

<http://gps.motionx.com/maps/3e9e0d2b56e6ed8a7b32cff04b359f0f>

The Fox Ansty, 7.96 miles, 857ft climb, 1hr46 mins. Calories 1309 average heart rate 141, maximum 166.

The last couple of times we've been out this way, I've either got stuck behind Gerbil or Hilda. Men with red flags would be quicker to follow. So was today going to be one of them? Luckily not.

Unfortunately I didn't manage to get to the 2000th run as my youngest had to be returned to university. But I was organised enough to get a T-shirt organised (medium size). However, some small creature like a Mouse decided I was a fat b**stad so change the order to mega large ☹. Luckily Navigator sorted things out.

Marathon day in London and Southampton so we were going to lose a few front-runners. Initial count says it was going to be Lonely and I. But on time, Banger, K9, Wheeze (sorry Bum Hugger due to dog duty) and TP are there at the start.

Hobbit hares today, so dust will be difficult to find, but hare the report says it will be glorious.

Name and shame immediately after report as some people haven't paid their sub. You know who you are, I paid mine, in the pub after, so I'm clear. We're watching you.

Out the pub left, and across the road. To find Lonely looking smug, it's a bar. OK, take the crouching position and wait for more idiots to turn up and run back past them the other way to find a lot of tarmac. Eventually we find some dirt, and we seem to be guessing the correct way. We spoke too early. Never mind it means Banger and K9 can do some work while I try to catch TP.

Chance a trail down the bank of a wood, through the dense wild garlic. Bad move, completely wrong and I'm once again left behind. Get back to the front to find a trail past a ton of cows. Doesn't last long as Hobbits don't like cows, so we avoid the bridge over the stream to have K9 splash everyone, we detour into a private field for a while before switching back to the proper path miles from the bovine creatures. I say we avoid the bridge with the 'bar' on it, but without drawing breath, Bum Hugger, Death March and Boy Lost do use the bridge. This is simply a massive example of serial bar

avoidance by persons who should know better, come the revolution etc etc.

Back into the woods, with Lonely leading, down the hill to the road to find Lonely limping with a twisted ankle. We give a few platitudes of sympathy, but I'm not carrying him so we get on with finding the trail.

We find a clay track, that was wrong, but with a lonely running shoe sitting in the middle of the muck. Is this a case of just a missing shoe, or is there a missing Hasher under there somewhere. Don't have a trowel so run back, will ponder in the pub.

After more fields, and crossing a road, we pass through a one way bar, to find iPod plodding the wrong way. He be lost big time.

Past the walled garden of Melcombe house we go over a style and down to the stream. Nearly kill myself crossing a broken bridge, which I have to retrace back to the top to find everyone has left me. With Bum Huggers help I get back to the front and we reach the village of Ansty. Finally get the route back to the pub with TP to find Banger quaffing shandy already.

Well, fresh garlic, bluebells, precipitous woodland tracks, lost shoes, cows, K9 splashing, twisted ankles, avoided bars, lost mini runners, wrong sized t-shirts and some dust.

So what did you think?

On On ☺