

Congratulations to Lauren English & British Champion 2012



Championships draw to a close



Toddies at Rombalds Romp

Only four more chances to complete this years
Grand Prix

The final fell race Race to the summit is this
Sunday 21st with three road races to follow
Preston Half marathon, Thru the villages and
the Wesham 10k (details elsewhere in this is-
sue)

For up to date tables look on the website at
www.todharriers.co.uk/grandprix
Any queries etc contact Dave O'Neill
don@todharriers.co.uk

Pack Runs

Wednesdays 7pm Start

October 31st – Scary Bat Run

November – at The White Swan, Hebden Bridge

December 5th and 12th – at the Summit Inn

December 19th – Xmas Santa Run

Interval/strength speed training

Tuesdays 6.30pm - Todmorden High School
Either outside or in the gym when the weather is bad
Cost £1 when in the gym

Want to put something back into your club?

Marshalls wanted for Shepherd's Skyline, Sat 3rd
November. Sign up on forum or ring Phil/Mandy 01422
844936

Marshals wanted for the Hot Toddy. If available contact
John Lloyd john@todharriers.co.uk

Ben & Clive could do with some help with the Juniors. If
you are free on a Tuesday night 5-6.30 contact Ben on
0781 710 8921

Organiser wanted for Mini moorland marathon – Our
annual 3 hour score event
A Sunday early Jan



Contributions for The Torrier - please send to mandy@todharriers.co.uk

GRAND PRIX

LAST CHANCES TO EARN A FEW POINTS

SATURDAY 20TH OCTOBER – RACE YOU TO THE SUMMIT (FS)

11.30am from The Summit Inn, Todmorden Road, Summit
4.3miles, 853ft ascent. Category BS £5.00 entry on the day

SUNDAY 28TH OCTOBER – PRESTON GUILD HALF MARATHON (RL)

10.00am Preston City Centre. Entries NOW CLOSED.

SUNDAY 4TH NOVEMBER – THROUGH THE VILLAGES (RM)

10.30am Dresser's Arms, Wheelton,
8.45 miles £7.00 'til Oct 26th. On the day + £2.00

SATURDAY 24TH NOVEMBER – WESHAM 10K (RS)

11.00am BNFL Club, Salwick, Nr.Preston, PR4 0RN
£8.00. On the day + £2.00 but usually fills up early.

RED ROSE CROSS COUNTRY LEAGUE

Saturday 20th October – Blackburn

Saturday 10th November - Hyndburn

Saturday 15th December - Bolton

(22nd December - reserve date if it is necessary for any fixture to be cancelled)

See forum for further details and sign up with Tudds.

HARRIERS TEAM DUATHLON

Sunday 9th December – from the Summit Inn pub, 10am-ish start.

Teams of 3 - 1 cyclist, 1 road runner and 1 fell runner. The teams will be created from the list of entrants to try to get as many evenly matched teams as we can to create good competition on the day.

See forum for further details.

TOD HARRIERS CHRISTMAS PARTY

Saturday 1st December – full details later in this newsletter ☺



SCARY BATRUN 2012

The **VERY SCARY BATRUN** will take place on **Weds 31st Oct** - from the **Masons Arms** - from **7pm sharp**.

Ghoulish outfits compulsory. ...and you'll need a headtorch/torch/candle.

We'll be having slower and medium groups. All welcome

There will be a guest appearance on the spooky moors above Tod by two local

celebrity "paranormals" (ie very weird 🧐) - raconteurs of ghostly tales.

Please note - this is actually All Hallows Eve itself 🧐 - be prepared for unexplained ghostly apparitions (..and I'm not just referring to Uncle Barry!)

If you're an easily frightened scaredy cat - don't turn up. **Owoooooooooooooooooooo**. 🐱

JINGLE BATS SANTA RUN 2012

The annual **Jingle Bats Santa Run** will take place on **Weds 19th Dec** – from the **Masons Arms** – from **7pm sharp**.

