

Kildwick Pub Run – 16 April 2014

by

Stephen Chew

The numbers were up tonight on the pub run with 9 lost souls staggering around Kildwick. The usual banter ensued straight away in the car park. Screw's shoes were checked, Halliday was wearing a pussy strap and Pete 'massive' Jackson had made a return. Jock was also making a comeback tonight after being massaged to death by his private physio, none other than fell running royalty Victoria Wilkinson.

In all fairness, Kildwick is up there with as one of the worst runs for me. It's short, quick and boring. The top looks like a shit Rio de Janeiro and only takes 10 minutes to get to, even at a modest pace. So we set off on the Tarmac and past the church over the bridge and up a track. A wall had fallen over covering five yards of the path. Andy Hirst was in his element skipping through the rocks like he had just started a technical ascent of a Lakelands classic. This lasted 5 seconds and it kept Andy happy, so we were happy. Onwards over the road and then a sharp right up some steps. This is when disaster struck as Pete 'massive' Jackson pulled his hamstring. So off Pete skulked leaving Palin to fend for him sen. Palin was a broken man at the top. He nearly retired as he so was anguish at being apart from Jacko. Four climbs of the hill and then back to the pub. Once inside beer was ordered at the ridiculous price of £3.15, another reason Kildwick isn't a favourite of mine. We are blessed in Barlick with no less than 5 pubs you can get a pint for £2.60 at the most. Palin was also doing his best Del Boy impression selling his freshly laid eggs out of the back of his Land Rover. In the pub, we found out Screw had been back for his shoe twice this week, with no luck. Graham advised him to go barefoot into the bog and 'feel' around with his feet. Graham was at his usual best, with his cutting 'Walder Frey' like remarks. Andy Hirst received some pain for his protracted race safety plan. To be honest, I'm fair fed up now with the safety debate. That ship has sailed. Back to god's country next week at the Greyhound, cheap beer, the run is better and we can walk home. My idea of pub run.