

Banger and Wrong Direction are hares today. Apparently it rained last night so there could be trouble finding the trail today.

Start slowly as I was experiencing a dodgy ankle, so have quick chat with a returning Lonely. Jog up road to see what Stalker and Ram have found, no dust, run further, no dust, run further, no dust, run further, find very wet dust that looks almost the same as piles of tree pollen, more dust, and a bar



☹️ Follow flour arrows to get back to the front, to find a bemused Ram. Dust off left and then down alley, which even though it has the vary rare dust, was wrong, so we go to the beach instead. K9 is frolicking along the shoreline. His handler should have been there with him as he was splashing non-combatants. Bar, so clamber up sand hill, have to slide back down as was met by thick gorse barricade. Various deviations until we hit the caravan park. Ram goes one way, Stalker another, me another to get called back, short cut, bad move as I have to force way through a hedge. Costs me time so I'm way back again. On the upside this means I get to chase Lsa and Squealer over the railway bridge. Into bandit country now, so have eyes peeled for ambushes. Ram left, stalker right, I go middle. Best choice as I find the most dust so far this trail with the addition of pleasant views of the bay. Over the main road, and into Upton Country park by the back way. Avoiding dog walkers K9 finds another water opportunity with a stepping-stone crossing. Wurzle gives K9 a hand, getting Arse About and Blow Job damp. Up to the house the trail grows cold again. TP makes an effort front running only to get called back to find everyone else heading towards the railway line and a short cutting Ferret. Into a housing estate we should veer left towards the water and some greenery. Nope, this is a hard German trail. Lots of tar mac. Stalker thinks he knows the way but goes to the wrong pub. The rest of us use the pedestrian crossing to head back towards the correct pub. Ram points out Green Armies house on the way down hill. I try to keep pace but have my spirits crushed as I hear the clomps of K9 and fast Chris reeling me in. Tactically I use the right entrance to reach the sign in sheet after K9 and Chris, but ahead of Ram. 😊

☺ Service at the bar is slow, but at least the beer is drinkable, as opposed to the stuff they serve up at Twickenham, but if you wanted steaks and ribs you were out of luck as the air extractor was broken. Hot dry day, beaches, problems finding dust, big main turn out, bare chest competitions between Grocer, Stalker and Spotted Dick, lots of tar mac, out of control K9 and a fudge stealing Lemon Tart. So what did you think? On On 😊