

8.97 miles, 1,268ft climb, 2hr01mins. Calories 1498.

Finally a day it's not raining so we have no excuse to not run, plus its not a K9 trail (yeah).

Direct route to trail is through Cranborne, then single track road. Shame we still have the Ginnine school of driving on the Sunday roads. How can people drive at 30mph on a 60 road!!

However, good thing I was taking it easy on the single track as we have to squeeze past a cop car. Nice wave and we pass without incident.

Death March is back after skiing, good, another person to walk and talk with TP.

Hare report says at least 6.5miles and its right out the door. Distance doesn't sound good. Ho hummm.

Up the lane, left onto the footpath and into fields.

Down a road we meet mini again.

Its going to be a splashing contest again, two Grocer younglings on trail, hopefully Stalker will survive the excitement again, at least his mums not here to stich him up.

Pretty snow drops out on the trail, seems a little early.

Across more fields and we over take the mini. This is the last we see of the mini for two hours.

Ground is supersaturated so we splurge around. Horses are taking note and get a bit frisky so we have to walk so as to not get run down.

Ram is back. He's keeping up a fast pace, as he has to get back in time to drive to Gatwick to pick Bianca up.

Ram, Banger, K9 and the biggest grocers youngling find the signs for the "L" trails. No sign of the "also rans" or the Hare so we just keep going.

We charge/slide down hills and then clamber up them again, we look back and we appear to be on our own!

Jump a gate to find a Regroup sign. Look back over the hills and dales to see nothing but muddy fields. No other runners, nada. Turn around and Ram has already disappeared up the road, maybe, can't see him. Decide we have regrouped as no one else is in sight so we press on.

Come out on a main road by a church with signs saying welcome to Alderholt! We is miles away from pub and its late. K9's local knowledge says go east. We do, find a footpath going north. At the check we go east, return, and then go north into woods.

Find a bar, but there are lots of side trails. Try them all, calling to each other. But eventually have to go way back from the bar to find another trail. K9 and the youngling is missing, Banger nearly gets lost but we retrieve him and later K9 and the youngling.

Long, long run home, still no sign of anyone else. Youngling is keeping pace with Ram (good thing too as he is our representative for Dorset). But we finally see the car park so we are back.

Seems we missed the Hare going by when we were in the woods, strange we didn't hear any calling! Never mind we are all back at the same time, albeit very late.

However, 3 old g*ts from the mini are missing out in the mud. Ferret, Arse and Stalker are trying to track them down by phone but the g*ts have no

idea where they are. So where is the Hare, oh, eating his roast dinner 😊

So, not raining, horses charging around, squidgy ground with no grip, lost Hare, no dust, no calling, lost old g*ts and a contender for the Death March and TP long run awards, and, did Ram get to Gatwick in time, if not there will be big big trouble ahead.

So what did you think?

On On 😊