

Hash Report

Sunday 2nd June 2013

Run 218 – Latrigg Fell: Hares - Huggy and Slasher

Picture the scene.

A clearing in a woodland, in the middle of the clearing a log and seated on the log is a grizzled wise man, head tilted towards the sun, a serene expression on his face and there was even possibly the faint sound of Ommmmmmmmmm

Contrast this with the forest around him where ten or so hashers were thrashing around in the undergrowth looking for more than two consecutive blobs of flour. After what seemed like an eternity in the wilderness, the sage opened one eye and said 'You should try uphill'. Although we had looked there before, we sought again and lo! A New Way ! A path that we had never seen opened up before us and took us to the summit.

As I headed uphill with new energy and a budding faith in the Grey Eminence, some famous words came into my mind. He's not the Messiah, he's just a very naughty boy – and I promptly lost the trail again.

Such a spiritual experience was the last thing on anyone's mind as a dozen or more Hashers gathered on the foothills of Skiddaw, ranks swollen by the welcome return of Mr Sheen and Sloppy and Miss Demeanour's rellies from Suffolk, not to mention the cycling heroes, fresh (a relative term) from their epic pedal.

The sun shone on the righteous as the trail (not for the last time) went off piste and down towards Whitt Beck and then in and through Glenderaterra Beck after more off pisting about in the woods. The Hares had by this time placated a local resident who directed us through her property, somewhat bemused at how we had got there in the first place without the benefit of a public footpath.

It was then a delightful trail back through Brundholme Woods, where our epiphany in the clearing took place. Out of the woods and on to the flanks of Latrigg where there was a lot of contouring and we finally came on piste towards the summit. The pack then put on a show for the grockles by stopping the walking and wheezing and doing a passable imitation of a run to the top.

Latrigg is always good value for money and the views today were stunning – after a great route and a Damascene moment, we Seventh Day Huggysts headed On In to the car park. As Huggy had looked after the soul, Slasher tended to the inner hasher with a commemorative cake, to mark Rocky and Plum's Lands End to John o' Groats journey. It just kept getting better and better.

Always look on the bright side of life.

On Bless,

HalfDome