

Scales Hill - Crummock

8 reasonably sobered up Hashers, one Gorilla & the inevitable Madge formed a creditable assemblage on this auspicious day. Whilst all else had been out on the pop a few hours previously, the Hares took to the sack at 9.30, wary of the heavy responsibility attached to setting the first run of the year, & one poor deluded soul was imaging himself floating on Sydney Harbour awash with Champagne & watching the midnight fireworks display – in your dreams son, this was claggy but surprisingly dry Crummock - & yes there was a Gorilla & sadly this was not in our dreams.

Whilst the rest of Loweswater resembled the M25 on an Aldi sales day with all the fox slaughterers out in force, the Pack itself was able to leave the relatively tranquil surroundings of the car park on a predictable heading towards the Lake, a direction soon arrested with a dizzying climb up through Lanthwaite Wood but carefully avoiding the stretch of slope where Rent Boy pulled his G String (I think that's what he pulled) many runs ago.

Happy Sac, still fresh from his yearlong lay off, surged off on his annual pre-natal run & with the ultimate downdown due to occur at the end of the month that's the last we'll be seeing of him for a while. Highway tidied up the rear, disappearing off the radar after 5 minutes.

The usual mystifying but nonetheless runner friendly route followed an undulating trail over the low fells of Brackenthwaite Howe & through the woods above Crummock. It was a pleasure to be out in the fresh air after the Christmas atrocities but the approach to the Lake filled us with the usual fears for the sanity of Huggy at this time of the year. The Hash arrived at the Lake to be met by a vision of rubber clad mature beauty (you'd pay good money for that in Maryport) contemplating the wisdom of a new year's dip. No such wisdom attached itself to our Huggy – who looks more like a Gorilla out of costume than in. Off came the kit in an effort to impress (show off) to Lotte Hass (remember her) but just short of the full Monty when Slasher said it would look like something from out of a Christmas Cracker, and a poundland one at that, & so common decency remained & the trollies stayed on. And so Huggy joined the assortment of dogs to complete his annual cleansing in our drinking water.

However salvation was at hand when Rocky produced two bottles of the finest Champagne that £3 could purchase & Tart handed around the festive cakes. Suitably bribed, the Pack happily skipped back to the car park & ONON to the Wheatsheaf for a delightful & convivial couple of hours.

Well done the Hares for getting us up at such an ungodly hour on newyearsday, an excellent encore for Christmas & a fine start to another year of superhashing – here's to 225 runs next Christmas – Make sure you're a part of it!!!

ONON – Hungoverthong