

Hash Report
Run 246 August 2015 – Setmurthy
Hares: Leopard Thong and Pilate

Looking back the signs were there from the beginning.

The e-mail the day before warning of shiggy levels in the severe to catastrophic range; the co-hare doing a Pontius Pilate, washing his hands of the route and disappearing before we even set off; then the Hare himself, emerging from Setmurthy Woods looking like Ben Gunn with a hangover. After having been attacked by badgers.

Hare Thong, remember - a veteran of several London Marathons, had clearly been out for hours and having regained some equilibrium, told us of the journey ahead. Was it shortness of breath but did he really warn us about crossing the A66? Surely from that start point we would be up in familiar territory, in the woods above, where indeed, the shiggy could be epic.

However it was not to be and the pack found its way past the Golf Course and steeply downhill to Embleton. Back at the ranch, the walking pack – well Godiva – took the poor old hare in hand and led him on a recuperative stroll.

The Golf Course road is opposite the old station and there was no sign of flour near the A66, so we felt that we must have misheard. The trail led us back into the heart of the village, past the lunchtime pub and another encounter with the Trunk road. Plum Tart led the way and sad to say, the sight of flour at the carriageway edge did for the poor sensitive soul, her legs gave way in shock and she measured her length on the tarmac. Second degree gravel rash was treated with sympathy, an old hankie and something a tad more constructive from the professional medics in the pack – advice to go and sit in the pub ‘til we got back. Gallantly, Rocky stayed with her and they limped back uphill. Depleted in numbers, the pack played chicken on the motorway to find a false trail on the Wythop Road. A jog along the verge then took us inland again and there she was, striding along – Plum Tart risen like Lazarus. She then opted to find her own way home before the pack (including Rocky who had clearly had enough of dispensing TLC) had another flirtation with the HGVs and we did indeed end up on the other side of the A66, in a blasted landscape of thistles, couch grass and himalayan balsam. A fourth crossing of the road took us back to the village and we were still heading away from home.

Finally near the shores of Bassenthwaite, we turned diagonally uphill and trudged towards the cars – emerging on the Higham Hall road with a fresh SCB chalked on the tarmac, the second half of the route held over for another day.

Some years ago (April 2005 from Loweswater to be precise, according to Thong’s run list) a certain Scouse Religious Advisor was heard to comment after a particularly long and arduous route – “that was two good hashes, that was!”

This was probably a Hash and a Half – nonetheless it had us guessing all the time, it had thrills, spills, blood and bravado. What better way to spend a Sunday!

Editor’s Note:

Pictures below may not be for the faint hearted.



An over-reaction to the threat of shiggy?



Fast? Us? Perhaps its a diet book – it can't be about running



Ouch! Injured her **** and her elbow.

Pictures from the SlasherCam