Santa outfits and good/loud singing voice compulsory. Flashing lights and tinsel welcome. We'll be doing a Tour of Todmorden on the roads (no need for fell shoes) – slower and medium groups will meet up for Toddie Carol singing and may well visit Morrisons again!

This year Batman will be collecting for the MacMillan Cancer Charity so... spread the word and dust off or buy your Santa Suits and meet us at the Masons for some festive frolicking– the current record is 64 Singin Santas – I can see the Tod News Headlines now:

“ONE HUNDRED SINGING SANTAS TROT ROUND TOD”

(or maybe “Santa arrested in Morrisons” 🧐)



Toilet Seat 2012

Here's the latest toilet points for 2012 with last year's champion leading the way – but only just. But it is not over yet, there's still time between now and the Christmas 'Do' to earn lots more points in order to win this prestigious trophy! If you think I've missed anybody's antics please let me know so that I can award their points in time for the presentation.

Yours, Uncle Barry

How does he do it? Branny posted on the internet that the July runs were from the Robin Hood but then managed to run from New Delight on the first night for 5pts.

What month is it? Emma & Ally should have been at the New Delight but went to the Hare & Hounds instead. They did show up later at the New Delight for drinks and 5pts each.

All geared up? John Lloyd turned up for the Club run with all the gear: Oakleys, jazzy top but no bottoms. No problem, he'd run in his underpants - a nice pair of budgie smugglers. Luckily Dave Wilson saved the day with a spare pair of shorts. 5pts for forgetfulness + 5pts for being willing to run in his undies.

Tea for four: Jim Smith has requested 5pts each to: Uncle Barry, Phil Hodgson, Richard Leonard and Simon Anderton for calling at a pub whilst cycling to watch the Tour of Britain and ordering tea for four. Sorted.

The harder they fall. On route to the Ian Hodgson Relay, Wrenchy, Nick and Jon travelled together. The subject got onto mishaps in races. Wrenchy piped up, "In all my 20-odd years of racing I have only fallen once in a race and that was on the lower slopes of Ben Nevis." Later on leg 3, descending the back of Red Screes, Wrenchy shouts out to Wrighty, "Watch out for the wire" In the next few seconds Wrenchy is observed to trip, scream like a banshee and plant his face in soggy moss. 2 falls = double pts that's 10 pts. ps don't worry Andrew, the older you get the more you fall.

Local knowledge – always handy.

At the Good Shepherd Nick was leading by a good margin but for some reason he decided that, being a local, he wouldn't need to reccy the course! In the last third of the race he entered the woods at Cragg Vale where he took a wrong turn and lost his way. When he finally re-appeared he had lost one place and finished second...gutted but does win 5 points.

Techno troubles. The following day, Nick was asked to meet at Hare 'n' Hounds at 6.30am prompt for the Ian Hodgson Relay. Twenty minutes passed and still no show. The Team Captain frantically tried to make contact but to no avail. Nick eventually made contact, "the battery on my phone was dead, forgot to put it on charge, therefore my alarm didn't sound!" A quick ride down to Hebden to pick up sleepy head Nick then a race up to Patterdale to register the team before registration closed at 8.45am earns Nick 5 more points.

In yet more trouble, Nick was asked to pick the new Club tent up for the Ian Hodgson Relays but couldn't find his phone - so couldn't contact Robin (tent holder) - so no tent. 5 points

Ouch! Colin Duffield melted his lycra pants and burnt his leg whilst attempting to boil water on a rickety stove at the Rab Mountain Marathon. 5 points in compensation though.

Be prepared: Sue Roberts forgot her compass and whistle at the Langdale Fell Race but did remember to take Martin's shoes instead of her own! Luckily there was only one size difference – 5 points for forgetfulness plus 5 for carelessness Sue!

