

Run 175: Cockermouth

Hares - Half-Dome and Miss Demeanour

The December Hash that was sort of the January Hash too?

I don't think anyone expected this Hash to take place in Cockermouth after the recent floods and associated devastation, but strangely, with the onset of our very own mini ice-age, it became one of the few viable options for all manner of different reasons.

Starting from behind the Bitter End, there was little problem getting the hounds moving - standing about in sub zero temperatures for too long would have left us quite literally petrified in a tales of Narnia sort of style. It took a little while to find the trail, and at times wondered if flour was really the best thing to be using in a white-out?

Luckily, Miss Demeanor had the foresight to use some red food colouring which worked a treat, although on a very quiet Sunday morning in the back streets of Cockermouth, there were a few places where the casual onlooker would have assumed there'd been a gruesome stabbing!

The group stayed together very nicely, which must have been something to do with the fact that any more than gentle jogging speed was likely to result in some fairly balletic slip avoidance techniques. Having said that, there was a point where Highway and I were in danger of getting lost, but surely the Hallmark of a proper hash is that at some point someone starts to contemplate wandering up to a total strangers front door and asking "I don't suppose you've just seen half a dozen people wearing dodgy Ron Hills running in the general direction of a Pub?"

I'm far too lazy to get the map out and interweave street names and geographical landmarks into this brief, but what I can delight in confirming is that the refreshments stop at Chez Reuters (sounds like it should be listed in Les Routieres) was of the most spiffingly excellent variety. Deliciously hot Mulled Wine and mince pies were served, and generous seconds might I say!

It's amazing how an interlude like this (and imminent on-in) lifts the spirits, and I'm sure I speak for many when I say that this was a great antidote to the Cabin Fever that tends to set-in over the Christmas period.

Many thanks go to Miss Demeanor and Half Dome for not only pulling this one together, but for making it a great success when it could all too easily have been called-off. Thanks must also go to those who braved the ice and snow. [...*although it was still 'Shorts Weather' in the Happy-Sac Handbook*]

Mr Sheen (ironically, writing from a very dusty house).

[So "Hoovering" was a euphemism then...?]