

Well it was the Posh Nosh last night, so there was probably lots of incohol consumed. So what don't you want on a hangover trail? Well bringing Hotspur wouldn't be high on your list, this will keep the pace high for the headache crew, and probably mean I'll have to run as well ☹️

Paying car park, unless you stayed the night, means we have to go down the road a long way and then need to jog to the start to be on time.

Navigator family in full attendance even OB, who helped lay the trail, and is back from Chicago, cue for a song we think.

Ram grumbling, showing his legs to anyone who would look, exhibits gravel rash from cycling yesterday. Apparently A&E man off duty so no bandages were available.

Starting conditions are cold but sunny. Hare preamble was Ferret just pointing east.

We follow the finger, not that was of any help, Hobbit dust is hard to find, this trail was impossible.

Hotspur, Grette, Griffitti, Sex Slave and Ram wander all over the place but it seems a road to hell. OB calls us back to West Cliff and I still haven't seen any dust. Finally see something but get distracted by the view of the beach. Feel we need some visual interest in the shots so have to take a "runners shot", so how did Blow Job get in it?

We seem to be heading for the pier, are we to go up the Bournemouth Gardens, No, Up the East Cliff. Well that's only after checking TP was OK who nearly collapses with back twinges, which, according to him, was due to dancing!!! Yeah right, Mr I'm drinking my Guinness at the bar, don't bother me, was dancing, pigs might fly.

Views from overcliff are spectacular, but there seems to be calls from Student following a path down to the beach.

Trail is back to the pier, fairly obvious with all the calling so where is Hotspur, he was last seen running to Boscombe, or was it back into Bournemouth to help the wife with her shopping?

Back at the pier the Hares obviously want us to run down one side of the pier and back again until its straight on, straight on along the Beach by the waves lapping on the shore.

We've caught the Mini now, Arse About mouthing sweet nothings at Ferret as she castes fresh dust as "it got blown away last night, 'onest guv".

Up Alum Chine and onto the suspension bridge, and then back into the chine. Follow the cliff road back to the sea to meet Greek God going the other way! A few more deviation's and detours and Sex Slave saying its this way we make it back.

Shandy refresher and we jog back to the car to get change quickly as temperatures seem to be falling.

Start walking back to Hotel to be escorted by Greek God, where's he been all this time.

Hotel has no proper beer, so we resort to Guinness, which we find is in a can, and cost £4.50 😞

So, bright sunshine, chill wind, beautiful views of the beach, pier and chines, but expensive beer. Oh, and the trail route looks like a Dragon/Wyvern, cool, check the link out.

So what do you think?

On On 😊