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*2025 – True Lovers Knot – 08/10/17*

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True Lovers Knot, 9.44 miles, 748ft climb, 2hr24mins. Calories 1687 (=8pints) average heart rate 137, maximum 165.

Annapurna contingent arrived safely in foreign climes, and other runners at Bournemouth Marathon.

However, we have the crème de la crème of main runners left so it should be a good day.

Weird Hare report, special signs, dogs on leads, then I wasn't listening so hope Lonely did.

Off across the busy Blandford road and then due west. Get a bit of a jog up following dust only to be called back to a sidetrack, but only after chatting to the locals who were cleaning their cars.

Around a field the long way, keeping an eye on Ram the hare, who was staying on the lower contours.

Back onto the road and arrive at the church.

Not the official Stour Valley way, but into the stream for a wet Paddle. Bum Hugger, Jock Strap and Lonely wimp out in getting their feet wet, whilst the rest of us splash on, or in Stalkers case 'has a swim'.

Exit steam only to take three tons of stream gravel with us in our shoes.

Across the water meadows into Spetisbury and regroup at the railway line.

Onto the disused railway line, ignoring Rams misdirection's, and ignoring Stalkers attempt to debug Chippendale to confirm whether he was running commando.

Hare insists on sending runners the wrong way only for us to find it's a pixie parallel trail following the original line.

Photo shoot at the railway station and then on towards the castle (hill fort).

Not actually around the fort, but north across ploughed fields. This tactic loses Bum Hugger, Grocer, Banger and Jock Strap.

Nearly did a Y Nam I'm whilst retracing my steps, luckily the front-runners waited for me.

Ram not interested in finding the other lost runners so we carry on.

At some point whilst we loop back to town, to cross the main road, Banger appears back in the fold.

Off across the flood plane we encounter a "6" "fish hook". As there is only six of us runners (Grettle, Lonely, Chip, Banger, Stalker, Ram and I) we decide to run around Grettle before we carry on.

Into Shapwick we try looking for the trail, until Ram says the Anchor pub is nearby, shall we have a drink? Looks of shock from us all but we follow. Half pint later we are back on trail, despite Rams misdirections. We've done 6.5 miles by now and we want to get back to the

TLK. Patience gets a bit strained when Ram calls Banger back from a long false trail. I didn't see the hand gesture but he didn't return. We plough on, in what looks like the correct direction. After a more large fields, Banger reappears again, but as we are heads down we keep going.

Exit out onto main road and run down hill to pub, just catching Navigator (of the mini) just arriving as well.

Long trail, hot sunny day, stream paddling, Ram buying a drink, Maserati's and Astons in the car park, and we've paid our subs so we are legit again.

So what did you think? 9.44miles that's what (Death March and TP territory)

On On