

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear all,

Well I thoroughly enjoyed my first relay in Tod colours, despite a jibe from one of my erstwhile colleagues at Rochdale. He shouted "What' yer doin' in that vest?!" and when I claimed I had just joined Tod "to slow the team down" he fired back "Well you seem to be doing a good job." Very sharp, very dry, and a touch hurtful, especially as Lee and I were doing our damnest at the time, covering the vicinity of the Sheperd's Rest in a liberal splattering of sweat and mucus. Of course I could have drawn his attention to our respective A teams...ah well, too little, too late, I was crushed.

Thanks, though, to Simon, for organising the vet's team and all else concerned. It was a good day...that is until at the end of the leg, when Mr Parkinson mentioned that the next B team runners had mislaid the start- even though

it was quite big and would be very uncomfortable in your pocket, like one of those enormous wooden key rings youth hostels give you to stop you forgetting to give them back. If we saw them we were to tell them to hurry up. I tried to slink off in a very unteam-like fashion, knowing what could be coming next, and that 9.5 miles had been enough, ta very much, thanks for asking.



Roger Haworth & Geoff Read on Leg 4

I must hone my slinking skills, because a very enthusiastic Toddie whose name I was unfortunately too tired to retain found me out and gave it the full Douglas Bader, puppies in baskets, Winston Churchill, Henry the Fifth, pwease pweety pwease, Captain Oates, our teammates are out there waiting, probably dying in the freezing winter conditions pining and waiting and waiting and pining, desperately wondering as the light died from their eyes "Why, why...why did nobody come...they said they'd come...." cue Vangelis theme from Chariots of...oh shit. I am doing another leg. How did that happen? Did I mention that he was enthusiastic?

So much so that we included a scenic loop in the wrong direction towards Chelburn before hitting the actual route. Who was I to put him right? It is not as if I live in...oh yes...Littleborough. Still, brownie points all round, which are the only kind I'll be winning for a while I fear. "No change there then" I here our Rochdale friend cackle from the back unanswered, as I stand frozen like an ageing southern comic on a northern club stage. "If you say I overdramatise things one more time I'll kill myself!" Cue coughs and the rustle of empty crisp packets drifting unwatched to the floor.

Not only did I do another leg, but I DID ANOTHER LEG, as I discovered on waking (if you can call it that,) the next morning. In this case my left, the calf, torn again. Walking is painful so I have a sneaking suspicion that 20 miles of tussock and track on Saturday are not a wonderfully good idea, unless someone fancies giving me a piggyback. Pwease? Pweety pwease? Go on, fall on your sword - now that would be enthusiastic.

Still, there might be an Edale entry going for some lucky Toddie. Go on punk- are you feeling lucky? Alex, I'll keep you posted. Geddit? Alex, posted? Oh suit yourselves.

Geoff (Read)

Commiserations to Wayne and Ashley who had been given the wrong changeover time—oops.

Dear Editor,

By now you may be aware of the appalling manner in which I, Rhys Watkins, let down the Todmorden Harriers. I refer to leg 2 on the Pennine Bridleway Relay Race. I dropped 14 places, and left our B team in the perilous position of being overtaken by the (admittedly fantastic) ladies team.

What went wrong ?, I hear you demand.

The day before, I volunteered to check out part of the Joss Naylor Lakeland Challenge with Nutty Phil Hodgson and Nutty Dave Makin (and John Preston – but he doesn't count as he's sensible, like me), of the 'Let's Do Something Incredibly Harder Than The Bob Graham' Club.

26 Miles later, 8200 feet later, and at a pace that would have caused Paula Radcliffe to have a crap, I was knackered. Legs completely shot to pieces. Although, and to my delight and comfort, I did muster enough energy for 2 pints in the pub afterwards. I was even able to pick up the soap I dropped when in the shower (no smutty jokes please, I'm being serious).

I eventually got home, scoffed loads of food and crawled to bed. Set the alarm clock for 6-30, and started to count the number of those sexy sheep I'd seen that day. I slept blissfully unaware of the impending doom ahead.

On the relay, I knew that I was in trouble when James started running back down the hill to give me some encouragement. With all those teams passing, I did feel like a lad out of fat camp. To my shame, and no doubt 5 points, I even walked up some of the hills – but thankfully and unwittingly I forgot the club vest so no one noticed, probably.

The club should know that it's not easy being a Nutter. And yes, maybe I should stop talking to fellow Nutters, but then I could miss out on doing Windermere on a lilo dressed in green.

I tilt my cap in shame,

Rhys Watkins

NB1 My gratitude to James Riley for picking me, and suffice to say he played no part in the downfall of our leg. He remains a honourable chap, and quite frankly a lot faster than me.

NB2 John Crummet never ceases to amaze me - what a top effort doing the Joss Naylor within the 12 hours.

NB3 If you've got a lilo, a pair of walshes, a bike, and want to know about the Krypton-Man Challenge, ask Phil. But beware, the challenge is likely to change depending on how many beers Phil has had.

NB4 For all those BGers out there, please keep the weekend of 23rd June free.

