

2028 - The Red Shoot - 29/10/17

Red Shoot, 7.77 miles, 1,103ft climb, 1hr42mins. Calories1346.

Missed last weeks run, nothing to do with miserable weather, 'er in doors needed the refurbishment of the main bedroom to be finished.

Although I admit it was dryer in doors.

Rugby this week, and a drive to London and back in record time, with a resounding success for the Saracens. Apparently getting excited when your team is winning is not the thing to do as a spectator according to

the wife  ☹️

Thought Hotspur would have a pass again today but he dips the offer to go down allotment for a bit of digging. So that's half of the Testosterone Kids missing.

We have a run in the New Forest, so should be an easy drive. Turning off at Ringwood was a good as traffic past Ringwood had grinded to a halt again. We then we hit the BMW parade led by Greek God. Seems he's into getting the best mileage out of his car. Try a short cut past him but the manoeuvre fail, we also fail to see the Red Flag walker in front of him. Ginnie and Hilda would have been proud of him.

We've been missing the Annapurna crew, but what joy they have been returned to us whole, except some, who came back with more than they hoped for, refer to TP for the complete medical story.

Start is missing Ram as well as Hotspur so strike two for the TK duo.

That leaves it to Stalker, Banger and Wurzle to take Point.

The happy couple Bum Hugger and Wheeze are today's hares.

Trail is out the pub and across the road, so same ol' same ol' start.

Looks like it is running out the last "on inn" past the place we helped the lady in distress. Only we find a bar! Wurzle is on it, back across the road, and then it swings back south into open ground.

K9 grumbles he missed the swim two weeks ago. Gets info on where the ponds were, is he making future plans to revisit them?

The trail is well marked; each check has at least three trails off in each direction with falsies barred and no tar mac.

This keeps the front-runners spread out and having to resort to chasing back when they misjudge the direction.

Shame a well-known swimming aid wasn't here as he would have enjoyed the trail, if he was in a good mood.

The initial trails were mainly out in the open heath, and are fairly firm under foot. Later we enter the wooded reserves, which results in our having to plod through countless amounts of bog making it hard work to get up any speed.

Lose contact with the leaders for a while only to find them on the other side of a ditch that has a bar on it. For some reason the Hare wants us to use the bridge to cross the obstacle as opposed to making us suffer. What's this about? Two weeks ago we have a Hare making us swim and today the Hare wants us to keep safe and dry, weird.

Lots of running through the trees until a long track up hill through cloying mud with Lonely, Stalker, Banger and Horn that makes you butt muscles burn (the running).

This is followed by the joy of a quick down hill and out across the open into the pub.

No sign of Bum Hugger on the Main so **congrats** to Wheeze for keeping us joggers together.

Sunny day, lots of false trails with bars, mega soft trails through the woods and the Annapurna crew back safely.

So what did you think?

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