



TORRIER

AUG/SEPT 2010



JON WRIGHT



SEAN CAREY



DWAYNE DIXON



LAUREN JESKA



JANE LEONARD



PAUL HOBBS

What's On Aug 10- Sept 10

Pack Runs

Weds 7pm start

Aug - Lane Ends Old Town,
Hebden Bridge

September 6.45pm start
Staff of Life, Burnley Road
Todmorden

Interval Training
Tuesday s 6.30pm
Tod High School

Grand Prix fixtures are as follows

Belper Rugby Rover 30K Trail

(RL) Aug 15

Burnsall Classic (FS) Aug 21

Shelf Moor (FS) Sept 05 EC!

Cowm Reservoir 4.2 (RS) Sept 8
(not 10th as previously advertised)

Good Shepherd (FL) Sept 11

Langdale Half Marathon (RL)
Sept 19

Burnley Fire Station 7 (RM) Oct
03

Holmfirth 15 (RL) Oct 24

Withens Skyline (FM) Oct 24th
(this replaces Hodder Valley)

Brontë Way (FM) Oct 31

Roaches (FL) Nov 14

Wesham 10K (RS) Nov 27

All information is on the website

www.todharriers.co.uk

Road details on www.ukresults.net

Fell info on www.fellrunner.org.uk

NEWS ITEMS

Can be read in Todmorden News or on
Richards Blog

www.thewrongtrod.blogspot.com/

Thanks

To Jon Wright, Andrew Bibby and
Rachel Skinz for three more
successful races, Flowerscar, Hebden
& Stoodley Pike.

Thanks to all Toddies who turn up to
help make these events successful.

Just a few left

Noon Stone Buffs

We have approx 20 buffs left for
sale at cost price of £5

Will be at pack runs

Mandy

THANKS
TO EVERYONE WHO
CONTRIBUTED TO THIS EDITION
OF THE TORRIER

KEEPER OF THE KIT



Margaret Blakeley
01422 881974

Thanks to Bev for
taking over the job of
Membership secretary

Dates for your diary

OUR NEXT RACE

SHEPHERDS SKYLINE

NOV 6TH

SHEPHERDS REST

LUMBUTTS

Race Organisers

Phil & Mandy 01422 844936

FRA DO

NOVEMBER 13TH

**Hopefully to see toddlers
getting medals**

Xmas Do

Saturday 4th December

**If you have not
already done so
please sign up to
the Forum
all the latest info,
what's on, who's doing
what and look at the
vest design!!!**



RACE RESULTS

Coniston 1/5/10

Jon Wright	M40	1	17	8	97.4	100.3
Andrew Wrench	M40	1	21	30	92.2	98.5
Lauren Jeska	F35	1	22	40	90.9	100.6
Alastair R-Dawson	M	1	23	55	89.5	89.5
Andrew Horsfall	M45	1	28	30	84.9	91.6
Dave Collins	M50	1	29	11	84.2	99.8
Steve Brandwood	M50	1	29	58	83.5	98.9
Jeff Walker	M40	1	34	25	79.6	82.7
Sarah May	F	1	35	46	78.4	86.8
Phil Hodgson	M50	1	37	18	77.2	91.5
Roger Haworth	M40	1	39	8	75.8	79.5
Martin Roberts	M50	1	39	53	75.2	87.2
Mick Craven	M50	1	43	18	72.7	84.3
Rachel Skinner	F35	1	43	31	72.6	81.9
Kath Brierley	F45	1	44	11	72.1	92.3
Nick Barber	M	1	46	8	70.8	70.8
Richard Leonard	M50	1	50	18	68.1	78.1
Sarah Warburton	F35	1	50	48	67.8	76.5
John Preston	M45	1	50	48	67.8	73.2
Jane Leonard	F50	1	52	56	66.5	89.8
Dave Wilson	M50	2	0	1	62.6	74.1
Sue Roberts	F45	2	2	23	61.4	77.5
Richard Blakeley	M65	2	2	32	61.3	85.2
Louise Abdy	F45	2	5	55	59.7	76.3
Mandy Goth	F45	2	8	50	58.3	76.6
Barry Chapman	M60	2	11	53	57.0	76.1
Paula Haworth	F35	2	33	44	48.9	56.2
Dave O'Neill	M50	2	35	7	48.4	56.1

Bluebell trail 2/5/10

Paul Hobbs	M	1	17	12	87.2	87.2
Mark Anderton	M45	1	19	49	84.4	92.1
Martin Stork	M	1	19	50	84.3	84.3
Darren Tweed	M	1	21	17	82.8	82.8
Kevin Booth	M50	1	22	32	76.7	79.4
Phil Cook	M40	1	33	2	72.4	75.6
Paul Cruthers	M	1	33	27	72.0	72.0
Elise Milnes	F50	1	39	36	67.6	86.5
Peter Ehrhardt	M60	1	41	28	66.4	83.5
Graham Milnes	M50	1	48	49	61.9	70.9
Melanie Robertson	F45	1	50	42	60.8	76.3
Nigel Hanson	M50	1	55	4	58.5	66.5
Katy Moore	F35	2	9	44	51.9	59.2

Mearley Clough 11/5/10

Andrew Wrench	M40		31	35	99.5	106.3
Nick Barber	M		32	58	95.3	95.3
Andrew Horsfall	M45		34	47	90.3	97.4
Martin Roberts	M50		36	7	87.0	100.8
Sarah May	F		36	23	86.3	95.5
Darren Tweed	M		37	20	84.1	84.1
Martin Stork	M		39	4	80.4	80.4
Neil Hodgkinson	M40		41	54	75.0	77.9
Jane Leonard	F50		42	33	73.8	99.6
Paul Brannigan	M45		42	41	73.6	79.4
Louise Abdy	F45		49	3	64.0	81.9
Sue Roberts	F45		50	40	62.0	78.3
Barry Chapman	M60		52	4	60.3	80.6
Melanie Robertson	F45		53	54	58.3	74.6
Dave O'Neill	M50		56	11	55.9	64.8

Otley 10m 9/6/10

Paul Brannigan	M45	1	13	35	77.2	83.0
Mel Blackhurst	F40	1	18	46	72.1	87.7
Mel Siddall	F45	1	24	12	70.0	87.7
Nigel Hanson	M50	1	25	38	66.3	75.4
Moyra Parfitt	F65	1	31	21	62.2	95.2
Ian Stansfield	M65	1	57	47	48.2	62.7

Ennerdale 12/6/10

Jon Wright	M40	4	3	2	97.4	100.2
Alastair R-Dawson	M	4	36	38	85.5	88.0
Nick Barber	M	4	40	16	84.4	84.4
Lauren Jeska	F35	4	44	25	83.2	92.1
Oz Kershaw	M50	5	2	4	78.3	88.9
Phil Hodgson	M50	5	13	0	75.6	89.5
Dave Collins	M50	5	14	4	75.3	89.2
Clive Greatorex	M45	5	19	11	74.1	80.8
Jane Leonard	F50	5	22	42	73.3	98.9
Sarah Warburton	F35	5	38	16	69.9	78.9
Kath Brierley	F45	5	48	5	68.0	88.1
Ben Crowther	M	5	55	56	66.5	66.5
Richard Leonard	M50	5	55	56	66.5	76.2
Kevin Booth	M40	5	59	36	65.8	71.0
Louise Abdy	F45	6	47	45	58.0	74.2
Dave Wilson	M50	7	28	23	52.8	62.5

Hendon Brook 1/2m 20/6/10

Darren Tweed	M	1	44	30	83.8	83.8
Kevin Booth	M40	1	44	57	83.4	89.0
Keith Parkinson	M55	1	55	21	75.9	88.5
Mel Blackhurst	F40	1	55	44	75.6	92.0
Elise Milnes	F50	2	9	7	67.8	86.7
Nigel Hanson	M50	2	19	34	62.7	71.3
Ian Stansfield	M65	3	4	29	47.4	61.7

Reservoir Bogs 19/6/10

Jon Wright	M40	1	3	5	100.0	102.9
Andrew Wrench	M40	1	5	41	96.1	102.7
Andrew Horsfall	M40	1	9	50	90.3	97.5
Dave Collins	M50	1	12	42	86.8	102.8
Paul Hobbs	M	1	13	24	86.0	86.0
Ben Crowther	M	1	13	49	85.5	85.5
Clive Greatorex	M45	1	22	46	76.2	83.1
Paul Brannigan	M45	1	25	11	74.1	80.7
Mick Craven	M50	1	26	8	73.2	85.8
Chris Preston	F45	1	32	16	68.4	85.3
Jane Leonard	F50	1	32	59	67.8	91.6
Johnny Medcalf	M50	1	33	51	67.2	77.1
John Preston	M45	1	33	52	67.2	72.5
Richard O'Sullivan	M45	1	36	16	65.5	72.8
Richard Blakeley	M65	1	37	1	65.0	90.4
Louise Abdy	F45	1	42	33	61.5	78.7
Fiona Armer	F40	1	44	17	60.5	73.6
Dave O'Neill	M50	1	44	35	60.3	69.9
Stuart Boulton	M50	1	53	0	55.8	64.0
Patsey Reilly	F40	1	53	6	55.8	67.1

Sedburgh 3 Peaks 26/6/10

Jon Wright	M40		37	2	94.9	97.7
Nick Barber	M		38	12	92.0	92.0
Lauren Jeska	F35		39	51	88.2	97.6
Alastair R-Dawson	M		40	54	86.0	88.5
Dave Collins	M50		41	18	85.1	100.8
Andrew Horsfall	M45		41	33	84.6	91.3
Martin Roberts	M50		45	25	77.4	89.7
Kath Brierley	F45		46	34	75.5	97.9
Phil Hodgson	M50		47	1	74.8	88.6
Peter Clarke	M55		48	10	73.0	88.4
Jane Leonard	F50		48	21	72.7	98.1
James Riley	M		48	23	72.7	72.7
Claire Duffield	F35		49	48	70.6	79.7
Mel Blackhurst	F40		52	30	67.0	82.5
Richard Blakeley	M65		52	31	66.9	93.0
Richard Leonard	M50		52	36	66.8	76.6
Louise Abdy	F45		56	14	62.5	82.1
Lee McCluskey	M50		56	32	62.2	72.1
Moyra Parfitt	F65		57	43	60.9	101.0
Sue Roberts	F45	1	0	53	57.7	73.0
Barry Chapman	M60	1	3	38	55.3	73.8
Dave O'Neill	M50	1	7	34	52.0	60.3

Eccup 10m 11/7/10

Nick Barber	M		59	57	90.8	90.8
Paul Brannigan	M45	1	5	57	82.5	88.8
Martin Stork	M	1	7	12	81.0	81.0
Lucy Hobbs	F40	1	19	8	68.8	79.8
Bohuslav Barlow	M60	1	20	43	67.4	84.0
Peter Ehrhardt	M60	1	25	58	63.3	79.7
Melanie Robertson	F45	1	26	15	63.1	79.9
Ian Stansfield	M65	1	52	38	48.3	62.8
Rachel Allen	F40	1	56	8	46.9	55.4

