



TORRIER

JULY 09



THE PENDLE TRIP

Our Next Presentation Stoodley Pike Fell Race

Tuesday 7th July 7.30 p.m.

3.5m/700'

*from the Top Brink Inn, Lumbutts,
If available to help please contact*

Rachel "Skinz"

01422 843679



Whats On

THE FORUM

If you want to know what's happening then sign up to the forum, for up to date info on races, lifts etc

Pack Runs Weds 7pm

**JUL— NEW DELIGHT
AUG— LANE ENDS OLD TOWN
SEP— TODMORDEN GOLF
CLUB**

Interval/ Speed Work

Tuesdays at 6.30pm

**AT TODMORDEN HIGH
SCHOOL**

Toilet Seat

I regularly hear the words toilet seat being muttered. However no one ever lets Barry & Hazel know.

So please can we have some grassing e-mail on hazellovesdogs@btinternet.com

Think Alastair may be in the lead!!

Contributions

Please please can we have some!!

Please pass onto Mandy (mandy@todharriers.co.uk) or Andrew (andrew@andrewbibby.com)

APOLOGIES

At the time of going to press had no tables mainly due to Dave & Keith being away.

Grand Prix

Our regular run-through of the forthcoming races in our GP series.

Sunday July 5th: Howgills 10m.

Think of the Howgill Fells and you probably think: aha, fell racing country. But here's a road race instead, starting in Sedbergh and taking you through the nearby villages of Lowgill, Firbank and Howgill itself. One of the most scenic road races in England, it says here. 'Undulating' it says. I think we know what that means. Race entry form with this Torrier, but get it in by Fri 24th. Otherwise £14 on day. And there's a car boot sale as well... interesting idea.

Sat July 11th, Wasdale

It was Franklin D Roosevelt who once said that everyone should run the Wasdale fell race once in their lives. Or maybe it was Billy Bland. Anyway, this could be your year – always provided, of course, you've got your application in or can find someone in the club with an entry they can't use. It's an English Championships counter. Twenty-one miles over Great Gable and Scafell Pike and a few other Lakeland pimples. 9000 feet of climbing in total.

Thursday 16th July 7.30pm Badger 10km Trail Run

A measured 10km challenging, multi-terrain course, expect the unexpected i.e. gates, stiles, fields, ruins and scenic countryside.

Registration Wildlife Trust headquarters, The Barn, Berkeley Drive, Bamber Bridge, Preston PR5 6BY

Start / Finish: outside The Barn

Sat July 25th, Turnslack

The Turnslack fell race is on our own home turf (or rather peat bog), starting at the Calderbrook playing fields at Summit and meandering over the hills south-west of Tod. A firm favourite for many in the club. 2.30pm start, eight miles, 2000' of climbing.

Weds Aug 5th, Whittle Pike

Cancel that summer holiday you've booked in Malibu and head instead to Waterfoot (or more precisely the village of Cowpe, just off the Bacup-Rawtenstall road). This is another popular local fell race, starting at 7.30pm (4.5m, 1400'). Why do I think of driving cold rain when I think of this race? – everyone knows it'll be great weather.

Sun Aug 9th Cliviger 6

Here's a local road race organised by our own Eric Wrathall, which is back in the GP calendar after a few years' absence. 11.30am start at the little playing field in Cliviger (turn right after you've passed the Queen Hotel in Cliviger, as if you were going to Burnley, and then turn left). Just turn up, pay and run. It's a pleasant loop through Towneley Hall with a nasty little climb at the end.

And then that's it until Dentdale on Aug 29th and Stainland on Sep 6th.

Keep those GP points coming in!

Recent Press Reports (by Richard 'I'll get mi crutches' Butterwick)

Tod News 07/05/09 Stuc a' Chroin | Coiners

At the British Championship race at Stuc a' Chroin, James Riley was the sole Todmorden representative to make the long journey to Perthshire for the extremely tough and boggy 14 mile route that included over 5000 feet of ascent. In a high quality field, and with occasional sleet showers, James was rewarded with a time of 3:22:21 and 214th place.



Closer to home, on Monday, a Todmorden quartet joined the field for Calder Valley Fell Runners' Coiners Fell Race. Starting from Mytholmroyd the route is a 7.5 mile tour of Coiners' country on paths, tracks and moorland, taking in Erringden Moor, Stoodley Pike and Bell House Moor and passes by the old coiners cottages of Bell House and Keelam.

The race was won by former Harrier Chris Smale in 47:51, with Nick Barber putting in an excellent top ten performance to finish in 52:13. Next Harrier home was Derek Donohue in 59:08. Clare Duffield battled hard with Michelle Dew of Rossendale throughout the race to finish in 60:55, just missing out on a top three ladies finish on the line. Mick Craven rounded the Todmorden entries off in 63:12 to take the men's team into 5th place.

Tod News 14/05/09 Flower Scar | Fellsman | Mytholmroyd | Pendle's Clough | Fred Whitton

The first of Todmorden Harriers' series of summer fell races began with the Flower Scar Race, incorporating 1400 feet of ascent and descent and a wide variety of terrain into its short 4 mile distance. With free entry and a tough but enjoyable course the race is a growing hidden gem in the fell calendar.

In mild and dry conditions the 102 runners set off with a dash across Todmorden High School's playing field before beginning the relentless climb up to Flower Scar Hill on grassy paths, muddy tracks and open moorland. After turning at the summit the route plunges down into the valley and traverses back to the start, with a short sting in the tail climb above Robinwood to test tiring legs.

