

Quoth our hare as an introduction,

“Trail laid for tomorrow just checking out the beer (‘PistonBroke’ worth a try) carvery and sausage and chips available. Come for a scenic hash never

rains on the Wessex 😂🤔”

Ha bloody ha! Well, the beer was okay, even if the wevver wasn’t.

Thx to Lemon and Worzel for picking up on this at almost no notice and laying an excellent trail for us.

It rained when we had the circle: Ferret kept it short and sweet. One birthday only, and the news of Gates much less than good; our thoughts are with him and with Pam.

It rained when we set off. Out of the carpark to the green. Check. Which way? One went left, one right and DeathMarch straight on. Yup, DM was correct; down a track over a pedestrian bridge and onto the Castlemain Trail. Left or right? Right DM went, and then a straight-on jog over two old railway bridges to the A31. Where now? Under the bridge and then continue down the Castlemain Trail.

It rained while we ran. Sometimes, it rained only moderately; the rest of the time it rained hard. Where were we? Oh yes, down the Castlemain Trail. At a road we went diagonally right, up a steep hill and on. DM seemed to know the way, again. How was it that on no less than five checks? Was he riding his luck or what?

Heard of ‘menopause’? Well today, we had woman-o-pause: one Harriette had to retire hurt to the bushes for the inevitable relief. No, I won’t name her. Oh, and yes, there was a man-o-pause as well, some blokie had to find a [different] tree that needed nutrients in addition to the copious supply of water supplied by the rain.

“On back!” yelled Wurzel then aimed us down a violently precipitous hill, only 25m or so and both of wet and slippery. We arrive intact at the bottom and right onto a good track; suddenly Omo goes arse-over-tit – he had survived the clamber but could not cope with the flat bit. 15m later it’s back up again – a pixie loop and our hare walks gently along the lower track laughing at us, knackered by the climb up and the second descent.

Suddenly Centurion is the FRB. Where, pray, are the real runners: Banger, Slurry, Golden Rain? Yes, they trail behind, picking up pace and position only when we get back onto the Castlemain Trail for the run in. Noticeable that the puddles were much deeper than on the way out; no worries about wet feet now, everyone's are soaked through. On the day, Gold and Silver went to Banger and Golden Shower, not sure who was first, but they led to the line. Well done, guys.

It rained when we got back. So how wet were we? The 'wise virgins' had a complete change of clothes even down to their shreddies. TP didn't and earned a well-deserved down-down for 'going commando' and that in the Conservatives' Club doncha know- what will the members say?

Mention in despatches: BlueSox did secret hare and was asked to lead the Mini + point the Main backmarkers in the right direction. Did DM look at the map saved on her phone - was that why he got so lucky with directions at the start?

Stats: a flat run, one up and two downs, only 25m each. Tropical rainstorm: puddles got so much deeper by the run back. No worries about heart rate or any of that crap, the only concern was dry clothes. 5m odd for the mini and almost 7m for the main. An excellent trail and thx to Lemon Tart and to Wurzel.

Oh and we still need hares, pretty please, for Sunday 09Sep2018!! Takers, please let any of t'kermitee know. We will help and support you.