

# Run 161: Lorton

Hares: No Name, Sloppy, Happy Sack, Top Off, Cocktail  
(and from the sound of it, the cast of Ben Hur - Ed)

Foreign Holiday and Time Travel (all in 2 brief hours).

October's hash started with clearing out the baking cupboard, of umpteen part used bags of flour. These were placed by the front door for the hares on Sunday morning. The day was clear blue and sunny. Which was strange as the day before a month's rainfall had fallen.

I left home around 10.00am with a short stop at Broughton Bridge, to see the River Derwent in spectacular flood across the valley floor. Next stop Lorton with many more minor floods along the way (actually some were quite deep - so I approached Lorton from higher up the valley, towards Whinlatter.)

Met the hares at Low Lorton (none of them had drowned!), but just in case extra hares had been drafted in: top-off, third man/happy sac and cocktail with snorkels at the ready. Fears that the surviving hares would outnumber hashers were allayed as we arrived back to a fantastic turnout at the start. Talk of thousands of 'original mountain marathon' hardened fell runners being stranded on the fells seeming to provide some bizarre motivation?

Sloppy and 'No Name' tried to convince two stranded Kendal hashers to join the throng whilst their car was marooned in the valley until the floods subsided but they seemed reluctant to get their feet wet - something that Cocktail would find inconceivable.

The Hash kicked off with a 'cunning' false trail to start, leading us to consider the river, which was roaring under the bridge (Cocktail again!) and had caused the nearest property to build defences - perhaps they'd heard that hashers were at large. (No river wading this day though - unless you fancied a white water adventure.) Then it was back the way we had come and off down Lorton Vale towards Loweswater (passing a foreboding road closed sign).

Then left into the squelchy fields, where inspirational checking by the walker's lead led them to decide that the false trail looked far more appealing than the actual trail, and led to a shortcut being found. This is the type of 'Zen Hashing' that I think we can all learn a lot from. Some eventually trailed back, and others consulted a non-conventional and slightly archaic navigational device - a map sssshhhh! Luckily this device was foreign to the Hares, and provided no assistance.

Runners were foolish enough to stay on trail. Streams had turned to raging torrents and one could be forgiven for thinking that this was an Alpine rather than Cumbrian hash.

Even found an edelweiss (actually it was a thistle covered in flour, the only thing high enough and dry enough to hold flour). Long range and high level flour spotting then ensued.

We headed up Swinside some more than others following a false trail. The trail then levelled off along the valley side with stunning views over the valley no lake - Lake Lorton! towards the sea. Practical geography in action - back 70,000 years to the end of the ice age. At this point the runners noticed that we were one-down. Slasher had taken to the walkers 'Zen' approach, and gone missing. Lots were drawn to see who wanted to head back down the hill to search, but fortunately she arrived before this came to blows.

At this stage, the trail was split with the walkers starting their descent back to Lorton, with the runners continuing along the road.

To avoid the monotony of running along the long section following the road, the hares gave a hint that a check that had been passed without investigation might be worth a better look. The hares then watched in amusement as the hashers fell back and checked every sheep trail in a half mile radius, the exception being the actual trail which continued up the road. The walkers saw from a distance, a yellow topped runner heading a considerable distance up the fell side (and then back again!).

The walkers heading down the path (riverbed) back to the valley through High Lorton and joined back on to the running route passing into the churchyard and past a reverent dot of flour on the path. Across the fields and past a large ON IN - the hares hadn't run out of flour (after all).

The runners were then swiftly abandoned by the hares, who headed directly to the bar at the Wheatsheaf, leaving the hashers to fend for themselves. Once everyone had found the pub, there were no steins of beer, just good old Jennings, Sunday lunch and a wood burning stove to dry Cuddle's socks on - poooooh!! Midge was also convinced there was something on the bookshelf - I have since remembered I saw a mouse (well educated) up their years ago.

Notes to/ from Hares - early Sunday morning good time to spot wildlife - red squirrels, deer and rescue sheep. Plum Tart noted use of wholemeal flour (as well as self raising, plain and strong white bread flour??). Observers eventually have to ask when you have passed them several times laying flour - what ARE you doing? They were rewarded with a practical demonstration several hours later when Cocktail passed them again with runners in tow. We would also like to reassure the Hashers that the large number of Hares has absolutely nothing to do with the pleasant Wheatsheaf pub-garden and the route planning falling on rare sunny days!

A spectacular hash, which was concluded, on leaving the pub, with yesâ€¦â€¦more rain!

