

Run Number 296a, 18 Jul 2015, Pre 300th Run

Weekend Away in Amroth, Pembrokeshire

Those there: Hansel and OTT (hares), ET, FCUK (trash), Snoozanne, Madhatter

Distance: 8.5 miles

Elevation (ascent and descent: 5.8 miles? Or so it seemed to this scribe...)

Nota Bene: for technical reasons, the trash for this r*n is presented in reverse chronological order



Sorry to those who missed it, but if you would like to get close to what it was like then or see what it is like now, the MTH3 local for the weekend has a webcam

http://www.streamdays.com/camera/view/temple-bar-webcam-pembrokeshire

There then began a long process of warming down with the aid of barbecues and a local fluid from the Gower Peninsula



Down downs at the Villa....

Comments on the run: a bit up and down, too green, not enough bursting out of woodland to vistas of sea and sky, too crowded by non-hashers.

The male hare was congratulated on a significant birthday and some wit noted that this was the only run with two Old Chemists, the second one being the hostelry in Saundersfoot, the furthest point from the ON IN on the trail. The doe hare was congratulated for her choice of checks with seating at which she could observe the pack checking it out in great comfort (see below). Congratulations to the hares for finding the only piece of shiggy in the region and taking the pack through it (see 'tunnel 1 green, below').

Snoozanne for disappearing into the lifeguards' cabin in Saundersfoot for what seemed like a whole tidal cycle.

FRBs called up: FCUK, for his folly running up a 17% incline at the start of the trail (the burst of speed was soon a busted flush). Madhatter for taking over, but OTT gave him the Mumble Head award named after the Strumble Head in the Pembrokeshire National Park, for not calling clearly enough.

Snoozanne and Madhatter for their circuitous route to the start of the run which took in most of the coast and all towns in Wales starting with 'LI'. The pack sang: 'The Wanderer'.

FCUK, called up for apparently feigning historical interest in ironworks and thus getting a tour by car of the long loop that the pack and hare decided to omit in order to get to the pub in Saundersfoot. The pack sang: 'Any old iron, any, any, any old iron....'

The three mile coastal on inn with its marvellous pubs stop in Wiseman's Bridge – FCUK is hatching his cunning plan to bail on the pack.



The Selenium Deficiency Society assembles outside the marvellous beachside Old Chemist pub in Saudersfoot after their Brazil Nut snack



ET looking in the wrong place for the light at the end of the tunnel.... These tunnels were actually used to transport coal along the coast on a minature railway



One of the signs noted





Shiggy! In green tunnel one





The glorious coastal path with the ON INN at Saundersfoot in the background









Falling off a cliff' sign

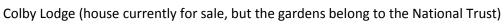
Alfred Hitchcock







Emerging after Colby Lodge Valley and seeing the sea for the first time on the run. FCUK contemplates taking the cable car (can you see the lines)





Hugging a Japanese (red cedar)



The Co-Hare waiting for the pack at a check. It's a milk can with a house name, if you were wondering, not an abandoned gas canister in a Liverpool neighbourhood.



'There's a wide

variety of specimen trees in the garden and we have a Champion Tree. This is a Japanese Redwood which is adjacent to the newt pond. It's 134 feet tall and it's the tallest tree of its kind in the UK.'

More more info see:

http://www.nationaltrust.org.uk/wra-1356313208044/view-page/item454426/

Mr Megapixel gets arty....



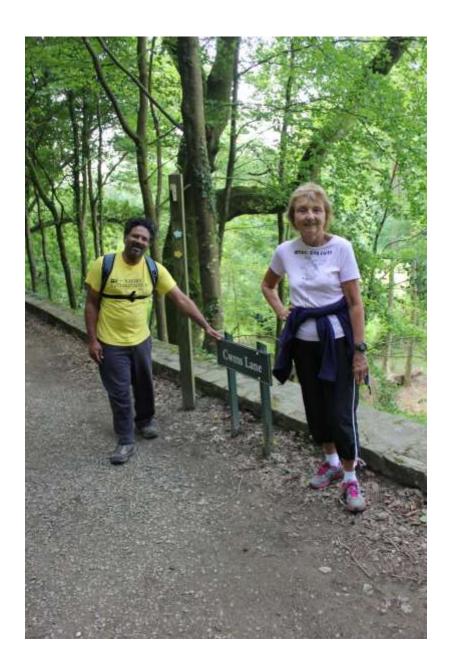
At this point of the trail the hares had carefully arranged for rocks with quartz layers to be placed along the trail, cunningly resembling flour.



The first and only long cut chosen by the pack taking them up to the obelisk commemorating Mr



Chance of Sotheby's







GM green in green



the hare gleefully watches some

checking



Villa view pack

