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*2003 - Smugglers Haunt – 7/05/15*

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Smugglers Haunt, 5.71 miles, 156ft climb, 1hr10 mins. Calories 831 average heart rate 138, maximum 178.

Been away for just a week on a walking holiday, but it feels like an eternity. However, legs are still working so what the hell. But where is TP, a co-walker? Have I broken him on the walking holiday?

This week we are running from a new venue, this is a big thing new places. Plus, it's the Seddons who have been hiding for weeks so lots to talk about in the pub after.

Hare report was that it was going to be a 6.5 mile run. So that gives us lots to digest.

Off up/down (what-ever it was towards St Leonards) past Lidl on the main road with Ram and Banger, and then off right finally to safety. Gretle, who is also a hare, is carrying the dust bag whilst Sex Slave carries the flour. With all this backup of additional trail laying equipment there was not much left for putting on the trail. SS uses the usual excuse it was there yesterday!

Chippendale is making a merry pace behind Gretle, who is throwing out the saved dust with abandon, but Chip knows he is only doing the Mini.

Apparently we run through a Fish Hook, which was there yesterday, but not now, best sort I'd say.

At least with this run, if you find a false, the run back is well marked (please note hares).

Following paths through gorse is fun but you do need to keep an eye open for roots. The bridges are dodgy as well, need to keep another eye open for Trolls (aka K9 and Stalker), especially the type that splashes you when you cross a bridge which is barred, which I wouldn't do so I stayed dry.

Ram and Banger take the front when I'm going wrong so catching up takes a lot of effort. Still, we wander in and out the heath at high speed, past Trailer homes, avoid small humans on horse-back, but it is still straight on.

Golf course seems to be a southern/western boundary for the main, but this is not the problem, I've no idea where I am, whereas K9 keeps saying this is his ADH4 trail in reverse.

As we are keeping a fast rate up its easier to let K9 marshal Banger and Ram up front, not Stalker though as he has disappeared, and I just follow.

This strategy works until we get back to the housing estate where the crush of slow Minis mean I lose Ram and Banger. A worrying few minutes, so headless chicken mode until I find the chief chicken (Banger) who's being lost as well. A little TLC from SS and we reel in the last of the front running Mini to get back to the pub.

Check distance to find that even with false trails we've only done 5.7miles, what happened to the other mile. Oh well, early pub start made better by finding a good pint of Razorback served

at this hostelry.

New venue, K9s trail backwards, Gretle off to darkest Lake District, Trolls defending bridges, catch up marks to help slow runners, short trail, fast run and a good pint of beer.

So what did you think?

On-On