneath our feet.



Capn Poocock Struggles to keep up

Splash

We run across Portlet common but it appears that Ballcock has got the taste for splashing as he navigates through each muddy pool that we pass, doing his best to coat the pack in mud. There must have been something in the water.



Cleanup

Wipeout

We pause for a quick check a Elsie is grumbling about the mud all over her back. So her dad and Ballcock take charge and give her a quick rub-down on the grass.



Crapauds protected species?

Common ground

Running away from the Site of Special Interest (which Muff Diver confides is home to naturist bathers in the summer, what could be more special?), we move swiftly on towards the next common, Noirmont. There is a brief check in the car park while we get our act together. The trail is simple to find as it heads towards Noirmont Point as expected. A muddy trail follows and Ballcock tries to utilize a particularly large puddle to splash the assembled pack. Unfortunately it backfires as a gust of wind sends the spray over himself.



Ballcock receives the backwash, serves him right!

We reach Noimont point and head down through the bunker and around through the woods, passing as we wondered lonely as clouds a host of golden daffodils. Muff Diver was unimpressed as these were miniature versions of his heritage symbol.



Elvis looks unimpressed

From there it is a simple On-Home down the hill.

On-downs

The on-downs are at the Hash mother pub, the Smugglers, where we are treated to a fine selection of real ales and of course the usual good grub.

We all dive into the selection of sausage, chips and bread and butter. Pervy, being a good dog-daddy sneaks a few sausages into a red serviette and slides it into his pocket for a later treat for Lola. However, Hooker complains that there are no sausages. In an attempt to placate her, Pervy attempts to restore his hoard to the platter. Unfortunately, the serviette sticks to the grub

and an unholy mess results. Fail and down-down.



The GM performs a naming, arise Bunting.

There is a formal naming as Kat is christened Bunting. A down-down for RinTinTin, he apparently mistook the doggy treats on the bar for a bowl of peanuts. For his trouble a bonio was floating in his pint.



Bonio



Elsie the young complainer



The hares receive their punishment



More misdemeanours

Finally the hares were punished for a fine performance.

Receding Hare Line

15 March	Bagsofit	Royal St Martin
22 March	Twin Peaks & Vital Statistics	TBA



Joke Time

Teacher: How much is a gram?
 Tyrone: Uhhh, depends on what you need.

A blonde drops off her dress to the dry cleaners.
 The lady says, "Thanks for your business. Come Again!"
 The blonde says, "No, it's toothpaste this time."

As an airplane is about to crash, a female passenger jumps up frantically and announces, "If I'm going to die, I want to die feeling like a woman." She removes all her clothing and asks, "Is there someone on this plane who is man enough to make me feel like a woman?" A man stands up, removes his shirt and says, "Here, iron this!"

A young woman was taking golf lessons and had just started playing her first round of golf when she suffered a bee sting. Her pain was so intense that she decided to return to the clubhouse for medical assistance. The golf pro saw her heading back and said, "You are back early, what's wrong?" "I was stung by a bee!" she said. "Where?" he asked. "Between the first and second hole." she replied. He nodded and said, "Your stance is far too wide."

A little old lady goes to the doctor and says, "Doctor I have this problem with gas, but it really doesn't bother me too much. My farts never smell and are always silent. As a matter of fact, I've farted at least 20 times since I've been here in your office. You didn't know I was farting because they don't smell and are silent."
 The doctor says, "I see, take these pills and come back to see me next week."
 The next week the lady comes back.
 "Doctor," she says, "I don't know what you gave me, but now my farts...although still silent...stink terribly."
 The doctor says, "Good! Now that we've cleared up your sinuses, let's work on your hearing."

A man walks into a cafe and asks: "What does a cup of coffee cost in this place?"
 The barista says, "It's £2.60."
 "OK, I'll have one," says the man. He takes 260 pennies from his pocket and throws them all on the floor. The barista doesn't want a confrontation so he just picks up the money and serves the coffee.
 The following week the guy comes in again and this time pays with a £5 note.
 The barista sees an opportunity for revenge so when he brings the coffee, he throws 240 pennies onto the floor. The man drinks his coffee leaving the change, then few minutes later he throws twenty pence on the floor and orders a second coffee.

I bumped into an old school friend at the store today. He started showing off, talking about his well paid job and expensive sports cars.
 Then he pulled out his phone and showed me a photo of his wife and said, "She's beautiful, isn't she?"
 I said, "If you think she's gorgeous, you should see my girlfriend."
 He said, "Why? Is she a stunner?"
 I said, "No, she's an optometrist."