Todmorden's speedy postman Alex Whitem quickly established a lead from the start over Calder Valley teammate Steve Smithies and gradually extended it during the race to cross the line one and a half minutes clear in a time of 30:34. First Todmorden Harrier to finish was Sean Carey in 4th place after a well judged run. Alistair Rhodes Dawson and Nick Barber followed in 8th and 9th places. The club was well represented in the top twenty with Paul Burnett, Dave Collins and Paul Brannigan all placing well. First Todmorden lady was Lauren Jeska as 3rd lady behind Wigan Phoenix's Deborah Wright.

Ultra distance event The Fellsman, a 60 mile plus fearsome undertaking in any conditions was all the tougher this year with gales, torrential rain and hail showers to contend with. A trio of Todmorden tough guys – Rhys Watkins, Colin Duffield and Jeff Walker - battled their way around the Yorkshire Dales to complete the course, achieving a time of just over 20 hours.

Dave Collins was close to recording a 2nd win of the year on Sunday, at the Mytholmroyd Fell Race after the leading group of runners went slightly astray. However the leaders quickly rejoined the optimum line, leaving Dave to settle for an excellent 6th place. Dan Taylor finished in 34th place, having set a 5k PB at Salford the previous day, and Lucy Hobbs was 52nd, also winning the ladies 3rd prize, with Mick Craven finishing in 59th.



Helen Hodgkinson added another ladies 3rd prize at the Pendle's Clough navigational fell race at the weekend.

A sizeable group of Harriers hopped on their bikes for the Fred Whitton Challenge, a grueling 112 mile sportive cycle ride around the Lake District taking in several steep mountain climbs and exhilarating descents. With unfavourable windy conditions, and rain and hail showers, Emma Osenton had an exceptionally strong ride to finish as 4th lady, and 155th overall, in time of 7 hours 11 minutes just 20 minutes behind the ladies winner. Sarah May was next to finish, as 7th lady followed by Keith Parkinson.

Tod News 21/05/09 Geoff Doggett 5k | Great Manchester Run | Blackstone Edge | Old Counties Tops | Keswick Triathlon
Todmorden Harriers' Road Championship was the centre of attention last week with two races in five days. The undulating Geoff Doggett Memorial 5k Race in Littleborough on Tuesday, which was bathed in pleasant evening sunshine, enticed 37 Harriers including some of the club's junior runners.

Willy Smith of Keighley and Craven won the race in a time of 15:20 ahead of previous winners Ian Grime and John Brown. Jon Wright was the first Harrier over the line in 7th place, and together with Andrew Wrench and Nick Barber, in 13th and 14th, Todmorden finished as 2nd men's team.

The ladies went one better with Lauren Jeska, Claire Duffield and Lucy Hobbs taking the ladies first prize.

The second road championship race of the week was on Sunday, when 450 runners gathered for the tough hilly Eyam Half Marathon which snaked its way around the picturesque Peak District scenery where Nick Barber continued his current good spring form to finish 20th in a time of 1:27:39. Andrew Bibby was the next Harrier to finish with Roger Haworth just pipping Todmorden's first lady Mel Blackhurst.



Also Sunday, three Harriers joined the 33,000 runners for the Great Manchester Run and all put in excellent performances, despite a tough headwind in the second half of the race. Duncan Ritchie was hot on the heels of Haile Gebrselassie to finish in 210th place overall in a time of 39:22, Dan Taylor continued with his progress in his first year at the club in 362nd place, improving his personal best time to 40:44, and Kerry Edwards finished in 44:10 to be 74th female.

On Wednesday evening several Harriers swapped their usual weekly club social run to tackle the Blackstone Edge Fell Race, this year attracting a more modest field of 90 following its selection as an English Championship race last year. Ian Holmes of Bingley won in a time of 28:55. Sean Carey was the first Todmorden runner home a couple of minutes behind and in 7th place overall, taking the Under 16 prize ahead of a strong challenge from Joseph Crossfield of Halifax Harriers. Alistair Rhodes-Dawson in 18th and Martin Roberts in 25th, and 3rd Vet50, were the next Todmorden runners to follow him in. Lauren Jeska finished 2nd lady and Sue Roberts 1st lady Vet45.

Chris Preston and Claire Duffield had a successful day out in the lakes on Saturday, at the Old Counties Tops Fell Race, where they finished first ladies pair. This classic 37 mile epic, features over 10,000 feet of ascent as it takes in the 3 highest peaks of the former Lake District counties: Helvellyn (Westmoreland), Scafell Pike (Cumberland) and Conistone Old Man (Lancashire).

Cold conditions for the Keswick Triathlon, also on Saturday, meant the planned 750m swim in Derwentwater was shortened slightly but competitors still had the 35km bike ride around the Lakeland hills and a 10km run to follow in showery blustery conditions. First Todmorden entrant to finish was John Preston 3 minutes ahead of both Simon Galloway and Sarah Warburton, who was 3rd lady. Phil Hodgson completed the course a minute further back and Kath Brierley set a respectable time as she enjoyed her first triathlon despite the unfavourable conditions.

Tod News 28/05/09 Lanzarote Ironman | Helvellyn

Two Todmorden Harriers travelled to the volcanic island of Lanzarote at the weekend, but there was no time for relaxing in the sun as a 3800m swim, followed by a 122km mountainous cycle ride and then a full marathon run lay ahead for 1300 competitors in the Lanzarote Ironman Triathlon.



