

Run 171: Caldbeck

Hares Half Dome and Miss Demeanour

Well the forecast was lousy and there might just have been a smidgeon of an excuse for staying in bed. Those hardy souls who did venture into the Caldbeck Countryside were treated to a fine run in some new countryside. Fortunately, as we were poaching on Slasher's territory, the route was new to her as well.

What of those people who didn't make it? Breakfast in bed, Sunday Papers and overall indolence sounds like a sound plan on a Sunday butâ€¦ housework?

HOUSEWORK? The message from one of our number that he was eschewing the attraction of flour and damp grass for a thorough going over with the vacuum cleaner did come as a shock - to the extent that Clint, the Jock with no name, is henceforth known as Mr Sheen.

Caldbeck itself is a hashing haven with a multitude of alleys, ginnels, snickets and footpaths so it was fairly straightforward to start the hash with a bit of confusion and it was good that the lone walker, Lady Godiva, picked up the scent first.

After a circumnavigation of the duck pond, the trail finally headed out of the village and into the surrounding fields, Highway to the fore. Whether it was a combination of subtle trail laying or indifferent trail finding, the pack never really got ahead of Lady G and her escort Miss D. It was not unlike those old horror films where the fair heroine was running away like fury and the bad guy plods after her and still manages to catch up.

Inevitably there was a bit of uphill, justifying Thong's morning in bed, and just after the walker and runners split, the pack hit the commons beyond the drystone walls and we got the only really bad bit of weather of the day as the wind howled and the cloud drove in for a spell. Route finding on the fell road proved strangely difficult as all the pack ignored the obvious and disappeared towards Wigton rather than turning for home.

Eventually we did turn downhill but the benefits of gravity were offset by the force 10 headwind. As we descended, there was more shelter and conditions improved.

The final on in was along the river into Caldbeck, which is as fine a piece of countryside as you could wish for and certainly impressed Happy Sac's dad who was more used to pounding the streets of Bedfordshire. Somehow he emerged with the handle of Bloody Sweat and hopefully a feeling of wellbeing.

Wellbeing was further enhanced at the Old Crown, where a couple of pints (Sorry Di, it wasn't a puncture that delayed them for Sunday lunch) did nothing to diminish Bloody Sweat's appreciation of Cumbria.

You don't think 'going over with the vacuum cleaner' could be a euphemism for something far more interesting than hashing do you?

