

Hash Report – Number 241

Sunday 1 March 2015

Threlkeld, Naddle Bridge

Hares: Huggy and Slasher

Storms, ice and snow were promised and the hares thought 'no-one will come, we just need to scatter a little flour around and retire to the pub'. But No: Cockermouth hashers are made of sterner stuff and 13 hardy souls - including two all the way from Brum - arrived to conquer whatever the hares put in their path. Speculation about Huggy's obligatory river crossing was rife: but still they came.

An easy trot along road started the run and several hashers, lulled into a sense of security and chatting happily to each other, missed a key check and were seen disappearing into the distance before finally hearing the shouts of the pack calling them back.

The trail now crossed a series of water-meadows bordered by an enticing stream. Was this the crossing? The water thundered past. Surely not! Then all became clear: hidden behind a stile was a canoe (and a second one, with canoeist, already on the water).

But no: a couple of checks later and we were running along the old railway. A high bridge took us over the river (but not before some hashers generously offered to tip Huggy over the parapet, knowing how much he would enjoy the swim).

ON ON they cried, this shilly-shallying will not do or the walkers could catch us up! And indeed shortly after, a cunning back check followed by a reverse double salchow over a bridge had the walkers passing right underneath the runners.

The village of Threlkeld then came into view. Were we going to the pub now? Had a charabanc been ordered to carry us back to the cars afterwards? [silly question] Were we already on the trail home? [another silly question]. The flour led up a gulley, with a rushing stream - very scenic – before emerging onto the fell.

Now at this point a SERIOUS ERROR was made. Despite the training in twisted checks already provided, the pack could smell the home trail and scampered off along the fell quite unconcerned that there was no flour [this went via a back check over a small bridge to the left before the fell gate] . Eventually they stopped and felt forced to appeal to the hare. But this was the wrong hare [always important to get your hair(s) straight] so on they went. By fantastic good luck the trail was soon re-joined, some more fields crossed, a lane down to yet another river, another fine bridge and the final highlight, a cattle pass under the main road, before climbing up a bank to the cars.

So was it one run or two? Opinion was divided. But food and liquid fare at the Horse and Farrier afterwards met with united approval.

H&S