Holme Moss 17/7/10

Alastair R-Dawson	M	2	47	17	94.4	97.2
Lauren Jeska	F35	2	49	31	93.2	103.1
Dave Collins	M50	2	56	55	89.3	105.8
Andrew Horsfall	M45	3	2	59	86.3	93.2
Paul Brannigan	M45	3	6	37	84.7	92.2
Paul Hobbs	M	3	8	47	83.7	83.7
Oz Kershaw	M50	3	13	26	81.7	92.7
Sarah May	F	3	16	35	80.4	88.9
Kath Brierley	F45	3	29	29	75.4	97.8
Mick Craven	M50	3	40	29	71.7	83.9
Phil Hodgson	M50	3	42	33	71.0	84.1
Andrew Bibby	M55	3	43	7	70.8	85.8
Ben Crowther	M	3	49	30	68.8	68.8
Mel Blackhurst	F40	3	54	40	67.3	82.9
Elise Milnes	F50	4	4	41	64.6	84.8
Louise Abdy	F45	4	18	40	61.1	80.2

Cliviger 6m 1/8/10

Jon Wright	M40		34	53	95.6	98.4
Nick Barber	M		35	9	94.9	94.9
Paul Brannigan	M45		37	2	90.1	96.9
Martin Stork	M		38	38	86.3	86.3
Mark Anderton	M45		39	44	83.9	91.7
Kevin Booth	M40		39	47	83.8	89.5
Darren Tweed	M		39	50	83.7	83.7
Richard Butterwick	M		43	19	77.0	79.2
Maria Prescott	F45		45	12	73.8	89.8
Phil Cook	M40		46	24	71.9	75.1
Elise Milnes	F50		48	39	68.6	87.7
Melanie Robertson	F45		49	59	66.7	84.5
Peter Ehrhardt	M60		50	5	66.6	83.8
Dave O'Neill	M50		54	57	60.7	68.4
Graham Milnes	M50		55	11	60.4	69.3
Myra Wells	F50	1	0	8	55.5	73.3
Ian Stansfield	M65	1	5	12	51.2	66.5

2010 ROAD TABLE 9 races					Huddersfield 10k	Salford 10k	Cliviger 6	Cowm 4.2	Wesham 10k	Lytham 10	Bluebell trail	Otley 10	Eccup 10	Burnley Fire Stn 7	Liversedge 1/2	Hendon Brook 1/2	Belper 30k trail	Langdale 1/2	Holmfirth 15	Completed Races	total points	Qualified?	qualifying TOTAL
	attendance				17	11	17	0	0	10	13	6	9	0	11	7	0	0	0	101			
	average points				67.0	72.3	74.7	#DIV/0!	#DIV/0!	67.1	71.3	66.0	68.0	#DIV/0!	71.3	70.9	#DIV/0!	#DIV/0!	#DIV/0!	#DIV/0!			
1	Martin Stork	M			81.9	77.0	86.3			82.8	84.3		81.0		81.1					7	574.4	Q	497.4
2	Melanie Robertson	F45			60.5	55.7	66.7			64.9	60.8		63.1		59.9					7	431.6	Q	375.9
3	Richard Butterwick	M			81.8	75.6	77.0			82.7					77.9					5	395.0	X	395.0
4	Mel Blackhurst	F40				67.5				74.0		72.1			73.4	75.6				5	362.6	X	362.6
5	Elise Milnes	F45			69.5		68.6			66.2	67.6					67.8				5	339.7	X	339.7
6	Paul Brannigan	M45			86.5		90.1					77.2	82.5							4	336.3	X	336.3
7	Mark Anderton	M45				76.8	83.9				84.4				83.1					4	328.2	X	328.2
8	Peter Ehrhardt	M60			65.8		66.6			65.8	66.4		63.3							5	327.9	X	327.9
9	Darren Tweed	M				73.7	83.7				82.8					83.8				4	324.0	X	324.0
10	Nigel Hanson	M50			62.5					65.7	58.5	66.3				62.7				5	315.7	X	315.7
11	Myra Wells	F50			53.0	51.1	55.5			55.2					51.7					5	266.5	X	266.5
12	Kevin Booth	M40					83.8				76.7					83.4				3	243.9	X	243.9
13	Graham Milnes	M50			55.9		60.4			55.9	61.9									4	234.1	X	234.1
14	Ian Stansfield	M65					51.2					48.2	48.3			47.4				4	195.1	X	195.1
15	Nick Barber	M					94.9						90.8							2	185.7	X	185.7
16	Jon Wright	M40				89.2	95.6													2	184.8	X	184.8
17	David Baldaro	M40			80.9										81.0					2	161.9	X	161.9
18	Richard O'Sullivan	M45			73.2										74.8					2	148.0	X	148.0
19	Lucy Hobbs	F40			70.6								68.8							2	139.4	X	139.4
20	Mel Siddall	F45				64.4						70.0								2	134.4	X	134.4
21	Bev Wright	F40			65.2										65.7					2	130.9	X	130.9
22	Dave O'Neill	M50			57.9		60.7													2	118.6	X	118.6
23	Barry Chapman	M60			55.3					57.4										2	112.7	X	112.7
24	Andrew Wrench	M40				88.0														1	88.0	X	88.0
25	Paul Hobbs	M									87.2									1	87.2	X	87.2
26	Sarah May	F				76.1														1	76.1	X	76.1
27	Keith Parkinson	M55														75.9				1	75.9	X	75.9
28	Karen Gray	F45													74.7					1	74.7	X	74.7
29	Maria Prescott	F45					73.8													1	73.8	X	73.8
30	Phil Cook	M40									72.4									1	72.4	X	72.4
31	Paul Cruthers	M									72.0									1	72.0	X	72.0
32	Phil Cook	M40					71.9													1	71.9	X	71.9
33	Bohuslav Barlow	M60											67.4							1	67.4	X	67.4
34	Moyra Parfitt	F65										62.2								1	62.2	X	62.2
35	Wayne Morrison	M40													61.1					1	61.1	X	61.1
36	Rachel Henthorne	F40			59.8															1	59.8	X	59.8
37	David Henthorne	M50			58.3															1	58.3	X	58.3
38	Katy Moore	F35									51.9									1	51.9	X	51.9
39	Rachel Allen	F40											46.9							1	46.9	X	46.9

2010 FELL TABLE					Ilkley Moor	Pendle	Mearley Clough	Sedburgh	Burnsall	Shelf Moor	Half Tour Pendle	Coledale	Coniston	Reservoir Bogs	Withins Skyline	Bronte Way	Trog	Ennerdale	Holme Moss	Borrowdale	Good Shepherd	Roaches	Completed Races	Total points	Qualified?	Qualifying TOTAL	
	attendance			7	13	15	22	0	0	13	19	28	20	0	0	10	16	16	0	0	0	179					
	average points			78.2	72.4	76.4	72.7	#DIV/0!	#DIV/0!	78.4	67.1	72.3	73.2	#DIV/0!	#DIV/0!	69.3	73.4	77.8	#DIV/0!	#DIV/0!	#DIV/0!						
1	Andrew Horsfall	M45			84.1	90.3	84.6				86.6	81.4	84.9	90.3					86.6					8	688.8	Q	523.3
2	Dave Collins	M50		85.6			85.1				84.7	80.4	84.2	86.9			83.3	75.3	89.3					9	754.8	Q	515.8
3	Clive Greatorex	M45		78.7							77.6	75.2		76.2			69.7	74.1						6	451.5	Q	451.5
4	Phil Hodgson	M50					74.8					72.0	77.2				76.6	75.6	71.0					6	447.2	Q	447.2
5	Jane Leonard	F50			65.5	73.8	72.7				62.8	61.7	66.5	67.8				73.3						8	544.1	Q	419.6
6	Richard Leonard	M50			68.3		66.8					62.2	68.1				68.4	66.5						6	400.3	Q	400.3
7	Louise Abdy	F45				64.0	62.5						59.7	61.5				58.0	61.1					6	366.8	Q	366.8
8	Jon Wright	M40					94.9				96.9		97.4	100.0				97.4						5	486.6	X	486.6
9	Andrew Wrench	M40				99.5					93.9	87.1	92.2	96.1										5	468.8	X	468.8
10	Lauren Jeska	F35			86.8		88.2						90.9					83.2	93.2					5	442.3	X	442.3
11	Steve Branwood	M50		82.1	79.5						80.7	78.3	83.5											5	404.1	X	404.1
12	Ben Crowther	M			82.7						82.4			85.5				66.5	68.8					5	385.9	X	385.9
13	Kath Brierley	F45					75.5					67.7	72.1					68.0	75.4					5	358.7	X	358.7
14	Alister R-Dawson	M					86.0						89.5					85.5	94.4					4	355.4	X	355.4
15	Nick Barber	M				95.3	92.0						70.8					84.4						4	342.5	X	342.5
16	Paul Hobbs	M		86.6							82.8			86.0					83.7					4	339.1	X	339.1
17	Paul Brannigan	M45		87.5		73.6								74.1					84.7					4	319.9	X	319.9
18	Dave O'Neill	M50			52.5	55.9	52.0						48.4	60.3										5	269.1	X	269.1
19	Richard Blakeley	M65					66.9					56.9	61.3	65.0										4	250.1	X	250.1
20	Sarah May	F				86.3							78.4						80.4					3	245.1	X	245.1
21	Martin Roberts	M50				87.0	77.4						75.2											3	239.6	X	239.6
22	Barry Chapman	M60				60.3	55.3					54.3	57.0											4	226.9	X	226.9
23	James Riley	M			74.1		72.7										70.9							3	217.7	X	217.7
24	Mick Craven	M50											72.7	73.2					71.7					3	217.6	X	217.6
25	Chris Preston	F45										63.7		68.4			76.4							3	208.5	X	208.5
26	Sarah Wharburton	F35										68.1	67.8					69.9						3	205.8	X	205.8
27	Mel Blackhurst	F40					67.0										66.7		67.3					3	201.0	X	201.0
28	John Preston	M45										58.1	67.8	67.2										3	193.1	X	193.1
29	Sue Roberts	F45				62.0	57.7						61.4											3	181.1	X	181.1
30	Peter Ehrhardt	M60		58.1							61.9	53.3												3	173.3	X	173.3
31	Oz Kershaw	M50																78.3	81.7					2	160.0	X	160.0
32	Kevin Booth	M40			77.3													65.8						2	143.1	X	143.1
33	Richard Butterwick	M		68.6							72.5													2	141.1	X	141.1
34	Peter Clarke	M55					73.0					65.6												2	138.6	X	138.6
35	Richard O'Sullivan	M45												65.5			66.5							2	132.0	X	132.0
36	Johnny Medcalf	M50										58.1		67.2										2	125.3	X	125.3
37	Elise Milnes	F50															57.4		64.6					2	122.0	X	122.0
38	Helen Hodgkinson	F35									60.1						57.4							2	117.5	X	117.5
39	Dave Wilson	M50											62.6					52.8						2	115.4	X	115.4
40	Mandy Goth	F45										53.0	58.3											2	111.3	X	111.3
41	Sean Carey	U18			90.7																			1	90.7	X	90.7
42	Darren Tweed	M				84.1																		1	84.1	X	84.1
43	Martin Stork	M				80.4																		1	80.4	X	80.4
44	Jeff Walker	M40											79.6											1	79.6	X	79.6
45	Shaun Picard	M45										78.1												1	78.1	X	78.1
46	David Baldaro	M									76.6													1	76.6	X	76.6
47	Roger Howarth	M40											75.8											1	75.8	X	75.8
48	Neil Hodgkinson	M40				75.0																		1	75.0	X	75.0
49	Rachel Skinner	F35											72.6											1	72.6	X	72.6
50	Keith Parkinson	M55			70.8																			1	70.8	X	70.8
51	Andrew Bibby	M55																	70.8					1	70.8	X	70.8
52	Claire Duffield	F35					70.6																	1	70.6	X	70.6
53	Peter Jackson	M60			68.0																			1	68.0	X	68.0
54	Lee McCluskey	M50					62.2																	1	62.2	X	62.2
55	Moyra Parfitt	F65					60.9																	1	60.9	X	60.9
56	Fiona Armer	F40												60.5										1	60.5	X	60.5
57	Mel Robertson	F45				58.3																		1	58.3	X	58.3
58	Stuart Boulton	M50												55.8										1	55.8	X	55.8
59	Patsey Reilly	F40												55.8										1	55.8	X	55.8
60	Paula Haworth	F35											48.9											1	48.9	X	48.9
61	Ian Stansfield	M65			40.5																			1	40.5	X	40.5

