

Run 165: 22nd Feb 2009 - Portinscale

Hares: Jock Strap & Happy Sac

Was it CH3 or the start of the Great North Run?

A veritable multitude of Hashers converged at Portinscale bridge which gave us a running pack in double figures and a similar number of walkers, boosted by old friends returning and some visitors of ours wondering what on earth was going on.

After a brief Hash intro, which only served to confuse the newcomers even more, we were off. Just like that! I ambled towards Keswick, thinking that the last time I'd checked that path we had just lost young Oliver, all those years ago. The mixture of emotions came back - relief that we eventually found him and annoyance that the little so and so had wandered off like that in the first place.

By the time that On On was called, the pack was deep into downtown Portinscale and travelling at speed, with Angie and Alastair leading the charge.

Nichol End passed by at the blink of an eye and relief was only found when some philanthropist took pity on us more mature runners by obliterating the trail for a while. The respite was short lived and we careered on towards the lake, with Catbells becoming a distinct possibility.

A couple of sharp uphill cuts the pace down a bit and took us to the Manesty Road, scene of many a Christmas Hash. Those vertical checks up the flank of Catbells looked promising but we stayed level and trotted back through grockle central (base camp car park for the ascent of Catbells wearing either: complete brand new kit from Fishers or slingbacks and a pacamac, depending on age and geodemographics) and to everyone's delight ended up at the Swinside for a mid run libation.

Equilibrium restored it was back towards Portinscale at a canter. The sight of Cocktail and I was obviously too much for a pair of loose (in every sense) sheep who ran away from us as fast as they could. Unfortunately that was about as fast as we were running anyway which presented the world with the unedifying spectacle of two heavy breathing runners chasing two, not altogether unattractive, herdicks down the road. The glint in Cocktail's eye and his raucous shout of 'I don't fancy yours much' did little to dispel the illusion.

We parted on friendly terms at the junction (although it has to be said, Cocktail never did ring, despite the promises) and entered Portinscale again by the rear entrance. Most headed left for the Farmers Arms for a civilised end to a strenuous morning.