

Cock and Bottle, 6.71 miles, 465ft climb.

After a week of having a bad back such that I walked like Greek God I have the first morning where I can walk straight. So do I Hash today 'course we do, real hasher always do.

But, what's was that, the wife has us booked to walk the whole of Hadrian's wall, she decided she needs to get practice walking to get her mileage up. So that means I have to go for a pre hash walk. An hour later I'm allowed to get ready for the run.

What will today's run be like, let's look at the booking sheet. It's the young lovers laying the dust. That will mean they would've been walking hand in hand gazing at each other and so forget to lay the dust. If the parents were with them, then the trail will divert randomly into the bushes.

Oh well, the rain has past and the sun should be out. Hat on to stop sun burn then.

Ignore the briefing, too many furtive glances for someone of my age. So I just chat away and walk up the road. Busy narrow road so we cause confusion as the cars can't get past us both ways. Find a bit of wood after 100's of meters of tar mac. Lonely and I chase along a narrow track through the bluebells. Good thing it was pretty as we eventually get called back and have to chase through the mini but stop pretty sharpish as we are in a field of cows. Make a phalanx to protect Bangers harem (cow scared) and follow Wiggy, who attracts the cows more than anyone else, could be his dog but you never can be sure (after shave perhaps).

Finally get past cows and into some course cut grass tracks. For, one it's not easy to run on, and for second I don't see any dust. Bianca is following Ram and Banger so that seems to be a plan.

Into a field and 'no dust'. Hear K9 running in the woods or is it a foot path next to the woods, well climb over fence and give it a go, closely followed by Diane. At one level this is good as it is the correct trail, but it is populated by nettles. Long socks is good for lower legs but knees get a battering of stinging pain.

Long straight bit, so we get to hear some gossip about whose being getting Botox injections. Do we pass it on or do we let this stew for a while. We shall see.

I'm not finding much dust, but apparently Ram is. So he should be calling, apparently he is, how we tell, he doesn't normally, so what does he sound like?

This luck doesn't last long, the sight of llamas puts him off so Ram returns from checking out, only to have everyone run past him. I must admit he should have gone to specsavers but there still not much dust.

Finally get to a village where I think I know where I am. Local knowledge is a bad thing as we take a trail through some more nettles back to the pub, which I didn't need to do. Oh well, we are back before most of the mini so that is always a good thing.

Get our beer and chat in the garden. Luckily we have our fleece as standing up in the wind is freezing. Eventually learn that sitting down is far warmer.

So a lovers trail, no shiggy, no dust, inquisitive cows, lumpy ground, bluebells in woods, sunshine, llamas, stinging nettles and windy pub garden, but at least not 11miles.

So what did you think?

On On ☺