More haste less speed! Jim Smith got so excited watching the Ben Nevis Race that he fell trying to run down a bit too fast and ended up a bit bruised, broken ribs and also gained 5pts

League Table

John Lloyd	20
Nick Barber	15
Fiona Armer	15
Dan Taylor	11
Lucy Burnett	10
Dave Collins	10
Andrew Wrench	10
Jon Wright	10
Sue Roberts	10
Phil Hodgson	10
Lucy Hobbs	5
Simon Galloway	5
Paul Brannigan	5
Mel Blackhirst	5
Ben Crowther	5
Jane Smith	5
Louse Abdy	5
Dwane Dixon	5
Ivan Gee	5
Ally Mills	5
Emma Osenton	5
Jim Smith	5
Colin Duffield	5
Simon Anderton	5
Richard Leonard	5
Barry Chapman	5

CYCLING / RUNNING TOPS ORDER

Now is the time!

We are putting in a bulk order to Endura for winter cycling jackets and more short-sleeved jerseys based on the new club design (see photo) which can also be used for running racing and training. In order to get them in early December we need your order ASAP. Don't delay or you will miss out.

To order

Pick whatever garment type you want and get its order number, name of garment and size to me, Geoff Read, in writing by e-mail at blackstonedge@gmail.com or on the forum thread, or in person. Please note: prices are approximate and will be slightly less or more depending on how big the order is – the more we buy, the cheaper they will be. Designs will vary slightly according to size.



Phil and Richard sporting the short-sleeved jerseys

4008 The Grid Fleece £42 (all prices approximate)

Dri-Clim™ brushed back waffle fabric for comfort and insulation with slightly larger fit so that it can be worn over a base layer or Road Jersey.

4033 The Roubaix® £50

For when the weather turns cold. Made from a new and improved lightweight brushed back Roubaix® thermal fabric, The Roubaix top has good stretch for a snug fit. Full length zip and 3-compartment rear pocket.

4017 Windtex Jacket £54

4067 Lightweight Windtex Jacket £54

The Windtex® Jacket is made from waterproof/windproof breathable membrane fabric. Perfect for severe winter conditions. The Windtex® Jacket is available in two different weights of fabric, both have the same Windtex® waterproof and windproof membrane. The Windtex® Jacket has a thick brushed back inner for maximum insulation in very low temperatures. The Lightweight Windtex® Jacket has thinner insulation for less severe temperatures whilst still offering the same level of protection from wind and rain. Both jackets have full zip and 3-compartment rear pocket. Not as stretchy as Grid and Roubaix.

4017P Pro Windtex Jacket £61

4067P Lightweight Pro Windtex Jacket £61

The Pro Windtex® Jacket has the same features as the standard Windtex® jacket above and is also available in the two different weights of fabric. Additional features include; Flatlock stitching for maximum strength and comfort, reflective detail for improved visibility and zipped rear pocket compartment for valuables with media port. Not as stretchy as Grid and Roubaix

4066 Ultrapackable £43

A light-weight wind cheater which is compact enough to be folded away when not required. Lightweight showerproof fabric, compact enough to be stowed in rear pocket. Doesn't have pockets and isn't stretchy.

4032 Gilet £33

4032P Pro Gilet £39

A light-weight sleeveless wind cheater which is compact enough to be folded away and stored in your jersey when not required.

Our Gilet has been completely redesigned for this year with better fit, improved fabrics and construction including lightweight stretch back mesh panel for ease of movement and bound armholes for reduced irritation.

The Pro Gilet additionally features flatlock stitching, reflective detail on lower back and front shoulders as well as a side zip vent for easy pocket access.

Short sleeved cycling jersey.

Fast drying CoolMax® fabric for increased comfort and performance. The Road Jersey comes in a choice of zips. Made from fast wicking fabric, it features a 3-compartment rear elasticated pocket, elasticated sleeves and hem.

