



EMAIL 1: WELCOME

The subject line: Boots off. You've arrived.

Header: Welcome to The Inn, where walkers dine and stories grow taller

Hello there,

You've just joined our little corner of the Lakes – and honestly, it feels as good as bagging another Wainwright.

Every journey starts somewhere. Ours began a good while back, with a creaky door and a promise to always welcome weather-beaten smiles and wagging tails. Years later, the beer still comes from down the road, and the dogs still think they own the place.

We're tucked between Helm Crag and Silver How, right where the trail flattens out just enough for you to start dreaming about a hot meal. From here, it's all easy miles: fells that test your knees and lakes that look like they've been painted wet.

Stick around and you'll get the best bits of it – tales from the trails, sneak peeks at our seasonal menu, and a few invitations you won't find pinned to the noticeboard. We'll even throw in the occasional photo of a spaniel that's definitely prouder of their ascent than their owner.

Before you head back out, one quick thing:

Hikers know preparation saves the day. So if you'd rather our next stories land in your Primary tab than wander off into spam country, add us to your contacts or drag this email into the main trail. Consider it the email equivalent of checking your compass before the mist rolls in.

Your story with us starts here – feet up by the fire and your four-legged friend eyeing up the sausage rolls.

Welcome to The Inn. You've earned this.

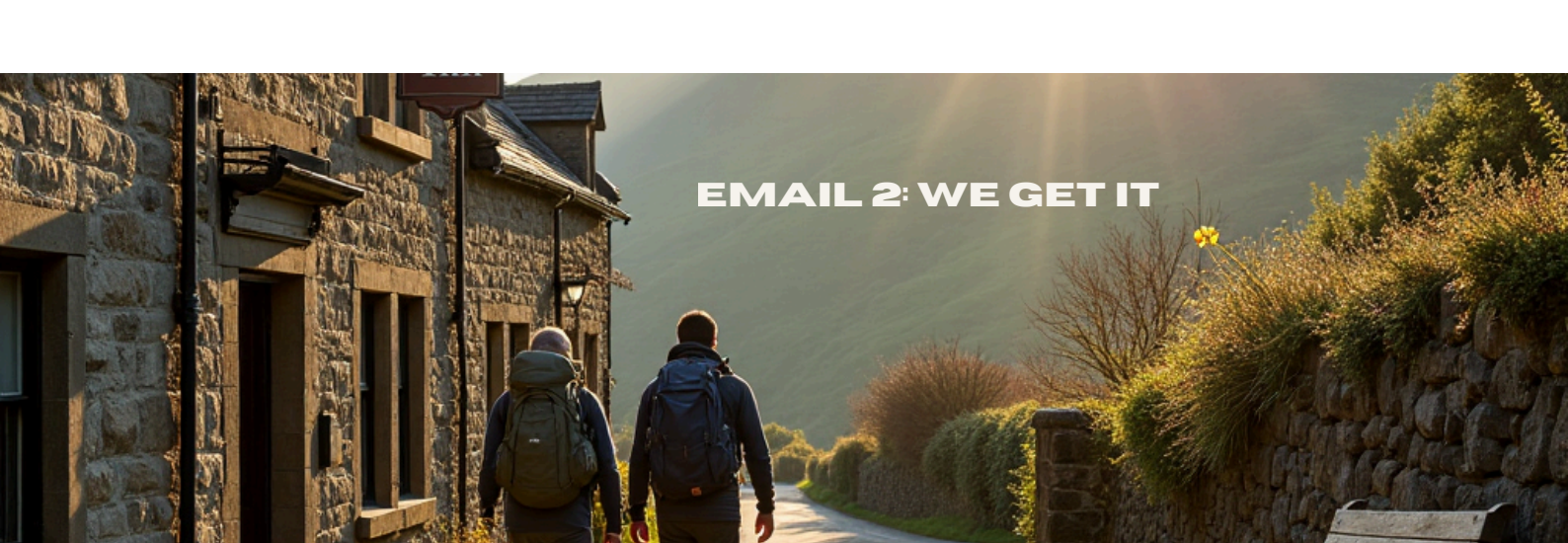
Until next time,

The Crew

Boots welcome. Mud optional.



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EMAIL 2: WE GET IT

The subject line: The fells are calling, we've got your base camp ready

Header: Every adventure needs a place to begin (and end with a pint)

Hello again,

Long before GPS and breathable jackets, back in 1652, The Inn opened its doors to travellers and their horses. Back then, the road was rough, and the map mostly guesswork. But the spirit was the same: people came here chasing the view beyond the next ridge, and returned with stories worth retelling by the fire.

We've kept that tradition alive. The boots are newer, the tales just as good.

Breakfast starts at 7 a.m. sharp because we know when the fells are calling, there's no time to linger. Those first quiet hours – when the valley mist still clings to the stone walls and the sheep haven't yet judged your outfit – belong to you.

By the time the sun's warming Helm Crag and your dog's already earned a medal for enthusiasm, you'll be halfway up a path that looks suspiciously steeper than it did on the map. But you'll keep going, because that's what hikers do. We climb our way to the top.

And when you've splashed through the bogs testing your waterproofs' empty promises, and stood grinning at the view like it's your first fell all over again, you'll head back with one thought in mind: a pint that tastes of victory.

We'll have it waiting. Along with a water bowl and a few treats for your four-legged companion who's somehow transformed from mountain goat to floor-tongued puddle of pride.

Your next adventure deserves a home base that gets it – the early starts, the soggy socks, the stories you can't help but share, and the food that makes it all worth it.

So when you're planning your next escape to the Lakes, make The Inn your starting point. We'll make sure the kettle's on and the ale's cold when you get back.