Simon Anderton completed the sea swim in 1:14:32 with Emma Osenton 5 minutes behind, before a strong cycle section of 6:28:27 put Emma 50 minutes ahead of her teammate and with a 4:39 marathon run Emma completed the course in 12:52:32 to finish 9th in her age category. Simon's 4:09 in the marathon closed the gap and he crossed the line in 13:05:13.

Travelling a little less far, but still enjoying warm sunshine were the Harriers that took part in the 11 mile Helvellyn Fell Race. Starting from Bram Crag farm the race climbs extremely steeply up before a long undulating ridge run to the summit and back, finishing with a breath taking descent that tests runners' nerves and endurance.

First Todmorden Harrier to finish was John Preston in 2:20:43, followed by Dan Taylor 6 minutes later and Chris Preston, taking 3rd ladies V40, a further 4 minutes later. Peter Ehrhardt completed the distance in 2:42:04.

Tod News 04/06/09 Duddon Valley | Hendon Brook

Todmorden Harriers' had two tough challenges to tackle in last weekend's hot sunshine. On Saturday the club's Fell Championship visited Duddon Valley in the Lake District for the epic 18 mile fell race that incorporates over 6000 feet of ascent and descent as it travels around the head of the valley over the peaks of Harter, Hardknott, Little Stand, Swirl How, Dow Crag, White Pike and Caw.

Craig Stansfield was first Harrier to finish, in just under 4 hours. Kath Brierley was first Todmorden lady ahead of Rachel Skinner and Chris Preston.

Todmorden Results: 74 Craig Stansfield 3:59:34; 111 Kath Brierley 4:21:19; 130 Rachel Skinner 4:30:08; 133 Christine Preston 4:31:13; 138 James Riley 4:36:35; 139 David Wilson 4:37:52; 159 Kevin Booth 4:54:34; 176 Mick Craven 5:05:18; 196 Mandy Goth 5:33:18; 200 Louise Abdy 5:35:48; 204 Helen Hodgkinson 5:45:27.

The second championship race of the weekend was on Sunday, with the 25th anniversary of the Hendon Brook 13.5mile Road Race near Nelson. The race, which helps raise awareness of and funds for Holly Grove Special School, attracted a bumper turnout for the occasion. It once again delivered good weather to live up to its nickname of 'the hot one', adding to the enjoyable challenge of the very hilly course.

The performance of the day came from Moyra Parfitt, who knocked an incredible 5 minutes off the ladies v60 course record on a day when many runners recorded slower than normal times. After cycling across to the race, Phil Cook judged the course and weather perfectly to finish 5 minutes ahead of Duncan Ritchie to take the honour of first Todmorden finisher. First Todmorden lady to cross the line was Mel Blackhurst, finishing just ahead of Claire Duffield after a race long battle.



Tod News 11/06/09

Todmorden Harriers' were faced with a change of terrain as the English Fell Championships made a rare foray south to the West Midlands for the second round in the six race series. Church Stretton was the base for the Stretton Hills Fell Race, a 5.75mile short circular course. Whilst the surface underfoot was somewhat smoother and quicker than the tussock moorland more usually encountered in Calderdale, there were still plenty of familiar misty hills to conquer with the race taking in 2500 feet of ascent and descent.

With separate races for the men and women, the ladies were first up and Todmorden put in a strong performance with Sarah May finishing in 13th place. Philippa Jackson of Keswick won the race in a time of 54:12 to add to her win at the Half Tour of Pendle. Lauren Jeska and Kath Brierley had a close battle finishing in 26th and 27th places respectively, only three seconds apart, which lifted the Todmorden ladies to an excellent 3rd place team overall on the day, and into 4th place in the Championship Table after the first two rounds. Sarah May is now the highest placed Todmorden lady in the individual standings and lies in 21st place.



The heavy rain that had affected the ladies race eased only slightly for the men's race an hour later, where Pudsey and Bramley dominated the first three places with Rob Hope's time of 44:37 setting him clear of John Heneghan and Danny Hope. Andrew Wrench and Jon Wright ran a close race, with Wrench edging ahead at the end to finish first Harrier in 24rd place overall and 4th vet40. Jon Wright is highest placed Todmorden runner in the overall standings after two rounds and now lies in 14th overall in the English Championship. Dave Collins was the next Harrier home in 68th and 7th vet50, which moved him up 10th place in the vet50 championship standings.

Tod News 18/06/09 Hebden Bridge

Hebden Bridge was the venue for the Todmorden Harriers organised fell race on Sunday. The 5.8 mile route started from Calder Holmes Parks and wound its way up Erringden Moor to Stoodley Pike before circling round and returning to the park. Once again the race was blessed with blue skies and sunshine and attracted a record turnout of nearly 80 runners, including many unattached and first time fell runners.

James Logue of Horwich RMI comfortably won the race for the 2nd consecutive year, in a time of 44:46, just over a minute outside his own course record that he had set last year. Adam Breaks was the first of many Calder Valley Fell Runners in 2nd place, nearly 3 minutes behind, with another Horwich runner, Stuart Edmondson in 3rd place.

Sean Carey was the first Harrier to finish in an excellent 4th place. Paul Brannigan continued his return to form in 10th and Darren Tweed edged out Dan Taylor to finish 3rd Todmorden runner.

Whilst the men's team prize was easily won by Calder Valley, the ladies prize was a much closer affair. Jo Buckley, who also finished 13th overall in a time of 53:40 to take the win. Todmorden's Lucy Hobbs found the course to her liking to finish 2nd lady, followed by Calder's Sharon Godsman and then Todmorden's Lauren Jeska in quick succession. The race was then on for the 3rd counter to finish and it was Calder's Claire Hanson who clinched the prize. The Mytholmroyd based club also added prizes for the men vet40, Andy Clarke and ladies vet40, Gillian Wisbey.