4001 Short sleeve short zip £35

4005 Short sleeve full zip £36

4005Q Short sleeve ¾ zip £36

4005C Short sleeve ¾ concealed zip £38

For sizing try on a sample or see:

http://www.endura.co.uk/Dept.aspx?dept_id=150

For the page for each type of garment see:

http://www.endura.co.uk/Dept.aspx?dept_id=163

HEPTONSTALL FESTIVAL RACE REPORT 2012 – written by JOE DANIELS



Given the torrential rain that had been lashing down over Todmorden, Hebden Bridge, Heptonstall and seemingly the whole Calder Valley, it was particularly pleasant to be one of the 100 or so runners that lined up outside The White Lion on Saturday 7th July. I ran this race last year so had a pretty good idea of the route, the natural geography of Heptonstall creating a 'double dip' profile to the course. It was reassuring to see a fair spattering of Toddie vests being sported - although I ran incognito in a Heptonstall Hurriers vest on this occasion.

After the usual reminder that if you got squashed on the road crossings it was your own look out (we are all adults afterall), a sharp blast on the traction engine whistle signalled the start of the second running of the Heptonstall Festival Fell Race. The runners up the cobbles from Weavers' Square and briefly up the lane out of the village before cutting across the fields towards Draper's Lane. There wasn't much opportunity for overtaking on the fields – the landowners had allowed a swathe to be cut to create a path through the thigh high grass on the understanding that we would not stray from the path. Knowing that there were a couple of testing climbs ahead I was glad of the 'excuse' not to feel the need to try and make up any places too quickly. Upon crossing Draper's Lane the course took us down a lesser used path on a 500' descent to the Blue Pig. I find that this can be a white knuckle descent at the best of times but the recent rain made the cobbles/mud combination particularly slick. I know of at least one runner who retired from the race after a long slide and grazed bottom manoeuvre.

After brief respite over the Horse Bridge and across the road, runners were taken on the 1000 feet ascent past the Pecket Well War Memorial and on to High Brown Knoll. In marked contrast to the rain of the previous week the sun had by now decided make a concerted effort at shining. The climb up to the memorial and then the additional ascent to High Brown Knoll left me dripping with sweat (an attractive thought I'm sure.) I did a quick double back to the Memorial to touch it – I'm not sure if you were meant to but I know that putting a hand on Stoodley Pike is part of races. Up on the top the moorland remained resolutely water logged underfoot. There was some flatter running on a loop around the moor following the well established path. I was pleased to have saved a little bit on the ascents and felt that I had enough to reel in a few runners. I was also glad of the decision

to go with my tried and trusted Mudclaw 272s. As those who ran will testify, there were some good and boggy bits up there.

Coming back to the Memorial for the second time signalled the last decent descent back down into Midgehole. This was pretty churned up by now having had a hundred or so runners toiling up it not long before. I got down pretty quickly (by my own standards) and without falling – although there would certainly have been no points for grace for my descent. Heading back up the hill to Draper's Lane I again felt glad I'd not gone hell for leather in the opening half of the race and managed to pull in another couple of runners. It was then back across the road and back up through the fields to the finish. I do like the fact that the finish is at the end of field that has a nice downhill slope to it – even after the previous 6 miles or so I like to think I mustered a little extra something over the final metres. There's nothing like hearing someone (George Daniels, aged 4) shouting "go on Daddy old man – run faster!" to get you moving.

The prize giving took place outside The White Lion in the glorious afternoon sunshine. I had my family rowed up on the seat outside the pub to listen to the announcements. The winner of the men's race was Christopher Smale (Bingley Harriers) in a new course record time of 52:09. Christopher was also the first Male Veteran over 40 runner. The winner of the women's race was Holly Page (CVFR) in 59:29. Well done to our own Kath Brierly who finished 5th lady and was also won the LV50 category.

Having listened to the winners being announced for a few minutes or so the children were getting more than a little fidgety, so we started to make moves to depart. It was as I was picking up my filthy shoes and socks that I heard my name being called out. Thinking I'd left something in the pub, I went over to Steve Grimley (the RO) to be told that the Todmorden men had come third in the team competition. I was supremely chuffed to take home a bottle of Copper Dragon. Admittedly, I don't think I'd be third Toddie male home if the bigger guns had been out running, but it is my first ever running prize and I shall stay pleased as punch for a long time regardless. I'd really recommend this race. I'd say it has enough to challenge the experienced and novice racer alike.