2010 GRAND PRIX TABLE - 20 races			No of races		Ilkley Moor	Pendle	Mearley Clough	Sedburgh	Half Tour Pendle	Coledale	Coniston	Withens Skyline	Reservoir Bogs	Bronte Way	Trog	Ennerdale	Holme Moss		Huddersfield 10k	Salford 10k	Cliviger 6	Lytham 10	Bluebell trail	Otley 10	Eccup 10	Burnlet fire Stn 7	Liversedge 1/2	Hendon Brook 1/2	completed races	total points	avg per race	Fell Races	avg per fell race	Road Races	avg per road race	QUALIFIED?	GP SCORE		
1	Paul Brannigan	M45	8	94.4		79.4							80.7				92.2		92.4		96.9			83.0	88.8				8	707.8	88.5	4	86.7	4	90.3	Q	707.8		
2	Mel Blackhurst	F40	8				82.5								81.1		82.9			81.4		89.2		87.7			88.4	92.0	8	685.2	85.7	3	82.2	5	87.7	Q	685.2		
3	Peter Ehrhardt	M60	8	76.6					82.7	71.3									81.9		83.8	82.9	83.5		79.7				8	642.4	80.3	3	76.9	5	82.4	Q	642.4		
4	Jon Wright	M40	7				97.7		99.7		100.3		102.9			100.2				91.8	98.4								7	691.0	98.7	5	100.2	2	95.1	X	691.0		
5	Elise Milnes	F50	7												75.3		84.8		88.9		87.7	84.7	86.5					86.7	7	594.6	84.9	2	80.1	5	86.9	X	594.6		
6	Andrew Wrench	M40	6			106.3			100.3	93.1	98.5		102.7							93.2									6	594.1	99.0	5	100.2	1	93.2	X	594.1		
7	Richard Butterwick	M	7	68.6					72.5										81.8	75.6	79.2	82.7					77.9		7	538.3	76.9	2	70.6	5	79.4	X	538.3		
8	Nick Barber	M	6			95.3	92.0				70.8					84.4					94.9				90.8				6	528.2	88.0	4	85.6	2	92.9	X	528.2		
9	Dave Collins	M50	9	101.4			100.8	100.4	95.3	99.8		102.8			98.7	89.2	105.8												9	894.2	99.4	9	99.4	0	###	X	511.2		
10	Martin Stork	M	8			80.4													81.9	77.0	86.3	82.8	84.3		81.0		81.1		8	654.8	81.9	1	80.4	7	82.1	X	496.8		
11	Lauren Jeska	F35	5		96.1		97.6				100.6					92.1	103.1												5	489.5	97.9	5	97.9	0	###	X	489.5		
12	Jane Leonard	F50	8		88.3	99.6	98.1	84.7	83.2	89.8		91.6				98.9													8	734.2	91.8	8	91.8	0	###	X	478.0		
13	Steve Branwood	M50	5	96.2	94.2				94.5	92.8	98.9																		5	476.6	95.3	5	95.3	0	###	X	476.6		
14	Andrew Horsfall	M45	8		90.8	97.4	91.3	93.5	87.8	91.6		97.5					93.2												8	743.1	92.9	8	92.9	0	###	X	473.2		
15	Melanie Robertson	F45	8			74.6													75.9	69.9	84.5	81.4	76.3		79.9		75.2		8	617.7	77.2	1	74.6	7	77.6	X	472.6		
16	Kath Brierley	F45	5				97.9			86.7	92.3					88.1	97.8												5	462.8	92.6	5	92.6	0	###	X	462.8		
17	Dave O'Neill	M50	7		60.9	64.8	60.3				56.1		69.9						65.3		68.4								7	445.7	63.7	5	62.4	2	66.9	X	445.7		
18	Barry Chapman	M60	6			80.6	73.8			72.6	76.1								69.6				72.2						6	444.9	74.2	4	75.8	2	70.9	X	444.9		
19	Phil Hodgson	M50	6				88.6			84.4	91.5				89.7	89.5	84.1												6	527.8	88.0	6	88.0	0	###	X	443.7		
20	Paul Hobbs	M	5	86.6					82.8				86.0				83.7						87.2						5	426.3	85.3	4	84.8	1	87.2	X	426.3		
21	Clive Greatorex	M45	6	84.9					84.5	81.9			83.1		75.2	80.8													6	490.4	81.7	6	81.7	0	###	X	415.2		
22	Kevin Booth	M40	5		82.6											71.0					89.5		79.4					89.0	5	411.5	82.3	2	76.8	3	86.0	X	411.5		
23	Darren Tweed	M	5			84.1														73.7	83.7		82.8					83.8	5	408.1	81.6	1	84.1	4	81.0	X	408.1		
24	Louise Abdy	F50	6			81.9	82.1				76.3		78.7			74.2	80.2												6	473.4	78.9	6	78.9	0	###	X	399.2		
25	Richard Leonard	M50	6		78.3		76.6			71.3	78.1				78.4	76.2													6	458.9	76.5	6	76.5	0	###	X	387.6		
26	Ben Crowther	M	5		82.7				82.4				85.5			66.5	68.8												5	385.9	77.2	5	77.2	0	###	X	385.9		
27	Alister R-Dawson	M45	4				88.5				89.5					88.0	97.2												4	363.2	90.8	4	90.8	0	###	X	363.2		
28	Nigel Hanson	M50	5																71.1				74.8	66.5	75.4			71.3	5	359.1	71.8	0	#####	5	71.8	X	359.1		
29	Mark Anderton	M45	4																	83.9	91.7		92.1				90.8		4	358.5	89.6	0	#####	4	89.6	X	358.5		
30	Sarah May	F	4			95.5					86.8						88.9			84.2									4	355.4	88.9	3	90.4	1	84.2	X	355.4		
31	Myra Wells	F50	5																69.3	66.8	73.3	72.2					67.6		5	349.2	69.8	0	#####	5	69.8	X	349.2		
32	Richard Blakeley	M65	4				93.0			79.1	85.2		90.4																4	347.7	86.9	4	86.9	0	###	X	347.7		
33	Ian Stansfield	M65	5		56.3																66.5			62.7	62.8			61.7	5	310.0	62.0	1	56.3	4	63.4	X	310.0		
34	Richard O'Sullivan	M45	4										72.8		74.0				79.1								80.8		4	306.7	76.7	2	73.4	2	79.9	X	306.7		
35	Martin Roberts	M50	3			100.8	89.7				87.2																		3	277.7									

46	Keith Parkinson	M55	2		85.8																				88.5	2	174.3	87.2	1	85.8	1	88.5	X	174.3
47	Mel Siddall	F45	2													80.8				87.7						2	168.5	84.3	0	#####	2	84.3	X	168.5
48	Lucy Hobbs	F40	2													82.0					79.8				2	161.8	80.9	0	#####	2	80.9	X	161.8	
49	Peter Clarke	M50	2				88.4		72.8																2	161.2	80.6	2	80.6	0	###	X	161.2	
50	Bev Wright	F40	2													75.7									2	152.0	76.0	0	#####	2	76.0	X	152.0	
51	Mandy Goth	F45	2						69.6	76.6															2	146.2	73.1	2	73.1	0	###	X	146.2	
52	Johnny Medcalf	M50	2						65.9		77.1														2	143.0	71.5	2	71.5	0	###	X	143.0	
53	Dave Wilson	M50	2							74.1					62.5										2	136.6	68.3	2	68.3	0	###	X	136.6	
54	Helen Hodgkinson	F35	2					68.6						65.4											2	134.0	67.0	2	67.0	0	###	X	134.0	
55	Karen Gray	F45	1																						1	91.8	91.8	0	#####	1	91.8	X	91.8	
56	Sean Carey	U18	1		90.7																				1	90.7	90.7	1	90.7	0	###	X	90.7	
57	Maria Prescott	F45	1														89.8								1	89.8	89.8	0	#####	1	89.8	X	89.8	
58	Peter Jackson	M60	1		87.5																				1	87.5	87.5	1	87.5	0	###	X	87.5	
59	Andrew Bibby	M55	1											85.8											1	85.8	85.8	1	85.8	0	###	X	85.8	
60	Bohuslav Barlow	M60	1																		84.0				1	84.0	84.0	0	#####	1	84.0	X	84.0	
61	Jeff Walker	M40	1							82.7															1	82.7	82.7	1	82.7	0	###	X	82.7	
62	Rachel Skinner	F35	1							81.9															1	81.9	81.9	1	81.9	0	###	X	81.9	
63	Shaun Picard	M45	1						80.3																1	80.3	80.3	1	80.3	0	###	X	80.3	
64	Claire Duffield	F35	1				79.7																		1	79.7	79.7	1	79.7	0	###	X	79.7	
65	Roger Howarth	M40	1							79.5															1	79.5	79.5	1	79.5	0	###	X	79.5	
66	Neil Hodgkinson	M40	1			77.9																			1	77.9	77.9	1	77.9	0	###	X	77.9	
67	Phil Cook	M40	1																	75.6					1	75.6	75.6	0	#####	1	75.6	X	75.6	
68	Phil Cook	M40	1														75.1								1	75.1	75.1	0	#####	1	75.1	X	75.1	
69	Fiona Armer	F40	1								73.6														1	73.6	73.6	1	73.6	0	###	X	73.6	
70	Lee McCluskey	M55	1				72.1																		1	72.1	72.1	1	72.1	0	###	X	72.1	
71	Paul Cruthers	M	1																	72.0					1	72.0	72.0	0	#####	1	72.0	X	72.0	
72	Rachel Henthorne	F40	1													71.4									1	71.4	71.4	0	#####	1	71.4	X	71.4	
73	Patsey Reilly	F40	1								67.1														1	67.1	67.1	1	67.1	0	###	X	67.1	
74	David Henthorne	M50	1													66.8									1	66.8	66.8	0	#####	1	66.8	X	66.8	
75	Wayne Morrison	M40	1																				64.8		1	64.8	64.8	0	#####	1	64.8	X	64.8	
76	Stuart Boulton	M50	1								64.0														1	64.0	64.0	1	64.0	0	###	X	64.0	
77	Katy Moore	F35	1																	59.2					1	59.2	59.2	0	#####	1	59.2	X	59.2	
78	Paula Haworth	F35	1							56.2															1	56.2	56.2	1	56.2	0	###	X	56.2	
79	Rachel Allen	F40	1																		55.4				1	55.4	55.4	0	#####	1	55.4	X	55.4	

SO HOW ARE WE DOING?