REMAINING GP FIXTURES

Sun 29 Aug: Dentdale (FS) – Engl Champ

Sun Sep 6: Stainland 7 (RM) LOCAL!

Sat Sep 19: Good Shepherd (FL) LOCAL!

Sat Sep 26: Thieveley Pike (FS) LOCAL!

Sep 27th: Macclesfield ½ marathon

Sat Oct 10: Langdale (FL) – Engl Champ FULL

Sun Oct 25: Accy 10K (RS)

Sun Nov 1: Through the villages (RM)

Sun Nov 8: Lancaster Half M (RL)

Sat Nov 14: Dunnerdale (FS)

Sat 21 Nov: Tour of Pendle

Road Races

July and early August 2009

1 Tuesday 7th July (Same night as Stoodley Pike race!), **Rochdale 10k** 7.15pm. Start at Springfield Park.

It is possible to enter on the day.

2. Wed 8th July 7.30pm-Helena Windsor

10k. Start Greetland Sports and Social Club. A popular one with Toddlies, the race takes an undulating route along country roads and passes Norland moor. It is fine to enter on the night.

3. Sun 12th July- Eccup 10 mile road race

9.30am from Adel War Memorial Association

4. Thursday 16th July- Cuerden Valley

Badger 10k-This features in our Grand Prix, details elsewhere

in the Torrier.

5. Sat 25th July-Rombalds Romp Trail Race 8

miles 10am, start at Ilkley Moor, near White Wells.

Has anyone ever done this? It sounds worth doing?!

6. Sun 26th July Moonraker 10k, Bowlee near

Middleton, £7 to enter with £2 extra on the day.

7. Sunday 2nd August-Sale 10 9am. £8 and must

pre-enter. Start and finish at the Track, Wythenshawe Park, South Manchester.

8. Sunday 2nd August-Idle Trail race-10k dis-

tance, made up of towpaths, bridleway, tracks and a small amount on country road. Start 10.30am and again its necessary to pre-enter. I enjoyed this some years ago!!

For more information, please look at uk.results.net
Happy Racing Mel

FELL RACES JULY/AUG

WED. JUL 1. CRAGG VALE (R). BS. 7.30 p.m. 4m/800' from nr Cragg Vale church (GR SD999232). £4.

FRI. JUL 3. WHARFEDALE TTT (R). GP. A three day race series on Tarmac, Trail and Tussock.

SAT. JUL 4. OAKWORTH HAUL (R). BS. 3.00 p.m. 5m/650' from Oakworth Gala Field, Victoria Road, Oakworth, nr Keighley. £3.

TUE. JUL 7. STOODLEY PIKE (R). BS. 7.30 p.m. from the Top Brink Inn, Lumbutts, **TOD HARRIERS RACE**

TUE. JUL 14. WAUGH'S WELL (R). AS. 7.15 p.m. 4m/1000' from Quarry Road (GR 808186). £3.

WED. JUL 15. WIDDOP (R). BM. 7.15 p.m. 7m/1200' from the Pack Horse Inn ("The Ridge"), Widdop (GR 952316). £4

SAT. JUL 18. INGLEBOROUGH (R). AM. 3.00 p.m. 7m/2000' from the Community Centre Sports Field, Ingleton (GR 695731). £4.

SUN. JUL 19. OLDFIELD (R). CS. 11.30 a.m. 5.5m/550' from the Grouse Inn, Oldfield, nr Oakworth, Keighley (GR 011383 on OS 104). £4.

SAT. JUL 25. TURNSLACK (R). AM. 2.30 p.m. 8m/2000' from Calderbrook Playing Fields, nr Summit, Littleborough. £4.

SAT. AUG 1. HELLIFIELD GALA (R). BS. 3.15 p.m. 3.5m/850' from Hellifield Recreation Field (GR857567). £3.

TUE. AUG 4. CROW HILL REVERSE (R). BS. 7.30 p.m. 5m/1000' from Mytholmroyd Community Centre (GR011260). £3.50

WED. AUG 5. WHITTLE PIKE (R). AS. 7.30 p.m. 4.5m/1400' from Cowpe Village Hall, Waterfoot, Rossendale (GR837212). £3. **GP RACE**

TUE. AUG 11. STANHILL (R). BS. 7.15 p.m. 5m/800' from the Britannia Inn, Haslingden Old Road (B6232), Oswaldtwistle. £2.50 pre-entry before 18th. May, cheques payable to "Stanhill Fell Race" or £4 on night

WED. AUG 12. PILGRIMS CROSS (R). BM. 7.15 p.m. 6m/1100' from the White Horse, Holcombe Road, Helmshore (GR 781205). £3.

SUN. AUG 16. WORSTHORNE MOOR (R). BM. 11.00 a. m. 7m/900' from Gorple Road, Worsthorne, nr Burnley (GR 878324). £5.

WED. AUG 19. GOLF BALL (R). BS. 7.00 p.m. 5.5m/800' from the Glory pub, Crawshaw Booth, Rossendale. £3.

SAT. AUG 22. BURNSALL CLASSIC (R). AS. 5.00 p.m. 1.5m/900' from Burnsall, N. Yorks. £5 pre-entry only to organiser by 15th August.

