

Ok, not been for four weeks, excuses, distance, grookles, and Fathers day, and too bl**dy hot! Hashing is a cold wet muddy affair.

Today is a sad run, as poor iPod has gone to the hallowed running grounds in the sky.

However, for the rest of us it's still On On.

Hare report is 6 miles, plus bring money for the beer stop. Why can't you tell us this before we start running, money is locked in the car, miles away around a few corners as we can't use pub car park ☹.

Lemon says Wurzell will buy me a drink as he has enough for two halves and she has her own money. OK this is a plan, but we watch Mouse run to her car to get the money stash, women are more organised.

Heart rate monitor is not working, or I'm on borrowed time, but we still run off into the main bit of the village.

Take the right side of the stream, finding a path between loads of bemused cyclist only to find trail is on the left.

Have to ford the stream, getting cool feet in the process and a appreciative splash from K9 because another person has found water to play in.

Across fields and then into woods for a long out trail.

Initial signs are that where there is dust its good dust.

Even though with lots of straight bits Ram, Banger and Beer Goggles are struggling to finding the trail. Never mind spend the time chatting to Lonely about the BBC do on Saturday, damn, forgot.

Turn the corner to see a BG fight his way out a muddy puddle, youngster have no patience, a few seconds earlier I could have got the picture. Oh

well. This seems to energize BG and Ram to greater deeds, i.e. keep running, avoid muddy lane and run in field until we realise no one is with us. Back track through muddy puddles to find bar, cross this to find Wurzel waiting a half mile back pointing to his left.

Into catch up mode up now, running up a steep wood track means we take time to talk to everyone else as we make our way through the pack. Up to the main road, right and then left, seems easy, but not for Bianca who goes left and right, it's a woman thing.

The heat is slowing us down, some more than others (maybe me) such that Wurzle is wingeing that we aren't checking out checks. That's what Rams for, and he a) don't call, and b) aint seeing the dust. So there is a fair bit of milling around at circles.

We get to 12:30 and we haven't got to the micro brewery, which is surely at 6 Penny Handley, that's mega run back, the pub will be closed by the time we get back. However, we haven't crossed the main road yet so this looks bad.

Turn corner and there is the brewery!! Mini encamped in quadrangle quaffing alcohol as though no tomorrow. Get to bar and advise Wurzle that Lemon said buy me a drink. Yeah right I've only got enough for two halves is the automatic reply. She did I say, doesn't seem to help much. Lonely turns up, asks you got no dole? Turns on the charm and takes £10 from wife purse.

Yeah, we can get drinks now, being a wonderful person offer Wurzel a pint, choose the IPA cause that should be light, and not the 5.2% it was there 😞 ☹️ Get change and rescue TP with the shrapnel as Mouse is nowhere in sight with the family purse.

Pint dispatched too quickly and run right out the door. Luckily we are not in Six Penny Handley but a mile from the pub. This was still a problem

with Gates who went left, even though everyone else went right from the brewery.

So, at final pub, so need weak beer and to drink tons of water before we go home.

To conclude, overcast, so not as hot as previous weeks, good blobs of dust, streams to cross, muddy tracks, woods and an additional pub stop.

So what did you think?

On On 😊