It's 3 months since our last Torrier and it's great to see so many Toddlies performing well in both local and championship races. We have strengthened our positions considerably over the last few months.

Star of the championships at the moment is Lauren who is currently 3rd in the British champs & 2nd in the English champs, with one more race to go. Not only that but she is now the proud owner of an England vest after representing her country in the recent International Snowdon race in Llanberis, where she helped the women to gain the team prize – fantastic. Lauren has also set her sights sky high by taking part in 2 WMRA events in the Alps this August.

Moyra Parfitt is still in gold medal position in the English champs L65 category after bravely completing both Noonstone & Sedbergh 3 Peaks with injuries acquired during the race, she is a tough cookie. Well done Moyra.

Currently the men are 7th in the English open team, 6th in the V40 team & 4th in the V50 team – showing that they are improving with age! The Ladies are currently 4th in both the open & LV40 teams, this is our best performance so far, and is no doubt due to the ever improving results from Sarah May at both Coniston and Holme Moss, should we gain two points on our nearest competitors in the next race we could be in for a bronze medal team result, how good would that be? So let's get out there train hard & have a go. Remember every runner is important in a championship race.

There weren't many slackers at Turnsack either as the men claimed the team prize with some excellent results Andrew Wrench 3rd, Sean Carey 4th, Alastair 7th & Dwane Dixon 8th. I believe there were only 3 seconds between Sean & Andrew which shows the strength Sean has developed over the last year under the guidance of coach Graeme Wrench. Sean also produced excellent results in the Midsummer madness series where he finished 1st in the junior series, with excellent results in the 2 senior races. He also finished second at Whittle Pike last week – improving on last year's time by nearly 2 minutes. Well done Sean – you are running so well. Jon Wright true to form has shown some excellent results in the big races this year running well at Jura, Ennerdale & Borrowdale and WINNING the Saunders Lakeland Mountain Marathon Scafell class with Richard Pattinson. Jane Leonard seems to have found her previous form returning to racing well after a long spell off with injury, winning LV50 prizes at nearly every race she runs – well done Jane.

So many Toddlies are improving at the moment with Nick Barber, Alastair, Paul Hobbs & Dwane Dixon showing strong performances in local races – it looks like we could have some cracking relay teams this year.

I know there are many people I haven't mentioned but I think that's a sign of how strong we are as a club, there are so many of us improving and more importantly getting out and enjoying our running and our club.

Happy running & hope to mention more of you in the next Torrier.

Kath B



MILLS PHYSIOTHERAPY

Hi my name is Ali Mills and I moved from London 5 weeks ago to live in Hebden Bridge with my partner Emma Osenton (the mad running/swimming/cycling/decorator) and her 2 cats Joss (after the legend himself of course) and Merckx

Pretty early on in my relationship with Emma she showed me a YouTube clip of fell running, my response was "why the *** would you want to do that? Thats just stupid!

You'd only do that if you wanted sprain an ankle or twist a knee" So of course I joined Tod Harriers and have started this mad silly sport (even done 2 races) which is a massive thing for me as I have never been a runner. As a physiotherapist I should know better but it is intriguing me, could i go faster? could i go further? According to any Tod Harrier I ask the answers are yes and yes and of course you can! Time will tell..

So as mentioned I am a Physiotherapist and **Mills Physiotherapy** has come to Hebden Bridge. This is a little promotion to the Tod Harriers as I'm sure a few of you may need my services and if not now then sometime in the future!

I studied and then worked in London for 13 years and have gained lots of experience in treating a vast range of conditions, including sports injuries, back and neck pain, postural dysfunctions, joint pain, sprains and strains etc

I have trained as a Pilates instructor and specifically use pilates as part of rehabilitation. At the moment I am only doing this on a 1:1 basis. Increasing core stability is a special area of interest of mine. Pilates can be used as a form of treatment but also for prevention of injury, improving performance and increasing general well being.

As part of the clinic I will be having a Reformer with Tower which is a piece of pilates equipment. It is spring loaded for assistance and resistance and can provide a whole body challenging workout!

Treatment I can offer includes manual joint therapy (using my hands), soft tissue therapy including myofascial release, ultrasound, acupuncture for pain and muscle spasm (very



effective), exercise and rehabilitation post injury and surgery, biomechanical assessments, posture analysis/correction, injury prevention advice and more!

Special £10 Shelf Moor Offer

I don't think that I will be adding to the points for Tod Harriers from his race but some of you hopefully will. Anyone entering the race can have a bargain £10 check up/treatment prior to the race, make sure you're in top condition, just call to make an appointment, early and late appointments available for your convenience.

Mills Physiotherapy
Ali Mills
11a Palace House Road
Hebden Bridge

07780 90 14 93

Normal prices are £35 for 30-45 mins but £30 for Tod Harriers.

So, I look forward to meeting those of you I haven't yet, any tips about fell running gratefully recieved!

Ali

CYCLING FROM HEBDEN BRIDGE TO LONDON

Short version.

357km

2270m of ascent

13hours of ride time.....2hours50 minutes of stops.

27kph average.

The oh gosh what a long version....

As you may know I live ooop north and my partner lived in north london. Now in the world of Emma its logical to assume that one day I'd ride down. Time is ticking as Ali is moving up in a couple of weeks.

Enter my friend the crazy boxer....Paz. Top half is a heavy weight boxer, covered in tattoos and the bottom half shaves his legs and powers up hills on his bike. We met when I tried to chase him up the longest incline in England a few years ago. We've done a few silly long jaunts since then.

Paz pointed out it was about time to do another and so the idea was born.

Throw open an invite to tri London and along comes Avi (although I'm wondering if he's really magnus backsted in a wig the way he just keeps on pedalling) and his life saving GPS.

After a spot of faffing about Sam arrives and off we pedal, collecting Paz along the way. I could go into the ride but I think I'll stick more with my observations.

Avoiding the bigger hills we arrived into Sheffield. A big eye opener for me. I never knew it had trams. More noticeable was the poverty, huge long strips of derilict tower blocks, the graffitti in six foot high letters "you couldn't make it up!" Says it all really. I ran the Rotherham 50 a couple of years ago and left that thinking how sad the forgotten north is. Once areas of such industrial promise blown apart by the last recession only to claw themselves back only to get trampled yet again. But enough social comment the band of weary travellers were getting hungry.

Now let's just say we didn't exactly find a jem of locally produced organic healthy baked breakfast goodies....more two confused voluntary ladies staffing a charity community space. "Now breakfast is beans, bacon, eggs and two slices of bread". "Can we have toast?" "That's extra if you want it toasted. It'll be £2 not £1.80" brilliant you couldn't script it and they only do scrambled egg as the whole lot was microwaved!

Off we pedal down towards Newark on Trent. Rolling plains expand before us. Paz hadn't done much cycling in

the last year (not more than 50km) and was starting to get some shoulder pain. Hard nut boxers don't do ibuprofen and he soldiered on with 'mental strength' as he described it!

Looking out at the lush green landscape I pondered as to how many flag waving chavs really ever look at the country as we do. Such a varied land, passing castles forests, houses by many a design, windmills.....hungry again.....garden centre at Rutland. GPS wasn't programmed to negotiate poly tunnels! Just as we'd settled in with the blue rinse brigade it started to rain. And rain it did. Avi had packed the kitchen sink so was fine but Paz had to nip off to purchase a lovely anorak turning him into half chav half cyclist! Another round of tea and cake and we had to admit we were about to get soaked. Still we were 200km in so we'd cracked the back of it.

Rain rain rain.

Thank god for gps as hovering with maps would have been horrid. Strangely my memory seems to have erased the soggy bit and can only remember the joys of Wellingborough. Avi turned into a man with a one track mind....and the mind said....(You guessed it)....food! Hot food...mmmmm...not sure what Wellingborough was doing for tourism but I think we missed it!

And on we pedal.....and pedal....amazingly I didn't feel too bad. Taking turns on the front I think we made a good team. The rain had stopped and I think we were all lifted by realising we could do it. Somehow we then seemed to slow. I'd forgotten the list of place names to follow and couldn't remember where welwyn was.....but then like a mirage a sign with A1000 upon it. Never thought that would be such a happy sight! 30km to go...last chance for a quick hide behind the hedge wee and we're on the home stretch.

And the football was on! I became a football fan....well not of actual football more the fact that the roads were ours. I'd been worried about london traffic when I was tires but it was fine.

Quick charge round the north circular and there was Ali nearly in tears ready to greet us with.....yep.....a big pile of yummy food!

Brilliant fun. Ace people to ride with. Great route.....can't wait for the next adventure.

Emma

Hadrian's Cycleway



NCN Route 72. South Shields to Ravensglass 174 miles

Having ducked out of Rachel's brother's Australian wedding on environmental and unsociable grounds, I was at a loss as to what to do with myself for a week in June.

Having never taken a holiday on my own before, it seemed a good opportunity to test my metal with a solo expedition, but what? My first thought was Coast to Coast on foot, supposedly far superior to the Pennine Way, according to Wainwright anyway, and I already have the guidebook courtesy of a birthday. I soon worked out that I didn't have the time though, unless I set myself a punishing schedule, and it is a holiday after all.

OK, so if not on foot, coast to coast by bike? Surfing the Internet for ideas I discovered 'Sustrans', the UK's leading sustainable transport charity, so they say, whose vision is 'a world in which people choose to travel in ways that benefit their health and the environment.' All well and good, but all I want is some free route advice. While looking at their Sea to Sea route or C2C, as they prefer to call it, I found the Hadrian's Wall route, which immediately caught my interest. The majority of the route would be new territory to me, and also had an element of historical exploration thrown in. Seemed ideal. After spending some time checking out Sustrans' on-line mapping I eventually stumped up the money to buy their official map for £6.99, and having committed cash, I now had the impetus to plan my trip.

