

Run 160: Threlkeld Bridge

The Procrastination Hash - We just didn't get around Tewitt
Hares: Huggy and The Slasher

Cometh the sun, cometh the Hashers.

A startlingly good turnout over over 20 greeted the first appearance of the sun for what seemed like months. So keen were we in fact, that we were all there well before the appointed time. Plum's Bazaar did a roaring trade and it was great to see so many friendly faces after a couple of lean months.

This was a Blue Peter type of run, cobbled together by the Hares from old bits of sticky backed plastic, toilet roll tubes and discarded bits of trail from previous recce's. There was the usual misdirection at the start, as we (and they) found that Huggy and Slasher were using different marking conventions - this was going to be like playing Mornington Crescent in Braille.

Huggy's promise of false trails was soon honoured as Cocktail and Mark (the still innominate Mark by the way - this needs to be rectified next time out) needlessly plunged into the Glenderamackin, with the Hares smirking from the bridge above.

The trail was soon found across a waterlogged piece of countryside, generally south towards Low Rigg, Miss Demeanour rolling back the years as she joined the runners until the split.

We then came to Tewitt Tarn, site of many appalling puns, and then onwards to the Youth Centre. Cocktail enquired of a passing grockle whether she had seen any flour and as she had an honest face we all piled down the (unbelievably false) trail she indicated. Never trust a grockle.

The real route was down the valley side into St Johns in the Vale and then up towards Clough Head and the network of old quarry trails. We competed for space here with a gaggle of Paragliders also relishing the sunny conditions (like Barn Owls they can't really fly in the wet).

Runners and walkers came together on the downhill stretch to the railway line. The pace picked up as we all passed some livestock that wouldn't have been out of place in Pamplona High Street and there was then a gentle on in along the railway.

Brilliant hashing territory, exploited to the full! The feeling of wellbeing was somewhat deflated by another indifferent performance from the staff at the Horse and Farrier but nothing can take away that feeling of good company, good exercise and the sun on your back.