



CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

FREE

(Plus GST
at 5%)

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On & On

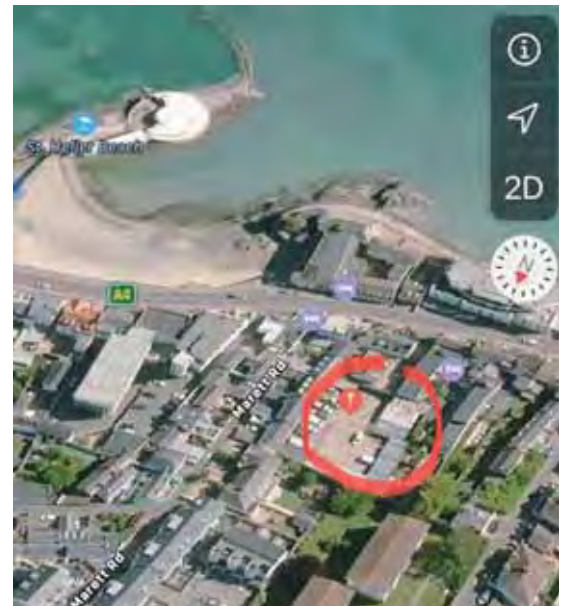
Hare's Virgin Inventions



Virgin Start... before a Virgin Finish (Steptoe)

Flasher, you have to admit is very inventive. The last Run he Hared had a beer stop in a...Church. It was a Holy Virgin location. He planned this week's Run starting from a Virgin car park hidden in depths of Havre des Pas, with the On-Down's at yet another Virgin venue - but more about that later. Some of the Pack did not believe there was any car park behind Rhodesia House, particularly because it is a building site, so many walked in from afar. Tinky Winky had even published a Streetview image and Flashers aerial view to help the Pack finding the location. This had escaped Pervey, who arrived late moaning he had traipsed up three streets before finding the start. Moreover, Flasher must have a direct line to God because despite very wet weather forecast amazingly the sun broke out exactly at 10.00am and stayed out for whole of the Run.

Our Grand-Master started off by asking the Pack what happened in 1943, everyone groaned. Someone muttered "You were hatched!". Undeterred Steptoe fessed that year numerous sailors washed up on our beaches, but there were even more washing up in Guernsey. What a grisly thought starting the Run. Flasher took over advising there had been chalk marking Trail and sawdust had probably blown away, so stick with him to find nice off-road stuff. He warned there was very steep hill.



Flying In? Land Here! (Flasher)

EXCLUSIVE: CRAPAUD SWINGERS INSIDE!



Cleaning Last Run's Mud (Tinks)



Squirts New Shoes (Tinks)



Step-Sisters Descent (Pervey)



Step-Brothers Ascent (Steptoe)

Five Miles was a perfect length for the Trail, which had something for everyone – beach, lanes, fields, vertiginous hill, tracks and for good measure at end of Run yet more beach. Immediately after setting off the Trail was laid westward along the beach, then skirted around the TA HQ across Mount Bingham through cut below South Hill Gardens, down Rue de l'Est, Regent Road, Snow Hill, La Motte Street onto College Hill (all way to top), down Fountain Lane across the fields to Les Varine, across more fields to Rue Saint Thomas, west into Plat Douet Road down to Rice Bowl then for good measure and to stretch the FRB's a bit more it was back onto the beach for the slog back On Home. Somewhere along the way Skywalker grazed his knee "falling over into a bush" he claimed (Scribe, I cannot believe that, more likely was during a puddle splashing episode?).

Hotel de L'Etang proved to be a fabulous Virgin venue for the On-Down's, although Steptoe was miffed by lack of Real Ale on offer. It was a Hobson's choice, with only either



**CRAPAUD SWINGER 1:
High Calibre Swinger (Pervey)**



**CRAPAUD SWINGER 2:
Biggest Swinger in Town (Pervey)**



Heaven's Gates? (Steptoe)



Heather Hill? (Steptoe)



Dog Rustling? (Steptoe)

Mary Ann or Fosters on tap. However, the nosh more than made up for that with very tasty bangers and chips being served. L'Etang even gave us a complimentary sweet course to follow, which was a delicious variant on Greek Honey Baklava, filo pastry oozing honey without unnecessary filling (*Editor, see rear page for photos*). We were very, very happy inside munching away while torrents of rain lashed down outside creating a river flowing along Havre des Pas.

After the storm passed we were all called outside for the Down-Down's in bright sunshine. "See, sun shines on the righteous" claimed Steptoe, although I am unsure to whom he was exactly referring. Molehills congratulated Flasher & Grantchester on a good Trail squeezing two Virgin venues into one Run, also calling up Squirt for sporting new trainers. It was a family Down-Down made more special by Squirt soaking his Mum. The look on Grantchester's face was a sight to behold (*Editor, see rear page for photo*), I wonder what befell Squirt back home? **On On, Tinks: Thanks to my Happy Snappers (Photo credits in brackets)**



Checking Trail - Where to now? (Lady Trotski)



**CRAPAUD SWINGER 3:
Swinging along Boardwalk (Steptoe)**



**CRAPAUD SWINGER 4:
Swinging around the Rocks (Pervey)**



Excellent Virgin Venue (Tinks)



Delicious Honey Baklava (Tinks)



Distracted Grantchester! (Tinks)



Squirt Soaks Mum! (Tinks)



Soaked Grantchester! (Tinks)

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Did you know the word Ikea is actually made up of two Swedish words? *Ika*, meaning Sunday, and *keya*, meaning 'fucking ruined'.

I regret rubbing ketchup in my eyes, but that's Heinz sight.

I've seen an article online asking if Scottish people are as tight as people say they are, but unfortunately it was behind a paywall. I'll never know.

Some people think being working class is a negative thing, but there's loads of benefits. I've claimed them all.

I went to a fundraising cheese and wine party at Jeremy Corbyn's. The ethos was very much *liberté, égalité, canapé*.

My doctor said to refer to my nervous breakdown as an episode. To be honest, it was more like a season finale that dragged on for months.

British people are like coconuts. Hard on the outside but sweet once you crack us. Also often found full of alcohol, moaning and holding a very large umbrella.

The Brownies are very woke these days. They have a 'smashing the patriarchy' badge. If you win it, your dad has to sew it onto your uniform.

Before Brexit, the Withdrawal Agreement was just me and my wife's preferred method of contraception. After Brexit we plan to scrap this Agreement.

I just bought underwater headphones and it's made me loads faster. Do you know how motivating it is swimming to the theme song from Jaws? My anxiety is way through the roof.

My mother said you don't have to put anything in your mouth you don't want. Then she made me eat broccoli, it felt like double standards.

RAPIDLY RECEDING HARELINE



Run no: 1622
Date: 29th November
Hare: Wendolene
On Down: St Brelade's Social Club
Scribe: Software

Run no: 1623
Date: 6th December
Hare: Steptoe
On Down: TBC
Scribe: Smuggler