

RUN 163: 28th December - Rosthwaite

Hares Half Dome & Miss Demeanour

A crisp cold December day brought out a small yet enthusiastic band of Hashers - the venue was Rosthwaite in the Borrowdale Valley. Half Dome and Miss Demeanour had set an intriguing route taking us through some magical scenery. The carpet of frost had turned flour-spotting into a fine art, but undeterred we followed the trail along the River Derwent - a mischievous check had suggested a refreshing morning dip in the Derwent, but since most of us had seen that Derwentwater itself was freezing over, none were intrepid enough to venture further.

Crossing the Derwent, we ascended Lingy Bank with the altitude offering pin-sharp views of the picture postcard valley below. Then having crossed Tongue Gill, a slippery descent took us to a check point that even the Hare himself was struggling to find - a top tip for the future could be to use wholemeal flour on such frosty outings, but perhaps that would make things a bit too logical and straightforward - this is Hashing after all!

A very pleasant ON ON through Johnny Wood saw several of the runners stretch their legs, but alas, we were reeled in by a cunning fish-hook - we should have known there was something brewing when the Hare dropped to the back of the pack. Plum Tart was at pains to make sure that Highway didn't escape the fish-hook though, so the leading runners, having retraced, then slowed to a walk to make sure that Highway had to walk to the back too.

Having descended back down to the road we headed towards Stonethwaite where we met up again with the walkers (nice to see a festive appearance from the Grand Master himself). Copious amounts of mulled wine, cake and mince pies awaited us. Unfortunately, Half Dome had suffered a nasty puncture on the way so stayed on to fix it whilst the group pressed on through Stonethwaite and across the beck. A somewhat 'balletic' style was necessitated by the stretches of sheet ice we encountered. Indeed we later passed some mountain bikers going in the opposite direction and neither Rocky or I fancied their chances.

So having returned to Rosthwaite, we made our way to the Pheasant at Keswick for a hearty lunch. In the Buff brought along a bag of spare crackers (that's Christmas Crackers rather than the other sort of crackers just in case you were wondering), and Miss Demeanour treated us to a display of post-hash 'Turkey' headgear that Bernard Matthews would be proud of. Highway's run of bad luck with hostelryes continued - this time the table was reserved, but his trout hadn't found it's way on to the order and by the time it appeared some feared that it had swam up-river from Borrowdale just to be there, at least it was fresh though which was more than we could say for the Christmas

Cracker jokes,
Clint

