

Run 168: 31st May 2009 - Beck Wythop

Hares: Rocky Rock and Plum Tart

The renaissance of CH3 continued with another fine turnout of Hashers gathering at Beck Wythop, having successfully played chicken with the oncoming traffic at the start of the dual carriageway.

The amphitheatre style car park at the start was chosen specially by the Hares to show off Plum's chutneys and preserves to fine advantage and a brisk trade was under way as we arrived.

There was a degree of inattention during the Hash brief as Huggy was casting envious eyes at the welcoming waters of Bass Lake, just a few yards away. Attention was regained as the magic words beer and stop were uttered in quick succession and then we were off.

From that car park, it was always going to be up and the only question was how much 'along' would there be before the 'up' started? We reached some familiar territory from hashes past and made our way up the Bassenthwaite cliffs to the forest road above where the stunning panorama of Bass Lake began to unfold. Just after the trail headed inland towards Ladies table, the walkers route split off down the bluebell valley and for a while there seemed to be no alternative for the runners. Eventually Alistair found flour and we were back en route again albeit briefly as pack and Hare stumbled around in the undergrowth looking for the faintest traces of self raising.

After much cursing and letting of blood on brambles and specially sharpened branches, a route was found and we were back on forest trails again, mercifully downhill. As we meandered down and rejoined the walkers route, it became clear that this was going to be our triennial dice with death as we ran through the archery range, confirmed by the presence of a crude depiction of said sport rendered in flour in the middle of the trail. A further glutenoglyph showed a man with an apple on his head - admiration for the artistic ability of the hares was tempered with anxiety as to the whereabouts of the bugger with the bow.

Walkers and runners met up at the end of the woods as the trail picked up the C2C and it was downhill to the beer stop, somewhere on the outskirts of Keswick. The distance travelled was soon overlooked as the view and beer together achieved one of those 'glad I got out of bed today' moments.

A plethora of markings led to a degree of confusion after the stop. The walkers actually listened to the instructions and followed a Daley check back, whilst the runners ploughed on regardless, as we do, missing the on in altogether. The walkers then did a

sort of fuel protest, blocking all 3 lanes of the path down, before the final jog into the car park.

