

It's a Spotted Dick and Bendover run today. Out in the wilds as apparently publicans don't like us as we are noisy and there could be a lot of us carrying mega diseases. So, it's car parks for the foreseeable.

This one we've been to before and we know the road is narrow and you don't want to meet a tractor coming the other way.

We get there with plenty of time only to have SD moan that we all need to scrunch up because of all the dog walkers. Grocers must be out of batteries as it takes hours to get him to acknowledge he is driving snow white's car, and it needs to be moved.

Another good turn out today, considering we are on the boundaries of Wessex territory. No sign of Wurzle, although Lemon Tart is here, he's out trying to track down "Cross Dresser" and failing poorly.

SD has to split us into socially distanced groups. Bit like school, as he calls the names, it's "pick me" pick me'. Swinger, Lonely, Horn Blower, Slurry, Disco and finally K9. Only a short 4 miler, no scratching out "fish hooks", apparently this was aimed at someone behind me, and a few one spot checks. Otherwise get going, so the "dirty half dozen" get going east.

We follow the main trail. Swinger up front has taken a path right up a hill, so we don't have to think just plod on. No hare with us so checks are a bit of a challenge. Disco and S do us right and after a bit of too and fro we are onto another check that is as bad as the first.

Straight bit through the woods and it's a Fish Hook for 4 out of 6 runners. Somehow S is not in the first four so I have to run back 20m to go around him!!!

On again to another check to eventually be caught by Wurzle for a photo opportunity. The, now Magnificent Seven cross the road into more woods, actually it's all woods, so bad Strava gave up trying to find where I was. Trail finding isn't too bad until we go around in circles. So bad that the Hare catches us up. No dust, no trail, apart from the bit across a field that wasn't woods. We are all now a group again, although we are completely socially distanced. We've more of us the confusion of trail is easily rectified so that we have S and myself on one side of a barbed wire fence and Horn Blower and Lonely on the other.

With K9's assistance the Magnificent 7 plough the way back to the car park. Nice to get changed into dry clothes, shame Lonely was left waiting ages for Blow Up to get back with the car keys.

Chairs out for a chilled rest and drink before down downs.

Maybe not so restful, Wiggy crashes to the ground as his chair fails due to age and Dribbler tries to steal my car, easily noticed as she is putting her things in my car boot. Personally, I think Blow Job put her up to it.

Finally its "down downs" along with a naming "Crack of Dawn" (no idea who this is). So, what did you think?