

Good to have the numbers back towards what they should be: loadsapeople there, well, a goodly number anyway despite oour GM being at Bolbec.

Main: ‘Run on, thisaway, Mini, wait here,’ and off we jogged. Usual route: out of the pub, left and along the track then the first check. Again, usual route: up to the ford and a multiple check. Some faffing here while we found the dust, across the ford, meant to be through the beck, but some used the bridge. As we ran, we saw the cycling section of an iron-man competition, seriously fit people on expensive bikes.

Up the slight hill between the two fields of horses to the gate to the inevitable check: left or right? As they pondered, Jammy Dodger lay down to peruse the sky whilst others took the decisions. The FRBs went right, following the dust. They went right and up the hill left to a bar so back to the last dust then tried the lower path: no dust. Back to the bar: up the sharp hill here and there was an arrow into an old wartime RAF bunker. Quick look then, ‘Per ardua ad astra,’ and onwards. We found the track and carried on. Hotspur and Slurry were there to provide pace. K9 was in full running mode today and close behind. Jammy Dodger had yoof on his side and outpaced the peloton whenever he chose to run.

Now the FRBs had a problem: where was the pack with the hare? It did occur them that they might now be heading the wrong way around the track and would meet the rest of them on the way back. OK, let’s do this was the consensus. They exited onto the open heath and found more dust. After a bit, the back-markers came into view. ‘ON BACK!’ was yelled and the FRBs retraced their steps to the last check. As they arrived, our hare laid an arrow in the correct direction: exactly where they had come from – thx., hare!

On the open heath, Spotted Dick asked us to look for a teeshirt. Turns out that his co-pilot, Bend Over, had been harassed by ponies hereabouts when they were laying the trail. With nothing available to fend them off, she took off her teeshirt and waved it. SD felt only slightly embarrassed by his own relative inadequacy but declined to comment on the fact that the ponies had seen his good lady topless. Guess what: we did find said teeshirt and confirmed the story.

On on and down to the road: Jammy showed his fitness by climbing a tree while others checked the route. Left and right then to the other side of the heath and up the gentle hill. More checks and only slight confusion as we

crossed paths again with the iron man, this time they were running and much faster than us.

Centurion went through a gate, closely followed by a harriette. 'Kissing gate' said he as he planted one on her. Stalker was next and Big C. kissed him too, lips and all. Bit further down the track and K9 asked, 'Anyone know anything about nature, come and have a look!' Slight ungentlemanly conduct here: another harriette had to water a bush.

On down to the road: here, the pack split into two, the FRBs went out of sight, way ahead of the others. Then we went into the woods and crossed and re-crossed a beck, almost keeping pace with an elderly couple who looked on with indulgent amusement. Eventually, it was round the small lake, past the yacht club and back. Against all odds, DeathMarch got today's gold, first home, closely followed by K9. Only coincidental that they had laid a trail around here so knew the terrain really well. Turns out that the FRBs had got slightly lost in the final woods.

Thx to the hares for organising superb weather; dust was there, all the way round: a brilliant trail.

Stats: well, Slurry should provide these. Only extra item today was the blood donation by DM: he went A over T on the run in and splatterooed himself.