

Hares, Hornblower and Scratch N Sniff.

Out on the Purbecks today so we will be battling the grockles. Luckily, we started out early enough as Sanford was slow and the car park at Worth was getting full, very quickly.

Bigger turnout today, more old/new faces coming back to the fold. Some new ones as well, applying a cake, to Bianca this time, always seems to be a bad move on the newbies first day out. Takes a lot of explaining and panic mitigation, ho hum.

More peoples, mean more groups. Which in turn means more jockeying to get going. Spotted Dick wins the master of the universe award and so marshals his bubble out the car park. Fish Finger and Hotspur are straining at the leash and are soon following, but not with the 10 min delay. FF and H find it intolerable that they have to wait, I'm quite happy chatting to Death March until the tension is too much for some and they are off. What this means is, I have to follow. It's downhill, so that good, but SDs group is between me and FF/H. There's only one thing for it, try running, we get past but I sure I heard someone mouth "he won't last long" as I go past.

A queue for the gate ahead, so K9 and Wurzle can help with the trail finding, while I find some oxygen. Leaders are following the path down to the coastal path, wrong, its back up hill. Never mind, will have to follow French Valerie instead. By the time we get to the crest of the hill H is way out in front, neither I nor FF have seen dust for ages, so we are getting concerned, it's a long way back with SD on our tail.

Down at the gate we pass some tourist on the way up hill, nice people, as they prefer Tottenham tops to Arsenal ones, obviously well educated.

Leave H and K9 to try uphill paths whilst reluctantly I plod down, waiting for the call back. With great relief and what seems a kilometre, FF and I find dust, "hussar", past sleeping sheep we get to the coastal path. Doesn't make sense to go west, so which easterly trail will it be. A no brainer, the hardest one, the steep narrow one downhill. Thank @@@@ (enter deity of choice), it's dry. At the bottom FF uses the "I've got a new hip" ploy to get Wurzle to man handle her over a style. Funny that going uphill wasn't a problem for her, as she is one of the first to the top. I have to make do with helping V out of a gorse bush.

Banger, has by now joined us from another bubble. In the distance there is another car park, H goes the other way to see the sea view while B and I head for the car park. As its another long straight H catches us and ploughs on toward the village. As we get close to the car park, testosterone power is too much for SD as he races B to the finish. Some hashers retire to the pub for gastronomic pasties while others stay for the down downs. These proceedings are interrupted by a BMW driver who took exception to peoples standing around his car in the CP. Wonderful chap left in a cloud of flying stones from his tyres, health and safety says he was lucky to not hurt someone on his departure due to lack of control.

Anyways, birthday drinks, penalties (Greek God couldn't hear he had one) and a pewter tankage for long standing dustman Snorkle.

Dry day, short run, busy roads, mad BMW driver, and a Wood Henge.

So, what did you think?

On On 😊