

Hash Report - Run 257
Spooney Green Lane, Keswick
Sunday 7 August 2016
Hares – Rent Boy & Thong

A select group of hashers gathered on Brundholme Road at the foot of Latrigg. Where would we be led today – Latrigg for sure but then....Little Man, or even the big one, Skiddaw? Or could it be a trip to Hare's stately gardens in Applethwaite? Huggy, who has a nose for these things, set off up the track to the hill. But no! The hare had other ideas. How about a little foreplay around the housing estates of Keswick? In and out we went, up and down, round and round (and round and round).

[And here I will digress into one of the more arcane aspects of hashing – THE TRAIL. The rules – of which there are of course none – do not specify how trails should be marked. But by the laws of natural justice (which post Brexit are all we now have) say they should be clear enough for the average sentient hasher – yes there are one or two - to follow carrying no more than a telescope and a 20x magnifying glass. Now in matters of colour, cohesion and plasticity, and intervals between, there are a variety of views. But blobs of brown bread mix scattered randomly around the Keswick streets (from a drone maybe?) with the occasional faded chalk arrow, left maybe too much to the pack's imagination?]

We regrouped. Where were we? There had been sightings of the Windebrowe Chippy, another sign had said 'Danger of Death'. Where could we be? Had we reached the outskirts of Penrith....or Carlisle (admittedly a dangerous place)?

At last we were off-road. Time to change into running shoes and power ahead. Up and up we climbed to a fine lookout. Orrest Head maybe? Or the jaws of Borrowdale? In fact it was Castlehead, still in Keswick. Descending to the road a hare appeared expounding the delights of a large loop up the valley, no doubt with idyllic bathing pools for Huggy and likeminded souls to enjoy (yes there are the odd one or two). But by now, with darkness descending, the pack could smell a short cut and relieved they were not benighted, swept all before them along by the lake and through Fitz Park home.

Back at the cars, someone mentioned sighting a lone hasher in green shorts definitely this side of Shap. Was it Highway? Was he lost? What should we do? Hare swung into action and rode his drone round the streets, but no 'Highway' in sight [can that be right – Ed?] Concerned and downhearted we retired to the pub (the Coledale Inn in Braithwaite). What could have happened? Would there be an inquest? When 'mon dieu' Highway and Layby miraculously appeared. They had mistaken the hash venue and arrived late. How could a run not start from a pub - a matter essential to the wild Hashers of Lune?

Hashers: Half Dome and Miss Demeanour, Plum tart, G String, Nemo, Slasher and Huggy, Hare Rent Boy and assistant, Thong.

ON ON, Huggy