

<http://gps.motionx.com/maps/b7eeb38d62060aeeec75c6ef7701f0db>

Wimborne Football Club , 6.25 miles, 229ft climb, 1hr22 mins.

Calories 1001 average heart rate 141, maximum 165.

We survived Saturday night, over at Shell Bay, watching the murmuration. One thing it taught us was, Sunday was going to very cold.

So four layers of clothing later we brave the outside world, heated car seat on maximum.

The run today is at Wimborne FC, we are not early, so we park to the right in the overflow field. Luckily footballers no where in sight.

Hares today for the main are K9 and Ferret. Not sure what they've been drinking but report was a bit disjointed. So we ignore them and just start running as its cold.

Mini goes straight on whilst we go left following the line of plastic boundary stuff towards what looks like a new massive building site. We ignore this and swing back towards the mini and overtake them, retrieving Pieced Nipples gloves from the mud on our way to Pamphill green cricket pitch.

Ferret seems to be unaware of the trail he helped lay, taking us on the mini route before K9 drags us back the other way, to go straight on.

Banger, Lonely and Ram take us to the main road and then back over fields. This week they aren't helped by the slimmer/quicker Chippendale, as he was broken on Bangers trail a couple of weeks ago.

Bianca, who was missing at the start, appears from nowhere and is leaning over fences encouraging front runners to obey the first fish hook.

Mouse arrives with the rear, or was that Arseabout, bemoaning TP abandoning her for the day due to his visiting his Darby and Joan club. At least she got control of the car.

We jog round the back of Kingston Lacy near the allotments, this allows us views of the snowdrops in the NT woods.

Banger must be full of meat as he carries on down a footpath leaving everyone else about 400m behind. As K9 wasn't following we take a photo opportunity, and eventually call Banger back to run the correct way.

We wind our way back towards the river, Fish Hooks and Bars (used to try and persuade runners through mega shiggy) fail to get approbation from the runners, so the plan to slow us up fails. Net

result is those who can run (or jog and run) get a lead on the likes of Grocer.

At the river it's straight back to the club.

No sign of keys at the shandy bucket so we brave the wrath of the coffee club to get access to our cars. Luckily Navigator seems to forgotten to have run today, so he brings out the ignition switches thus saving me from fouling the club carpet with muddy shoes.

Green Army circles the masses waving raffle tickets.

Not for me as I have other duties because of 'Er in Doors'.

So, cold air to freeze the lungs, plenty of shiggy, rebellion over fish hooks and a fairly quick pace.

So what did you think?

On On 😊