

Nannycatch Road, Wath Brow - 31st January 2010

Hares: Mr Sheen, Sloppy & Topoff with creative planning from Unhappy Sac

Prologue

VERY big thanks to Mr Sheen, Sloppy and Topoff for stepping in to set the route as I'm not sure I would have managed to hop all the way round that... and thanks to the hashers for going round hareless to spare Mr Sheen a 2nd lap running. Hoppy-Sac (Armchair mastermind)

Volume 1

A week earlier, 'Sac and Sheen Esquire were doing the recce' for the January Hash - it was really Happy Sac's route, and I blindly followed uphill, down dale and into the depths of Fangorn Forest - you get the picture. We had a lovely day out, but if you asked me to do the same route again by myself a week later, I'd be struggling to get it right.

Sure enough on the eve of the hash, the phone rang and Top-Off explained that Happy Sac had done himself a mischief in the metatarsals and I'd have to set the trail because no other poor sod knew the wayâ€¦if only I did know the way.

Sloppy and Top-Off joined me to set the walkers route and poor Happy Sac was left alone with two antisocial cats and no beerâ€¦because we took that too!

Anyway, the trail setting started well enough and as we crested the flanks of Dent, a quick phone call to Sad Sac (well he must have been a bit down on his lonesome etc.) clarified the location of the walkers split. So once split I trotted along on the runners loop, only to get slightly lost in Fangorn Forest with not a Hobbit in sight to help steer me clear of the swamp, and Top-Off was the only one of us with 'comms'.

Having spent 15 minutes contemplating 5 different alternative routes, I finally made my mind up on which was the right direction, and decided that I'd better get a move-on since the hounds would be gathering. Eleventy-twelve miles later I arrived back at base (10 minutes or so late!) feeling slightly bedraggled and with frost starting to form on my buzz-cut - at least the hounds were still there though. No sign of Liz and Di a.k.a. 'Slop-Off' - true to form they'd got 'proper lost' until they finally picked-up the flour trail I'd laid and got back to the car park well after the hounds had left.

You may by now be wondering why I'm scribing all this drivel and I haven't written a shred about the Hash itself yet. Well, I felt so exhausted after my efforts to run back in walking boots, that I decided to take the walking option with Santiago and Sky the dog.

By all accounts, the runners had a fantastic time until making the mistake of welcoming along a pukka fell-runner who was glad of the company - apart from our very own super duper athlete 'Rockington Rock', there were several of our number having flashbacks to scenes from the Moscow Olympics with Steve Ovett straining every muscle to stay on the heels of Sebastian Coe.

The route worked-out well though with runners and walkers converging within sight of the cars - good planning Happy Sac.

Thanks to Ian for planning the route, and for having the generosity to donate, not only his other half, but his beer too!

Mr. Sheen

Volume 2

What better thing to do on a bright icy morning than to go on a scary drive through the township of Frizington and the wilds of Wath Brow to the hash starting point. The hashers assembled at the entrance to the forest, but where was the hare? By 11.20 the pack was getting restless and was about to set off when Jock Strap appeared sprinting from Flat Fell. The nominated hare, Unhappy Sac had sustained a hash-reccy injury and had to endure a day of pampering with his foot up watching Andy Murray. Such is life.

Strap doubled the walking pack joining Anita Santiago and the hareless pack set off through the forest of the Dent Massif. Just below the summit the runners collected Alistair, an unsuspecting runner and Nip his cross terrier who both proved to be ace checkers. The trail wound down to Uldale and after an absence of flour (saboteurs?) [suspect check dropping down to stream missed?] and much confusion, the runners joined the well marked walkers route in the sunshine. Another new hasher, Poppy the Labrador enjoyed her first hash and was kept on trail following the drips of blood from Rocky's nose. The route headed back through Nannycatch to the starting point where Liz and Topoff had just finished setting the walkers route. We were very close to having CH3's first live hash. If the runners had known this they may have a few less regroup, or perhaps a few more!

The stand-in hares excelled themselves by setting a route at short notice from a map which they had not reccied, not to mention the good choice of beer at the end. Topoff cast some doubt on her hash name by providing a bottle opener rather than using her traditional method.

A good route with spectacular views of the fells, Isle of Man and Sellafield. If you were not there you missed a treat.

**More hare volunteers urgently needed for the rest of this year. Contact On-Sec.
Rocky-Rock**