The route is usually ridden west to east as this takes advantage of the route profile, with short sharp ascents and long flowing down hill. East to west seemed logical to me though as I have spent so much time in The Lakes recently that it would be like cycling home, sort of. Also I could get a lift close to South Shields with Suma's Newcastle wagon on a Friday morning, saving on train fares and train hassle. Northern Rail let your bike

travel for free, but won't guarantee that they let you on with it. They have two bike spaces on each train and if they're full of bikes, or passengers, it's the conductor's discretion to let you travel. Probably be fine but you never know, so I booked myself a guaranteed one way gratis journey with the Newcastle driver who informed me that he set off at 4am and could drop me at Washington Services for 6am, nice.

Even better my Dad stepped in last minute, offering to run me up at a much more sociable time. Only as we were leaving Hebden Bridge did I realise he was heading for Ravensglass...

Day 1. South Shields to Ovingham 24 miles.

The route starts/ends at Arbeia Roman Fort, skilfully hidden at the centre of a housing estate in South Shields.

Arriving at lunchtime, our round-the-houses navigation was fortunate in passing Coleman's award winning Fish and Chip Shop, 'Famous for fish and chips since 1926'. Where my Dad extracted a fish supper from me to go with his Father's Day whisky - train next time I think.

The reconstructed Roman Gate House provides a nice backdrop for eating chips and also a nice backdrop for an 'off I go' photograph. So off I went. First time out with both panniers fully loaded. I'd previously biked to work with some of my camping gear, about 5kg, to get a feel for how much weight I could carry. Now I estimated that I had about 12kg over the rear wheel. I could feel the weight, but it felt OK. Like moving from my car to my camper, life took on a new speed. Steady away, watch your fuel consumption, and don't ride off the curb like that again or you'll bust your wheel.

Less than quarter of a mile down the road though and I'm waiting. Waiting for a passenger ferry to take me across the River Tyne. You can't beat a ride on a ferry to make you feel like you're really on holiday. £1.10 one-way, and I'm away again heading through North Shields and Wallsend on a purpose built, traffic free, route towards Newcastle. The route snakes around the former glories of shipbuilding, passing what's left of Harland and Wolff, before taking on a predictable urban feel as the tarmac glitters with broken glass and the walls are daubed with graffiti. Some of the glass looks to be deliberately targeted at cyclist with occasional bottles smashed in the centre of the path, and only a couple of miles into my trip I pick up a front puncture. Expecting to be bike-jacked by teen-hoodies at any moment, I swiftly repaired the damage, but was only accosted by fellow cyclist offering assistance and commiseration that 'shit happens.' Back on track again and I'm swiftly back to the banks of the River Tyne, and the upmarket Newcastle Quayside. Cycling past bars and restaurants, resisting the urge to stop so soon, and being unable to get the song 'Fog on the Tyne' out of my head. Gaza's version obviously as it's easier to sing.

The route follows the banks of the Tyne out of the City, through country parks and suburbia. It's only when I cross Wylam Railway Bridge, an impressive early example of a single span suspension bridge built in 1876, that I begin to appreciate the depth of industrial history I'm passing along the river. Maybe I should have stopped for a coffee on the quay to soak up the heritage, and tried my hand at busking.

Onwards to Ovingham and its precarious looking twin steel bridges, where I had planned my first night's stay. 'That'll be just ten pounds for the night then' says Mr Campsite owner. I bite my tongue to suppress the Yorkshire war cry.

Day 2 Ovingham to Haltwhistle 33 miles +6 miles

Pleasant night in Ovingham despite watching England play Algeria. Switched pubs at half time to see if it would improve the situation but to no avail.

Back in the saddle for 8.00am and it's off to the hills in search of the Romans, or what's left of them.

Hadrian's Wall was a Roman frontier built in the years AD 122-30 by order of the Emperor Hadrian. It was 73 miles long and ran from Wallsend-on-Tyne in the east to Bowness on the Solway Firth in the west. The whole 150-mile from South Shields to Ravensglass was made an UNESCO World Heritage Site in 1987, and what remains of the wall is now strategically occupied by English Heritage, a government organisation that practices highway robbery on unsuspecting tourists.

The cycle route continues to follow the River Tyne on quiet back roads. Taking you through the centre of historic villages and small towns along the way. Notably Corbridge with its 14th century Vicar's Pele Tower, built from the remains of the nearby Roman town of Corstopitum.

At Hexham the Tyne splits into two tributaries, the River North Tyne and River South Tyne and the route climbs steadily through the dramatic and wild countryside of the Northumberland National Park to its highest point at 300 meters, where Roman forts and views of the North Pennines are plentiful. A short diversion up Route 68 takes you to Steel Rigg, probably the most photographed section of the wall.

The cycle route is very well sign posted, every time I hesitated that I might have gone astray, a reassuring blue sticker, or pointer, would confirm that I was on the right track, leaving my map redundant and stowed away. So imagine my surprise when after a particularly steep hill I was greeted with a familiar looking view of Vindolanda Roman Fort, and then a very familiar junction where I had eaten a sandwich earlier. Some local wag had subtly move an arrow directing the unsuspecting travel in a perpetual loop. No harm done though, as I couldn't be certain that the old man grinning from his armchair window was responsible. I gave him the benefit of the doubt, and had to admit it was quite amusing.

Back on track through Haltwistle and on to my next planned stop at Greenhead, where the small campsite- 'lovingly cared for by an old lady living in a static caravan'- according to reviews on ukcampsite.co.uk. Was- 'now closed'. Bugger! Back on the bike to Haltwistle.

Day 3 Haltwistle to Port Carlisle 41 miles

Slight frost overnight and a glorious sunny morning, Yesterday had started with occasional light drizzle, and then slowly grown into a real flag cracker of a day, today looked set to be top cycling weather.

A short climb back up to Greenhead, and on to Birdoswald Roman Fort, which for me was the most enjoyable part of the wall. The road runs parallel to a section of wall interspersed with Turrets and magnificent views south over the Pennines.

Rounding a bend I came across Lanercost Priory, founded in 1169 as an Augustinian monastery, and despite being "dissolved" by Henry VIII in 1536, parts of the original foundation survive and are in use to this day. Parking my bike up, I was able to gain access to the churchyard and then on round the back of the monastery on a public footpath. It was only as I was leaving the church that I was accosted by English Heritage. A very pleasant, but persistent, woman who was opening up for the day, clearly believed that if she talked to me for long enough she could persuade me to part with £44.00 for annual membership- she was very wrong.

Back in the saddle and it's off to Carlisle, leaving the Pennine Hills behind. At various junctions I was met with a repeated 'Carlisle 7 miles', before a 'Carlisle 9 miles' as the route winds its way through picturesque villages in a dog-legged determination to avoid the main roads into the city. Through the centre itself the route is traffic free, and you have to admire the ingenuity of the route planner- park, back-ally, pedestrian street, car park, river bank. Some of it a bit rough and ready, but Sustrans are continually working on developing the route and negotiating improved access.

West of Carlisle I'm cruising down to the Solway Coast, and my next overnight at Port Carlisle.

Five pounds to camp in a field of buttercups, a free cold shower, and a half-pint of full fat milk from the farmer's wife. I feel like I've stepped back in time, it's all a bit Famous Five.

The locals are making full use of the National Cycle Network by cycling 18 miles of the coast in fancy dress, stopping off at every pub on the way, not a helmet in sight. A scarecrow on a butcher's bike particularly impressed me. Late into the evening I can still hear the occasional, giggling, cyclist meandering down the lane.

Day 4 Port Carlisle to Ravenglass 76 Miles

The Solway Firth is the third largest estuary in the UK, and has been recognised as an Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty since 1964, a nature reserve of mud flats, sand dunes, and salt marsh, with distant views across to Scotland. The tide comes in and out with remarkable speed, and every four weeks the high tide floods parts of the coast road.

Fortunately it isn't high tide and I don't have to short cut this dramatic section of coastline.

Passing through Bowness-on-Solway, the western end of Hadrian's Wall, the route is flat and fast and I have to reign in my enthusiasms. I've planned to ride the best part of eighty miles today, which is further than I've ridden before, and I don't want to run out of steam.

Sunday afternoon the coast road was comparatively busy with weekend sightseers bombing along. Monday morning it was just me, the school bus, and the odd farmer. (Odd as in more than one of them- although one of them had daubed 'Vote BNP' on his gate.)

Early morning I rolled into Silloth, a small town, noted for its glorious sea views and sunsets painted by Turner. I had originally planned to stay at Silloth but was put off by The Batman who said it was 'an odd place', (odd as in strange), but I found it pleasant enough on a Monday morning.

Cracking on south, I hadn't previously appreciated how populated this stretch of coast is, a mix of forgotten seaside towns, and industry, stretch down through Maryport, Workington, and Whitehaven. Thankfully avoiding the main road the cycleway provides a green transport network linking some interesting housing estates, seasonally decorated for the Word Cup with enough George's Crosses to put East Belfast to shame. Sadly no one had painted a mural of Wayne Rooney on their gable end which would have been a nice finishing touch.

Along pretty Whitehaven quayside the route then heads back inland though villages decorated with window boxes and the occasional flag before returning to the coast at Sellafield.

Approaching the end of the line at Ravenglass I'm expecting to cruise into the village down the main road. The route though unexpectedly takes me out through the dunes and onto an adventurous little path of rubber matting along the edge of the bay, where stunning views of Ravenglass in the evening light draw me down to the finish at the Roman Bath House.

A fitting finally to a very enjoyable route.

Day 5 Ravenglass...

Only one thing for it, as Freddie Mercury once said 'get on your bike and ride,' Hardknott here I come...



Jeff 18th – 23rd June 2010

Alpe d'huez Short Course.

Silence in the tent. It's the start of another great day in the Alps. Across the valley, the sun is catching the cliffs and it will be on the tent in about 30 minutes. The calm of the campsite is shattered as Phil lets go with a couple of fly-sheet rippers.

Situation normal, and soon enough a brew is delivered. Race day!

Wondering if I've done too much riding yesterday, reminding myself that it's not a big race. However, I am about to fulfil an ambition of doing this race, about which I have heard so much.

In transition, after a pleasant morning faffing about with kit, it is the usual scene—getting there far too early, pacing around worrying about what you haven't forgotten, putting wetsuit on on a hot day with 30 minutes to go.

It's actually coming on to rain as I catch up with Johnny and we enter the lake. That first dip under with your head into cold water, and then we're waiting for the off...

Lots of people worry about the swim start, and they are right. It's an alien place, everyone taking on everyone else, and today it's a bit rough. Trying to be the calm man when all around are thrashing about, I get into a rhythm and realise I am having a good swim. Exchange punches with some foreign Johnny (or so I'd like to think) at the first turn, and then turn for home. My sighting is excellent for once and I swim in a straight line to the finish. Up the ramp and then into T1.

The rain has made the road greasy and the first mile is taken very easily. But when I'm through the village, I'm on the bars and feel great. I tell myself to slow down, as there's the slight matter of Alpe d'Huez to come, but I am enjoying the road surface too much. A bunch comes past, all riding together. "Drafting! Piss off, Cheats!" I cry. They will all finish in front of me. But I won't have cheated like them.

