

The Village Inn, 4.52 miles, 749ft climb, 1hr14mins. Calories 865.

Miss a week and I feel I'm having a Déjà vu moment. Another trail that could have been abandoned due to bad weather.

HOV crew already whingeing that weather so bad they are too old to leave home safely. That just leaves the brave.

Roads perfectly clear and empty, just like the old days, so we get to the start point early. Actually, didn't realise we were parking in layby car park, and not the holiday park. Luckily I saw the NHS mobile, so corrected my mistake early.

So there is six people here, two of which are Hares, hmmm. Quickly put layers 3 and 4 on followed by the gloves and hat. Still cold though.

There's supposed to be 4 hares today, there is a chance we will have a trail with more Hares than runners. Why's this, apparently there is a girls weekend in Weymouth and others are on the IOW.

Who will lead this mega pack? Grocer, TTP, K9? Luckily Banger and his harem turn up with Horn Blower to spread the bets. No walking wounded (excluding Grocer) or Navigator (with a new knee), we therefore shouldn't need to send out international rescue.

Its freezing, so we still have to do some down down before we can get going and wander up to the track leading to the obelisk. But we are called back to enter the holiday park.

Out over the stile, in the corner, into the fields to find ourselves jogging with K9 and Banger. Lot of squidgy stuff under the snow but no dust for ages.

Up the hill, or down? Take the easy down route and is rewarded with finding dust. K9 and Banger soon catch up with Hornblower and TTP.

Tarmac beckons Banger and K9 like a magnet, resulting in them ignoring the large footpath sign that I and TTP take, 'cause it had dust on it. The renegades don't catch us until we wander into an allotment. TTP must have local knowledge as he immediately finds the dog leg route out into the housing estate.

Quick running around the town park, avoiding the small ones tobogganing down hill, we are greeted by Ratty. Three choices, today's original route back

(Zzzzz), up the hill a bit and then straight back (Zzzzz) or to the top of hill then back. Well, real Hashers will always choose the hill option. Such a lovely day its to the top with K9 and Banger as K9 didn't want to do a Sub 60 run today. High winds batter us up to the ridge line then a delightful tail wind helps us to the Obelisk. Its then just an awkward plod down the stairs back to the car park to find TTP with the car keys. This is a a bit of a turn up of the books. TTP was the only one to do the Main run, there were mini runners and Uber Main runners, but only TTP did the Main trail correctly, well done that man.

Back in the bar we are rattling around the allocated area. It just means we get served quicker, cheesy chips still piping hot on delivery.

Nearly give Bianca a hug, good thing I didn't, it wasn't her, could have been a harassment law suit in waiting, IT LOOKED like her from behind (her head!!!).

Down downs virtually do everyone. Its only now we find out Matalan was getting the mini drunk on Sloe Gin, none left for the love of her life or those

who like sloe gin 😞 😐.

Clear road, very cold, more hares than runners, everyone else either hiding in Salisbury, on the IOW or in Weymouth, empty bar (so quick bar service) and cheesy chips. Oh and top grade for hares on such a s\*\*ty trail laying day, and someone needs to do next weeks write up as I'm at the rugby.

So what did you think?

On On 😊