

Hash Report – Number 244

7th June 2015 - Peter House Farm

Hares: Huggy & Slasher

aka - "The Vicious Buzzard Run"

Strange title for a run – all will be revealed.

A fine Sunday brought out 9 good souls & Maisy the wonder dog, & including a welcome return of Who is Sylvia and consort John (Proper Hash Handles to be determined by the Committee at a later date).

The pack assembled at Peter House Farm, Back o' Skiddaw(ish), a stunning setting on a sunny day with magnificent views up the valley to Whitewater Dash. Unfortunately our dash was in the opposite direction. An initial dither at the start, about 10 minutes, occurred whilst a forensic search of the fields & lanes was undertaken to find any trace of flour at all. Eventually in the far distance a faint yell was heard claiming the identification of the first blob. On the strength of this flimsy evidence & as a result of rising desperation, a by now total bemused & demoralized pack charged off towards Park Wood where, miraculously, blobs 2 and 3 were found and so setting the tone for the rest of the run. A check on the road fooled nobody, the trail had to be up hill and again without megaphone assistance the lead Hare managed to communicate with the following pack by the use of sign language that the trail was ON.

Then the problems started. Who is Sylvia, following the allegedly correct trail was engaged in pleasant conversation with a charming Cumbrian farmer enquiring as to 'What's going on here then' which translates to 'bugger off' in Cumbrian. The trail through the farm was so denied and the first diversion activated – only to hit on the second diversion around Orthwaite. Poor old Slasher, the name conjures up the image of a rough tough fighting Norwegian goddess, was chucked off the trail by a tiny little fluffy buzzard which in an apparently friendly and jocular manner, pecked her playfully on the head a couple of times, hardly drawing blood at all. At this point Slasher lost her nerve & sense of humour completely & decreed that the route will never again challenge the domain of this feathered brute, i.e. she bottled out & so we were led a merry dance, with the route appropriately taking us below Great Cockup which said it all. However to make up for this, the weather and the views kept the pack happy & contented & arrived back in remarkably compact style after a very pleasant 105 minute amble around Orthwaite.

On On at the Sun in.

Many thanks to Huggy Slasher & Betty the Buzzard for setting a fine route at such short notice.

ONON

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