All too soon the foot of the Alpe approaches. Supporters are lining the road, screaming at everyone. Brilliant! Allez Allez! I hit the first slope, which is often called the Ramp. Like the bottom of Cross stone Road. Images of Lance and Beltran digging in and smashing the leading group within 300 yards. It's not quite like that for me. But I do feel great, and manage the bottom section in control of my head, unlike some around me who have just gone off too hard.

The rest of the climb is a delight, because I am saving it all for the run, so I can keep backing off if I need to. Not a Bike Race.

Transition is quick and I bang a gel down and run off, determined to pace myself. I can't. and I keep having to check my stride, at least until the turn around. There's a bit of a climb, which I deal with by counting in tens to the rhythm of my feet.

Just about half a mile to go, and I go over on my ankle. The crowd cheer me on, and I can't stop. Race into finish. Done.

On holiday in the Alps with my friends and competing.

Yes, more please...

Simon Anderton



For weeks I'd been trying to psyche myself up for the Lakeland 50, the 'fun run' option at the Ultra Tour of the Lake District 100 mile race. I'd had a bad run 3 weeks earlier at the Osmotherley 33, and was really struggling to get my head in the right place for this final challenge. The Lakeland 50 was the last race I was planning to complete in the Vasque Ultra Running Series, and the furthest I had ever run. I'd felt shattered and run down for weeks, and imagined myself shuffling and moaning all the way round, that was even if I completed it. I'd been so unenthusiastic I hadn't even looked at the paperwork (of which there was volumes) until a few days beforehand. Luckily though, when I did finally look at it, I felt those first little trembles of excitement and anticipation. I remembered I would be in my beloved Lake District, in the great company of Elise and Claire (a kindred spirit we'd met at Osmo), and that actually, this was what I loved.

We'd decided to just drive down on the morning being as the race didn't start until Midday. Unfortunately that plan was fixed before we read that registration closed at 8.30am. So, up before dawn, picking Elise up at 5.45am. This was going to be a long day, as we knew we were going to be running through the night, and would probably finish around about the same time the next morning!

Arriving at Coniston

It was all a buzz at Coniston. Most people had camped in the field the night before, and the atmosphere was relaxed but full of anticipation. Firstly, each competitor was weighed and the weight recorded on a permanent wristband to wear for the entire event. Now, I know from experience that we all eat far too much chocolate and jelly babies for this to be an effective form of weight loss, so asked why. Apparently, if things go very wrong and we find ourselves in hospital, then the measure of weight loss or gain is a huge clue to what is physiologically wrong. Next: kit check – very thorough, checking that every item on the list is carried: proper waterproof body covering, spare whole body base layer, hat and gloves, bivi bag, headtorch and spare batteries, first aid kit, food and drink, compass and whistle. Then we picked up our waterproof map and instructions, and dibbers were strapped to wrists. Marc the organiser gave an entertaining briefing about the event, and then it was off to Dalemmain for the start.

The Start at Dalemmain 12.00 noon

Most of the competitors were travelling up to Dalemmain on coaches. But we had our wonderful personal assistant and chauffeur Darren to drive us. Elise, Claire and I arrived at the start nice and early and had plenty of time to mess around with rucksacks and queue for toilets. I exchanged a few words with Dave Makin who had dreamt up the whole idea for the event, and misguidedly (as I was to discover) called him a bastard! Fortunately I saw him after the event and was able to retract my words.

We were herded into the pen and soon after we were all charging across the field like an army, only to come to a stop within a few hundred yards to wait 10 minutes at a stile. No

matter, none of our little team were concerned about 10 minutes on our time. We were all in this for the experience, and our goal was to complete it, and more importantly, try to enjoy it.

To Looping the Loop to Howtown 2.35pm

Darren hadn't entered the event, as he was outraged at the £70 price tag. Fortunately too, as when the day arrived he was carrying an achilles injury. However, he was keen to support at the event, and ran with us on the four mile loop at the start, where family and friends are invited to join in. He came with us for a while, as we left the loop running back through the start ("You CAN run a bit faster you know!", heckled the organiser as we passed through). A fairly stiff climb up from Pooley Bridge, where Darren decided to say goodbye, and then a lovely long runnable descent to the first checkpoint at Howtown Bobbin Mill. I think we set the tone for the day here, and we really weren't quick through the checkpoint. We all visited the loo, and enjoyed a piece of cake and a full cup of hot tea. It was bizarre, like a Mad Hatters Tea Party. I also got my first glance of a 100 miler's bare, bruised and battered feet. They'd started at 5.30pm the afternoon before, and had now covered just over 60 miles.

To Falling in Haweswater 5.41pm

We knew that the biggest climb of the day was upon us, up to the Wether Hill Pass at approximately 2150ft. I wondered whether it was a good thing to just get it out the way early on, or a bad thing to get tired legs so early on. What the heck, just get up there! The climb was tough, and I realised that I hadn't done anywhere near enough hill walking this year. Claire was looking strong, and led us at a stomp, and I couldn't quite keep up.

I'd resolved before this event not to take a passive role with the navigating. I'd been a bit lazy in a few events this year and just followed blindly. But I knew that I COULD navigate and I didn't want to be following others who perhaps weren't quite so experienced. I kept tabs on the map at all times, and became resoundingly aware that lots of people seemed to be wandering forward along the ridge, when we needed to cut down to join the beck. We regrouped with Claire and cut down, picking up a good trod through the bracken, and catching up and overtaking a big group of people who had been far in front of us. This boosted my mental spirits no end. Trouble was though, my physical spirits were ebbing. We'd been up since before dawn and had missed lunch. I was starving! I started to dream of the coca-cola at Mardale Head, and hope there was some proper savoury food. I was slow along the long path at the side of Haweswater (though was in better shape than one lass I saw throwing up in the bushes), though we managed to stay in front of most of the people we'd overtaken. It had started to rain, the rocks were slippery and the day was looking pretty miserable. Claire was looking really strong, and disappeared into the distance, and we hoped that she was on for a stormer and would run a great time. Our heart sank for her when we caught

her up coming into the Mardale Head Checkpoint. She'd taken a nasty fall and hurt her knee quite badly.

It was pouring with rain at the checkpoint. Typical as this was one of only two that weren't indoors. I was really disappointed to learn that the coca-cola had run out, after looking forward to it for so long, but was delighted to get a cup of hot soup and some bread. I stood in the rain and gulped it down, just what I needed. Everyone was shrugging off their rucksacks and putting them in puddles, to put on their waterproofs. Claire took a few minutes to raid her first aid kit and patch up her knee. Unfortunately her Garmin watch was smashed beyond repair though.

The atmosphere was grim. People were trudging away in the rain with their hoods up. As we began the long climb up the Gatescarth Pass, we felt like refugees leaving camp for a long journey into the unknown.

To Partying at Kentmere*8.03pm*

With our hoods pulled up tightly against the wind and rain, conversation was minimal as we ascended. I thought about Mark Palmer who had completed this whole event in 8hrs 34 the year before, and did some mental arithmetic. He ran ten minute miles. Not much slower than my best pace for a road marathon. As I gasped and laboured, and picked my way awkwardly over the slippery rocks, I marvelled.

Finally it levelled out, and then began to descend. Oh God, this was even worse. The rain was torrential, and the path was my worse nightmare, a made path of rocks and stones laid on their sides, not helped by the river coursing down over it. We caught up with two of Claire's friends who were doing the 100, kitted out from head to foot in their waterproofs, hoods drawn tight; their feet killing them now. We congratulated them on their achievement so far, and Claire joked that this was probably the only time she would ever overtake them.

We came into the checkpoint at Kentmere, and I don't think I've ever felt so at home anywhere else, ever. It was warm, there was music playing and fairy lights twinkling. There were physiotherapists, bowls of pasta, smoothies, cups of tea and biscuits. There were a lot of glazed eyed people, and we all knew that each of us knew exactly how each other felt. I booked myself in with a physio; I needed an elbow in my buttock, I'd been limping along for a while now with a painful piriformis. Agony, but she knew what she was doing. It hit the spot as I groaned about 'how cruel' it all was. I commented to Elise and Claire that I felt terrible for just 27 miles. Only just over half way, and it was going dark rapidly outside. Elise explained that it was probably because it was going on 9pm, and our bodies weren't used to that! A bowl of pasta, a cup of tea and a few biscuits all went down well. The greatest pleasure however, was stripping off the wet waterproofs and t-shirts and putting on dry clothes. Ah bliss.

To the Casualty Tent at Ambleside*11.06pm*

It was difficult leaving the haven of Kentmere, and going back out into the gloom and drizzle (yes, fortunately the rain was diminishing). I was still limping a bit as we climbed the Garburn Pass, but the buttock ache was also to diminish over the coming miles. We joked with some fellas we caught up with that we wanted to get to the next party at Ambleside, which would be even better. As we passed into darkness as we went into the cover of trees, and we finally switched our headtorches on. It was difficult to see, the air was filled with drizzle, perhaps midges, and there were still pockets of mist. We were careful with the navigation, checking regularly with our compasses that we were still right, and it went without a hitch. I got a signal and rang Darren who had said he would wait at Ambleside to support us. Three or four miles to go; I said we'd be about an hour. That was before we got to the steep descent with the slippery smooth limestone and the tree roots grabbing at our feet. Finally we hit tarmac and jogged into Ambleside. I didn't know what to expect at 11pm as we ran past the pubs and nightlife of Ambleside, but it was fabulous, just clapping and respectful 'well done's'. There was Darren, who had been there for hours, so relieved to see us, not least because it meant he could finally go back to the campsite and get some sleep.

The checkpoint at Lakes Runner in Ambleside wasn't quite the party we'd anticipated. Rather, it was more like a warzone casualty tent. Several 100 milers were in there with their shoes off, and the smell was terrible. People were sitting staring vacantly, and conversation was minimal, just the odd incoherent mumble. The marshalls seemed to be assessing peoples' conditions quite carefully here, asking questions and staring into eyes. Like a bizarre drug test; we were high on exhaustion. We sat and refuelled on lukewarm tomato soup and coca cola. 34 miles, the furthest I'd ever been. 16 to go. I was shattered, but there was now no doubt that I was capable of completing it.

Eventually we were ready to go, and we set off on the final leg. We'd broken the back of it now, and the rest of it was familiar and well reccied. However, it did also contain the bits that I'd dreaded the most!

To Delirium at Chapel Stile*1.06am*

We knew that the route between Ambleside and Chapel Stile was easy-peasy, and we made good progress running all the way through the park on the smooth path, overtaking 6 or 7 people. We came into another fantastic checkpoint at Langdale School, this one with pans of hot stew. The marshalls joked that it was the cheapest stuff they could get and it contained children, but it was the best thing I'd ever tasted, ever ever. I joked that the checkpoints were little bits of absolute heaven, and that I was totally in love with the marshalls. They said I was now delirious.

To Quickly at Tilberthwaite*4.17am*

The three of us felt renewed after stew, tea and biscuits and we were off again. But we weren't to run another step until we hit the road in Coniston. The route finding was more difficult now, on narrower vaguer paths, and it was misty in patches. We went carefully over the rocky ground, successfully staying on course.

