

Big swathes of rain crashes through Dorset so this means we have to get the colder running gear out including waterproof socks. Ringwood doesn't disappoint as car drivers still have problems driving up the hill in excess of 20mph. Even Ginny and Margaret managed to do 30 whats going on. Hares today Blue Socks and Ferret, only them, as Death March is injured due to the gout in his big toe.

Two virgins runners today, well strictly one, as the second is from Madrid Hash.

Three of the Kuala Lumpur contingents have also returned. Shitzou only just got through customs by the skin of her teeth as she was trying to smuggle a toy boy in via her capacious luggage.

Due to the torrential rain there was a Hare warning that there could be no trail dust but if you see a circle with an X then regroup else you will get lost. K9 was not involved in dust laying so we should be ok.

On the off we have K9 and Banger taking up the pace, followed by a maybe mended Lonely, a dog less Wheeze, a Madrid virgin and TP with Cody. Shame it's a hill climb, up the road we go requiring us to dig deep whilst chatting to Lonely. We soon bump into latecomers in their car, so we surround, but we are nice and don't tip the car over.

Lots of one blob checks, tarmac, broken styles until we come across the biggest stone checks for a long time. Its only now we are getting into proper running grounds with mega puddles everywhere. Luckily the waterproof socks seem to be working, well we think they are, the damp feeling is hopefully just the cold.

TP is trying to keep up with the dog until the he puts the breaks on. Frantic patting of the pockets are latter met with a "oh they're in my hidden pocket". Without mouse to keep him in order, car keys are not put in the "key box" for safe keeping, rooky mistake.

That was the last we see of him whilst proper Hashers just keep plodding. Downhill track sees Madrid Virgin, Lonely, Banger and Wurzle disappear into the distance whilst K9 and I are brought to an abrupt halt as Wheeze shouts "arrow right". We shout as only a noisy person can, to call the others

back, but we never see them again. A bemused ferret wanders up with a map that he appears to be rotating saying I think we are here at check number X. We three get going following a trail that just keeps us guessing, Two of us at a time keep getting caught by non trails, due to one blob checks. When we are really slow we catch glimpses of Ferret, but that is embarrassing so we put some effort in to keep our distance, whilst trying to keep a ear open for the lost runners.

Surprisingly, we three runners keep finding the trail despite roads and fords until we meet a wandering Oxfam. While we check he isn't lost, Banger makes an explosive entrance saying "where have we been" and "he has lost the others"!

Never mind, trail seems to be heading for Furzey Gardens so we go that way. 10 minutes latter we get back to find missing Wurzle and Lonely who claim they did the full run and found all the regroupes, which we saw none of.

No sign of Mini, so after a quick change, its dry so an easy process, we decamp for a £1 coffee. Its instant, no sign of Baristas anywhere.

Choice of Chips or ploughman's so no one for the mega Sunday lunch crew is in evidence.

So, hardly any falling moisture, millions of "one blob checks", SCB main hashers (you know who you are). Fords, broken styles, a mega check, a thoroughly jolly jog but no sign of regroupes, dry feet and Wheeze leaves early to make sure Bum Hugger gets his walk.

So what did you think?

On On 😊☺