



CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

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The official organ of the Crapaud Hash House Harriers

Run Number 1628

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

On and On

The long arm of the lawless

Anyone who's watched Line of Duty will know that all coppers are bent, especially ones whose surnames begin with an "H". Except those in AC12 of course – and, frankly, they're pretty dodgy. What you may not know is that Fuzz is one of the expert advisers who helps ensure the TV programme is an authentic portrayal of police life. Well, if she isn't, she should be. She was a very experienced plain clothes officer. When on duty she would normally wear a blue and white horizontally-striped jumper, carry a big sack marked "SWAG" on the side and sport the kind of mask which would get you slung out of Waitrose. You'd never have spotted her.

Fuzz drew upon the experience of all those years in the police canteen and the pub over the road to marshal last weekend's run. Unfortunately, over that long period of time she'd marked up so many corpses at crime scenes that she'd run out of chalk and had to make do with the ground-up remains of her truncheon. That meant that she didn't have enough dust to lay checks on the trail so we were very rarely given the chance to have a breather – although Fuzz did allow us one opportunity to have a rest when she found a convenient bench to sit herself down on.

The lack of checks wasn't the only departure from the rules as enshrined



Fuzz demonstrates her traffic direction technique

Reservoir dogs ... and bitches!



in the holiest of hash relics, the Magna Cheater. One thing you can take as a given is that when we run across farmland the hare will have sought permission from the owner. So, it came as a bit of a surprise when we entered the first potato field that Fuzz warned us: "I haven't got permission to be here. In fact I haven't got any permissions at all". So much for the law of the land!

And that admission came soon after the GM had taken pains to point out the need to abide by the Code of Law introduced in Jersey in 1771. Not only that, but it was the beginning of Holy Week as well.



It's definitely not a parallel universe



Whose damn idea was this?

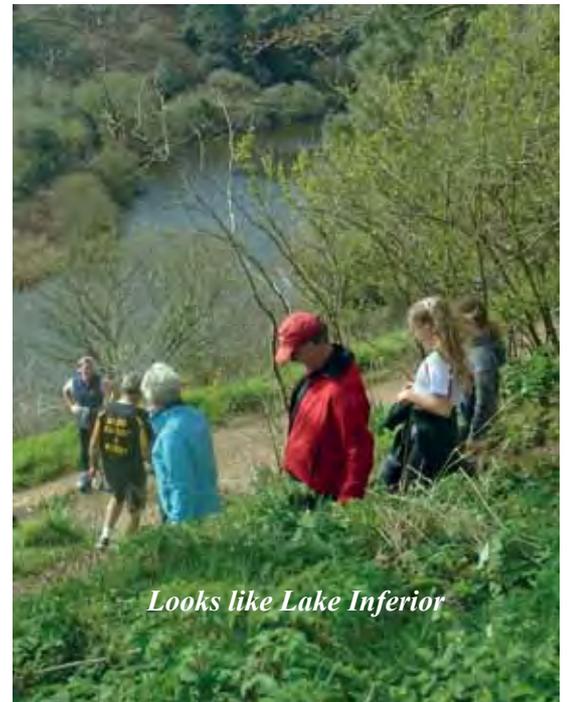


Bottoms up ... err, down



Achieving take-off velocity

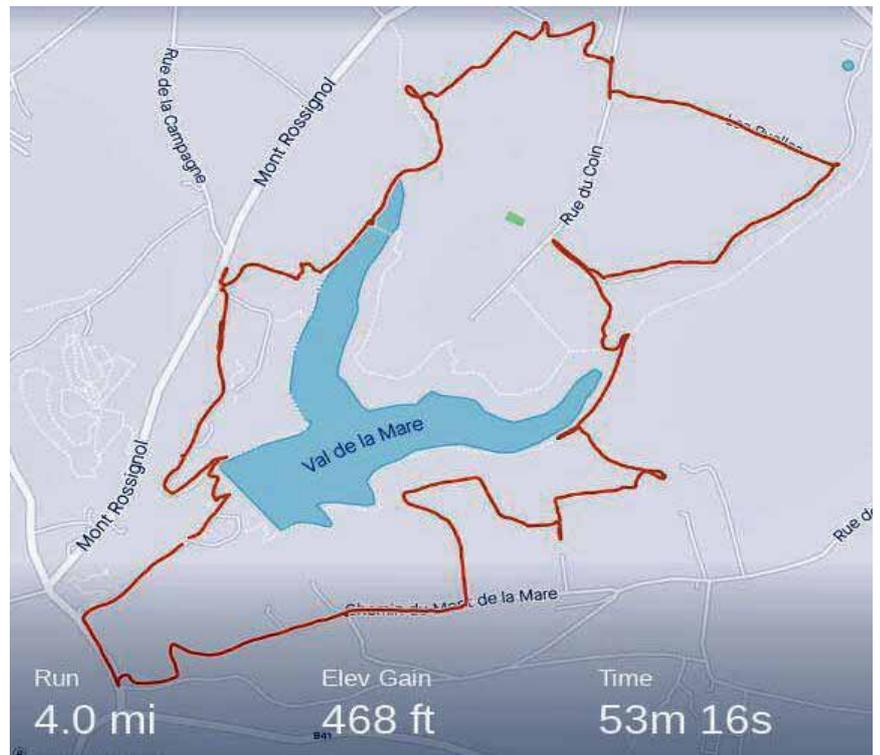
On top of the missing chalk, Fuzz told us that she and ET had laid the trail on the previous Friday when it had been windy and wet and that there was a risk there may be little dust left. We felt like we'd just have to follow our noses. We were also asked to look out for a missing brown dog called Maurice. Or was it a red herring? The good news was that most of the trail was off-road – which was itself a clue that we should head towards the dam. We climbed up a new path to the side of the dam and there the shilly-shallying began although to be fair to our hare for what was basically a round-the-reservoir run it was very inventive and a lot of false trails were followed blindly. There was even what may have been a bit of virgin territory which involved a steep plunge down a grassy bank which some decided was better negotiated on their backsides. At the bottom we ran into the walkers,



