

Whinlatter - 28th Apr 2010

Hares- Rocky and Plum

Had 2 write-ups through this month- thanks to both Highway and Thong!

The Case of the Disappearing Birthday Cake

What a great occasion!

Two birthdays in one hash and a Darling Run at Darling How with Darling Hares? What's more we had a VIP visitor from Glasgow named Assaulty Dog who was perching run-less in Ambleside and looking for the nearest hash. Who could disappoint her?

Apparently many people could as only 8 hashers and one dog turned up, including the hares! The turnout was: Hares: Rocky Rock, Birthday Tart and Mitch the Pirate making 8 legs in all. Hounds: Birthday Thong, Huggy, Slasher, Doc and Highway. Visitors: Assaulty Dog Walkers: None Non-Walkers: Layby

The huge crowd set off through the pinewoods searching for the trail and immediately got lost. No flour here! Check back and remember not to follow blind Huggy! Flour found at last so it's up through the woods and more woods and more woods until we couldn't see the trees for the woods. There were the usual ups and downs and as usual there were more ups than downs. (How can that be? Hashing disobeys the laws of Physics!)

The hares had set a marvellous trail and another for the walkers, so half the trail was unblemished and is available for future hashes if anyone is interested. After several hours of forest bashing we reached a clearing in the forest where champagne, beer and birthday cake had been promised for an expected turnout of thousands of hungry hashers.

The beer was there but the cake had vanished - stolen by persons unknown in the mere five minutes since the hares set the run. The only clue was a dead fox found nearby. Where had the cake gone and had the cake poisoned the fox? The plot thickened! All the birthday hashers sadly drank their beer while contemplating the unfairness of life, then Huggy emerged from the thick undergrowth having consumed all the cake himself, thinking it was all for him. The only good news was that he was in roaring good health, so it was obviously safe to eat the cake. Fortunately it was a very large cake, so there was some left.

We all scoffed the remains then ran very slowly off with full stomachs to resume the search for the trail.

Walkers' loops omitted, we walked together back down the runners trail and finally reached home to find more cake, more drinks, and a welcome trip to the Coledale Arms for more food and drink - in case we were hungry.

A brilliant trail and the forecast wet weather never came, so brilliant weather too.

A pity about the poor turnout!

On On to the next birthdays,

Highway

Followed by...

A dubiously elite gathering of rejects from the London marathon assembled at the Darling How car Park Whinlatter in weather that could only be described as not as good as the last fortnights mini heatwave, as the hares managed to find the only dull day in a traditional glorious Lakes Spring.

The gathering had far greater significance being the occasion of the joint birthdays of two of the younger Hares, how the earth must have trembled on that auspicious occasion 40 plus years ago.

The event was equally remarkable for the lack of any walkers, was it the fear of birthday presents, birthday cake or maybe gate crashing another major running event that day. The result was that the day assumed Olympian proportions in the absence of the Hashgroupies.

In anticipation of a beetroot/garlic/sprout birthday cake at some point in the proceedings the mob charged off into the Lorton fells & up the obligatory first hill. The Pack was strengthened this week by Salty dog from the Glasgow Hash who didn't look the least bit salty to your correspondent, & good ole Highway from the Looney Valley Hash.

Plenty of woodland trails fences to clear & streams to cross but sadly no water holes for Huggy's traditional maniacal dip, Whinlatter is certainly fertile Hashing territory & with Muscle's eccentrically markings the pack was able to keep together & even manged a smile or two.

To mark this auspicious occasion a beer & birthday cake stop had been organise by the poxy lady with the goodies secretly hidden away in a hidey hole which would never be find by anyone, including Muscles who had hidden them in the first place. Shock horror says Muscles they've gone, meaning he couldn't remember where he had left them. Probably nicked by those pesky bikers we saw ten minutes earlier - if I ever get my hands on them etc. etc. And then lo! a miracle, the goodies appeared under a completely differant but thankfully not burning bush. Poor old Muscles, beginning to

lose it we thought until a mischievous Huggy emerged from the shiggie with a triumphant grin on his face, will he ever grow up. The beer was opened, a remarkably traditional & delicious chocolate birthday cake was ripped apart & all was sweet in heaven.

Some more soggy bits followed as the pack blundered around Darling How until arriving at a check where a big decision was required, do we take the trail extension for another half hour of ecstatic pleasure or take the short cut back. Five minutes later the pack arrived back at the car park after a good 75 minute yomp. Just long enough to be fun in some really good hashing territory right on our doorstep, we really should run there more often.

On On was at the Coledale where there was a depressing lack of birthday cards or presents for the anniversary couple but the company & the beer were the best presents anyone could ever ask for, still, a pressie wasn't too much to ask for was it???

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