The final Todmorden results were as follows:

Finishing Position	Name	Club	Category	Finishing Time
5	Andrew Wrench	Tod Harriers	MV40	0:54:03
23	Dave Collins	Tod Harriers	MV50	1:01:20
32	Joe Daniels	Tod Harriers	M	1:04:33
34	Clive Greateorex	Tod Harriers	MV40	1:04:59
56	Garry Quested	Tod Harriers	M	1:11:09
65 (lady 5)	Kath Brierley	Tod Harriers	LV50*	1:12:59
85	Paul Cruthers	Tod Harriers	MV40	1:18:37
109	Reg Czudek	Tod Harriers	MV60	1:38:18

Race report submitted by Joe Daniels

Arrochar Alps 2012

Let's start the week after Great lakes when I felt a little twinge in the back of my leg just below my bum. Didn't manage to run for 10 days before the race as I didn't want to risk making it worse and was crossing everything that it would be ok come race day.

Woke up on the morning of the Race and we got round for our breakfast at 8am. Bowl of Cornflakes and a Full Scottish Breakfast with loads of toast had me well fueled up. Got changed into my runni9ng gear stepped outside the front of the hotel to check what the clouds were looking like and up popped Lauren and Gemma who were staying in a B & B just up the road from us. Got my kit together (including maps, food, drink and compass) Andrea drove me up to the village hall to register. Lots of good runners about as I register (after the kit check) and look around. James Logue passes and we discuss where Sean is (as far as anyone knows it appears he isn't coming). Onward to the start and Andrea dropped me off and arranged to be back before I finish (her and Sophie went to the Sealife Centre at Balloch).

Chatted with Lauren and some of the Wharfedale team at the start and did my usual trick of getting near the front at the start of the race. We set off and it went onto a narrow path straight away. I got going and could feel my leg straight away, I thought I would carry on see how it developed. Struggled to get going along the 3 ½ miles of Glen Loin towards the power station, everyone was overtaking me and I didn't want to push as could still feel a little pain in my leg.

Was glad when we saw Loch Sloy Dam and I knew we would soon be starting the ascent of Ben Vorlich proper. Took the diagonal path we reccied (a lot of people took a more direct route closer to the dam) and started to get the legs moving up the hill. People were still overtaking me but not as thick and fast. Got to the flatter section towards halfway and we could see most people going to the left and up a waterfall (not the way I had reccied). I could see people further up the path we had used but no one near the bottom of it. Just before I had to make the decision which way to go, 2 people out of the group of 6 or 7 in front of me took the path I knew so I followed them up. Was definitely not as direct a route but as I came to the point where they joined up again a guy who was ahead of me popped out just ahead of me again (so no advantage lost or won). Continued up through the gully to the ridge and onwards to the summit cairn eventually got there having been out for approx 1 hour 30.

Started to move better once I left the summit and overtook a few runners on the ridge path. Turned left down the near vertical drop to Loch Sloy dam and all of a sudden I couldn't see anyone. Knew I was going the right way so continued and eventually saw a few runners to the left of me. Caught them up then chose not to follow them and took a direct route down which involved going round a few small crags, got to the checkpoint in 1 hr 45 mins just behind Jackie Lee and her mate. Continued over the dam wall and started the big climb up Ben Vane.

Started to ascend and my legs were still not moving especially quick and Jackie and her friend soon passed me. I managed to keep within touching distance with them and followed the stream of people onwards and upwards. We went for an impossibly steep slope to the summit and it looked like you wouldn't get through but with a bit of clambouring we got over the top to the summit. Was very glad to be at summit in around 2 hrs 45mins (as I knew I would make the checkpoint at the bottom which was the last place I could be realistically timed out). Stopped and had a couple of Gels while chatting to the marshalls.

