

June Hash Report
Run 205 – Caldbeck Common
Hares – Anita Santiago and Brother Henry

By Jingo – It's the Jubilee!

It was a bit like the expedition to relieve Ladysmith – a group of Brits in unfamiliar mountainous territory suddenly seeing the Union Flag fluttering in the distance, from a bleak and isolated spot.

After the metropolis of Mungrisdale and the urban sprawl of Mosedale we finally found the hares' new passion wagon on a remote hillside, sporting all manner of Union finery. Alongside it a ragged bunch of beleaguered hashers, uniforms tattered and mismatched, but apart from one or two notable (yellow) exceptions, proudly sporting the red, white and blue (and a variety of shades in between – those 50th run T shirts haven't worn at all well).

If Ladysmith was relieved, it would be a couple of hours before Lady Slasher would be restored to any degree of comfort, bedecked as she was with sequined Union Jack hotpants that must have really chafed on the inclines.

After a rousing St Crispin's day speech from Brother Hal that brought tears to the eyes (it could have just been the hotpants though) the pack plunged off into the Caldbeck Commons – a maze of sheep trods that caused the pack to spread out far and wide in search of flour.

To come to an actual footpath was a treat and then a touch of tarmac pointed the way north.

In the meantime the Walkers had headed south over the Caldew to find sabotage on the trail (cunning, those Boers) but were eventually rewarded for their perseverance with a fine riverside on in. The walking pack was augmented by a couple of Thong's relatives (Boxer and Magic Knickers, maybe?) who soon got into the swing of calling ironically whenever flour was apparent. Sadly lacking was Godiva, who had been cruising the fell roads, done up in her finery, looking for the start.

The runners survived a long tarmac uphill to Calebreck before taking to the Commons again for a delightful trot back alongside, over, in and through streams to the evident delight of Huggy and terrorising some innocent ramblers, caught in the crossfire.

As we splashed through the final ford, there was Godiva, who had finally found the trail. The fleet footed running pack completed the course in record time meaning a half hour wait for the walkers and the car keys but eventually we straggled into Hesket Newmarket for a welcome pint of Doris' and down downs for the boys in yellow and the overly enthusiastic, over dressed patriots.

A fine run – made you proud to be British.

HalfDome