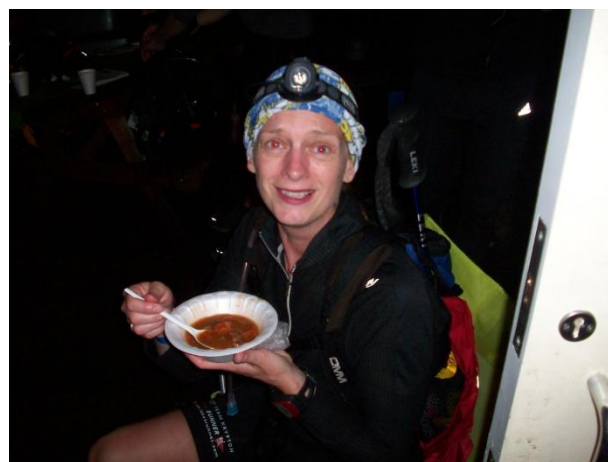
Once we were past Blea Tarn I needed my walking pole to help me over the rocky ground, and I was glad I'd carried it for 45 miles! We soon arrived at the last checkpoint in Tilberthwaite, and this was the only one we didn't hang around at. I grabbed a piece of maltloaf and thanked the marshall for standing on that misty hillside at 4am.

To Finishing Ectasy 5.49am

So, the last leg. And the bit where I'd got lost on a reccy on a misty day. Luckily we'd timed it well, and a misty dawn was just breaking as the path disappeared. We fumbled about in the bracken only very briefly before finding the path. We made good progress on the folks we'd left behind at the checkpoint, they were nowhere to be seen. At this moment, the end was just a few miles away, and we were high up in the mountains as dawn was breaking. I felt euphoric. And I knew absolutely that it had been totally worth it, and this was a real highpoint of my life. And a real achievement. We passed several more people struggling down the difficult descent, and soon we were running into Coniston just moments from finishing. It was 5.45 in the morning, and there were people out on the street clapping us. I felt the goose-pimples run all down my spine, and had to crack some jokes with Elise and Claire to stop myself from crying. Into the hall for the final 'dib', and there was a whole hall full of people respectfully clapping us for our achievement. It really was all I could do to hold back the tears.

I sat down and Claire's mate brought us a beer over. Just the ticket at 6am! It went down well. I took the shoes off my sore, achey and burning feet, and I wasn't able to put any back on again for 2 days.

Claire texted a few days later. Her garmin had continued to record despite the screen being totally smashed. 50.99 miles. 17hrs 49mins. Total moving time 13hrs 30. And I don't regret a single second of that time spent in the little bits of absolute heaven.



One foot in front of the other.....a Bob Graham Round

“There’s nothing like it”. How many times had people said that to me? “King for a day” said Rhys, “make the most of it, enjoy your day”.

Easy for him to say. But having had a failed attempt last year during which I felt sick all day, it was not easy for me to imagine enjoying it! However, that said, I’m not one to be defeated by something and I love my long days on the fells. So, once the achilles had settled down to a manageable state over the winter, I took to the fells once again and enjoyed long Spring days out, building myself up for another attempt.

And how I enjoyed the “training”. From Easter to the end of June, we were away almost every weekend, spending days out on the fells and sleeping under canvas at night. The cold winter gave way to a glorious spring and early summer and the confidence grew.



I supported 3 successful BGs in May and June, gradually building up the time on feet to the point where my last long run was supporting the last 3 legs of someone’s BG. I looked back at my last 6 weeks of training and realised that, whereas the mantra for success is “10,000 feet per week”, I’d actually been putting in over 15,000 feet with no difficulty. The achilles was feeling a little battered and a couple of niggles had developed elsewhere, but with a good taper planned, I knew there was time for the body to recover.

And come the day, I was feeling good and ready. The body had recovered (assisted, no doubt, by Kirsten’s banning of alcohol for the last 2 weeks!) and I was straining at the leash. The weather had really turned nasty in July, but I at least had a calm, clear night to start and it was with relish that I headed out of Keswick at midnight, and up onto Skiddaw to start my round.

And from there, it went better than I could ever have hoped for or expected. Superb navigators, great support and company on the fells, the best road support in the business and I just felt strong mentally and physically all day. There was never a single doubt in my mind that I was going to get round in under 24 hours. I was well up on time at Dunmail, almost an hour up at Wasdale and, but for messing around at Honister and spending far too long talking to people...then being persuaded to go off-road from Newlands and getting lost(!)..... I’d have been back in Keswick 30 minutes earlier than I was.

But that doesn’t matter. Time is unimportant as long as it’s under 24 hours. I had a wonderful day, in wonderful company. I enjoyed every minute (ok, ok..I didn’t exactly enjoy the climb up Gable in thick mist and driving rain!). I felt so thrilled to be there, so inspired by the people who came out to support me and so grateful for the help that everyone gave me.

How could I not be inspired by a 65-year old fellrunning legend agreeing to come along and faultlessly navigate the two toughest legs, showing me every shortcut in the book in thick clag and driving rain? How could I

possibly fail when I had Bill Johnson navigate me perfectly across a misty leg 2 and his wife, the holder of the fastest time for a female BG, taking video of me at Dunmail and telling me I was going well! Add to that the BG Secretary accompanying me on the final 3 legs, and plenty of other remarkable folk from clubs as diverse as Northumberland FR, Dark Peak, Calder Valley, Tattenhall, Bowland and Pennine supporting me, and I felt privileged and honoured to be out there.

It's a day I'll never forget. I touched the top of Robinson in the fading light and wished the day could last forever. Kirsten trotted with me as we approached the lights of Keswick. Across the fields, a left turn, right over the bridge and up towards the main square. I was aware of people cheering and, from somewhere, I managed a sprint up the centre of the street and straight to the green doors of the Moot Hall to complete in 23.20.

Congratulations, lots of smiles, a bottle of champagne, a bag of chips....and I'm too wired to sit down, my legs don't want to stop. I'm aware that I'm sporting a broad grin and it's not going away any time soon. 10 minutes later, the two cups of champagne hit with a vengeance and I'm struggling to keep my head up and stay awake. Kirsten manages to get me back to the tent and into the sleeping bag, for a restless night's sleep, the adrenaline still flowing and the legs twitching.

The long-distance bug has well and truly bitten me. After a few days of moving awkwardly, thoughts already turn to the next big day out. I've had enough of the Lakes for now, especially with the Summer hordes arriving. Our sights are turned to Wales and I can't wait to get out there and recce the Paddy Buckley.....ready for doing it next Spring I hope.

A huge thanks to everyone who helped me, both last year on my unsuccessful attempt, and this year and a special thanks to Kirsten for organising, supporting, running and believing.



To anyone contemplating a BG, I say: DO IT!! Put the training in, immerse yourself in the tradition of it, support other attempts and be inspired by them....and then relax and enjoy your own big day. And just keep putting one foot in front of the other.....

Rich Gilbert



The Capricorn Long-O 4th September 2010

Competition area: Pendle Hill and surrounding footpaths and
bridleway

Registration from: Barley Village Hall, BB12 9JU

Details: Three hour score event on modified 1:25000 OS map.

30 controls (subject to final planning) on obvious features
which can be visited in any order.

The emphasis will be on speed and route choice rather than
fine orienteering.

Adults can run as individuals or pairs. Juniors must run as
pairs (either with adult or second junior).

Starts: 9.30 - 11.30am

Fees: £8 per adult
£16 per adult pair
£12 for adult/junior pair
£8 per junior pair

(Junior is anyone aged 16 or 17 on the day of the race)

BOF discounts apply

Entries on the day (subject to map availability) add £2 per
individual.

Entries: Use Fabian4 (www.fabian4.co.uk) - a secure website used by
many orienteering and adventure races.

Entries limited to 120 individuals/pairs

SI: Sportident (SI) will be used (dibber hire £1 per individual/pair)

Facilities: Toilets available at the village hall

Public car park in Barley village (100 m walk)

Refreshments available after the race.

The highs and lows of a race: Reservoir Bogs, 19/7/10

High: it wasn't raining when I left the house

High: nice very slow bike from Hebden Bridge up Birchcliffe and Sandy Gate up to Lane Ends (the Hare and Hounds)

High: appeared that making this a grand prix race encouraged a few of us Toddies to turn out thus ensuring this was not yet another local race flooded by the other club

High: the start - now which top CVFR orienteer do I follow, J Emberton or J Logue...ermmm I mean which initial route choice do I take Chose the Logue path, the best choice, as two of our top Toddie runners passed me just after checkpoint 1, and I know that usually they're no slackers!

High: fairly easy straight-ish paths to the next two checkpoints, no real route choices.

Low: decided to take the alternative route from checkpoint 4 straight up and along the conduit. Hmmm, realised that no-one ahead of me had gone this way. Result, I lost quite a few places, but is it better to have tried and learned than to follow the crowd – no, not this time!

High: I like the nice fast run to Sheepstones.

Low: thought I saw a dark path to follow, put my first foot on it, and crunch, my left ankle went over pretty hard and I fell over/had a good dive. Stayed on the ground for what seemed like ages in shock. Had a chat with myself and got up and started again, this time taking more care.

High: got to Sheepstones without anyone passing me.

Low: took the wrong route from Sheepstones and thought I was going to Mytholmroyd

High: eventually finished.

Low: 20th with 1.22.46, a rubbish time for me, could do better, grrrrrrrrr.

High: did our blokes get the team prize?

High: nice slow bike back home, the long way (36 miles).

Low: arrived home and the adrenaline stopped hiding my ankle pain and swelling.

High: had left my tyre pump at home and didn't get a puncture, phew!

High: burned off about 2,500 calories today so now time to put it all back with some help from Ms chocolate, Mr general 5hit food and Sir beer!

Clive Greateorex

The life of a sprained ankle

A nice warm Summer's day during the Reservoir Bogs fell race and I arrive!

I ensure that he gets past all the really rough 'n' tough tussucky bits then on a fairly easy track, I've caused the recipient to fall over and cry out in pain and lie down, but what's this, just after I thought I'd stopped him in his tracks, the chump gets up, brushes himself down and starts running again towards Sheepstones, how can this be!

I think Mr Adrenaline is trying to hide me, grrrrrr, I'll show him. Finally the oaf finishes the race, right, I'll make him limp in pain now back to Lane Ends pub! Ha, revenge.

Hey, what, who, why...I now getting on a bike. I should be making the idiot rest. Why isn't he feeling the pain, oh Mr Adrenaline, it's you again. I try my best to hide him and create pain, think it works well up the hills! About three hours later, finished the ride, surely Mr Adrenaline is exhausted now?

Right, payback. Brrrrrr, that's cold, looks like I'm being dunked in a bucket of water and ice, I can't breath, help. Phew, half an hour later I'm taken from the Arctic straight to the Sahara! A warm bath, is he daft, I live!

I'm trying to create pain but Mr Adrenaline is still lingering. More coldness, and now I'm being put up in the air, so that my lifeline Ms Blood is being drained out of me. Arghhhh, surely this can't go on for ever. Help.

