

The Sandford Hotel, 7.85 miles, 337ft climb, 1hr47 mins. Calories 1237 average heart rate 137, maximum 160.

OK, so you have a wife who's been coughing consistently for two weeks. *I get a runny nose and a small cough. I'm the one accused of bringing germs into the house and should keep their distance on threat of a wooden spoon. How does that work?*

Rain predicted today, it in fact hammered down about 9:00. But are we worried? No, it's the Hash, it doesn't rain on the Hash.

However, we do have to make sure we use the correct portion of the pubs car park. Start off in plenty of time. Bad move in retrospect, thought there would be a small turn out so we wouldn't have any problems. Well the parking wasn't, I'm a bloke so I can

park a car. 😊 *However, being close to the pub was not a good spot as soon there was four car blockages. I will, definitely, have to stay to the end of the down downs.*



*Pigs ear award goes to Greek God for his "hello slo**y t*ts" chat up line this month. Bless, he still doesn't know what he did wrong, it's a generation thing.*

Wiggys helpers today was Peanut, spoiler alert, secret hare was Jock Strap.

Health and safety report of "BEWARE THE BUSY ROADS" and "b*gg*r off", and we did.

First dust takes us down a back alley nearly into someone's garden. Backtrack to bump into Mini, cross the busy road to see Ferret, Lonely, Stalker and Carolyn trying to find dust. Hare doesn't look too hopeful. Seems rain has done a clean-up job. Trail doesn't go straight out onto the heath, but winds its way to the railway station. But its not off to Wareham but into the estate through the grassy bits and the storm drain which was just the right size for Stalker but not Banger.

Friendly banter with the golfers as we pass until we find Lonely, on

his own at a check point.

Finally find some dust and get going, except no one follows for ages until Horn Blower arrives and does a bit of bugling.

Over the hill and Stalker not knowing his own strength pushes Blow Job down the hill. Age abuse I call it.

Trail back on the hill top until a check. Lonely at the bottom calling with a promise of dust, except it's a continuous blob or as we call it a 'bar'. Back to the top, Lonely is going to continue to be lonely at this rate.

A rainstorm hits us, not for long, but as it doesn't rain on the Hash, we must have imagined it.

TP drags us around the trees in a big loop until we descend the hill to join the Mini again. Logic says we continue across the main path, but this is false. Real Men and one Real Woman cross the marshy water whilst K9 and Lonely have water fights, everyone else runs(walks) over the bridge and laughs. At least we shortly find the Beer Stop. Being healthy I have the water option. But it is fizzy water, which is giving us bloat. Photo session and we are off as a big black cloud is bearing down quickly. We safely cross the busy road and take the trail up the hill and hide under a tree as non-existent precipitation falls.

More running through woods, which are getting further from the pub, we know this as we can see the crane, which is near to the pub, is getting further away. Quick change of direction and Stalker, Lonely and K9 disappear from view, according to them they were in a Hole, but why!

Straight run back means we can overtake the slow Mini on the run inn and hide in the pub as someone says there is rain about, somewhere.

Lots of down downs for Peanut, with Pavarotti and Stalker singing. Finally, the singing ends, hurray, can we go home now? No! We go to sleep until the four cars blocking us finally shift.

No rain, no trail as Peanut didn't use waterproof dust, storm drains, golf courses, shiggy, hills, pond crossings, beer stop, umbrella trees, holes, cranes and car park mayhem.

So, what did you think?

On On