

Today trail is a Death March special. Blue Sox did say it wasn't going to be mega distance so it's just a case of working out what to wear with the imminent super cold spell due to hit us. Decided four layers was the minimum, which proved right on the day.

For a change the Hash snails weren't in presence. So we arrive chilled. Hare must be worried he did something wrong, as a variety of individuals get trail guidance before we started, might have something to do with Death March using logs to mark the trail again, along with the odd bit of dust. For those of you with not much time then the trail report was "STRAIGHT ON".

For those who haven't got much else to do then here goes.

Chippendal quickly jogs up the road to the arrows for the short and long directions. Its right and "straight on", on a verity of squidgy wet and frozen ground. Visitors, newbies and regulars take a while (or in some cases 6 miles) to identify the feature logs lying against the trees that indicate you are on. Not too much of a problem as the trail is "straight on". Banger, Chippendale, Ram and a Banger clone are plodding ahead so I have to bring the rear up with Sex Slave (someone has to).

Onto some tar mac and then its "straight on" to Cadnam.

Trail gets lost for a while and then it's "straight on" following the mega log trail which is following the A31. The number of logs propped against trees must have taken DM ages. Yes, you can, once you reprogram yourself, see them from a distance, but dust would have been simpler, or is it DM missing not having a dog to throw them to? I suppose being in woods does help the log finding bit.

Ram, Banger and the Banger clone at the front make the log identification process simple, plus we each reminisce about DMs additional instructions to cross the fences properly so we find the underpass for a regroup. Ram is stoked up on testosterone again and challenges the Banger clone to a quick 20 press ups. Chippendale is saving himself for "later" and so declines the invite. DM finally arrives and sends us off under the road while he waits for the slower runners. Speaking of which, I'm sure I saw Stalker at the start, has

he blown up after reaching the big 6 0? No time to muse for long, got to get going “straight on” to the Sir Walter Tyrrell and the Rufus Stone.

Meet the FRB Greek God plodding up the road towards the A31. The rest of us try to find the trail, spreading out doesn't help. So no surprise we find the trail goes away from the pub in a big pixy loop to another pedestrian underpass. Finally back on the correct side of the dual carriageway it's a simple plod back to the club.

Cheap beer and even cheaper coffee helps distract us from the long wait for cheap chips.

Bright sunny day, freezing cold, frozen ground, mega squidgy ground, dust, logs, “straight ons” and again two of the walking wounded getting lost until 2 even though their wives put trackers on them (should have switched them on first).

So what did you think?

On On 😊