



# Crapaud Chronicle

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Run Number 997

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[www.crapaud.org](http://www.crapaud.org)

## Jersey Live or Not?

### Meet where?

We have an unusual venue today – Le Parc de la Petite Falaise – which we have to share with cars & campervans filled with devotees of the Jersey Live Festival. Plenty of Police activity & road signs on the way here, it's almost as if we are at Glastonbury, but they don't prevent the hashers from reaching the car park. Early morning has been very dull but there are now signs that the sun is going to bless our activities. We have welcome additions to our midst in the shape of Guinea Pig who turns out to be a co-hare & Marilyn, a virgin, who has decided that we are worth a try – a little innocent in the big wide world of hashing. The cyclists from last Saturday who were unable to face last Sunday have turned up – presumably the hangovers are long gone. Illegal Immigrant is blessed with the presence of Anya on her first hash for some time. Even Molehills who has been moving goods & chattels, including his wife, to the Island is back amongst us.

### Equipment, what equipment?

Eventually our hares call us to form a circle. We receive an apology as CTV had been unable to sort out a crew to join us on the run as they were fully committed to Jersey Live - Where can their priorities lie? We have three hares, Illegal Immigrant, Rent-a-Bed & Guinea Pig who had received some assistance from Little Jack the previous day, & are informed that the trail is laid in the usual stuff, whatever that might mean & that the run will not be too long. We are also admonished to not fiddle with the equipment & I can assure that nobody is going to fiddle with my equipment uninvited, but the likelihood that we will go anywhere near the Royal Jersey Showground is somewhat remote.

### Check

The usual reluctance to seek out the trail is evident although we finally hit the road & a path across the fields but to no avail as on-back is called. We are soon descending the cliff from the corner of the car park. The going is slow & the pack has split up with calls coming from different areas of the cotil. But not to worry because we get together again at the check on Les Charrieres de Bouley (Bouley Bay Hill to most). From this check it must be up but which path is the correct one?

### Double Arrows

After a little searching it turns out to be the old favourite of the National Trust land of Le Grand Cotil. We should have been wary as the FRBs find double arrows at the top so 6 have to return to the back of the pack. There is some

hesitation as to the correct trail but it is more likely to be towards the coast. This proves correct but one of our number makes an unscheduled diversion. Wet Patch has gone off trail to greet her Aunt & Uncle but the invitation to a drinks stop is not forthcoming – what a shame! The hill is quite steep & is not helped by the sight of a vile green house - Rent-a-Bed considers it has been painted to match the moss in the middle of the road.

### Strop

It's not long before we see more of our number returning to the back. It seems that 9 were victims of the double arrows. At our next stop this causes Captain Poocock to whinge as he understands that 6 should be the maximum number. However he is swiftly reminded of the first rule of hashing - "There are no rules in hashing" So it is up yet another hill & yet another set of double arrows – our hares are being very cruel today.

### Happy Campers

We are soon back off road where bales of hay decorate the fields & then onto cliff paths & disturb groups of happy campers. Most don't seem too worried at our passage but others still in their tents this late in the morning seem to resent the disturbance. Let's hope that the empty cans, bottles etc. are cleared up on their departure presumably to Jersey Live.

### Perfect drinks stop

Rent-a-Bed takes some hashers off at a tangent but the majority keep going down the slopes towards Petit Port. The thrill of the hash is now paling for Anya & she has to be encouraged on her way. We strike off the main path & follow the banks of the stream & then into same stream for, surprise, surprise, a drinks stop. There is one in our number who considers this location absolutely perfect for a lie down. Yes, Phoebe the golden retriever is making the most of this break & every so often distributes water amongst the pack. All good things come to an end & we are off down the steam before climbing up to stop near Wolf's Lair & the war memorial to the 1943 Commando raid in which Captain Ayton was killed.

### Distant View

We take the path towards Egypte & Top Gun stations himself at a puddle to in order to spread mud amongst the pack. The hashers attempt to avoid this assault but Captain Poocock exacts revenge by launching his own attack from the rear. It's a long, steady trudge to the main road even though we do manage to run for a bit. Frisco is doing the decent

thing & has taken Illegal Immigrant's burden onto his shoulders. Yes, Anya has flagged so much that she now needs assistance. Is-it-Buggery declares that if we climb to the heights we should be able to catch a glimpse of the spire of Trinity Church. This shows that we still have a fair way to go before we get to the pub.

**Back Home, at last**

We could be on a lot of roads but do manage to divert onto fields before finally heading down La Rue de Bergerie where we hit a short bit of road which we have already traversed – naughty, naughty, Hares! Never mind as this keeps us off the main road & the on-home sign heralds the approach of Le Parc de la Petite Falaise. The end of a good run but not the short one that we were promised as it is now getting on for midday.

**Late arrival**

It's quite a trudge to the pub where the management is pleased to see us as they had been promised our arrival at around 11 0'clock. An additional bar had been set up outside to cater for the extras expected from Jersey Live. However we have to go inside to order our pints of Jimmy's as well as getting our sausages, French fries & bread & butter.

**Announcements**

The usual exhortations re the 1,000<sup>th</sup> weekend & instructions not to be late next Friday for French Bike Bash are delivered. Frisco suggests that those wishing to get the weekend off to a fine start should meet at the Beer Festival at 3.00pm.

