

Hare Spotted Dick and Bend Over

Use post code for car park today. Should have known accuracy was going to be wanting. Short story is we found it eventually only to be met by a smug Death March who Google mapped the place first.

Hare report is 7 miles ish, with fishhooks, and Hardys Hash down the road at another car park, so watch out for confusing dust.

Start to run into the woods, see Banger doing a quick arrival, waited for a crash when he hits the rock guardians. No sound, oh well, off we jog.

The woods are cooling, but we soon exit back out onto forest tracks and run “straight on” in the sun. Dust is sparse around the checks, so we get spread out. Choose left into the protection of the trees. No one follows, but we spy dust so keep going into a shiggy lane. Forget to lift feet and go sprawling.

Nearest person is Banger and he is around the bend, physically that is, so doesn't see. Pick myself up and get going on a shiggy “straight on”.

More checks, each with of the trails taking time to find. This results in me getting left behind more than once trying to find non existent trails through the woods.

Banger, Wheeze and Spotted Dicks training lads get lucky and lead us quickly across sown fields. That is until they hit a fish hook half way across. TP counts us in and makes us jog back to the end. Legs are working today so not too much of a problem. Even Lonely is jogging, still wingeing though. Over a style we head right. Lots of people, horses and cars are on the track that need avoiding. Still more bodies at the river crossing. Its hot, the river looks cool, so we don't care whether we can use the bridge or not. We wade across feeling the cooling effects. What could be better? Well the beer stop on the other side is a good start. Quick beer, photo stop and its back through the river again following mysterious arrows going back to whence we came, and then straight on.

Off into the undergrowth for more checks.

Find a long three-blob trail, only to hit a bar! Back we go with TP, Wheeze and Lonely. Forest paths and trails again. Up hill, down cycle tracks, fish hooks, more hills. Go right, no, Wheeze says not straight on, try left, no, oh

its forward oblique right up another hill.

Unofficial regroup, SD says we still have some delights in store. Finally find them across the road. What must be old bomb craters. Ropes leading down, easy bit, ropes leading up, just as easy until you get to the top and you find you can't breath. Ferret and Wheeze do a good impression of keeping up. Car park somewhere around here so follow Ferret who says this way", good call following the Inn arrow.

Shandy bucket augmented by a lager bag. Its cold, wet and satisfying.

Now its always a problem when the start is not at the après. Today is no exception. Long run, so I'm running out of play time and therefore have to cut the socializing short.

So 'un findable' car park protected by boulders, small turn out swelled by Spotted Dicks muscle team, no coffee shop nearby, lots of checks, long trail, fishhooks, river crossings, beer stop, Paula paddling, and bomb crater scaling (traversing?).

So what did you think?

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