

Those glittering prizes... (Carnival race report)

When the details of the Carnival fell race were announced I thought that's just up my street. 6 miles which is about my regular distance, and brilliant downhill coming back. I knew the way too due to me running up there twice a week anyway because I seem to get lost in any other direction. I go up so often that I've started to ask the pike 'how's it going.'

Because it was England's first world cup game and also a baking hot day, the turnout obviously suffered and just 26 of us lined up. Which was a shame because it was clearly marked, really well organised and marshalled and the goody bags from Suma were great. Certainly a lot better than broken biscuits and the like although I think someone had trodden on my fairtrade, non GM apple thingy because it was all soft and squidgy. Not sure if it was one of the runners though. I certainly couldn't see any stud marks.

The race itself was quite a tough start. In fact going up through Fairfield woods I felt tired and worse was to come when we had to scramble up a 30 degree bank. I was midway at this point but Rachel Skinner passed me on the bank and shouted 'come on Jeff, get a move on'. Think she'd done it before. When it flattened out onto Erringden moor it was then really great. Clear blue sky, warm, bit of a breeze and the Pike looking welcoming in the distance. I then passed Rachel too although I didn't say anything!



(L) Rachel "I think it's a bee orchid" Skinner on her way to win the ladies' prize at the Carnival. (R) Tod Harriers' Jack Crummett, winner of the U8 Carnival fun run, with older runner (believed to be related)

After leaving London road I caught up with Richard Blakeley and we had a brief chat. I then realised I must be doing ok because I'd never got anywhere near him before and with the downhill to come looked forward to maybe opening up a bit of a gap. Coming down from the Pike and then up Dick's lane a gap had opened up all right. With Richard in front! Going across Erringden moor it got even wider probably about 30 seconds. I was running as fast as I could. He was running like he was late for his dinner and coming back through the woods I lost sight of him completely. Maybe I'll get quicker as I get older!

I finished exactly halfway and even though when I finished was sweating cobs and gasping for water I couldn't stop beaming because I'd enjoyed it so much.

Thought I'd stay for the presentation because it occurred to me I'd finished 13th and who knows maybe in with an outside chance of a prize. I've not won a prize yet and at this point I'd just like to say what wonderful people Rachel, Sarah and

Phil are and the massive contribution they make not just to the club but mankind and planet earth in general. Organiser Andrew Bibby had obviously needed to cater for a bigger turnout so he put all the prizes on the table all the same and there must have been about 30 bottles of wine. I thought that's at least one each and I started to get a little greedy scanning the table to hopefully spot the Nuits St Georges or Chateau Talbot. I didn't manage to spot either and Andrew didn't spot me. Prizegiving was for the usual categories and the surplus bottles put away for another day. Quite right too.

Still, it was hard to dampen my spirits. I'd had a great afternoon. All the runners I spoke to really enjoyed it too. Thanks Andrew, the pleasure was all ours.

- Jeff Anderson

And Jeff tackles the Coiners too

The Coiners fell race to Stoodley pike was officially 7.5 miles and started from Stubbs field in Mytholmroyd. It was my first evening fell race and because it was a pleasant evening I turned up expecting to see a healthy turnout. The 58 who lined up was less than I envisaged but I was comparing it to the other races I'd done which were all on a Saturday. Our club was out in force and glancing around at all the other Tod harriers (we numbered 20 and our best were out in force) I could count on one hand the club members I expected to beat. Alright then, I only needed 3 fingers but I'm an optimist! The prizegiving in the pub afterwards was becoming less of a priority. Again.

We started off through a narrow gate at the end of the field and on starting the climb up through the woods I realised the vast majority of runners were all in front of me. Rachel Skinner and Jane Smith had passed me on this uphill bit and I suddenly didn't feel like racing at all. I felt tired but always felt like this. I knew if I carried on once I reached the top of the hill I should pick up some momentum across Erringden moor and hopefully begin to improve my position.

Which is what happened. I passed Rachel and Jane on the tops and set my sights on a group of 4 Calder Valley runners who were together just ahead. By the time they reached the pike I'd managed to catch them up but couldn't see other runners ahead so thought I'd stick with them for a bit because they were bound to know the way back. When we'd been running for nearly an hour I thought it was the right time to make a move and because the tiredness had gone managed to pass the group all at once on a wide section of path. We then left the path, down to a stile when I thought I'd let them catch up again by taking the wrong path! They all careered off in a different direction without calling me back but by this time some guy with an orange hoop on his shirt had joined them and it was only he who shouted 'wrong way mate'. Blow I thought. I've let 5 runners in front of me which was made even worse because the then immediate descent into the woods was along really narrow paths. Also with stiles in quick succession it meant that I couldn't overtake again until we reached the meadow before Stubbs field. In the event I surprised myself by still managing to put a spurt on. Wait till I race against Richard Blakeley again! I passed 3 of the 4 cvr on the home straight and so finished 39th rather than 42nd!

Went to pub afterwards and ordered a pint. The pub had supplied some cheese rolls so I put half of one on a plate. A female runner I started chatting to had worn a GPS watch which was really impressive. It had calculated distance, speed, calories burnt and heart rate during the race. It also told the time as well. I thought it was brilliant until she told me it what it cost. I'd always calculated my own mileage in my head because then I can pretend I've gone a bit further. The formula is simple. Hazard a guess at the miles and multiply by 1.5. She told me she'd used up 864 calories during the race which I was surprised at because I thought it would have been more. My half a cheese roll didn't look like 200 calories any more. It looked like 2 miles of hard work but I ate it all the same and pondered how I'd replace the other 600. I'm sure wine doesn't count.

So another race done with the same result. No prize but a big smile. Will it be different next time? I wouldn't bet on it.

GP result: Hendon Brook

18/06/2006	1.25.10	1.27.20	1.28.50	
	Time	Adj. Time	GP Pts	Road Pts
23 Keith Parkinson	1.39.32	1.28.16	98.7	87.5
36 Paul Brannigan	1.44.22	1.39.56	87.2	83.5
42 Richard Leonard	1.47.05	1.38.48	88.2	81.3
52 Mel Blackhurst	1.52.49	1.36.17	90.5	77.2
68 Richard O'Sullivan	1.59.57	1.53.12	77.0	72.6
72 Stuart Boulton	2.03.00	1.53.29	76.8	70.8
78 Mel Siddall	2.06.32	1.45.00	83.0	68.8