SAT. AUG 22. CHIPPING SHOW (R). AM. 2.30 p.m. 8m/2000' from Chipping Show Field (GR 622428). Pay Show Ground fee - race free.

SAT. AUG 22. DARWEN GALA (R). AS. 2.30 p.m. 3.7m/930' from Bold Venture Park, Darwen (GR 689219). £3.50 pre-entry, forms to "Gala Entries, 5 Punstock Road, Darwen, BB3 2SY" or on day.

SAT. AUG 29. PENDLETON (R). AS. 2.00 p.m. 5m/1500' from Pendleton, near Clitheroe (GR 755396). £3.50

The Fellsman 2009-Duff's journey into the black heart of Yorkshire

Introduction-what happened before

The motivations of superficial people tend to be, almost by definition, simple.

Years ago, when climbing bumpy lumps of rock dominated my life, I would always prefer to fall off routes with evocative names that suggested a frisson of danger and dashing pleasure, rather than their more prosaically named counterparts. Far, far better pub story could be told about a swollen ankle after failing on 'New Jerusalem', 'The Villain', or 'Wall of Horrors*' than a pleasant day on 'Birch Tree Corner', 'Holly Bush Arete', or 'Curving Crack'.

After taking up running, this style before substance approach was difficult to maintain, (although Aggie's Staircase, Paddy's Pole, and Beefy's Nab, all had a certain attraction). However, happy inspiration came one day when Rhys Watkins mentioned a 62 mile, jolly through the wildest bits of the Dales, much of it off paths, much of it in the dark. It was called the 'Fellsman'. There was a name to savour. It sounded so macho and brought visions of gnarly men and sinewy women wandering through sleet, past jutting crags, probably reciting Ted Hughes, perhaps with a stark Joy Division soundtrack playing softly on the biting wind.

That was three years ago, and it took that long for the seed Rhys had planted to mature into something tangible. But this year I worked up the courage to commit to the madness and back in February sent my entry to the organisers, Keighley Scouts. Jeff Walker is a simple soul who had gone along with the idea and entered along with me. He seemed to be labouring under them impression this was a leisure activity and wore a wan smile whenever the event was discussed in the weeks leading up to the day(s), it would be good to have familiar faces around when the going got tough and I didn't get going.

Plainly in retrospect it was OK, but I can confess to a few moments of doubt on the days leading up to the race. The strangest thing about the whole event was the way that the actual day flew by, leaving me with a memory made up of only fifteen second snapshots.

So here's my abridged account.

Saturday 9th May

03:55- Arriving at Jeff's at an hour when only postmen and burglars should be about. Disturbing the delicate peace of Hebden Bridge in a frenzy of loading gear and slamming car doors.

04:45-Arrival at Threshfield. Too early. Registration didn't open until 5am. After a few shivery moments peering through windows and trying the handles of locked doors, we are greeted by a ridiculously chatty girl with the stout legs and unbending cheerfulness that marked her as a representative of the scouting movement. We're quickly registered and shepherded onto a charabanc that will take us to the start at Ingleton. Although the atmosphere is very much 'school trip to Alton Towers', I think we all know that it will be a hard journey back to Threshfield. No going back now.

06:00-A kit check of industrial scale by more of the stout legged and cheerful. We wait by the row of kit checkers, like queuing in a bank when you start to wonder which teller you'll get. I don't want the lad closet to us as he seems to be taking it all very seriously indeed, right down to making one bloke open his first aid kit and show that his map indeed covers the whole area. Instead I get the young girl next to him. I smile at her and try to engage her in conversation. This unnerves her and she fails in her duty to count my safety pins (you need a minimum of four to pass muster). After this examination I pass into the inner temple of the event centre and chat to my fellow prospective Fellsmen and Fellchicks, Rhys and his mate Jane are there, another of Rhys'mates, a insanely cheerful Bill, along with Fell Ponies, Gerry and Steve, and several other familiar veterans of other outbreaks of collective madness I have been party to. There's much (frankly socially inappropriate) rubbing of Vaseline into personal areas, followed by the taking of enough Ibuprofen to erode even the most robust of stomach linings as zero hour creeps up. People keep glancing at their watches. The suspense is so great that the toilets can't cope and start to smell.



** Of course, anyone who knows me knows I've never done Wall of Horrors. Far too scary. I'm talking about the boulder problem start.*

09:00- The starter stands above us on a little concrete platform and reads a message from Fellsman guru, Mark Hartell, the crowd are silent and attentive. It reminds me of nothing more than a vicar reading a lesson from St John the divine, but I suppose that's how they think of Mark around here. Then, at the stroke of nine, we're off, running down the road into the black heart of Yorkshire.

014:00- So we're 18 miles and several summits in. Not much has happened except limestone, hills, fields, and chat. The first two tops were Ingleborough and Whernside, familiar to all, but after that we've had the less familiar Gargareth and Great Cowm, both of which sound like something out of Tolkien. Luckily there were no orcs around today, just the fab Fellsman folk in little tents at each summit, clipping tallies and remaining smiley and chatty despite a cold wind. This same wind recently ripped my hat from my head and sent it towards Bridlington. A slight mistake coming off Great Cowm sends us via some very pretty crags, not ideal but interesting. The road less travelled and all that.



14:30- Dent. A real village complete with scouts in big tents handing out lovely beans and cheese pasties in polystyrene cups. It a gastronomic delight and I'm a convert. Can we have these at the next Harriers xmas do please? Surely this is the stuff that builds empires and in comparison Tapas is a bourgeois southern fancy!

