

Hash Report

Run 288 – Rowrah Hall, 2nd June 2019

Hares – Rocky Rock and Plum Tart

Runners: Thong; Slasher and Huggy, G-string (with Hare, Rocky Rock)
Walkers: Half Dome: Highway; Lady Godiva; Misdemeaner and Sheila King (from hashing in Indonesia) and with Plum Tart as co-Hare.

The routes and those who followed them (or very nearly)

Rain threatened and we were champing for the off; but first the arrival of Highway and Layby and the re-arrangement of their car to ensure 1. It was pointing direct towards the On On, and 2. so that Highway could get out of the car without stepping into a large puddle – almost lake – of brown coloured shiggy.

Now before we get deeper into it, perhaps I should explain this all happened nearly a month ago, and Huggy, for all his many virtues, does not really include total recall among them. Indeed the words ‘almost total blank’ come to mind. Which is all a rather feeble way of pre-empting the howls of rage and shouts of ‘drink it down down’ that would otherwise ensue.

But it also should also be admitted the hares had an unfair advantage, in that they knew, like the foam on the side of their beer glasses, every twist and turn of the labyrinthine paths, streams and railway tracks which so unfairly encumber the start...of this FINE RUN.

So whether it was North, South or East in which we finally started I cannot be sure, though the map I saw afterwards indicated walkers South and runners West.

For a comprehensive account of the walkers’ route, I regret you must consult them. But, I suspect the runners’ one was the more difficult and fiendishly devised, and since I would not knowingly wish to tell porkies, will restrict myself to that.

So... getting back to the runners’ route – we finally found it along a dismantled railway line, then under a bridge and on towards a warm sunset. Good running, but then disappointment. At a second bridge we left the security of the railway for an uncertain route through the streets of Winder, a hamlet with a name so aptly including a meteorological term with which we were to become rather too familiar.

Again, memory has faded concerning the intricacies that followed, until we reached the steel gates and machine-gun turrets guarding the entrance to a secret quarry.

But why? We could only conclude it was producing the necessary chemicals and devices to keep in order a desperate population of anti-brexiteers.

But in another direction, cunningly hidden, were the remains of a public footpath which had remained un-noticed by the politicians and was still OPEN.

Pressure relieved, we bounded along until one side of said quarry came into view though some way away. The path continued, taking a right turn, coming rather closer, until we could see waste pits full of slurry and many other heaps, and mysterious buildings we knew not what. The tension was now running high and it was with relief we began to depart from the troughs of despond and reached an ordinary road. Indeed our relief was further enhanced when we spied Hash markings ahead. We were on the right route again, and an easy run back to the start.

But NO. The way was blocked by a large cross, while further back the hare was (unofficially) indicating an alternative. We crossed a field or two but where were we

going? To Kirkland – you must be joking! That’s miles away. Well, maybe not whole ones but long enough for limbs to falter, and thirst to become insistent. Eventually Kirkland could be seen close by. But where was the way in? Through the children’s playground, where hashers began to behave very oddly trying all the swings and roundabouts, while Huggy made a bee-line for a long slide he had seen, but not the puddle of water at the bottom, into which he dropped with a great splash. Fun over, it was only a relatively short way back to Rowrah Hall and the cars, and the walkers who had only just arrived.

So you must make of this farrago what you will. Against the odds Hashers had a great time. They really do like the rain, the dirt, the dicing with destiny and above all the food and drink at the end, provided in this case, by the Ennerdale Brewery just down the road.

Many thanks to the Hares. Yes, we are an odd lot, but that’s what Hashing is about.

On On

Huggy