

# Wadsworth Full Trog

*Saturday, 12 February 2005*

Never again.....I think you know what I mean.....

Us lads in the toilets were commenting that the air was 'a bit fresh', but it was not half as fresh as the air outside. Howling a gale it was. Thankfully it wasn't raining.

I think we all know, or can visualise, what a Trog through miles of peat bogs is like - particularly if it had rained heavily the night before.

For the first half the wind was blowing straight at you. I found it hard to get into any rhythm. When you could run the wind was so strong it wore you out quickly. Of course everyone else seemed to cope okay, including Bill my mate from Shropshire.

Numerous people overtook me. I did have an occasional triumph but was soon overtaken shortly after. Clearly I had over indulged on the food and beer during my 10 day break in China. I was definitely losing position.

I was also getting cold. This came as no surprise given the conditions – some quoted -15°C on the tops. However, the Trog has numerous good tracks where its possible to get some speed up and warm the body. Although the further I went around, and the more knackered I got, the harder it was to get warm. I was getting uncomfortably cold just after passing Cock Hill on the way back. My feet had lost their feelings, and my legs were getting heavier.

Of course by now, as well as the gale, it was raining hard.

I found 'The Trog' path. Happily, ignoring all the runners around, we set off in what seems the wrong direction only to bend back on course and claim a few positions.

With my renewed vigour I am just about to tick off another runner. I move out, trip, and do a belly flop into a pool of water. I was just about coping with the cold. I knew I had to keep moving or I'm in big trouble. Hypothermia was knocking on my door.

That was then. Now I'm completely wet. Cold water was getting everywhere as I wallowed in the pool of water. I now have a problem. I haven't been this cold for many, many years.

To cap it all it started to hail.

Local knowledge is advisable for this race, so it says. Thankfully, the week before, I had been shown the route home. As hard as it was, I knew that every step was in the right direction – not a drop of wasted energy. Ironically after my successful navigation from Cock Hill we seemed to have picked up a few stragglers. From there on it was simply one foot in front of the other to the end.

Thanks to the Toddies team that showed me 'The Trog' path, and thanks for the hot soup at the end.

No thanks should be mentioned to the guy that introduced that stupid 'down the hill and back up again' bit at the end. Although the notorious running round the cricket pitch at the end was a joy as Phil's 'secret weapon' kicked in a bit too late.

Thanks also to Bill, my 'partner' for the day, for not cracking his normal set of 'jokes', for his family size pack of flap-jack, and more importantly for his company.

.....well not until the next time.

Rhys, Full Trog, Watkins