

Red Shoot , 8.24 miles, 681ft climb, 1hr41 mins. Calories 1227 average heart rate 140, maximum 161

After yesterdays rain it was interesting to be greeted by fog and cold this morning. We venture out with plenty of layers, just in case to arrive at a packed car park, so its park in the mud at the side of the road, well not all of it was mud, maybe a bit of horse added in so watch where you walk.

Pigs ear award today. Navigator tried to stitch me and a few others up, but decided Ram and his gravel rash won the day. Bureaucracy rules as Navigator lays down the law, it's the Pigs Ears duty to bring the award to Hash on the first Sunday of the month and have a victim ready, be warned.

Stoker apparently had a birthday and cheerfully warns us that his family is long lived so we will have to keep doing this until he's at least 90 plus, great.

Hares are Wheeze, Bum Hugger, and Wiggy (groan from the crowd, at least he will only be on Mini).

Additional walking wounded today, with TP saying he will only walk the Main and Stalker saying he not fit. So Mouse and Squealer will have to show them up.

Start as we mean to go on, go right thinking we are going off through the farm. No, its south across the road.

At least its warmed up so we chat cheerfully with Horn Blower as we chase the leaders.

Ground near the pub is soft but firm but that only lasts until we hit the trees where it gets squidgy.

Initially we can find dust, with Ram, Horn Blower and Wurzel finding early bars.

TP and Death March do a magnificent job of shadowing Wheeze to ensure they keep their walking to a minimum whilst some of us do justice to Wheeze and Bum Huggers trail which is keeping us guessing, flipping us from open sun and then back into twisting woods. Nice to see the Hares bothered to place lots of bars to stop us going too wrong.

At one point we run for half a mile without seeing dust, not a problem as we keep Wheeze in view behind, and as she is following we assume nothing is wrong.

Ground further into the forest gets a lot soft and wetter, causing Ram to go down, trying to duplicate his rash on the other leg.

Pack has kept together quite well such Stalker keeps showing up at the front and hasn't got lost for a change.

Near the end local knowledge by some, leads others to deviate from the rightful trail. Not good when its down hill but we get creative and regroup.

Finally find the correct down hill route in, only to be accosted by a damsel in distress. BMW driver parked her car in the ditch in the car park. Never mind, half a dozen burley front runners made short shrift of pushing the car out. Good deed for the day so positive karma must be in abundance.

Enough distractions, Damsel saved so sprint to the pub.

Where's the shandy? Bum Hugger didn't think it was important to put out, silly Hare.

So complicated trail keeping everyone together, shiggy and mud everywhere, warmish weather, beautiful light streaming through the woods.

So what do you think?

Oh, not around on trail until next year, so Merry Xmas and Happy New Year to one and All.

On On