

Kirkstone Pass/Inn - 28th Mar 2010

Hares: Highway and Chemical Ali

Hello peeps, Baldbrick here, scribing as instructed by our wonderful, gorgeous GM Twisted, bless her holey socks.

If you have never been through the Kirkstone pass then I recommend you do soon, what rugged beautiful terrain it is. The hash, we met at the car park at the Kirkstone Inn, and were joined by 8 hashers from Cockermouth. A freezing gale was blowing so we were keen to be off. Highway told us about the run and the markings and what dangers to watch for, at least I think he did cos he mumbled something. I have just remembered that within 5 minutes of arriving at the car park Upperskirt fell on her arse gouging a chunk out of her hand and bruising her elbow, crash number 1, Off we went over the road and up a BIG hill, near the top we were on all fours and in danger of being blown off the edge, it was whilst on all fours that the hash horn decided to swing round on its string and bash me in the bollocks nobody noticed because we all had tears in our eyes. On the top was a viewpoint and if it had not been so cold I could have spent ages enjoying the views. Down we went from this lofty spot, into the valley beyond and then what seemed like miles of running on a wet bath sponge, in this soggy valley one of the Cockermouth hashers went a right cropper just in front of me, and I can tell you rather him than me, shortly after this Sir Tom Tom went on his arse big style and he exclaimed oh bother or words to that effect. at the end of this boggy valley was a bit of road running and then the beer stop. I must state that up to now the marking had been relatively good, nobody had gone seriously wrong, but that was all about to change. Highway threw in one of his famous highway spanners, after the BS there was to be a wimp rambo split, when we finally arrived at said split after much milling around in huge field, Rambos went over the wall and up the hill, I and Upperskirt, Tom Tom and Bitter, all being a bit under the weather decided to wimp, but almost straight away lost the trail and were caught up by the Rambos coming back down the hill before we got anywhere, the Rambos passed us and tried to find the trail that we missed, so we said sod that and headed for the road back to Kirkstone Pass and the On Inn and after a while found the trail by pure good luck, we were at this point well ahead of the Rambos but that did not last long and they beat us back to the pub.

The Cockermouth walkers had gone straight back up the road from the BS to the pub and were in there already half cut, no circle was held so all sinners went unpunished. The On Inn was ace with good Cumbrian local Ales and good Pub grub, well mine was great. Good day out, great scenery, gods country, nice one Highway and Chemical Alley, pity about that last big field I thought we were done for in that one. Our friends from Cockermouth were Mr Sheen, Sloppy, Santiago, Brother Henry, Cocktail, Happy Sack, Cuddles and Pavlova. If I have missed anything you must forgive me, as I said

earlier I am not very well at the moment and have dosed myself up with medicine from Scotland and it is starting to take effect, HIC. Goodnight all, my pillow is calling. Yer auld mate Baldrick. ON ON.

