

30 May 2010 Kelton Fell

Hare- Happy Sac

The heat of the previous weekend had left us and on a bright but breezy morning the six faithful hashers and their hounds assembled near Kelton Fell with an air of trepidation. We need not have worried- Happy Sac was there trying to make amends for not turning up last time he was a hare. This time he made sure he was there an hour early and was just finishing his lunch when the pack assembled. His relief was obvious when he found out there were no walkers so he did not need to dash off and complete the walker's route.

I was good to see the return of Alistair (Scar foot) and his four legged accomplice Scar face both fresh from the wars. Mitch the Pirate greeted his new pal with a quick sniff then totally ignored him, having been upstaged by Scar face's speed. Any flour and you are on was the instruction so after a quick sprint along the old mine road at Harris Side we slowed to a walk up Low Pen and High Pen. The 'we' did not include the Scarred ones who had both sprinted up to the top of Blake Fell where the stupendous views included the Isle of Man and Robin Rigg which was powering our homes and recording the England-Japan match. Some things just aren't worth it. Happy Sac conserved his energy by not accompanying the pack, having nominated Highway to be sweeper upper. He appeared magically on a bike with a Beer Sac at Sharp Knott. San Mig as never tasted so good.

Refreshed and gassed up, life was near perfect on a downhill trot to Cogra Moss. A few well placed checks confused the pack allowing Scar Foot to make a break away up hill back to the mine track. At this regroup Plum Tart discovered a couple from St Bees who had hashed in Kuwait, but somehow did not seem to like the look of us. Happy Sac tried to encourage them to Google us before pointing us back to the start. A few Geordies en route were a bit suspicious of the floury trail and were not happy that their dog had been eating it. They eat stotties and pease pudding, so what's the problem? A jog down the hematite road brought us back to the start where Layby was doing the sensible thing relaxing in the sun.

With either football or work beckoning there was no pub outing and the June hash weekend was agreed to be cancelled. Mr Aphrodite was conspicuous by his absence, having sent a sick note with Mrs Thong. The older hashers amongst us might have recognised much of the route which had been used many flour bags ago. This is a great area for hashing- the Western Lakes at its best. That is without Grockles. Thanks to Sac for a good, well marked route. Next month should be a bit flatter for the whimps amongst us. You know who you are as they say in the Baftas. **Rocky**