See you on the trail,

The Crew

Serving hikers and their dogs since 1652 (give or take a few paw prints).





EMAIL 3: THE FOOD

The subject line: The best views end with a great meal (and your boots by the fire)

Header: Food for the trail-worn, ale for the story-tellers

Hello again,

Even the most seasoned fell walker will admit it, the real summit comes after the descent. The moment you unlatch the door, feel the rush of warmth, see the comfy seats, and smell something cooking that could resurrect a saint.

That's the kind of ending we've always aimed for at The Inn.

Our kitchen runs on local produce and a few treasured recipes from Chef Tom's grandma, who believed no soup should ever be thin and no pie should ever be polite. He still uses her old copper pot for the stew – says it adds “mileage flavour.”

Every dish starts with what's growing nearby, like the vegetables from a farm you could practically reach with a decent throw. And the ale? Brewed just down the road, by people who understand that hikers drink with gratitude, not haste.

It's not just about food, though. It's about that quiet communion of people who've earned it.

The ones who swap stories between forkfuls with their dogs asleep under the table.

‘We nearly turned back halfway up Fairfield.’ one walker said last week, *‘but then we remembered the crumble.’*

Another laughed, *‘A pint of Grasmere Gold at the finish line is all the motivation you need.’*

That's what makes The Inn special. It turns strangers into locals, at least for a weekend. The laughter spills into the next table, and by the time dessert arrives, you know everyone's dog's name and half their life story.

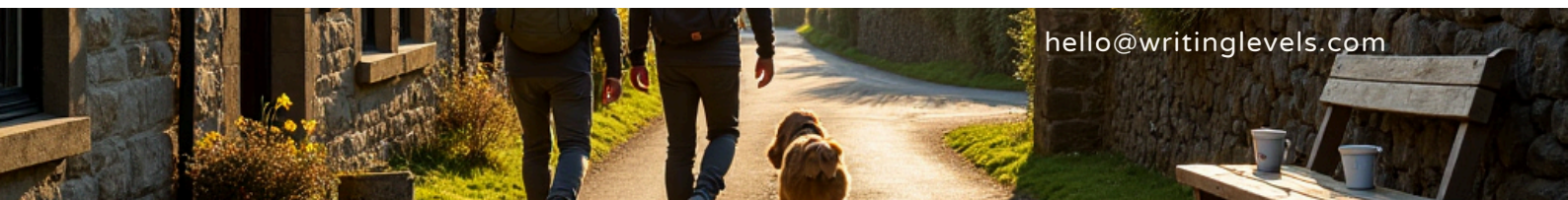
If that sounds like your kind of reward, take a look at our seasonal menu. We change it with the weather (and occasionally with Grandma's mood), but the welcome never wavers.

SEE WHAT'S COOKING

Until next time. May your boots dry fast and your next pint be local,

The Crew

Where every hike ends in good company.





EMAIL 4: THE ROOMS

The subject line: The dogs have decided, we're staying another night

Header: Rooms for those who never want the trail to end

Hello again,

You know that moment after a long walk: boots drying by the fire, your dog snoring under the table, and then someone mentions they're heading back tonight...

And you think: 'madness'.

At The Inn, we've seen that look a thousand times. The tug between real life and one more morning on the fells. That's why we made it easy to give in.

Our dog-friendly rooms sit right above the bar. Old beams, soft throws by the window that frame the hills you conquered yesterday. There's even a stash of towels by the door for the four-legged explorers who find every puddle from here to Easedale Tarn.

And because adventure rarely runs on schedule, we offer a late checkout. So if breakfast drifts into brunch and your boots take their time getting back on, that's perfectly fine. No one's rushing you out of paradise.

We only have a handful of rooms, and between the summer walkers and autumn leaf-chasers, they go faster than a spaniel spotting a squirrel. Once they're gone, they're gone, until the next season rolls in with its own stories.

So if you've been picturing your next escape – early walks and fireside evenings – now's the time. Your room (and your dog's biscuit tin) might still be waiting.

SEE AVAILABLE DATES


Until then, may your socks stay dry, and your dog vaguely obedient.

The Crew

Boots by the door. Dogs by the fire. Beds worth the climb.



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EMAIL 5: DELIGHT

The subject line: A small thank-you from the top of the hill

Header: You're part of our story. Here's your reward

Hello again, friend of the fells,

That feeling when you're halfway down the trail, not really expecting anything new, and then, out of nowhere, you spot something special.

That's this moment.

We've tucked a little surprise into your inbox. A small thank-you for joining our adventures here at The Inn. Next time you stop by, just mention you're one of our subscribers, and your first drink's on us: local ale, hot chocolate, or whatever helps you thaw out after the fells.

Consider it our way of saying you're part of the story now.

Because truth be told, this place isn't just stone and timber – it's the people (and dogs) who wander through it and the stories they swap over steaming mugs. Their photos end up on our wall of fame.

If you haven't already, pop over to our social channels and see what we mean. You'll find trail tales, and the odd heroic story involving a collie and a tray of sausage rolls. You'll even spot a few of our own escapades as a proof that we sometimes leave the bar to climb something taller than a barstool.

We'd love you to be part of that story too. Next time you're out exploring – from Helm Crag to Easedale Tarn – tag us in your photos and let us see the world through your muddy lenses. We'll share our favourites, and maybe send a few surprises your way.

So here's to new trails and friends you haven't met yet.

SEE OUR STORIES | TAG YOUR NEXT ADVENTURE

With warmth (and a round ready),

The Crew

Serving hikers and their drenched dog since 1652.



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