15:00- Blea Moor is the most exposed and boggy bit of creation I've ever been on. It's also the worst place I can think of to be caught in an hour-long hailstorm. So it's heads down and push on. It's at this point that two young ladies, Nicky from Ilkley, and Fliss from Dark Peak, ask if they could tag along with us on the cock-eyed assumption that we know where we're going. They'll have another twelve hours to regret their foolishness.

16:00- Stonehouse Checkpoint, pasta and proper toilets. Thought this was supposed to be a hard man's event? Energy gels and carbo drinks are playing havoc with Jeff's bowels. I find this hilarious. For some reason he can't see the funny side. Never mind.

21:00- When god made Middle Tongue he wasn't sure whether to make to land or water, so he sat on the fence and made it a expanse of mud and holes. A bit like the Somme, but without the charm. My legs are starting to hurt. I need some food. And now, one of my legs has disappeared up to the thigh in a bog and I can't get it out without pulling off my shoe. The Fellsman is hard, but doing the Fellsman with one shoe for the last twenty miles would be an even more impressive feat, and not one I would like to attempt. I lay down on my front, sort of roll over. Happily my leg, foot, and shoe all pop out. I stagger to my feet to see my little team disappearing into the distance in the gloom. We were grouped at the last check point so should stick together, but the wind is making communication difficult. I race after them, squelching mud out of my shoe as I go.

22:00- It's now dark and I'm sitting on a hay bale in a smelly cattle transporter at Cray (their tent has blown away, last seen passing over Rotterdam and causing a hazard to air travel). I'm trying to drink hot coffee to warm me up. A sudden drop in temperature and wet clothes has caught me out and I realise if I don't get myself warm this could be the point I drop out. Trouble is I'm shivering so much that every time I try drinking I just spill the coffee and burn my chin. Eventually though I do get warmer, change my clothes, and we set off for normally picturesque and inviting Buckden Pike, but tonight it's cold and claggy Buckden Pike.



22:30- Here we are, the four of us are all pointing at a map in the glow of headtorches trying to persuade ourselves that all our compasses and maps must be wrong because nothing adds up. Of course, compasses and maps are much more reliable than people, particularly people who have been running for hours and hours. The stomach sinking truth is that we've made a pretty serious navigational mistake and come the wrong way off Buckden Pike. Thick clag, horrible wind, cold, not being able to see the war memorial that should have been the point of taking a bearing, etc etc Truth is we're getting tired and not paying attention. So back up Buckden Pike.

24:00- Coming off Gt Whernside following a fence. More bog and clag. Even more tired. All of a sudden the handrail fence had gone and we realise that we've got ourselves a bit befuddled again, in the same shit weather and in an even

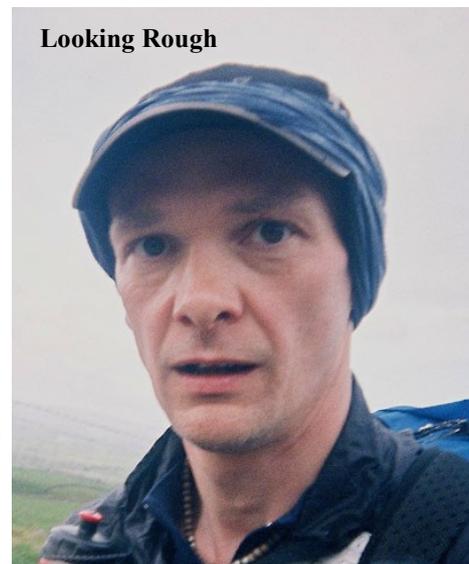
stickier bog. I'm coming close to redistributing my toys from the perambulator when Jeff and Nicky take charge and sort it out. Cheers lads.

Sunday 10th May

04:00-About 6 miles to the finish. I've been tired for the last twenty miles or so, but basically ok. I'm trying to work out how to pat myself on the back with my achy shoulders (running with a heavy sack for 17 hours), when it happens. All of a sudden and within about a minute I've bonked big style ('bonked' in a tired sense rather than anything sexual, which would plainly have been out of the question in the circumstances). I'd stopped paying attention to the need to keep eating and my body was teaching me a lesson. Queue, retching, slight dizziness and a strange hallucination that we were next to a road with loads of diggers lined up with orange flashing lights, like a rave organised by Bob the Builder (sounds good. I'd go). All of a sudden I'm the weak link in the team and they have to wait. Jeff feeds me two gels, one of the girls feeds me two ibuprofen and milky way. I feel better straight away. Lesson learned.

05:00- The last checkpoint at Yarnbury, just three miles down the road to the finish. The checkpoint commandant (is this they're called?) offers to ungroup us but we decide to stick together. We laugh and joke all the way to Threshfield, the grumpy phase we have all passed through during the night is behind.

06:00- Finished. The relief of taking off my shoes and socks and getting dry clothes on is the best feeling of the whole event. However the memory of standing naked in the toilets trying to formulate a plan to enable me to put some pants on will live with me for a while. I certainly couldn't lift a leg off the floor without falling over, and sitting down wasn't an option because that would have involved standing up again at some point. It was a slightly hysterical moment, in a slightly hysterical weekend but eventually I managed without requiring assistance. On reflection, if I had really needed help, the organisation of the event is such that I'm sure I could have summoned a cheery scout in no time, who would have been only too happy to help, and probably offer me a cooked breakfast whilst doing so.



Looking Rough

The Fellsman-A cost-benefit analysis compiled the day after the event.

