

The Queens Head, 7.15 miles 660ft climb, 1hr 35 mins.

It's been a few weeks since I hashed with Wessex. So getting hammered on red wine the night before with Hotspur was not a good starting plan. At least my head didn't hurt but I felt like a zombie.

So just to be sure, start out early so we don't rush the driving. Good plan, Queens Head car park is not massive, so we got one of the last spaces.

Hobbit run today, well three of them so we were only going to have Ratty marshaling the main.

A few down downs and its out the car park, turn right and straight on.

It was a bit more complicated than that, the hares laid the trail in the field as opposed to on the path. Well it caught K9 and new German guy out at first.

Get to our first check point, try to find the dust but there is only dust taking us to a bar. So run back to where the Hare is, now we find lots of dust, hmmm.

We overtake Hare Ratty and notice a rapid reduction in dust. We still manage to find our way to the foot hills though.

Staggering up hills is not normally much fun but today it was a pleasure, grand vistas in every direction, including Mouse stripping down to her sports bra. No sign of TP as he's been left at home to go to some old folks meeting, been bribed with a cooked breakfast.

So its back to straight on again looking for dust. Hobbits seem to have a magical supply of dust that can only be seen if you look back, looking forwards you don't see it, stop look back and magically its visible along with Hare Ratty.

Trail feels like it goes around three corners of a field, which is edged by rows of sweet corn that have their own paths cut into it along with lots of bird feeders. Thought we saw runners through the corn and chased, but that turned out to be baby grouse running for cover.

Nice down hill section now which takes us almost back to the pub, not that anyone on the Main would consider to short cut, would we Mouse? The rest of us continue up an old drovers track until we go straight on along another field.

Tactic of allegedly being light on the old dust fails now as Mini hares have marked the way back to the pub with useful arrows. So we only get slowed up in the village outskirts for a little while, until we realise we need to take the back village paths via the water cress fields.

Whilst getting changed we notice Beaky arriving late, looking like Cyclops from x-men. Along with Mouse who had TP in tow, apparently he had been good all morning and was therefore allowed in the pub.

Stoker did his best to look like a man with a cat on his head. Luckily he's deaf so he missed all the remarks.

Down downs finally, including a "Milk" down down for K9 an myself for apparently making comments about magic dust.

So brilliant sunny day, glorious view, interesting trail, man with a cat on his head and milk down downs.

So what do you think?

On On