They advised us to go right of the girls (Jackie and Friend) I did this calling to them to come our way as we went past, (this was the last I saw of them). Followed the route I had been shown when reccying and seemed to be far to the

right of quite a lot of runners. I changed direction halfway down to head to the checkpoint (which I could now see). Seems like I took a very good line as I overtook quite a few runners some which I didn't even see (Dave Tait was definitely in front of me at some point but I finished ahead). Got to the checkpoint in approx 3 hours so had 2 hours to beat my target of 5 hours.

Started the climb up Ben Ime and could see the Summit was in the clouds (Oh well at least I knew where I was going). By now my legs having finally got going, I was climbing well and overtook a couple of people who were struggling up the climb. Went into the cloud at the top and took a decision to go left around a crag (slightly different to recce) and so summited from a westerly direction (turned out ok the other guy who was near me went the other way round and was just behind me at the summit).

Nice run down out of the cloud even helping a couple of runners who were unsure of the way in the clouds. As we neared the bottom we could see the tent of the checkpoint. Straight on to Ben Narnain and I could see a couple of girls about 200 yards in front of me (1 wharfedale 1 carnethy). Was slowly reeling them in as we went back up into the cloud. Caught them just as we got to the summit and tried to get them on to press on for a sub 5 hour time.

Headed onwards on the path and then took the right turn to follow the path down and thought I'd arrived at Horn Crag again. Luckily the steep loose section didn't last for long and we started to move quicker. Was now putting some time between me and the 2 girls and catching other people who were struggling home. Got a good pace on as the downhill opened up (even though it was very technical) leaving all the runners near me behind. I really enjoyed jumping, sliding, leaping, dropping and general path cutting. We got towards the bottom of the path and had the dreaded concrete slabs to deal with. These were angled slightly downwards and very mossy/slippery. Tried to avoid standing on top of them and inadvertently followed 2 others down a stream gully. We realised quite quickly we were off path and got back losing maybe only 2 minutes. As we neared the path I had about 10 minutes to finish sub 5. We turned onto the path and started the small descent towards Suchoth. Passed a marshall who advised me it was 7-8 minutes to the finish (I had 7 ish). Was going well down the track and passed Sophie (Who cheered me all the time she could see me as always) and Andrea (who offered to take my bag, tut tut). Then there was a little uphill slope and we started to go around to the right for the finish and I passed another runner. Now I had 2 minutes left and couldn't work out how far the finish was, took a left down a little muddy track and came back to the starting road. I could now see the finish but had only 10 seconds left. I shouted 'Is that the finish' and tried to pick my pace up but only Usain Bolt would have made sub 5 hours from there.

Finished in 5 hours and 25 seconds, 108th out of approx 160 finishers.

Really enjoyed it even though it took me ages to get going and the fact I was going well down from Ben Narnain means I at least have a good level of stamina for these long races. Roll on Borrowdale.



Dan

Several Todmorden Harriers took part in local legs of the EnduranceLife Real Relay. This was an inspiring event which grew in status as it progressed. The event was conceived to run at the same time as the Official Olympic Torch Relay, but to involve and represent real grass roots runners. Whereas the Official Relay torch spent 80% of its time being transported by a security van, the Real Relay baton was carried entirely on foot by hundreds of runners from all around the UK, covering the full 8000 miles from Land's End to London. The baton was fitted with a GPS tracking device and it's whereabouts were updated live on the website. Distinct from the Olympic torch relay, the Real Relay baton was taken to the peaks of Scafell Pike, Slieve Donard and Ben Nevis.

The route was divided into 672 stages, averaging ten miles per stage, which were posted in batches on the Real Relay website. Each stage featured a start and end point – such as a city, town, or landmark – which related to the Olympic torch relay. The first person to volunteer for the stage secured the right to carry the torch and to designate the exact route between points. Runners were required to keep to ten minute mile pace so that the aim of reaching the Olympic stadium in advance of the opening ceremony could be achieved. Despite much public pressure and finally some media coverage, the Real Relay baton was not allowed inside the Olympic Stadium at the end of the final leg.



