



# CRAPAUD CHRONICLE

**FREE**

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**On and On**

## Between the vraic and a hard place



What a marathon weekend that was. The London Marathon. The Jersey Marathon. The latest instalment in the Bond Marathon. And the St Martin Marathon, a longish trail round the north-east corner of the Island, devised by that super villain, Ernst Stavro Bagsofit.

At the heart of his diabolical plan, conceived at home while he was stroking his pussy, was a plot to lure hashers into a deep, slime-covered ocean trench with rotting seaweed underfoot, obscuring jagged rocks and foetid pools of scum-covered saltwater. The height of his villainy was that, having fallen prey to his sinister stratagem, there was not a shred of chalk or dust to point the way to our salvation. Bagsofit blamed the overnight rain for having removed all his carefully wrought navigational aids, but there was a strong suspicion that the incoming tide might somehow have been responsible and that our hare could just

about have foreseen that. We were left with the question: what had turned a mild-mannered accountant into a King Cnut?

The answer was an incident in Bagsofit's recent past in which he'd been scarred for life by a pack of seagoing monsters. He'd been swimming in the warm Mediterranean waters off Majorca when he'd been attacked by a swarm of jellyfish. Twice he was whip-lashed by these gelatinous monsters of the deep and on both occasions he was badly burned. Despite emergency treatment involving a poultice made of baking soda and sangria the raw skin lesions crusted over leaving him with a deep-rooted determination to get revenge. Though why he picked on the Crapauds is anybody's guess.

We had certainly been lulled into a false sense of security. Rather than the terrible weather of the previous weekend the day was set fair (and stayed that way almost

until the end of the down downs). And unlike the two previous runs where numbers were into single figures there were about 25 of us, runners and walkers including a sizeable contingent of younger members. Even better we were spared Steptoe's monologue about some obscure event from the ancient past because he and Walkies had swanned off to Greece. Mamma Mia!

And we had two guests, two pasty-botherers from deepest Cornshire, Not the Full Shilling and Foetal Attraction (who hash with Truro H3), though the latter stayed in the hire car rather than associate with riffraff like us. They weren't first-timers however, having last run with us a couple of years ago. Half a Sixpence, or however much he is worth, is Jersey born and bred. He'd left to see the world at the age of 17 having achieved the honourable distinction of being expelled from Hautlieu.



Creating waves



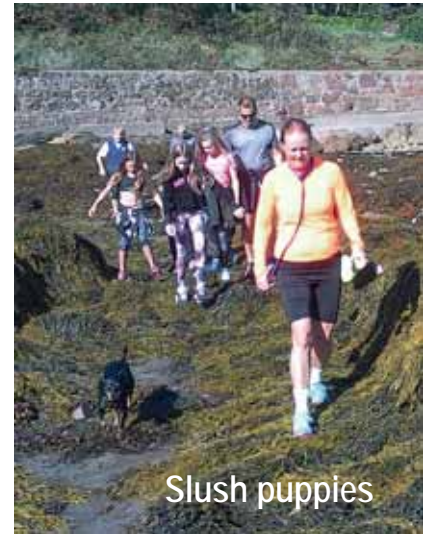
Across there? Yuk!



Kelp me

The Vice-Master welcomed all to the St Martin village car park and handed over to Bagsofit who proceeded with his hard-luck story about having laid the dust the previous day only for it to be wiped out by the overnight monsoon. "The trail is now laid in nothing," he announced reassuringly. "It's a run where you like day." Worse still, he'd called in at the Royal to check they were ready for us, and was greeted with complete unawareness.

The on on was called and while Ballcock and Jacko headed towards M&S the rest of us stuck with the hare and went in the opposite direction. Inevitably we turned down Rue des Raisies, followed by the right into Rue de la Fosse a Gres and past the Methodist Church into St Catherine's woods where the landscape had turned distinctly autumnal with a carpet of slushy brown leaves underfoot.



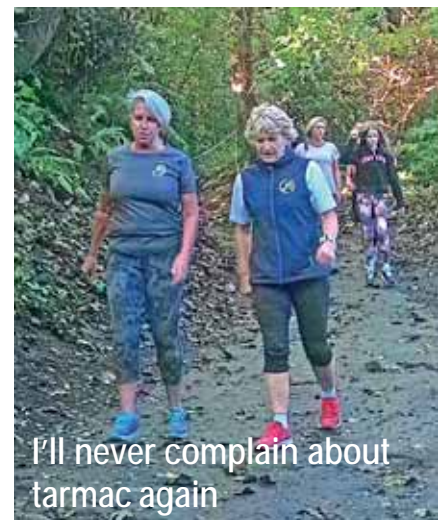
Slush puppies



What a way to go

The surprise came when we eventually turned right into La Rue de la Perruque which led us down to Fliquet Bay and our unexpected maritime diversion. Walking across seaweed isn't a lot of fun. It's very slippery and if you're unlucky your foot goes straight through into the water beneath. A dry day, but wet feet nevertheless. "This is gross," announced young Hattie and nobody was inclined to disagree with her. What was worse the hare disappeared at this point and the pack was left to find its way through the alien landscape with the majority opting for cutting through banks of seaweed while three hashers preferred the high road, scampering across rocks and gullies.

