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*2020 – The Fighting Cocks – 3/09/17*

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The Fighting Cocks, 7.39 miles, 624ft climb, 1hr34mins. Calories 1161 average heart rate 136, maximum 172.

After last weeks glorious trail we were expecting Snorkel and Fish Finger to show again, but rain obviously doesn't react well with teddies so they are absent.

Still have a surfeit of veg from the allotment, luckily Hashers help dispatching the courgette and bucket of spuds we bring.

I remembered to return the pigs ears to Navigator. Shame he then got it for believing he saw Miss Whiplash last week (instead of five years ago) in the real world and not in his dreams.

Hobbit trail (-1, no idea where she is) today. Everyone stands on tip toes to see hares, usual 6/3. But as it's raining we don't care, just want to start running to get warm.

Run across road, wrong, called back by Beaky (that's two weeks on the trot he's been with us) as he says it's the on inn.

Return, as its turn right around corner and down road past donkeys and keep going, as opposed to last week where we were changing directions frequently but at a very slow rate. Ram and a relative newbie "Broke Mountain" (not asking why) are front running with us (us, less so as they are too fit).

Wheeze is taking the family lead, Bum Hugger left at home packing for holiday. Do we query why we only see one of them at a time now! Who removed who, and who is dressing as the other one we wonder. Do we dare ask what's happened to the dog is as well.

No Seldon's again today (DH4 wearing them out), have to rely on fresh runners, one looks like she belongs to the Stasi in her camouflage gear and long legs.

Still doesn't help her through the wimbling path over lots of small bridges and then into deep wood, we can still keep up. But so does Death March, that's not much of a recommendation to our fitness then.

As we have said before on previous reports, Hobbit runs have dust that only appears when running backwards. Today, there is not much running back, so we have trouble finding any dust. Have to run 200m to find any. But when we do see it, it looks good as hash dust should appear.

Road crossing in the woods, I take the trail to the left, I'm sure we've been down here before, but obviously not today, chase back to front via a group hug from Arse About to regenerate me.

See Greek God climbing up a hill to the left, decide to follow Ram and Broke straight on and hope they know better.

Broke gets slowed by his dog so I take second place. Ram disappears up the track with Broke trailing about the same behind me.

Find the On Inn sign and look for pub across road, no sign ehh? Oh, we didn't come back from across road, it's on my left doh!

Mega wet so trying to change dry in the car is interesting, wife's car is going to smell a bit interesting, but we've made the pub, yeh.

Rain, Shiggy, no tar mac, straight ons, police vans in the forest, no technical trail, Hobbit dust, no teddies littering the country side. This is what a run should be, as opposed to last weeks debacle, those hares should be sacked, never to do a trail again.

So what did you think?

On On