

The Woodman, 8.91 miles, 214ft climb, 1hr 45 mins. Calories 1348 average heart rate 144, maximum 172

Three weeks since the last run. No excuses, it just didn't happen. No sign of an Odd Socks write up. Where is he hiding these days?

Good turn out this week, summer blues appear to have left, so Chippendale, Sex Slave, Circus Boy, DB and Diane in attendance, so gives the youngsters a chance to lead and more time for me to get me breath back, especially as Hotspur taking a rain check as he has to fix his electrics, house.

K9 run today, apparently Grettle not needed today as a joint Hare, or was he hmmm?

Chatted to lots of people so no clue to distance today but Lonely got the Pigs Ears for not ducking under a tree branch, scars still obvious.

Take the obvious route over the bridge, take in the view of the new estate being built, go left. Start as you mean to go on, back track right and give chase, too fast a start for me so have to get breath back, so might as well talk to a walking Beaky without his Cyclops gear.

Ferrets foot must be getting better as he is striding ahead, just leaving dust behind.

It's a Sunday so Chippendale has to take point duty as its Sex Slave turn to take care of the kids, who are nearly as tall as me. Can't we swop the rota, SS so much quicker, does more false trails and doesn't complain she's so tired.

Lots of changes of direction through the woods so that we are getting hot, so hot Mouse is stripping off again. She so likes show off that 'ripped' torso of hers. Good thing TP is checking stuff out at the front so he doesn't get distracted by her antics.

Find that not hashing for a few weeks means we lose our sense of trail. Or was it Circus Boy getting to checks first and choosing the correct trail leaving me only duds to follow.

Get confused by the strange new signs that look like a bazooka, turns out its an arrow and a "L" for long.

Secret Grettle hare not working as he hasn't a clue where the trail is. At least he is suffering with the rest of us by going wrong.

Trail fun, switching in and out of the woods, but getting tired now, phone shouted we just done 8 miles.

Main road and bridge finally in view again so sprint/don't stop to home/Pub.

No sign of sign in sheet, Minis probably got bored waiting for us to get back in.

TP goes chatting to the boy racer meet, who have been pushed to the outer limits of the car park as we have filled the rest of it.

Gates get the sheet and starts ticking us off, but returns to the question "where is Sinbad?".

Too complicated a question, haven't seen him since the start so go for a nice pint of Hobgoblin.

Down downs appear, and so does Sinbad, did he get to Ringwood!!!?

Anyway, warmish, dry and fun wood run.

So what do you think?

On On