



Crapaud News

special retro edition

15 August 2021

Run Number 1648

Contacts: Grand Master 07797 722364, Vice Master 07829 800840, Vice Mistress 07700 747999, RA 07797 811080, Hash Cash 07797 728360, Hon GM, Hash Hare & Scribe Razor 07797 740740, Hash Haberdasher 07700 747999

For all other information see www.crapaud.org

Hooker and Capn Poocock's Tyresome Run

We all arrive at St Peter's Football Club for this week's affair. The hares advise us that the club is unable to provide a bar service so hopefully all heeded the GM's sage advice to bring your own favourite beverage. On-downs will be kindly provided by Doc Hema in the form of various curries supplemented by bread and cheese courtesy of the hares.



GM's dressing down

The weather is dull and we swerved a quick shower on our way to the venue. There are a number of runners this morning together with the usual bevy of walkers, this week joined by Muff Diver who claims to have overstretched a muscle last week.

The circle was formed and before the hares apprised us of the rules Steptoe regaled us with his usual trivia. "What happened on this day in 1912?" he questioned. Following the silence of the pack he informed us that it was the first

Battle of Flowers. The indifference of the pack was overwhelming.

The hares duly informed us that the trail was laid in sawdust and chalk and it was on-on.

Runway

Heading off towards the airport runway and taking the path thereof around the perimeter. There was a misleading mark with which Capn Poocock attempted to fool the pack but largely failed.



Getting one's bearings

And so the trail continued along the path towards St Peter's Parish Hall. As we passed by there was a car-boot sale going on and Pervy and Steptoe were unable to resist looking for a bargain.



Bargain hunting trail

Meanwhile, back on the trail we pass by the school with the inevitability of heading to the path that leads us around the airport perimeter.



For those who don't understand H3 signage

Sunflower

We pause momentarily to take in some nature



Sun Fowler 1



Sun fowler 2

before continuing our way around the airport path. We stick close to the edge to avoid the traffic.



Helpful signs



Gossip

A brief respite from the well trodden and dog-shit strewn main path while we take some of the paths created by the local off-road bikers.

This is helpful as Jacko seems to have missed his breakfast and takes in a bit of foraging to keep up his stamina.



Blackberry or bumblebee?

The hares having spoofed the trail call on-back and we continue.



Capn Poocock logs-on

Moving on up

Having finally come to the end of the airport runway we head across towards Mont Fondan, a narrow but steep little hill that certainly slows down the pack, including the inevitable double arrow fowling the FRBs.



Casual Stroll

Tyred

The trail leads us through Les Ormes golf club where the trail leads us past the rare Lesser Spotted Golf Hawk nesting site.



Feeling Tyred



Nest Egg



Group photoshot

We head on through Clos Saut Falluet and back on the road heading up the road towards the Rugby club.



Ballcock looks tyred

Finally we pass behind the Rugby Club and head on home,

On-Downs

Back at the football club Doc Hema has set up his curry fest. We all enter with our chosen libations and take our seats. The prawn and lentil curries are excellent as usual. And for those no disposed to spicy food the hares have a selection of cheeses, bread,tomatoes and pickles.



Jacko fails the double arrow test.



McKinley and Doc Hema struggle



Hare tonic

In the absence of the RA Steptoe punishes Jacko for failing to obey a double arrow. Mor punishments for McKinley having dropped and smashed his bottle (fortunately, empty!) forcing a clean-up and Doc Hema for the excellent catering. And finally the hares for an excellent run, 6.2 miles according to out Strava expert, Ballcock

Rapidly Receeding Hare Line

29 August	Steptoe	Hockey club
5 Sept	Smuggler & Frisco	TBA

Hash Ha Ha!

Life Hack: When too tired to do all the things on your To Do list, try a To Don't list. Simply write all the things you're not going to do and then... don't do them. Huge sense of achievement with none of the effort.

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

I asked for a wake-up call at a hotel and they said, 'You're a drug addict and you're killing yourself.'

I tell my friends I'm here for them 24/7 because it sounds better than saying I'm only here for them on 24 July.

Before Brexit, the Withdrawal Agreement was just me and my wife's preferred method of contraception.

Why do Americans say 'eggplant' and everyone else says 'chicken'?

People who say 'Everything happens for a reason' have never shit themselves on public transport.