Cost

£25 entry

Two swollen ankles

One swollen knee

One shoulder that won't move

One blister

The Benefit

Priceless memories of a day and night in the beautiful black heart of Yorkshire

No contest really....

GP Bloggist!

So far - Success!, Get in to a long Fell GP race, with few of the really fast boys either there, healthy or willing to run more than 12 miles... they know who they are, and finish high positions of toddlers and this happily ups your position in a long fell race! Some of the competition is being left behind now as I struggle to get faster, fitter and do some really long hill racing to up the results opportunities for Wasdale. Now to plan to increase the injury rate of those fast competitors or perhaps turn my sharp cunning mind to psychological warfare on fellow Fell GP attempters, subtle drubbing, mis-diagnose a mental issue... when some of the many runners who come to me for the wide worldly advice I have to offer (that or gossip). The other option would be to play fair, run harder and make sure I get faster than Dave Collins...

IRONMAN LANZAROTE

well we're back safe and sound. totally amazing experience and i cant wait to sign up for next year. even shaking on a drip afterwards i was plotting how to raise the entry fee!

to see the emotion on simons face as he came through into the medical tent grinning from ear to ear nearly in tears but looking amazing was a treat in itself. so a race review!

i dont think talking about just the day really covers the experience of ironman lanzarote. its more that just a race for me, i meet up with friends from many years ago and meet many new ones along the way. lanza being an early season race means we all have to train through the filthy winter months. this year its been fun to train with the other toddies going into their first experiences of it and share their stories of other big events they've done, making me want to try those too. so thanks to all of you who've been part of this years experience. over the day of the event you all popped in my head from time to time keeping going.

and yes i invited mr pain and mr hill along too!

so race morning dawns, or should i say pre dawns! trying to get your digestion to deal with breakfast at 4am with nerves-a-plenty is always interesting. across the island 1300 others all doing the same, fears filling the mind and body, a low wind blowing as early dawn fills the sky, bags and bikes racked, down to load up with frozen bottles, the faint hope they wont be tepid and sticky as the day.

a flood of rubberclad souls paddle forwards, timing mats bleeping and screeching as we move towards the beach, the still cool sand between our toes. music pumping cheesy tunes fear on faces, nervous smiles, titters, laughs, greeting new faces, new stories from them, a dip in the ocean to fill your suit, into the pens. a gun fires, surge forward the sounds of voices, languages, water screams, cheers, shouts, into the water, we're off! the cool flood hits your spine, blue ocean a thousand souls. calm flows amongst the chaos, breathe, the sunlight bursts amid the spray of salt water, a quarter round, into the home straight, a big blokes arm in the face walloping goggles, nice black eye later methinks. into the buoys, wetsuits slithering over one and other battling for air, space, water, pounding into the beach, running up the sand, music, screams, people again, names shouted, a blur of red and yellow, cameras flashing, back into the sea, round again, shoals of fish sparkle in the shafts of light now permeating the water, into the beach, running in sand, up the channel of people into jets of water, salt streaming away, tearing rubber from your body.

cycle kit on, running through racking of bikes, pumping music, skin plastered in high factor lotion (and hey this year the ladies was much nicer!) mount lines, a clicking of cleats, water drains from your body, nearly had another emotional moment thinking i'm here, i'm doing it, for me the race begins here, feeling the strength in my legs, pounding past lots of expensive carbon bikes and boys, ha! eat my wheels boys! turning out of puerto del carmen toward the lava fields at the bottom of the island, seeing the mountains come into view, bikes snaked out before me, the guards and oh so cool spanish cops at the junctions, car horns blasting, i spot my first cherwell shirt (cherwell is my old tri-club, gotta love my red and yellow) screaming past richard shouting 'i eat firemen for breakfast' ...the chase begins down to el golfo the green lake where they make salt by desalinising the sea...bella passes (1st lady pro) having done the lower loop already, richard screeches past again, down into the lava fields. they look like they've just set, towering above with blown tops, black sharpened craggy edges, nothing grows upon the scorched earth save for the odd tuft of lichen. the wind was into our faces, hard, hot, drying, draining, passing richard again, screaming 'come on boy, chase me theres an official photographer round the corner it'd be one hell of a shot!'. i'm sure we did this tussle last year!

round and inland onto the most photographed road in triathlon, the road to timanfya national park. the landscape is black, sharp, crusted, great slabs time passed smashed into one and other, molten flowing then stopped. the road the same colour is like a giant iron slithered across its surface forming road.



me

up past la santa, inland again heading toward the 1st of the big climbs haria, up into the heat, vines cling in blackened ground surrounded by half circular walls, bright green spots, pickly pears, terracing climbing the hillsides, feed stations 'agua, agua, energy energy! animo! venga! animo!' down tight hairpin bends, stark white edges, into two storie white houses, screaming supporters, off to climb the next one, now here was a point that made me chuckle, two girls a tinny radion and a mega phone, blasting 'i will survive' up mirador del rio. just as the climb gets tough i look left to see the island of la grasiosa, azure blue sea, burnished volcanic island, so beautiful, top of the world, the pain disappears, the most amazing decent of the day, air hot and arid, flying down the island me and the bike as one, twisting and turning bends, my road!

