

The Tap & Railway , 9.88 miles, 527ft climb, 1hr43 mins. Calories 1332 average heart rate 145, maximum 165.

After last weeks Girly trail lulling us into a false sense of security; in that we can have a quick run and be in the pub by 12. A trail headlined by Death March is likely to be a Sadists heaven. And that Sadist won't care about any pain inflicted as it will only make him smile. ☺

Two landmark birthdays, one of 50 (Chippendale, fresh back from injury) and the other of 60(Flinery). So birthday cakes were made, gross as they are.

Boy Lost made a rookies mistake of wearing New Shoes so he suffered the consequence as well.

Hare instructions include no distance information, fish hooks and don't cross the main road. At least that gives us an eastern boundary to the trail, but that still leaves three other points of the compass to deal with.

Circus Boy honours us with his presence and immediately shoots off up the road looking for the trail.

Into the sports ground, pixy loop around the football pitch which immediately puts me in catch up mode.

TP thinks short cutting proves he's more agile being closer to the front, but he didn't have to do a "down down" at the start, of his making (power corrupts) to slow me down.

Wheeze has dog control until dog stops and she nearly hits gravel with her teeth. Shortly after, Bum Hugger is seen having to run with the dog.

Short straight until a very long right straight, right to a fish hook. No sign of TP here, but the ultimate seven jog to the back. Boy Lost , the back marker, tries to flea, but he can't stop Lonely and I trying to force him out into the bushes before we make our way back to the front.

Apparently there is an arrow over the marsh, which is a short cut for the Long, real men (and women, SAtNav and Sex Slave) go the long way round. All this means is I'm back to chasing the front runners again who seem to be 400m ahead (or a very long way).

Check points don't seem to helping in slowing runners down, although Banger had time to pet a horse from the wrong end, nearly

had a horse shoe imprint on his face. Try the end with the teeth next time.

Trail becomes a bit of a race at this point as Ram & Banger are finding the route. Finally catch up on a forest track. SatNav and I gain advantage on the forest track over the front runners, as they finally go wrong. White double cab hurtles past us at over 40mph, screech of tyres, turn round to see the double cab reversing back at high speed trying to run TP over who didn't like it trying to hit him, so he hit it. Fine, but next person to be hit would've been me. ☹️ He might have life insurance, but I don't.

Pace is not diminishing so I have to just put me head down and keep going as I is feeling kn**kered. Turn corner to see Police station next to golf course. We've been going for 80 mins, so minimum a long run in. Banger off in the distance so we follow, not sure if anyone with him as too far ahead to see. Lonely and I give chase until we start reeling in the Mini. This was good until Sex Slave (secret hare) got us lost in the housing estate so we lost more time doing extra mileage. So, mega long trail at nearly 10 miles, lost hare, horse attacks, double cab attacks, lots of straights, arrows, SatNav appears to have a large boil on her derrier (or is it her car keys), fish hooks, cakes, new shoes, coffee and cheesy chips. Think I'm going to fall asleep watching the rugby.

So what did you think?

On On 😊

P.S. It might have been better if I had fallen asleep for the first half of the rugby.