Branny, Elise & Fiona

“Eh...who needs the media...there's a couple of people organised a great event where 1000s have taken part in getting the 'torch' around 8000 miles of the UK”Branny



“Well we managed 8.5 minute miles ;-). Left the Piece Hall in Halifax bang on 0730 and got to Centenary Square in Bradford in 75 minutes. Way more fun than I expected, although we didn't get much more than the odd toot from passing cars. Elise remembered her big flag and we swapped that and the light sabre - sorry, baton - between us. The organised people have photos, I'm sure those will be on here soon. There was quite a crowd of Keighley vests waiting for us in Bradford and some very confused event staff there for the Sky ride. We did the handover in the fountain bit in the sunshine and were quite sorry it was all over. Getting the bus back to Halifax certainly brought us back to earth. It's quite something to think that baton has already been round a lot of the country and didn't need 160 staff and a ridiculous amount of sponsorship. Interesting media blackout going on. Anyone who thinks we don't have censorship in this country, think again. The Real Relay is a good thing, no reason why we can't have both, I'm proud I managed to take part, I think it's probably the nearest I'll get to running for my country.” Fiona



Team Elise-Fiona-Branny picking up the 'torch' at 7.40am at the Piece Hall and finishing in the mirror pools (maybe literally) in Centenary Square.

Joolz & MelR



"Mel and I had lots of fun on our leg of the relay today. Started an hour late due to previous runners losing time sheltering from hail/ getting lost etc, but finally set off on our leg, carrying that huge great bloody thing (thank god we could pass it back and forth between us!). Martin was fab doing all the taxi-ing and being chief photographer for the day. We even had a small fan club at one point with people with home-made olympic flames cheering us on" Joolz



Darren Tweed

"Did a night leg of the relay from Ponte to Barnsley last night on a lovely balmy evening. glad to have been a part of it, even if it would have been a lot easier logistically to have been around to join Branny et al for the Halifax leg! handed over to Chris in the high vis at 1am who helpfully sent me this picture as the one on my phone didn't come out!" Darren



Hello Tod Harriers,

I'd like to introduce my running shop to you if I could. I've already met a few of you but to the rest – "Hello, my name's Andy and I own i-Run Sports."

I opened the i-Run Sports shop approximately 5 weeks ago, although we were supposed to open back at the end of June but the shop at Tenterfields Business Park in Luddenden Foot ended up nearly 3 feet deep in water during the floods! So we were delayed in opening by a couple of months but as a result of which I do believe that we have a much better shop because of the extra enforced refurbishment works. So all's well that ends well I suppose!



The reason I set out in opening the running shop was born through a complete lack of a specialist running shop in the Calder Valley, despite such a vibrant and talented running community. I wanted to create a proper running shop where runners old and new can feel comfortable in getting the right advice and quality goods. We provide full shoe fitting and running analysis to ensure that customers get the right shoes to keep them running happy. I feel that local runners should not feel that they have to take a punt on buying running shoes via the internet, they should have a place to go to see, touch and try running shoes for themselves.

The shop has an ever expanding range of goods for road, fell, track, trail and triathlons and we aim to keep to range progressing with feedback from local runners. Our aim to be your local running shop with the stock that you want and the fact that we are fully independent (and staying that way!) allows us to have a very flexible stock because the only people we are tied to are the local runners. We are just developing an in store loyalty scheme with many discounts and freebies and we will be launching this soon, so make sure you pop in to see us and get signed up for your loyalty card.

My own back ground is as a sprinter with Halifax Harriers and I was lucky enough to end up the fastest 200m runner in England for my age group back when I was 16. Then after several successful and enjoyable years playing rugby for Halifax RUFC, a long term injury ended my rugby career and I had a few years of enforced absence from sport. Two years ago I decided that I wanted to give it one last go to get properly fit again and so I went back down to Halifax Harriers and started running again. I'm now leading the elite sprint group there and looking forward to a long tough few months of winter training (and no doubt many hours in Mill's Physio clinic to get me through it!). As part of my training I spend a lot of time road running and regularly compete in triathlons. I've even run the odd fell race for good measure - the most recent of which being the Crow Hill Reverse where I met a few of you at the stall afterwards.

