

, 7.61 miles, 612ft climb, 1hr27mins. Calories 980.

No sign of anyone from the HOV, and the Hardy's are down the road at the Sandford

Net result is there are only four main runners in the circle, so they all get a starting down down. That's Lady Boy, K9, Ram and female runner? Off we go down back alleys and its pretty soon K9 is doing his Troll impression and splashing everyone cause he went the wrong way over a bridge. Get away from the damp to notice we have more runners, Banger, Snorkle, Fish Finger, Blow Job, Dribbler and Tight Arse, have parachuted in to help make up the numbers. Along by river, cross the bridge and into trees, small baby trees, planted by Brian May (Queen) to keep Bere Regis house free for his parents in-law. Main goes left (mini right), up the hill following TTP (in his sprint mode) only to bring them back down to join the mini. Back up the hill again, and down a bit. Pavarotti complains about another hill. But the Main went right in a big loop and then goes up the same hill, so what was he complaining about (down down later). Finally at the top of the hill the Mini goes straight down hill whilst we go off to bigger woods. General yomping through the bluebells and then down a bridle path with obligatory jumping over sticks, careful to avoid the stingers. On our way downhill Hotspur adds an ad hock fishhook to slow Ram and p\*ss off Snorkel. One blob check at the bottom of the hill. We go left then right towards Throop and the first bit of tar mac, to the dismay of Snorkel (again). Back left towards farm and to K9s delight two more rivers to paddle in and play Trolls. Banger enjoyed the swing. Meet back with Ratty, Dribbler and Chas to take the track back up the hill again. Ram still wingeing about "no dust, no trail" even when he is standing on dust. Ho hum. Get to the top of hill, Ram still has trouble noticing dust, needs Banger and Fish Finger to guide him right. We now overhaul the slowest mini runner/walker, aka Frost Bite, on the track through heath land. This route continues until we get to the caravan park and have to pass all the glamping tents. Views of the village mean we are nearly back so its just jog past the mini for a well earned shandy. Lovely sunny day so we sit in the garden instead of the skittle alley. And as we had a prompt return we have plenty of time for chatting before completing down

downs led by Snorkle. So, great weather, wizard woods, bluebells, horse jumps, stream crossings, trolls under bridges, hills, accommodating pub, short run and a happy Snorkle as very little tar mac So what did you think?

On On 😊