

The day got off with a bang: Sniff actually did a Scratch: having blagged a lift with Chunky and PN, she managed to batter Chunky's lovely red VW PicnicSpot as it lay dormant in their drive. Linda phoned 'the trump' for advice; he advised banishing her. Linda did, to the far side of the road. Neighbours beware!

Today Hashers discovered that 'Kimmeridge Bay' is actually an arctic inlet, not some idyllic spot in Dorset. Among the Jurassic artefacts discovered today were several sets of balls, they had fallen off some visiting brass monkeys. It really was that bitterly cold. GM wised up and had a short circle and off we went.

Apparently there was a Main trail, albeit at high cost: Chippendale managed to commune with rabbits and knacked his ankle so passed the baton to his better half. Off they went first, apparently on some stuff called dust.

No such luck for the Mini. With no dust available, they had to endure a live trail from Atrick, a child of a mere 81 summers. His titanium knee lasted until the first style, all of 20 yards [when hashers are this antiquated, we are not allowed to use such new-fangled things as metres]. After that, he was in classic hare position, sweeper, at the back. This makes a live trail so much more interesting! He did give some vague instructions: down to the sea, along a bit and then up then back – easy really!

It wasn't for nothing that we ended up singing 'The Grand Old Duke of York' at the end. Down down we went, DeathMarch couldn't face the slippery grass so did his tree-hugger bit, crashing from one tree to the next. We walked the paths down to Kimmeridge Bay to avoid having to pay the road toll.

When the next step was a swim we turned right and waved at the Nodding Donkey. It just carried on doing its business, oblivious to us visitors.

And so to the Military Check Point: abandon hope all ye who enter here. Did we go straight on [Blue Sox and Poppet] or right [Chunky]?? The HareStick was waved from the back: right, i.e., up the hill. Walking up really steep slippery muddy fields on a cold day in the wind is just so much fun! Did anyone make it without a break? Nope. Gates did his impersonation of a flight deck [leans forward, hands on knees, back is flat and horizontal with a weird gasping sound] while he tried to continue breathing – keep it going, Alan, breathing is so much more fun than when you stop.

Blessed relief at the top: flat terrain, dust to mark the trail and mysteriously out of the wind. We could start to thaw out.

All too soon we were back, mission accomplished, most still alive and fit to walk another trail.