Looks like Lake Inferior



See that stone? It's definitely this way





Into the abyss



Sitting on the proverbial



Happy Hare



Life is such a struggle

causing quite a traffic jam. Emerging from the reservoir surrounds we found a stray dog but unfortunately it was the wrong colour. We eventually found ourselves on a nice stretch of downhill road called Les Charrières which we instructed to skip down – Muffdiver, Pervey and 28 Degrees tried manfully but with varying degrees of failure. The trail took us up a long track which fed back into the reservoir basin but instead of plunging down into the valley we stayed up top and looked down at the sights below until finally making the descent to the water's edge. We weren't in the valley for long before we crossed to the other side and found ourselves on another uphill slog where Fuzz found a handy bench where she could watch the rest of us catch up. Once up top it wasn't long before we started making the gradual descent to the On Down near the Chapel. The new order meant no refreshments unless, you'd brought them with you. Millie and Hattie were given a birthday down down. Pervey was punished for appearing in a 35-year-old newspaper cutting. 28 Degrees joined him for some trivial offence and then our hares, Fuzz and ET were thanked in the customary manner. On on.



Following in mum's footsteps



Hand-me-down



Looks like the end of the road and we've only just begun



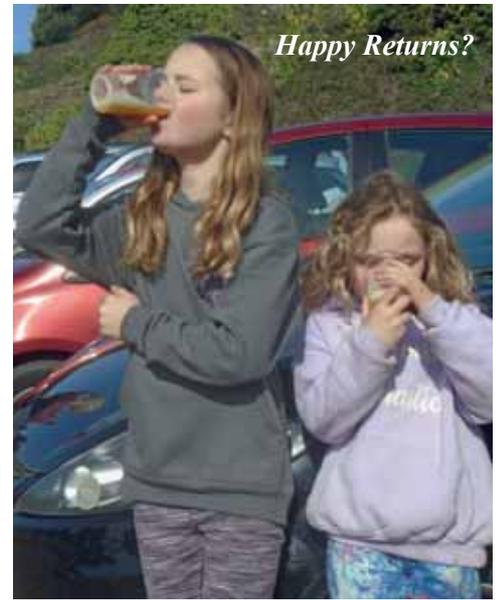
Elsie and 28 Degrees have a dust-up



Hare pair



Syntax



Happy Returns?

H
A
S
H



H
A
H
A

I was very proud of myself after taking part in my first mixed race threesome. Although my mate told me afterwards that the proper term was 'triathlon'.

Bono has tested negative for coronavirus as doctors confirm it was just a bad case of catarrh. In a statement, the U2 front man said, "Well tonight, thank God it's phlegm, instead of flu"



While cleaning out my bedside table, I realized that I have been single way too long



Fly tipping by J R Hartley

I tried to warn my son about the dangers of Russian Roulette. But he wouldn't listen. It went in one ear and out the other.

Tinky showed me his latest design – a building ten storeys high. I told him there were a lot of flaws in his plan

I asked the librarian for a book on constipation. She said, "It hasn't come out yet."

"Good morning class. Today's lesson is on whole numbers and I need your undivided attention," said the maths teacher. One of the pupils asked, "Do you like fractions, sir?" "Not half," he replied.

As I recovered from surgery, I asked the doctor how it went. "Well" said the doc, "you've got a punctuated large intestine." "Don't you mean punctured?" I asked. "No" said the medic. "We removed half of it, you've now got a semi-colon."



"When will all this wretched rain stop falling," I asked. My wife replied helpfully, "When it hits the ground."

I took my down down up the north face of the Eiger. My doctor told me I was taking my drinking to dangerous levels.

I said to my mate, "Bet you can't guess how much I won at the bookies yesterday?" He chuckled, "Go on then, put me out of my misery." So I went round to his house and killed his wife.

I go to confession every time I commit adultery. I'm not a Catholic, I just like to brag.



Molehills faces a dilemma. Which one should I drink first?

RAPIDLY RECEDING HARELINE



Run no: 1630
Date: April 11th
Hares: Ballcock
On Down: Somewhere
Scribe: TBA

Run no: 1631
Date: April 18th
Hares: Taxi & Double Top
On Down: TBA
Scribe: TBA