

6d Brewery, 8.08 miles, 688ft climb, 1hr41mins. Calories 1249 average heart rate 141, maximum 163.

Well we've finally reached the 6th decade. Does it feel any different than the 5th. Let you know when the hang over is over.

A few months ago this was only a beer stop, now we have a new beer start. Hares guarantees this will be a different trail to last time. Hotspur driving today, good we can drink, bad he always runs at the front giving Ram someone to chase, thus we will all have to run like demented flies to keep up. Down downs to start, and apparently as I turned up, it was my turn to get the "Pigs ears" award, more fizzy to run on, hmmm. Off we go, start to talk to others only to notice that the pack is miles down the road. Bl**dy Hotspur. Back into Cranborne, last time we were here the river was flowing, today its dry as a bone, playing at being K9 doesn't quite have the same effect if there is no water to splash around. Into "The Close", and we catch up cause the trail has been lost. But not for too long as it goes up hill. Get a bit confused over the next few miles, must be because I'm not at the front with Ram, Banger and Hotspur, but I seem to keep having to overtake Grocer and Death Match, and just to get a bit more surreal I have Graffiti constantly quoting Moissenneuse-Batteuse whenever he sees a green bit of hardware (must be a French good luck charm) but we also have a farmer give me a look of death for standing on his gate. Give up now and start talking to Snorkle, we then start comparing heart rate monitors, he wins, his is NHS and has more functions than mine. Lots of "straight ons" up over the hills, the downs seem to be missing somewhere. Although though it's getting hot the

shady bits still have a bit of damp. But that's not a lot of help as we are 'straight oning' through lots of wheat fields and something that looks like lentils. K9, Lonely, Fish Finger and I are not getting time to catch up to the front so we are using the 'lets walk and talk' for a bit then "jog off again" technic. Ram, Banger and Hotspur are lost to us, but the tail end of the mini were reeled in within the woods. We nearly get it wrong but we find the trail through the maze and overtake more mini. Finally 'on inn' sign, but we are nearly sent wrong by Hilda using he womanly wiles to try and get us to take a stile that will take us back round again. We resist the allure and get back to the brewery. Luckily I'm not driving so selecting the IPA at 5.2% was not a problem, neither was choosing the hot dog with onion marmalade. A new location, great beer (sorry better than BBC), BBQ hot dog instead of chips, fast run at 4.8mph average, sunny, some shiggy in the woods and a run longer than Death March's last attempt. So what did you think? On On 😊