

Drusillas Inn , 11.14 miles, 612ft climb, 2hr15 mins. Calories Mega (broke app) average heart rate 143, maximum 169.

Missed a couple of weeks, so, as now being an orphan I left the daughter to entertain her mother at Kingston Lacy.

Hares today for the main are Ram and Banger. Well Banger had good mentoring a few months back so he should manage Rams enthusiasm.

Not a good start, lots of silly symbols and evasion when distance was mentioned.

Not many main runners in sight today so when we start its only TP and I who get onto the alley path ahead of the usual bottleneck plodders. The upside of this means I get to start at a sensible speed. Not long later Blow Job turns up!! Is this it, Blow Job, TP and I are the main! Oh well, interesting times. As we progress, getting lost on false trails; due to lack of dust, a front running Ram catches up with a few more runners including Ferret. Taking the obvious, straight on, approach, starts to work as a strategy, although being chased by Blow Job is unnerving. We try to give Ram and Banger the benefit of the doubt and only get bars for my troubles and have to back track time and again only to go straight on.

We pass the golf course, and then the off road track and then loop around to the main Horton road, which we were warned of earlier. Arrow at junction, looks to TP and I, like it is pointing left. So off we go, meet up with some minis and check out trails to our now right. Eventually give up and run back to find a flour arrow pointing right!! No sign of anyone who was on the main we still find a track off left. TP decides to go straight on following the short symbols, real Hashers go right and follow the long. Big loop brings us back to another junction with a short and long. Banger appears running towards me, worried that there are person lost. I leave him to back track whilst I follow the long again. No sound of calling, or help at checks to indicate correct route. Its now 12:45 and I'm getting fed up finding bars. Decide to ignore the current bar and hang right, which should be getting me back towards the pub. No sign of any dust or anyone so I just follow the main track until we eventually find a Ferret appearing from my left.

We arrive in Holt Wood, which is a god send for us, as Ferret seems to know where he is. We follow him up to Horton tower where we can see, in the distance, the Pub. Jog down the hill past the set new born lambs into Horton and then along the road to the pub.

Stagger into the car park to find its 13:20 and we have done over 11 miles.

Luckily TP has already bought me a pint, which apparently has had 30 minutes to warm up to room temperature, due to his short cutting.

No sign of Banger who is still out looking for hashers like Sinbad. Never mind, warm beer tastes good. Eventually Banger and lost hares get back about 14:10, just in time for a down downs.

Muscles are aching, but probably not as much as Rams, as he apparently tried to help lift a dog over a metal gate whilst standing on an electric wire. Oaths were pronounced loudly according to those there.

So its was a lovely spring day, long straight ons, lots of false trails, Blow Job at the front, confusing arrows, lost runners, lost trails, lost hares and an exceedingly long long long long trail.

Death March will have to look to his laurels. This trail made his last one look like a stroll in the park.

So what did you think?

On On ☺