

Unfortunately we missed last week trail, don't know what the weather was like as I had galloping stomach problems. Pictures looked good though for the day.

Arrive at the car park. Thought I'd be social and park close to everyone. In doing so I might have tried to park on the top of Cod Piece. I did miss.

We start to limber up in preparation of the trail, but we have to avoid the myriad packs of dogs milling about whilst Hash services are carried out.

Hares today are Frost Bite (who insist we goggle at his physic), Grocer, Cider Girl and Banger.

We're off past the doctor's surgery towards the lake. Lack of dust results in a lot of milling about and check backs, but we manage to cross the Broadstone Way. Not good, we have to back track causing confusion with the traffic involving honking. Up side is we left TP and Cody behind. One less dog to trip over.

Tar mac, tar mac and tar mac until we find the old rail track for few brief seconds until we are onto more tar.

Last time we were here in Pine Springs on Hotspurs and my trail we were lambasted by a well known swimming aid for too much tar. But we are bigger than that ☺

However, despite Grocer sending us the wrong way we finally are heading for the heath. Wurzle spies the track of doom so I chase after him.

Sign for the mini cut off is to the left so we must be going right.

We aim for the water tank on the hill, Upstart her Bo and Wurzle follow my lead until we regroup at the top of the hill. Photo session over, courtesy of Death March, Stalker pops his head up not making any sense.

We mill about heading north until Grocer turns up saying we went wrong, but never mind. Try the track down the hill and turn left. Her Bo goes up hill whilst I go left. Wrong, I see everyone go high. I know best so am confident my trail will turn left. Well it did after ages of gorse running resulting in me being at the end of the group.

Struggle back to the front to find Lonely wandering around with Squealer.

Looking over the heath we see Wurzle and Stalker way off on the tree line. Making for them, as they scuttle off away from us, we have to choose the way back across the bog. This is what local knowledge does. Aim towards the dual carriageway. Wrong, shouldn't have gone so far as we see Banger tracking north of us.

Try to make way back, but not easy through the bog. Lonely carries on manfully, I take the intelligent route and aim for the old rail track dragging Upstart and her Bo along. Good move as we met everyone there. Through the gate and aim for Creek moor making sure we don't slip on the wooden bridges.

Lonely goes alone.

Over road and then follow the sprinting Banger disappearing along the back track to the pub.

After deftly wibbling through the woods the Younglings decided to overhaul me in last 200m, they just be toying with me. ☺

It's the Acorn pub, so its good that TP offers me a coffee. The down side is that I get a down down for the Pigs Ear (I didn't squish Cod Piece) And for using local knowledge to improve Bangers trail.

So, after all the weather warnings of wind and rain we only have mizzle, we have to suffer Frost Bites pasty skin, its very damp underfoot when not on the tar mac, local knowledge rules, only drink the bottled beer and avoid the three chili spicy crisps.

So what did you think?

On On