

New Inn Being sensible I started out early to get to the start as the Purbecks is likely to be heaving with Grockles.

Shame Banger decide to delegate driving to his harem as again his arrival was tardy, but still better than RAMs he's chosen to use his bike with the square wheels.

Ferret and Stalkers hare report is "follow the L's", unless you want a shorter run, plus "bring money for the Beer stop".

Hares hold up the mini whilst sending the real runners left (mini go right), "one way bar" up the road, so this must be way back in.

Up the hill, round three sides of box, back into the village again. Take the trail, which we should have used to return the last hash by, but Squealer got it wrong, to catch mini.

Everyone's gets caught at the next stile. We jump queue into a field of bullocks.

Newby goes mental and tries and tells us to calm down!!!

Banger doesn't get the message so decides to chase a bullock to show it he's not scared.

Following the trail we find the first of the L's, so sprint/jog on. Look back, no sign of any hasher other than eventually Banger. Decide to do a regroup. Five hours later we see the S group heading up hill, K9 shows up so we run around corner only to find a fishhook. We are very spread out, after dithering a bit we and Banger decide to use Pole Man as the last man standing.

We struggle back to the front again and have to give guidance to some lost walkers.

Swing into Corfe and head to the castle, but then cut through to the main road and off into the Castle Inn. Issues with the dispensing of a pint of Doombar for Lonely, causes queues at the bar. My Otter took no time at all and tasted great. Ram must have smelt the beer as he has caught up with us at the bar.

20 minutes later we are off again and out into Corfe common.

I seem to get lucky and find the trail down to the gate and board walk. More Grockles walking aimlessly into hedges, are they looking for the trail we just found. Their problem.

After Lonely and I accidentally don't see, allegedly, two more fish hooks we complete a long drag up the hill to the woods at Kingston.

Photo shoot by K9 gives the stragglers time to catch up. Stalker still with us, seems oblivious to the fact its nearly 13:00 as he is going for 'there will be glorious views soon' routine.

Follow the contours before we finally start the downhill section. Left foot and hip giving me jip, but we want to get back asap so we grin and bear it.

Whilst on the road a couple of cuties in a car ask for direction to the Greyhound pub. I make this last as long as possible, so I can get my breath back. Finally we are back at the pub.

Get changed and notice I haven't got rid of our excess courgettes from the allotment.  
Shouldn't have worried, there appears to be a secret supply of clandestine courgette eaters.  
Roll call shows Banger missing, check pictures, he hasn't been seen since before the pub.  
Stalkers and Ferrets problem, just keep drinking, but he still turns up.  
Bright sunny day, sun burn, dehydration, rehydration at halfway pub, lost Grockles, too many  
hills, long day out and a castle.  
So what did you think?  
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