

A great trail layed yesterday and today in sunshine courtesy of Bangor Hot Lips Wrong Direction and yours truly. Lovely country side .. and plenty of sheep.. on On

So quoth a Mr. Paul Elderkin – Ram to those who don't know his real name, the day before the run. Wouldn't say he was blowing his own trumpet or anything. What was he doing with the sheep? Turns out that two of the hares, not Ram or Banger, got lost laying the Mini trail so no worries then.

10 out of 10 for the weather – if was a beautiful sunny day.

Glenda needed an excuse to scoff a massive box of Quality Street: we now have a new key box, to replace the one that Wiggy semi-lost, i.e., we now have two key boxes. Confused? So am I.

Maybe the ladyhares got lost with all this new-fangled signage. Ram followed the Hursley lead of inventing new signs that we were meant to memorise. There was a 'Regroup', two arrows [alternative to a check – why not use a check?] and so on. Sorry, Ram, we're just fickle 'ashers, can't be doing with this intellectual stuff.

Setting off down-downs:

- Offensive and garish trousers
- 18th [or was it 81st?] birthday

And welcome to just the one visitor, Doug Menzies, but it turns out that he was once in Wessex, probably in the last millennium.

Hares were going to let us flounder looking for the track but Ferret kindly shouted the On On with a wave to the path.

The Mini hares led from the rear, and if you are in any doubt,



Following the photo shoot, HotLips [far right] leapt over a stile, missed the bridge and fell straight into a ditch the other side. Co-hares fell about laughing.

Mini hares had their own ideas for a regroup. They let the walkers wander off in completely the wrong direction. Nothing to do with total absence of dust. Then the hares called everyone back and directed them across a field – until the landowners came out and ordered everyone to use the original path.

It was a lovely route, gentle rolling countryside, broad paths, and, at c.5m, a reasonable walk to boot.

Tall Paul loves the falsies: he ran down so many that he passed the Mini at least three times.

Slurry thought that DM's run a few weeks ago was bad at 10m; today, after well over 11m, he swore blind that the arrow he wrongly followed was changed when, over a mile later he returned. Actually, he just swore, an awful lot.

The entertainment value started when we returned.

Jokes and dog needed a medevac [=emergency medical evacuation]: long after the others had returned, Ram spotted him, lost and far away, and drove out to pick him up.

Our two 'lost souls', Sinbad and CarWash were eventually found and returned. Sinbad has a reason to be clinically knackered: he's just returned from two months in Thailand doing whatever. . . .

Poor old Ram and Banger must have done fifteen or twenty odd miles today with three lots of searches. It was gone two o'clock when they finally returned with the last of the waifs and strays. Well done guys.

Closing down-downs:

- Sinbad got a well-deserved DD for getting so totally lost.
- Y Nam Im caused total mayhem with his ducking fog [dog, in case you didn't work it out] at a stile, totally blocked everyone then returned early 'cos it was a bit of a long way then didn't sign in.
- Horny celebrated her mud bath: she fell into the shiggy and splattered herself, then someone tried to pull her out and failed so she fell back into the mire again. ☺.

- Ram was caught short and relieved himself – onto an electric fence. Painful!!
 - RollOver: caught smoking on the hash. Tut tut.
 - Wurzel: child-abuse: sent his children on the Main while he did the Mini.
- On on to next week's trail.