

<http://gps.motionx.com/maps/2c373c205d377f9b428c327e3b76d20d>

Holmes Bush , 5.70 miles, 371ft climb, 1hr36 mins. Calories 1145
average heart rate 140, maximum 165.

So we start the week with sub zero temperatures, Fog, then no Fog, sunny Saturday then rain and then its Hash time. Weather forcast says it's going to be rain but it don't rain on the hash, so we all stand around shivering from the low temperatures and looking at the skies. Hotspur got a free pass today, but as he is trying not to train for the London marathon he ran to the hash start as we don't run far enough. Ferret doesn't like the ground conditions in the car park, too much dog poo, so is standing on a dustbin lid for health reason.

Virgin Hare today, Banger and his harem (Jane and Mel), as Beaky stitched him up. New landlord at the pub, so hopefully we won't upset him with our antics.

Even with the dodgy weather conditions there is a good turn out, especially for main runners, Stalker seems to have come out of retirement with nurse Squealer.

So its off across the busy road, not up the alley next to the pub, much to the look of concern from Gates, who seems to think we are all going to get run over.

Pack gets stretched out initially until the first check. With a good contingent of main runners, the initial false trail is missed and the correct path is found immediately.

Heath is quite boggy but runners still find the chasm of doom with the mini (S) trail. For some reason they insist on staying in the chasm even though the main swings off west for more interesting terrain.

Gorse is a bit spiky, and paths a bit narrow but ArseAbout powers through, off towards Hamworthy.

Trail is not sticking to the obvious main routes, which is causing havoc with the macho front runners, but gives slower runners a chance to catch up.

Turn, east to avoid A35, but Stalker seems to want to follow ArseAbout over to Hamworthy. His problem.

Turn north parallel to old railway track until we shoot off east towards Upton in a large loop, terrain we haven't plodded for a long time.

Back to the clay pits, which isn't the route to go, but along railway track to old roman road.

Cod piece begins a descent, twists tumbles and lands on her derriere, then has the audacity to get up straight away, doesn't give me any

chance to get the camera ready. Hmmmm, will get her with a down down later.

Roman road is not the solution for long, as the more frisky have to back track to the path around a house onto the heath again. Not the best of styles to cross, top rung more than the approved 300mm leg over, I've been reading too many carpentry books again.

Up to nearly the view point, we detour into a housing estate. Quick pixy loop, which Hotspur needed pointing to, to find a great tarmac path to park land we run past a car park.

Nearly back now. Turn onto the busy road we jog back to the pub, looking back there is a long line of runners eager to get their first drink.

Back in the pub we have down downs for Squealer and Bianca mud wrestling. When did this happen??? I thought we were out for a quiet run.

Anyway, great trail by Banger and his harem, stayed dry, lots of shiggy, prickles, mud pools, and we all got back together.

Oh, and someone called Slurry helped, not many runs to his name so we will forget him.

So what did you think.

On On 😊