

Lothersdale Pub Run

Wednesday 2 April 2014

Five hardy souls met at Lothersdale this Wednesday with the sole intention of finishing a short pub run and a quick jar in the Hare and Hounds afterwards. It was 7 and as I was late by a mere 2 minutes, I was left to catch up. So with my shoe laces untied, car key in my hand, I sprinted up the road trying to catch the lads that turned up on time. The first to notice a straggler was big Dave Halliday because he was tall enough to see over walls. It soon became apparent that the boys were following the Lothersdale fell route up to Pinhaw trig. It also became apparent there had been some changes in the appearance of my fellow pub bitches. Ian Livesey appeared in front of me in what can only be described as his mum's running tights. The second change was that of Glenn Whittaker who was clean shaven and sporting short hair for the first time that I can remember. He was called something else unrepeatable in writing. As we made our way to the trig, the steady saunter turned into a dash as Glenn decided to show a turn of pace to demonstrate to Pete 'massive' Jackson who was boss. As we gathered at the trig, a different route back to the pub was picked, short and downhill. This proved to be popular as views were restricted due to clag and the fact that it was indeed time for a beer and a general chit chat about stuff that normal humans wouldn't be interested in. We descended back towards the middle ages settlement that is Lothersdale, laughing at Glenn's new hairdo and Liver's "new" trousers. We passed Halliday's house and he disappeared for a wash in his tin bath. We carried on straight to our cars to get some chips, crisps, pork scratchings and obviously a pint. The conversation quickly descended into picking fault with each other (something at which I excel). Glenn was onto a loser as Livesey had got changed out of the worst Ron Hills ever seen. It was quickly decided by "massive" that Glenn looked like Micheal Palin. Which we all concurred was a remarkable likeness. A phone call to Graham Wadsworth proved fruitless as he decided that the pub was far too busy to accommodate his entourage. Livesey was first to leave as he was missing the feel of his running tights. It was soon down to 3 as Palin and Massive left hand in hand skipping back to the white Land Rover in which they had arrived. Halliday and Chew saw off the challenge of 'screw' and were last to leave. Good banter, decent beer and all in all a grand way to spend an evening with like minded folk. That is what pub runs are all about!

Stephen Chew