

6.4miles, 1,320ft climb, 1hr50mins.

The alternative report.

The clocks have changed just in time for the temperatures to drop so extra thermals are called for.

Another K9, backed up by Strangely A and Geri Attrick, trail out in deepest Dorset.

Car park is full of the Hang over squad from Bianca party so late arrivals have to park up the road. Start to chin wag with everyone whilst leaning on Grocers Merc. Next moment the car lurches off narrowly missing people's feet.

The only hare fact I hear is "the Mini better hang back". The main route is straight up the car park cliff bank. Ropes had been provided, but this is still not an option for some.

At the top we go left but its right around the coves cliff path.

Dust is proving to be hard to find, can't be the rain washing out the trail so we will blame the wind instead.

We think we are on trail due to finding some dust, plus signs say "do not descend" as path not safe, so we keep going.

Wrong, we should have descended earlier to the beach, as opposed carrying on. This means K9 has to resort to adlibbing to stop us running into the firing range. Step descending path to the sea means we have to run the length of the gravel beach back to town.

Up and over to the Lulworth view point for a group photo with Ferret then up past the houses to get lost and then find we have to go out onto the narrow cliff path.

Instead of having the easier gradual climb over to Durdle Door via the grackle track we have to do the steeper ascent by the cliff edge path This means the main with their greater glute power can catch up on the never ending upward grind.

Get to the ridge so we can now jog down to the beach, (which is now a mecca for Indians due to the Bollywood film "Housefull 3") and have a paddle. Banger shows his metal as he rushes down hill at full tilt and skids straight into a fence, no damage done except a scratch on his red nail paint.

Its taken ages to get to this view so hopefully its back through the caravan park.

Nope, for the fearless it's down to the beach, for the wimps its follow the top path.

K9, Ram, Lonely and Come Lately and I do the beach. Leg sapping beach shingle later we find the gap. We climb it, glad to find its dry, only to see the wimps walking up the hill ahead.

Its half past twelve and K9 says "shall we do the long full route or go back?", just as we watch Strangely A disappearing off into the distance.

Funnily enough, we go for the "where's the pub" option. This is still is a killer route, SCBs choose the road path, when they can, while real Hashers follow the fields and have to control a long fast hill descent.

Sign back in feeling shattered. Never mind, its still sunny and we are in a wind shadow.

So, not surprisingly not as good as last weeks ☺, blown away dust, adhoc trails, lots of hills, photo shoots, beaches, sun and gale force winds.

So what did you think?

On On ☺