

Piddletrenthide First School, 2020 (swerving.gravel.drunk).

Hares, Death March and Blue Socks.

Initially I thought great, a hash trail nearby. Then I realised I was looking at the ADH3 meet and not the WH3 which is out on the borders, Dorchester way. Another first school start. Might have to avoid them for a while, just so we don't get a reputation as a group.

All this online booking stuff is useful as I could see on Saturday that only K9 and myself were running at 10:30. Luckily, late bookers swelled our number to six on the day. Although, a certain citrus runner did do a short cut right at the start to save their legs. So, the 10:30 team of K9, Cross Dresser, Wurzle, Stinger, Lemon Tart and I are only allowed off once Blue Socks has signed us in, extracted phone details and sanitised us. BS leaving advice was "be careful on the second turn of the triangle". A bit cryptic, but that was the least of my worries as the trail went straight up hill. This might not have been too bad if not for S (and his young legs) just powering away (grandad Grocer made sure he wasn't on the same leaving time).

My large breakfast was still sitting heavy, so I pursued (without pace) with CD. K9 and W not seemingly affected by the rapid increase in terrain height were keeping in contact with S.

Straight on up to the first check. By the time I got there the front runners had discovered two "bars", but no sign of a trail. Checking sides of fields failed to elicit anything meaningful. So is this one of those tricks where the trail dives off before the check, yes it is, straight back down the hill. Back into the village, we first have to avoid downhill, off road cyclist, and then the first Hash walking group. Helpful local lady tried to steer us away from a path that the cyclist couldn't get through. But we knew better, DM laid this, so it had to be that way. It was. Jump through hedge and on past the church, where a man with a dog is surprised we weren't attending ecclesiastical events, as opposed to running??

We leave the village by tar mac to spy another track going steeply uphill. Avoiding another dog walker, we finally get to the top with some nice views. Not sunny today, but not raining nor is it windy, so fairly nice for jogging.

Out onto a road we wonder if its left or right. S just ploughs through a gap in the trees to follow a woodland trail parallel to the road for a while. We exit onto tarmac again and to just stare at a big chimney in a field, on its own, why? Too much thinking, so we resort to running in fields again until we come across a big junction of small roads and paths. Obviously check it out time, and yes, obviously I get it wrong and have to back track and chase S, K9 and W again. Photo stop to give LT time to titivate her makeup and we off again following field boundaries. S shows his usefulness again by noticing dust on a side trail and politely call us back to follow through a track with a myriad number of stingers. Those without sufficient protection, whinged the whole way back to car park and missed

their chance to prove they were faster than S. Unfortunately, the only person as fast as S was S.

Still we are greeted by DM who showed us the sign in sheet and a cup of covid19 approved shandy.

So, up and down route, not too much tarmac, great views, good weather, good pace and a very puffed out LT.

So, what did you think?

On On 😊

Overheard comments between Oxfam and K9, "have you been doing much fiddling since lockdown"? I hope for Ratties sake that they were talking about ukuleles.