

## Hash Report

Sunday 7<sup>th</sup> July 2013

### Run 219 Lamplugh Tip: Hares - Thong and Rent Boy

#### The Lamplugh Tip

Having been thrown out as unsuitable from the Lamplugh Tip last time we tried to eat there (the second such occurrence for us on the Cockermouth Hash), Layby and I were only too keen to come again, in disguise (different hashing shirts) to sample its culinary delights.

Delayed only by grockles on the Keswick road on bicycles and in charabancs, overtaking each other at walking pace up various mountain passes, we arrived five minutes past the hour to see (horror of horrors) not only the Pack lolloping at enormous pace over the horizon and into the distance but also the destination On Inn fenced off and under reconstruction with no ale in sight!

Leaving Layby to guard our valuable belongings against construction workers, I quickly donned my fastest shoes and followed the pack into the far distance, encouraged by spotting flour quite soon. After several false turns, I spotted the pack in the far distance, fortunately held up by an irate farmer, who was keen to point out the only footpath through his farmyard and not allow shortcutting bastards to take a beeline across a boggy meadow.

The trail was so well set that checking took long enough to enable me to catch up with the pack and follow them past several farms as far as Lamplugh Church, where I stopped to pray for assistance in catching up with the front runners. My prayers were answered in a nettle strewn lane where the fastest and fittest front runners were proceeding at less than walking pace accompanied by loud screams of agony while the back runners found everything carefully trampled down.

Encouraged by this success I decided to forgo the chance of a short-cut back to the Lamplugh Tip, clearly visible just down the road and follow the pack round the next loop. All was well until we entered a very large field where the trail seemed to vanish. Ignoring front runners who were far to the left looking in circles, I found the real trail by crawling on hands and knees under low hanging trees and diving down a steep back to find flour on a stile. Halleluiah. My prayers were answered! A front runner at last! But where were the pack? Only one lone hashers followed me and we checked out the trail as far as the road to Asby. Up the hill – yes one blob, two blobs, three blobs – we were on trail at last but nobody else in sight. Galloping up the hill we searched for flour but none was found – and even more worrying. No hashers. So we retreated back towards Lamplugh and found some flour on the road.

Then the final indignity. The flour went left through a stile. Good, I thought – a short cut back to the Lamplugh Tip. But after crossing two fields, the next one looked dreadfully familiar. It was the one where we first lost the pack. Desperately late after doing the same loop twice, and alone now as the other had stayed on the road, I found the hare on the phone to the Mountain Rescue to find out where I'd gone.

Good Run – So good I did it twice!

And we did find an On Inn at the Post House which stayed open late to give us a slap up lunch. We'll be there again!

On On,  
Highway