down into the home straight, a momentary distraction, thoughts 'hmmm ooh look my shoulder.....fuck!' dirt tracking off the side of the road scrubby tumble weedy plants, halt, phew, awake now, heat distraction, back to focus, back in the road, head cooking in the heat, squirting tepid water at my head. hold it together, dont crash, 175km sign, sprint, can i get under 6 hours, harder, hotter, legs screaming, eyes locked, onwards, wheres the donkey track (the donkey track was put in specifically for the race and links back to puerto del carmen from the centre of the island, lovely bends), beginning to think where is it, still charging, wheres it gone? this is never 5k, more like 15k, bloody signs in the wrong place! head wind back in, down along the sea front, crowds screaming, music blasting, hard bike, much harder than last year, winds stronger, hotter. into transition....

running, legs amazingly feel quite fresh, thinking of simon saying save it, negative splits, hard but effective, hot, water on head, worried, not hunngry, cant face eating, hot hot windy hot, faces from the week along the beach, smiling calling encouragement, a guy with a blue wig singing for me on a tiny bike, 'im the guy from the bar, go emma go!' red and yellow supporters, feed, oranges, pretzels, water, ok me thinks, chop it up in your head, honestly i spend an hour calculating ' well this is the 3rd section of 8 sections so that means i've run 3 sections of 8 sections so thats.....erm 3 of 8 can that be smaller...no....doh 3/8 emma you muppet....leaving um how many sections....um of 5 so....5/8...oh now thats...half now so two bands on my arm, collect another, pretty pretty, whoops that mans walkingh, another vomitting, ooh paramedic, that ones over on the floor, bleeping mats, concentrate, last lap, simons getting closer, come on legs, really ought to have done more running, why did i want to do this again....anyway next year i'll do....next year, more pain again, why....come on legs here we go...' three bands on my arm, (these help the supporters too as they all chant 'go on girl last lap' ' guapa guapa' (yeah right, not sure smelly sweaty eyes rolling could ever be described as guapa!))....the red and yellow screaming, into the last 200m, they reach for you, arms out, i'm screaming....12.52 and im in! cameras flashing medal, camera people race organiser shakes your hand (kenneth vasque owns the licence for the spanish ironman and stands on the finishline all day shaking everybodys hand. his passion for what he does shines out of him. this race may make his living but you can tell its far more than thast and thats what makes it special).

paddle forward onto the medical tent, amazingly i dont feel too bad. into a bed, gentle chat, lets the brain process it all, blanketed souls, blanketed me, i must say they'd hired even prettier medics than last year, a fireman called bryn comes in taking the cot next to me and we admire the lovely view as the spanish doctor bends over to tend to the guy opposite! i look at bryns face laughing. drip in and chill out, really chill out, cold, eat something, bad idea, legs stiff and locking up, feel sick, starting to shake. at this point i know its just the saline cooling me and it will pass, poor kirsten has snuk in to see me convulsing under a pile of blankets, eyes wild, it passes, in come simon, the buzz on his face, then my friend jim, both just completed their first and of so proud, richard next. finally i get up, yuk blistered manky feet, off to the finishline to wait for debi to come in and matt. too wobbly, back in, chat to richard, already we're planning next year, off for a massage....food....dry clothes...smiling faces....

what can i say, the most amazing day. i strongly recommend that one day you try it. its hard it hurts but it will last in your mind as an experience of every emotion you can think of crammed into such intensity. i love it!

Bring on Nice!

Emma Ossenton



13 Lucky for Some

When the sun shines and I do a low key fell race I always come 13th. That seems to be the case this spring and early summer on a number of low key, friendly, enjoyable and scenic fell races.

The first in the sequence was the Fiendsdale race in March, I had not done the race before and wasn't sure what to expect. Went over with Roger and all the Harriers doing this one seemed to have a good time, I found it hard early on but made ground in the latter stages when the hills got steeper aided by some fortuitous route choices. The Bowland fells looked splendid in the brilliant sunshine.

Race number 2 was the Wardle Skyline, I always enjoy this race which after the initial climbing seems to get faster and faster. Nick and Alastair had said they were planning on doing the race at the Wednesday night pack run and we wondered whether we might sneak the team prize - unfortunately Rossendale pipped us to that, although Ali and Nick were both in the top ten. A really enjoyable run followed by a good cycle home over Blackstone Edge, thought I was cycling well until I realised I had left half of my kit at Wardle.

Race number 3 was the Crowden Horseshoe. The race is well organised following the Pennine Way onto Laddow Rocks and then Black Hill, the way back is surprisingly tough over Tottleyshaw Moor which was extremely boggy, a great descent at the end into Crowden campsite. I was the only Toddie at this one as well as the following week at Saddleworth. Enjoyed the short blast onto the top and to Pots and Pans, a great descent back - technical at first and then fast through the golf course. Talking to Boff Whalley at the end about how well Burnley have done this year (especially when you compare it to Bradford City) and how everybodies favourite Toddie - Geoff Reed - was getting on in Japan when the results were going up. I already knew - the sun was shining - I was 13th.

Think I could have managed a couple more 13th's if the weather had been better. At Myholmroyd, I was all set for 13th until 7 runners in front of me went wrong and I went up to an undeserved 6th. At Flower-scar I was battling hard with Paul Burnett all the way round the course and he pipped me for 13th. Not done this race for a few years and I had forgotten what a great, tough little race this is. The Happy Birthday singalong for Paula at the start was a nice touch.

The only other fell races I have done in this period have been championship races when I have been nowhere near 13th - although think I got close to 113th and the bunny run where I was well back and beaten by loads of 13 year olds.



Dave Collins

Dentdale English champs race

Thanks

To all who helped on the Flower-scar and Hebden Bridge Races
Thanks also to race organisers
Jon Wright and Andrew Bibby.

Also thanks to Simon for the excellent Pendle Trip

The windy Pendle Trip

