

Seem like an age since my last Hash back on the 23rd of February. Haven't done any, and I mean any, running since then. Went to Vietnam/Cambodia/Thailand, eat and drunk too much, had fun trying to get across borders and just made it back to Blighty to go into the "lock down". Luckily the Post Office is "key worker" status so I could at least get out and about.

So, on the one hand we were glad the Wessex were starting up again, but on the other hand would my legs remember how to run after 4 months of cycling.

We decided to go for it.

Thought I'd get there in plenty of time only to find most of the Hares had already been released to the woods by Blue Socks. Luckily a few familiar faces were waiting to go so I would have company on the way round. This is where it gets embarrassing, as I do my "who was that with me". Definitely Tracy with her bow, Spotted Dick with Cindy (who had a damaged wrist), and four others, some with full face mask PPE, see the pictures.

This isn't going to be the longest of write ups as I was too busy chatting to people so we will try to remember anything of importance.

Jogged behind everyone to start with, do these legs still work, seems possible. Tracy is off looking with SD. This is supposed to be easy, but dust is missing. Well, front runners not finding it. Back track with Tracy to find it down by the gate. Maybe I should be looking a bit harder, where is this stuff, looks a bit like cat sick, don't remember that. We must have a new dustman.

After the initial hiccup we get going and soon catch the group in front marshalled by Death March. Cross Dresser joined us for a while until the mountain of pooh photos, he would have been in the pictures, but his time travel phobia meant he hung back behind the camera. SD using his cunning finds a way to the top of the pile to show off his prowess. Dust is getting easier to spy but we were more concerned with not breaking an ankle on the hard ground and twisty tree routes.

Minds a blur until we get back to find there were more runners ahead like Stalker, Bianca and K9. People must have been eager to run today, even though SD made everyone do stretches afterwards.

Pub had a one-way drink ordering system which seemed to work, and the beer was good. We all hunkered down under the outdoor canopies nursing our drinks while mizzle attacked.

Wurzle, bemoans he was the only one looking hirsute, but I put that down to Lemon Tart not ordering a hair dresser in time, or lawnmower.

Quick down downs, very quiet to not annoy the Landlord and I'm off, missing cakes out in the car park.

Well done Hares (DM and Turn up Tony) in kick starting the trail running again, I just wish my leg muscles weren't tightening up.

So, what did you think?

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