



Crapaud Chronicle



13th September 2020

Run No. 1611

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

Wild West, again

Intro

St. Peter's Football Club brings up a few surprises. Captain Poocock, one of our hares, has been forbidden by Hooker from running because of his damaged limb. However, Wendolene has stepped up to become the additional hare. We have a virgin, Pseudo Penis, but not knowing her I forbore from asking the origin of her handle. Also Claire has turned up with Tarka (a virgin hound) who would be walked by NBM.



Almost 'armless



Claire & Tarka

Sneaky

In her rôle as first hare Hooker calls us together thereby preventing any formal introductions & sternly delivers our instructions. However, whilst the pack dutifully circled the football fields Hooker sneakily short cuts & awaits our return.



Pseudo Penis



Sneaky Hare

Rubbish

We eventually find ourselves on rugby & football pitches and are amazed at the rubbish left behind by, presumably, members of the various clubs.



Toxic!

The pack is fascinated by the Abreuvoir (Abréveux in Jersiais) at the end of La Rue des Sauvalleries with some claiming it to be a Lavoir. Not so, mes enfants!



Lavoir or Abreuvoir?

More Rubbish

More fields are negotiated and with the directions & assistance of sympathetic land owners we eventually find ourselves at a gate over which we have to climb. Hooker explains that during the “lockdown” people were dumping items over the gate which could have been to the detriment of the horses who normally exercised in the area. Shameful – what is becoming of our Island.

Step toe mentions, more than once, that he recognises certain of the fields from previous runs. Hooker is none too pleased with this & takes him to task. She was so bold as she was well on her way to getting a down-down if she had not already earned one as hare. Step toe, however, was circumspect for the remainder of the run



Ere, Ere

On Home

It's not long before we are on the long La Rue des Vignes which will lead us back to our starting point. Despite Wendolene putting her foot in the check we are able to continue. However, those who wish to rewrite history have thankfully missed the plaque celebrating Sir George Carteret.



Putting her foot in



Undiscovered

It's quite a long run back along La Rue des Vignes & all are pleased to return to the

Clubhouse on what has turned out to be a hot day.

Food, Glorious food

We are self-catering again today & Hooker has arranged a splendid spread. The great outdoors attracts the pack who wash down the goodies with their self-provided beverages, Unfortunately, NBM's glass & contents are dashed to the ground by Molehills precariously balanced clip file. Retribution will surely follow.



Relaxing



Bagman

Down downs

After all have had their fill the GM calls for order & formally welcomes Pseudo Penis to the pack as well as Claire & Tarka. He was not too impressed with the Last Night of the Proms new version of "Jerusalem". Nobody realised that on this day in 1943 the population were issued with a bar of toilet soap each & 5 boxes of matches per household.

Despite his vehement protestations Molehills is rightly presented with a down-down for allowing his clip board to destroy Nil-by-Mouth's drink.

Fortunately, it had been in a plastic glass so no permanent harm was done.



Spill Man

Having done his penance Molehills was definitely in the mood to punish all wrongdoers.

First up was Pseudo Penis, our virgin, who was unable to tackle a beer, so was presented with what looked like mouthwash. It could not have been too much of a problem as this was dispatched without delay.



Pseudo Penis & the Mouthwash

Our real sinners were next up for a well-deserved punishment. It seems that before turning up very late that 28 Degrees & Droopy Drawers had visited all sporting venues but the correct one in the area. Whilst Droopy Drawers, as navigator, could have been blamed for this 28 Degrees spent the whole run moaning about the situation & everything else. The down-downs were "enjoyed" although DD decided that 28 Degrees deserved a little beer shampoo.



Navigational Sinners

Last up were our trio of noble hares with Captain Poocock being privileged to have a full pint put in his hand.



Worthy Hares

Our hares did the decent thing & made relatively short work of the down-downs. I should point out in her defence that Hooker could only have a half pint as she was driving Captain Poocock home having forbidden her other half from touching the steering wheel.

It was an excellent run & enjoyed by all.

On On, Steptoe

Rapidly Receding Hareline

NEXT RUN is No: 1613

Date: 27 September 2020

Time: 10.30am

**Venue: Goose Green Car Park-
Post bike bash run.**



Hare: Illegal Immigrant & Fuzz

Scribe: Tinky Winky

Run 1614

Date: 4 October 2020

Time: 10.00am

Venue: TBC

Hare: Smuggler & Nil-by-Mouth

Scribe: Pervey



HASH Ha Ha

Three construction workers eat lunch together on the roof everyday, an Irishman, an Italian, and a Pole.

So the Irishman opens his lunch and its corned beef hash, and he exclaims "I swear to god everyday i eat this corned beef I'm sick of it! if my wife makes it for me again I'm going to jump off this roof!" then the Italian guy opens his lunch "Prosciutto and mozzarella again! Next time my wife makes me this I'm going to jump off the roof!" then the Pole opens his lunch "kielbasa and pierogi's again! I swear if i have to eat this one more time I'm jumping off the roof!" so the three men meet the next day on the roof for lunch and sure enough the Italian opens his lunch prosciutto again he jumps off the roof, the Irishman gets his corned beef and jumps off the roof and the Pole sees his kielbasa and jumps off the roof. A few days later all the wives are mourning after the funerals and talking to each other. The Italian wife says " if i had known he was so tired of prosciutto i never would have made it it's all my fault!" the Irish wife says "Me too! i wish i never made him that corned beef hash this is all my fault!" then through their tears they look over to the Polish wife, who looks up at them and says "Don't look at me, he made his own lunch!"