

Hash Report

Run 209 – Cinderdale Common; 7th October 2012

Hares Weak-Ender and G- String

Vorsprung Durch Homepride

Its always good when new Hares come along to test the mettle of the Hash and what a fine debut it was at Cinderdale!

Crystal blue skies and autumnal shades of bracken, Crummock still and full of reflections - it was the perfect start, spoilt only by the sight and sound of CH3 pretending it was Christmas (we were not the first though, Tesco beat us to it by a good 3 weeks). The returning Jelly Bean (with John) must surely have been reconsidering her decision at that stage.

Mercifully after the photoshoot, the fancy dress and tinsel was put away and we could get on with the serious business of the day. There was, though, just a hint of what was to come as G-String posed for a photo, setting a check. Trail setting is an art and each hare has their own signature. There is 'the sprinkle it around liberally' technique in a vague circular motion; there is the pour it out of the bottle technique (although I've never worked out how to get it into the bottle in the first place); Huggy and Slasher have been known to use a ladle but we now have the ultimate – the Surgical Steel Spoon! The perfectly formed O, where π was in absolute proportion to r (and its square), was a hint of the precision engineered Hash to come.

Weak-Ender outlined the route, a sort of double helix intertwining of Walkers and Runners, which took us towards Rannerdale. The split was marked by a marvellously-calligraphed W, which would not have looked out of place on Trajan's column. (Maybe the S in SPQR did stand for Self-raising after all).

Runners took the higher route, scrambling across gullies whilst the walkers followed the lower trail, until altitude and a touch of sciatica did for Gavin.

The two packs almost rendezvoused at the chocolate stop (there's a way for new Hares to ingratiate themselves) and it was then up and over the spine of Rannerdale Knotts. As the Hares said, its a spaghetti junction of paths up there and trail finding was interesting, to say the least. It was somewhere around here that we saw the first arrow, or to be precise, chevron. Once again, the hares had crafted a symbol that was a thing of beauty – lines even and straight, a point that could have drawn blood, just a shame it was 2 degrees off the pointing in the right direction.

Down the slopes of Rannerdale into Buttermere and a bit more serious route-finding in the woods. It was clear we were aiming at the lakeshore and Huggy's pace noticeably quickened. Sure enough it was kit off and he was straight in - the poor young girl out for a Sunday stroll comes out of therapy a week on Tuesday (All donations to the Barking Ward please, no flowers).

A final contour round Rannerdale and we came to the third of the Hares' marking innovations. The Question Mark. ? Yes, one of those. Emotions were torn between admiration for its elegance and execution and anxiety. If the Hares didn't know the way, how the **** could we?

A final chevron guided us past the foot of the Knotts and then through to Rowantree Beck and another ? This time, no doubt. Of course it was a river crossing and Slasher did her best to do a Huggy and go all in. Suffice to say she got her sequins wet.

After a gentle downhill On In, we arrived back at the cars a few minutes ahead of the Walkers.

A brilliant first trail – they can come again!

On On - HalfDome