**Down-Downs**

Our RA calls upon Ragsby to take centre stage as in an example of terrible driving he cut up Captain Poocock. For such temerity Ragsby is rewarded with a pint of water which he downs with remarkable flair although he distributes the dregs amongst the circle.

ET & Frisco, Beauty & the Beast, are celebrated in song for their birthdays with ET showing how a down-down should be dealt with. Our virgin, Marilyn, has a certain effect upon the GM although this does not seem to deter her from disposing of the down-down with aplomb – a good hasher in the making. Captain Poocock has been selling club t-shirts to the unsuspecting as they are not of the authorised design. For such blatant opportunism our haberdasher is presented with a pint – perhaps water would have been more deserved.

Finally our valiant hares, Illegal Immigrant & Rent-a-Bed, the real sinners of the day, receive their just punishment – properly disposed of. It must be noted that Guinea Pig has carefully & quietly left the gathering earlier –what a whim!

**Hash Announcements**

Weekly dues:-

When you attend a run you must pay your subs (£3.50 Members, £4.50 Non - Members or guests, £2 tadpoles).

If you arrive late, or pay after the run/walk, then a 50p late fine is added to the subs! No pay - no run and no food! If you aren't running/walking & therefore arrive after the run then see Tinky to pay for your food, no late fine for those who did not run or walk. Please inform TW if you do not intend to stay for food as this will save the club paying for your food.

**Hares – Important Reminder**

Hashers who are booked to lay a trail and cannot make it for some reason **must** find a replacement and not just rely on the Hare Razor to do the work for them.

**1,000<sup>th</sup> Weekend**

It's still not too late to register so download a Registration Form from [www.crapaud.org](http://www.crapaud.org). Please contact any ex-hashers you know either here or in the UK & encourage them to come & participate.

**Jokes**

**LITTLE MATT ON ENGLISH**

Little MATT goes to school, and the teacher says, 'Today we are going to learn multi-syllable words, class. Does anybody have an example of a multi-syllable word?' MATT says 'Masturbate.' Miss Rogers smiles and says, 'Wow, little MATT, that's a mouthful...' Little MATT says, 'No, Miss Rogers, you're thinking of a blowjob.'

**LITTLE MATT ON GRAMMAR**

Little MATT was sitting in class one day. All of a sudden, he needed to go to the bathroom. He yelled out, 'Miss Jones, Ineed to take a piss!!' The teacher replied, 'Now, MATT, that is NOT the proper word to use in this situation. The correct word you want to use is 'urinate.' Please use the word 'urinate' in a sentence correctly, and I will allow You to go...' Little MATT, thinks for a bit, and then says, 'You're an eight, but if you had bigger tits, you'd be a TEN!'

**LITTLE MATT ON GRAMMAR (Part 2)**

One day, during lessons on proper grammar, the teacher asked for a show of hands from those who could use the word 'beautiful' in the same sentence twice. First, she called! On little Suzie, who responded with, 'My father bought my mother a beautiful dress and she looked beautiful in it.' 'Very good, Suzie,' replied the teacher. She then called on little Michael. 'My mummy planned a beautiful banquet and it turned out beautifully.' She said, 'Excellent, Michael!' Then the teacher reluctantly called on little MATT. 'Last night at the dinner table, my sister told my father that she was Pregnant, and he said ain't that Beautiful, just fucking Beautiful.'

**LITTLE MATT ON GETTING OLDER**

Little MATT was sitting on a park bench munching on one candy bar after another. After the 6th one, a man on the bench across from him said, 'Son, you know eating all that candy isn't good for you. Itwill give you acne, rot your teeth, and make you fat.' Little MATT replied, 'My grandfather lived to be 107 years old...' The man asked, 'Did your grandfather eat 6 candy bars at a time?' Little MATT answered, 'No, he minded his own f\_cking business.'

**Mark 6:35 Shall we go and buy 200 pennyworth of bread?**

The Lord used his loaf - and a few fishes - to feed the five thousand. A miracle perhaps, but then he didn't have to contend with the soaring cost of food here, let alone GST. Imagine what would have happened if I'd had to press-gang recruits into service with the Navy in the modern era. "Here's your King's Shilling plus 3% GST." How would you get it in the bottom of the tankard for starters? It would have been a different story at Trafalgar, I can tell you. But it all adds up to food prices going through the vestry roof and it leaks badly enough already. My local supermarket has even started offering pineapples on easy terms. The price of food here, GST or not, is an issue I've debated long and hard - if only - with ET during our weekly chats about fruit and veg. Never mind five portions a day, I'd settle for a pair of ripe melons. ET is partial to a juicy cucumber - though what with the cost of food in Jersey these days she tends to make do with a bag of carrots. They're smaller and a bit soiled but they do hit the spot. The price of the forbidden fruit was pretty steep - just imagine how Eve would have felt if there'd been GST on top!

**Blessings to you all from the Hash pulpit**

**Disappearing Hareline**

999	14 Sept	Who knows	Meccano & Knickerbox	B of Britain Wk
1000	21 Sept	Havre des Pas	Mismanagement	The <b>BIG ONE</b>
1001	28 Sept		Software	
1002	5 Oct		Illegal Immigrant & Steptoe	Jersey Marathon