Eventually we re-grouped and found ourselves heading for St Catherine's breakwater, though rather than



I'll never complain about tarmac again



On the vraic!



On the rocks!



Old currency?



Setting the bench mark?



Things are warming up



He's got a chip on his shoulder

follow the one-way system our hare made us run against the traffic flow until we found ourselves back in St Catherine's woods running past the reservoir and over the two sets of stepping-stones.

We made our way to metropolitan St Martin where there was a grave ending to the run in the village churchyard before we reached the car park and returned to the Royal. There we enjoyed a rather over-long wait until the food arrived. In fact it was such a long delay and because our Hash Rev was in a bit of hurry he started the down down sequence with barely another hasher present. He just had time to award a down down to Flasher to mark his birthday some weeks previously before having to abandon the ceremonial in favour of a more important event – the arrival of the sausage and chips.

Afterwards Tinky Winky tried to persuade a team of us to get involved in some decidedly strenuous looking event on behalf of the Gurkha Welfare Trust. Unfortunately he wasn't available to lead the team because he'd already signed up as a marshal for the event. Molehills then fulfilled what remained of his contribution, The only sinner identified was Tinkerbelle for some undisclosed demeanour but because she'd disappeared early that was the end of that. However at least our two visitors had stayed on until the bitter end – literally – and were given their down downs. The proceedings ended when Bagsofit was rewarded for his endeavours.

**On on**



The sun shines on the righteous?



This'll weed out the wimps



Onward and upward



Spice Girls tribute band?



Richard Osman's latest is a Foetal Attraction

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A  
S  
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Look how instinctively, the mother croc carries the baby in its mouth. Nature is beautiful.



Oakland Zoo in California has vaccinated all its lions against Covid. When asked why, the head keeper said: "Have you ever tried to put a mask on a lion?"

Nutritionist: "You should eat 1200 calories a day." Me: "And how many at night?"

My flatmate doesn't like to talk about the steamroller accident

On my way to the hospital this morning I was almost run over by a Mr Kipling lorry. Thankfully he had exceedingly good brakes!



Three brothers called Nat, Pat and Tat go to the pub. The barman, seeing a physical resemblance, asks if they're related. Nat says, "Yeah, we're triplets." The barman is astonished. "Triplets! How come two of you are six feet tall and the other one's a mere four foot six?" "Well," said Nat, "me and Pat were breast-fed so there was no tit for Tat."

Did you hear about the French kamikaze pilot? He got a medal after his 9th mission.

I've just invented an earthquake early warning system. It's ground-breaking.

Having too many vowels is a consonant struggle in a game of Scrabble.

I was arrested for stealing full stops. I'm looking at a lengthy sentence.



I went bald at an early age, but I've kept my comb - I just couldn't part with it.

These days not many people are called Lance. But in mediaeval times they were called Lance a lot.

Why do French people eat snails? Because they don't like fast food.



Nine out of ten dermatologists agree that towels are the leading cause of dry skin!

I love watching movies in 3D, especially if my girlfriend is sitting in 3E.

I was invited to a party on a nudist beach. I turned it down. I already had something on.

My son accused me of living in the past. I laughed, gave the little scamp a shilling and sent him on his way



What do you call a blimp with lots of light-emitting diodes? LED Zeppelin

Some awful person has glued my pack of cards together. I just can't deal with it.

I failed my ventriloquist's exam. I can't say that I'm surprised.

Gardening tip: water your lawn with beer. It'll come up half cut.



I've had all my teeth extracted. Life really sucks.

I received an email explaining how to read maps backwards. Turns out it was just spam.

I was walking in the jungle and saw a lizard stand up on its hind legs and start telling jokes. I told my companion, "Now that's a funny lizard." He said: "That's no lizard. It's a stand-up chameleon."

I went to see the RED ARROWS at the Jersey Air Show. There were gasps of "Ooh" and "Aah" as the crowds watched on in amazement. Near miss after near miss had some people covering their eyes and shaking their heads in disbelief. It was a good half hour's worth of entertainment, but in the end, my wife finally managed to park the car and we made our way to the air show



Two Taliban soldiers are trying out rucksacks at Millets. One says to the other: "Does my bomb look big in this?"

Just for the record, I've bought a new turntable.

I had eczema, haemorrhoids and diarrhoea at the weekend.....best game of Scrabble I've ever played.

My girlfriend wants to earn how to drive. I'm not going to stand in her way.



## RAPIDLY RECEDING HARELINE



**Run no:** 1657

**Date:** October 17th

**Hares:** Bunty & Elsie

**On Down:** Smugglers

**Scribe:** TBA

**Run no:** 1658

**Date:** October 24th

**Hares:** Skyscraper

**On Down:** TBA

**Scribe:** TBA