Now he's resting, I'm slightly raised but am warm enough to teach him a lesson. I grow immensely, Daniel Lambert is now my role model. I'll teach him.

Sunday, the morning after and I've done well, am now very, very large and creating pain, lots of it. Have tried to stop him walking on me, but I notice he's trying some kind of crawl/hobble, and going up and down stairs. But he'll learn, he doesn't mess with me. I've won. Have stopped him from doing his 2.5 mile Derwent swim followed by his Lakeland passes bike. Ouch, more coldness and elevation, I'm becoming scared of heights. Still I manage to severely disrupt his day, ha! No sports, hardly any moving about and lots of hurt; ankle 1 chump 0.

Next day, I've lost a tiny bit of weight, more elevation in bed must have affected my blood supply. Still if I can still cause discomfort! What's this, moving about slightly more, and more cold and elevation, someone help me. He must remember not to mess with me. I still manage to create a shuffle, and note he still has difficulty moving, good.

What's this, Mrs Positive Attitude also attacking me. No, stop. Very quick recovery, sports very very soon, don't listen, she's telling fibs. You won't be back into sports for ages, you'll be in pain for ages, long term injury ha. Hello, hello, are you listening? I'm also having real difficulty trying to persuade him to eat cr*p food and drink lots of ale. Please stop eating really healthy food, it's hurting me; ankle 1 chump 1

Tuesday, I've lost more weight, more of the elevation in bed. This is turning me anorexic, help. Never mind, at least I've stopped him going out during this fantastic weather and during the Summer Equinox, he'll be gutted! He's walking better now, but I can still manage some pain just to remind him who's boss!

Next day, crikey at this rate of slimmingwhat's this, a swimming baths? He's trying some sport well I'll show him. Oh no, he's doing crawl, I can't seem to affect his style as his kick is very slow and smooth. He's only using it for balance, and not to stay afloat, damn! After quite a while, he tries breastroke. C'mon, give him some pain, well I'll be successful as $\frac{3}{4}$ of the power comes from the kick, yes. Result, he stops and reverts to crawl. I try to inflict some slight pain but doesn't seem to be having any effect. He even starts to swim breastroke with a float, thus not using me, drat and double drat! Finished at the baths, and brrrrr, more cold and heights.

I'm feeling seasick.....not only this, but reverting to the core work, in particular the ankle strengthening exercises, arghhhhh.

During the week, more elevation, cold andworld cup football on the telly, also some cycling and swimming, and swelling and slight pain!

Hopefully I can still put paid to the planned Arrochar Alps fell race, and who knows, Wasdale and then maybe the future triathlons!



The life of a sprained ankle

First weekend and I thwart his Arrochar Alps, ha; ankle 2 chump 1

But I note that on Saturday and Sunday the swine does some cycling and then dunks me in cold water for ½ hour at a time, nooooooooooooo, this really isn't helping my plan to make his life hell.

Start of the second week, driving for 2.5 hours and stuck under a desk for about 9 hours, he thinks he can get away with this, I grow again, and give him slight pain and discomfort.

As the week goes on, and more core and strengthening work, I feel weaker, much weaker. Ultrasound, heyyyyy, that's not cricket.

More swimming, cycling, core work including stretching and strengthening, and ultrasound really starts to hurt me.

Two weeks later and he's doing a slow 4 mile run, how can he, how dare he! I can't produce any pain whilst he's running, and I try to grow afterwards but he ice packs me; ankle 2 chump 2

After a swim he gives a pint of blood at the blood donor centre, yessss, this might help me to live longer, less blood, slower healing time.

What's this, the day after, and he's running 8 miles, some off road, and I can't stop him. I can't grow anymore nor can I give him any noticeable pain.

Just over 2 weeks after I arrive, I think my life is over, it's not fair, I don't normally die this quickly; ankle 2 chump 3

The Colden Downhill Challenge

Warning – before reading below, ask yourself, do you have a sense of humour, do you get easily upset, do you take life too serious? If so, please don't stress yourself further. Pass go and move to the next article!

So another year of pack runs, another year of me working in Coventry, but managing to wangle a Wednesday off for one of my favourite of the pack runs, from Colden. This means I can make an attempt at my annual event, the Colden Downhill Challenge. No fell running involved, just a cross bike (no hermaphrodite jokes please) or MTB, a not very good headtorch, and a few beers in quite a short time.

The time approached, a nice slow amble on the cross bike via Heptonstall and Colden up to the New D, for a run with the fast lot (well, mostly trying to catch them up and breathing out of my ar5e). Then the stage set, finish of the run and in the pub, c'monnnnnnn!

Some chips and four pints later at about 2215 the start of the main leg of the Colden Downhill Challenge. Said my farewells to other runners leaving the pub (well you never know what's 'round the corner!) and climbed onto my cross bike. Headtorch not that good but what the heck. Hammering down the bridleway, now I know why MTBers have suspension. Enjoying life, what a great feeling after a few, bombing down a hill on a bike...arghhhhhhh. Slow motion, I see a massive rock stopping my front wheel, I'm flying, I'm on the ground...oooops.

Drat, for the second year running, I've not achieved the challenge, 4 pints and managing to achieve the downhill route without coming off. Drat, drat and double drat.

So I lie on the ground amongst the rocks laughing to myself, get back onto my trusty steed and carry on. Climbing up to Lumb I had to get off and push a bit. A lady walking the other way gives me a really weird look. "It's okay" I tell her, "I've just had a few too many beers". Hmnnnnnnnn.

Carry on via Heptonstall and get home safely only to discover my left leg and left arm covered with blood. Madness, and didn't feel a thing, alcohol, the great anaesthetic (although maybe not in the morning). No wonder the lady looked worried.

So that's it for another year, another last placing on the Colden Downhill Challenge! Hmmm, hang on, there's always a midweek trip to Kobs tho, maybe on my MTB this time tho!

Clive Greatorrex

Three Day Eventing (Radcliffe AC 3 day series, July 2010) - by Richard Butterwick

One of my many targets for this year was to complete a 3 day event. After missing the Rochdale 3 day series due to injury and the last two thirds of Midsummer Madness due to other commitments, it was extremely kind of Radcliffe AC to launch their new 3 day event this year. Whilst still carrying an injury, not to mention being a little unfit and 10 pounds heavier after 3 months out, I was finding that by running a lot slower than normal it wasn't aggravating things too much!



Day 1 Thursday – Bull Hill Fell Race – 5.5 miles 1100ft

The first race was an established evening fell race at Hawkshaw near Ramsbottom. A glance back at earlier results showed that only one Toddie had run it in 8 out of the last 9 years (not the same one!). I kept the tradition going joining a record field but would highly recommend a future GP listing. It's just enough of a real fell race for the hard core, but not too tough for newer runners. (Think of a short Turnslack without the last two hills).

On registering for the series, I was slightly unsure about being given two numbers - the usual race number for the front but also an age category plate for the back. However, this turned out to be an excellent idea as it allowed you to identify who was doing the series and if in the same age group.

After a very steady start, I discovered why everyone else had rushed off as there was a small bottleneck stile to negotiate. It was then a fairly fast loop over Bull Hill and around Holcombe Moor on a mixture of rough tracks, rocky sections, and very dry moorland paths. I'd been working my way through the field slowly to catch a couple of series v40s when I glanced up and one had vanished. Surely he can't have pulled away so quick? Then some waving bracken gave away that he'd fallen off the path! With instant Contador-like ruthlessness, I took the opportunity to zoom past the other v40 and pressed on up the final climb to pass a few more. Once on the other side of the stile it all went wrong as my energy vanished and crossing once boggy ground that had been heavily trod by cows and then baked dry for the past few months was an 'interesting' challenge for tired ankles and a sore achilles, so I lost around a minute on those just in front.

On balance was fairly happy with an opening mark of 17th place in the series and 3rd v40. First v40 was leading overall, but 2nd v40 was only 3:43 in front and optimistically catchable. Despite my poor finish the next v40 was 44 secs behind.

Day 2 Friday – Giant's Seat Summer Cross Country - 5 miles ~700ft

No idea what to expect for this new race and on arriving at the Scout Camp there just seemed to be a grassy field. However, it turned out to be 4 laps of a constantly undulating twisting course in the surrounding dark forest, including a stream crossing and a stiff climb back out for a loop of the field each time. Even hotter and more humid than day 1.

Managed to settle in with target v40 in sight a few places ahead and decided to familiarise with course on lap 1 – twisted ankle in a rabbit hole but nothing serious. Felt good on 2nd lap and closed right up behind mv40 whilst plotting my tactics for clawing back some time. On 3rd lap - after an ankle twist in same rabbit hole as lap 1 - decided to go for it and half way round squeezed past and shot downhill towards the stream – a good hard push for a minute or two should open up a gaaah... tripped on a tree stump, twisted ankle, stumbled, knee nearly exploded, stumbled again, crashed through nettles and miraculously ended up back to the path. Splashed through stream but legs gone to jelly and was struggling to keep pace going, lost a couple of places on climb to field at end of lap but crucially stayed ahead of rival v40. Kept pushing as hard as I could around a tough lap 4 – with now customary ankle twist in same chuffing rabbit hole - in the hope he would tire first. Eventually on final climb out of woods I had to walk a bit and he went past, tried to hang on as best as I could and only 9 seconds lost at the finish. General consensus over the free coffee in the scout hut afterwards seemed to be that everyone found it a lot harder than expected. Set a new PB for post race rehydration – 2 litres in 15 mins. Barely able to walk due to ankle twists, seemed to be a few others limping away too. Loved it!

Moved up 3 places to 14th in series and consolidated 3rd place v40, with 4th v40 now nearly 3 mins behind. Series 13th place now 42 seconds ahead, and 15th and 16th in series only 14 and 18 seconds behind.

Day 3 Saturday – Radcliffe Trail 5 mile

Was now regretting Wednesday's long pack run and Stoodley Pike Race on Tuesday. Dragged self out of bed, hobbled downstairs glanced at my result calculations spreadsheet and gave up on improving position... it was going to be a tough battle to hold off next two. In fact it was just going to be a battle to start. After an extended warm up I was starting to feel optimistic again. A fast start and I had the next three in the series just in front. Tracked them comfortably for about 3 miles and then started struggling badly, quickly losing sight of everyone in front along an overgrown canal path.

All I had to do now was keep going and not get overtaken... and then a Rochdale guy caught up and passed me. I knew he was one of the ones close behind in the series so despite pains in heel did my best to try and stay with him. Gap grew to about 30 secs and I knew I had to get it down or I'd lose a place. Managed to half it and cling on before a stroke of luck at the very end, as a nice downhill slope into the running track allowed me to gain some momentum. Only 4 seconds behind at the line, yes! Did a lap of track to celebrate... after 10 minutes laid out on ground!

Ended the series in 14th place of the 33 who survived all three races and 3rd v40 of 10 who finished series. 1st v40 won overall and I was only 4:42 behind 2nd, so definitely intend to be back next year – hopefully fitter and uninjured.

[10 races in 23 days to get my 40 | 40 challenge back on track... but that's another story!]