



Crapaud News

special retro edition

25 April 2021

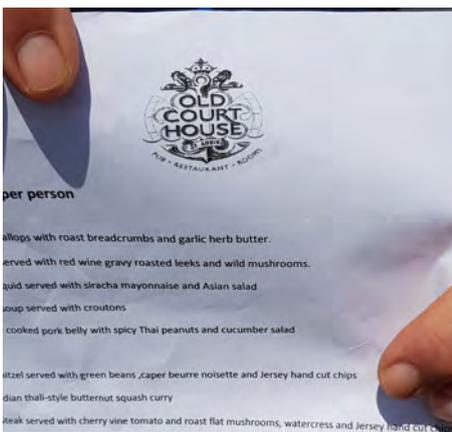
Run Number 1632

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For all other information see www.crapaud.org

Hare Raises the Bar with Double Drink Stop

A town venue is a rarity but Flasher and Granchester have managed to find one without the hassle, or so they thought. Early arrivers found the car park used previously now had a brand new barrier and there was some hold-up while this was sorted. A goodly pack assembled on this windy but sunny day at Havre des Pas. Next week is the non-Christmas run and attendees were required to submit their menu choices for the secret location. The co-hares were, nevertheless, confused. Jacko tried to pass his choices to Hash Cash who reposted with a curt, "you're the organizer, mate!". And to cap things off Frisco thought the menu in the email was too small to read and so printed off the original and started to circulate it with the header 'Old Court House' proudly displayed. Down-downs all round, methinks.



The 'secret' venue



Beach parties

So it begins

We set off towards the shore, and sure enough the beach. As we progress Smuggler poses the question: "Who is this week's scribe?" I, the real scribe, respond, "Well, bugger me, I am and I've forgotten my camera!" But all is not lost, it is suggested that Lady Trotsky and Katrina always carry their phones and so the problem is almost solved. We arrive at Greve d'Azette slip for a quick check. My plight is noted and no doubt

Slip-up

Leaving the slipway and ignoring the FTs we progress past chez Smuggler without so much as a drink stop and across the marsh towards Rus des Pres. There is much leaping and crossing of the douet as we follow the trail leading us through rough dob-walking ground towards the road and a further check.



No! Don't jump!

Manor of speaking

It's up the road next to Longueville Manor where the hares have cleverly led us astray as we are forced to loop around and back out again towards Rue St Thomas and onward up La Freminerie.



Gated



It's this big, no it's this big

At the top we find the way to Swiss Valley barred by a temporary gate, due to the poor condition of the path. But all is not lost, we

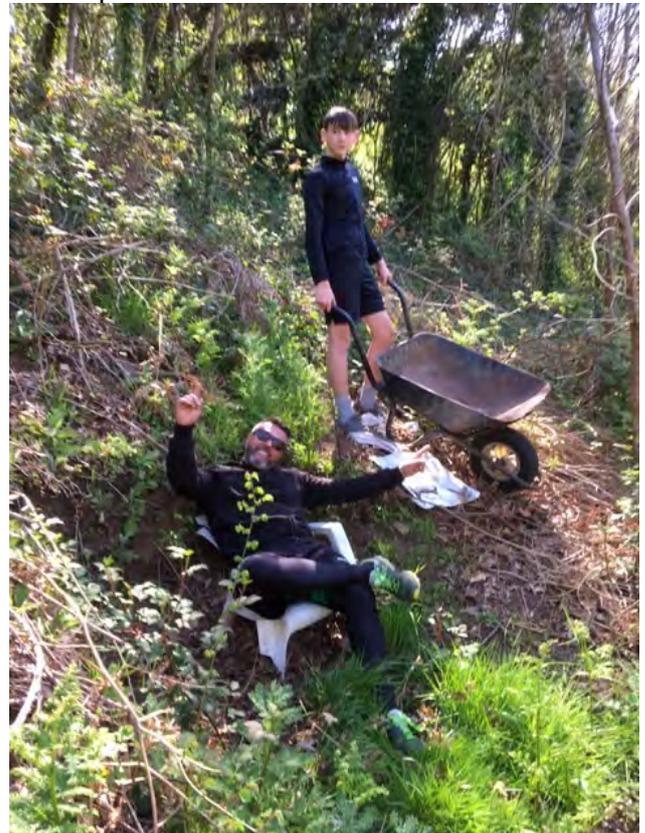
take an alternative route across the field and on towards the farm. On our way we note an unusual nesting box, which turns out to be a hornet trap.



Buzz feed

Roughing it

Down into the woods we descend into the valley that leads up towards Five Oaks, many years ago when this was a cattle farm we were able to run all the way down, now sadly it is overgrown and impassable.



Barrow boy

Drink Stop #1

After our trip through the woods we hit the farm path and ascend to the other side of Swiss Valley into the car park where the hare has thoughtfully provided mid-run refreshments of food and drink.



Steptoe makes no attempt to hide his dismay

Unfortunately, the beer on offer is Covid 19, er.. Corona, which while free does not quite excite the GM's taste buds!



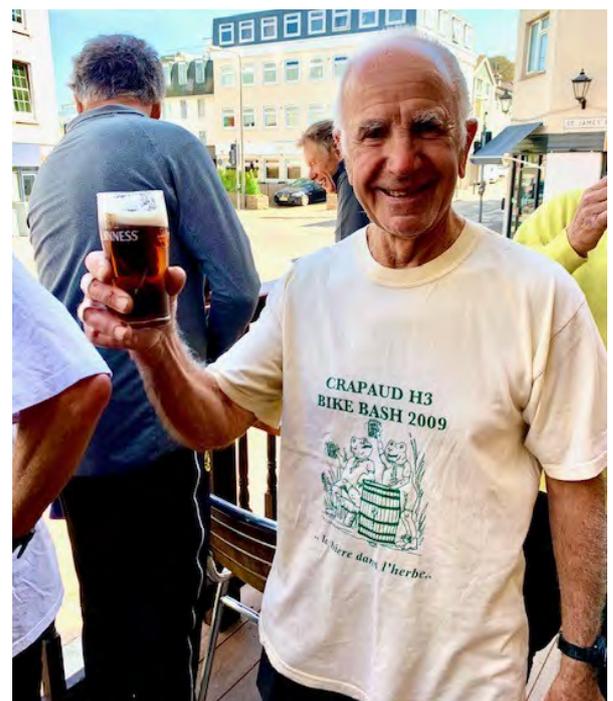
What have we here?



Tramps nest

Drink Stop #2

We pass across the fields below Palace Close discovering a secret hide on the way. We emerge in Fountain Lane for another check where we procrastinate as to the trail. It is up and then down College Hill to Bacchus where the hare has excelled in providing a second drink stop.



Ah! That's better!

This time, however, the GM's palate finds the offer acceptable. Then it's On-Home to the de l'Etange, where we are served with an excellent lunch.

Down-Downs

The RA punishes two virgins before moving on to the sinners.



Virgins

The main sinner is Software the forgetful scribe.



The forgetful scribe is punished

Finally the hares are punished for an excellent run, setting a new standard for drink-stops. This is a run that will not be forgotten!



Hares punished



The happy hare

Rapidly Receding Hare Line

9 May | Bagsofit | St Martin's Car Park

Hash Ha Ha!



They say that during sex you burn off as many calories as running eight miles. Who the hell runs eight miles in 30 seconds?

“Apparently, women need to feel loved to have sex and men need to have sex to feel loved, so the basic act of continuing the species requires a lie from one of you.”