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*2037 - Avon Causeway – 31/12/17*

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Avon Causeway , 4.42 miles, 361ft climb, 1hr12mins. Calories 842.

Hurricane Dylan crashing into the UK, New Years tonight and the run is fancy dress, is this a right time to go for a run?

Feel like I' m the size of a barrel so I need to get some exercise.

Motivational self lesson over and its currently not raining so we set forth. Then return as forgotten me phone.

Roads are clear so we actually get to the start with plenty of time to spare. Trouble is, standing around in the cold the doubts starts to grow as to whether we are wearing the right gear. Encouragement from Hotspur "to Man Up" means we stick with the initial selection. Looks a lot better than all the skirts with pleats the other runners have chosen. For a change the Hares are up for a quick start, so its less than six miles, trail probably washed away and be careful over the bridge.

Like good runners we carefully cross the dual carriageway and dip right into the heath. Big pond in front of us, leave that to K9 to check out or left up the hill. Up the hill, with plenty of splashing, we look back to see we have left the mini behind somewhere. Never mind, we have to decipher the first block of Ferrets weird hash symbols. Net result is we go right and thankfully not into the pond but we are heading for the A338 so no crossing points there so it must go left at some point.

No dogs to slow Wheeze down today so she' s taking point on one track whilst Ram takes the other. Shame the lady gets it wrong although she does find a short cut to get back on track pronto.

Pixy loop into woods, with a 14 person fish hook that basically takes everyone in.

Steering towards the Matchams ski place now, before we go sharp left towards the airport.

We know this as planes are nearly landing on our heads.

Decision time again, short trail left or right towards Ferndown. We hope for left, we got it.

So did Stalker as he looses his balance in a puddle (but to him a lake) and eats swamp after doing a couple of rolls.

For an interlude, so someone can dry out, we have a photo opportunity at the end of the runway whilst being buzzed by a Lear Jet.

South past the sewer works and back to the weird hash sign from earlier.

More running south until we cross the Avon road. Now we make our way back to the dual carriageway crossing and jog in.

Good thing as it starts to rain.

Mix up with the keys mean we have to stand around for a while. But we are still in the pub early doors.

Short run, more dust than we' ve seen for ages on a trail, lots of mud, flooded tracks to splash through, plane spotting and we kept pretty dry.

So what did you think?

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