

Hash Report

Run 220: Rough How Bridge

Sunday 4th August 2013

Hares - Rocky Rock & Plum Tart

Is it really a whole year since we stood in this very same lay-by in the heart of the Desolate North-West, waiting to start a rain-soaked hash, almost outnumbered by the Hares? But this year is different – sunny but not too warm, and ranks swelled by the surprise return of Wanquetil and also some guests from exotic faraway places with strange-sounding names – Hong Kong and Workington, with hash names Godzilla and B** F***** (I never did find out what those *s stood for).

So, off up the main road (after a tip-off from the Hare) into the teeth of the roaring traffic but thankfully not for long. Over a stile and through some pleasant grassland with the pace accelerating almost imperceptibly all the while. Soon we were back into the beloved desolation of bracken and crags that is High Rigg. Uphill and down dale and uphill again, a fast pace now mandatory, giving the ticks no time to cling on (and those that did were soon sucked off by the slipstream). BF seemed to be forever in the lead due to her uncanny knack of always choosing the correct trail after each check. How did she do that?

Somewhere in the middle of nowhere the trail went stone cold. Time for another tip-off from the Hare, we thought, but no, he couldn't remember where it went either! Time to spread out for a sweep search, then. We fanned out and about and eventually flour was found again and we were soon back up to full throttle. No more problems until near the end when some of us chose to ignore bright fresh arrows pointing towards the On In, and instead chose to follow indistinct rubbed out arrows pointing the other way - but a bemused Hare soon put us right again.

An excellent route on prime hashing terrain with virtually no shiggy. After the fast finish, most of us stood around steaming and snorting like racehorses – except of course for Wanquetil with his in-car bathroom, who ended up as fresh as a mountain stream!

On, On

Weakender