Obviously I would love to see as many of you as possible in the shop, so even if you don't need anything, please feel free to pop in for a cuppa and a chat anyway – don't forget to bring any old shoes for our shoe recycling bin. So please come and support your local running shop and we'll be here for you for many years to come!



You can find us at
Unit G1 Tenterfields Business Park
Burnley Road
Luddenden Foot
Halifax
HX2 6EQ
01422 883797
info@i-runsports.co.uk
www.i-runsports.co.uk

What were you doing when the Brownlees medalled at London 2012?

Brownlee Olympic Gold Run, a Woodentops production at 1015 on Tuesday August 7th 2012 was too good to miss. I do like the draw of a quirky midweek non-evening race (Rydal Round, Ambleside Sports day being another favourite).

So it was with excitement and trepidation that I set off on the MTB at about 730 on a nice Summers morning. Progress was steady (I always take it easy pre race) along the Old Road, but no traffic and awesome sights and sounds always encourages me to just chill and enjoy. I just love watching the fantastic Housemartins and Swallows in flight.

Blimey by the time I got to the Old Sun Hotel there were hordes.... I mean, just what do these people do, don't they work or are they all teachers! Lots of friends and a potential session afterwards, wow on such a high.



Before I knew it the huff and puff of an off road 1.7 miler was all over. Phew tough, more like a sprint. Result 12.39, and result as unbeknown to me I got a good scalp, my great rival and friend Steve Grimley (Trig) yayyyy.

Now the real fun began, post race refreshments. So we all crowded into the pub, I got in with the wrong crowd including Colin Moses and drank, and watched the Olympic Triathlon, and drank, and cheered on the Brownlees, and drank, and watched the pub empty again, and drank. Oh dear.

7 pints later and I was back on the MTB and tootling back over the old road. Just past the last farm before that lovely long descent back into Midgeholes and I remember a bit of gravel under the back wheel, and flying through the air (with attached very heavy rucksack). Thought I'd gone to heaven, I was in a party chilling with all my friends having a great time. Suddenly awoke/regained consciousness and to my horror there was no party or friends, just me in a heap and blood trickling down my leg. Hmmmmmm, first major worry sorted though as after a casual look around no-one saw me (Mr Vain?).

Made my way back home feeling a bit of a hero with all the blood showing when I passed the walkers. Showered off, and funnily enough no pain due to the alcoholic anaesthetic.

Was still high/floating when marshalling Crow Hill. "C'mon Clive, you haven't got much time to get to your marshalling point". Ooooooops apols Ali. I seemed to be high and floating for days later, even when visiting A&E for a checkup.

So an unusual and grand day out. Would I repeat it, hmm perhaps but jury's out on the 1 short of a gallon stupidity!

What did you do the day Alistair won Olympic gold?

Clive Greateorex

I blame Colin Duffield

So there I was busily minding my own business marshalling at the Burnley Park Run when I met the Duffield clan and Colin was telling me that it was the up the butress bike hill climb today. Hmmmmmmmmm

About 3.5 hours later and with the excitement of a youngster I was signing on and equipped with cross bike and first costume of the day!



Phew, another hot day especially dressed as a gorilla on a cross bike! I didn't even attempt the first climb, and just hoiked said bike on the shoulder to the first brow much to the amusement of the crowd. I did manage to cycle some of the hill but found that I could hardly get any grip whatever on the back wheel (30psi too high or cr*p tyres?). So finished in possibly the slowest time of the day but had a chuckle. Was even funnier cycling back down past my house along Heptonstall Road and through town with full animal

suit on. I love seeing the smiles and giggles!

Not to be beaten by the lack of traction I decided to change tact and swap cross for MTB (wider tyres = better grip surely) and lose King Kong (chalked on the climb) and gain a swimsuit, sort of. Always wanted to do this for Auld Lang Syne but could never work out how to run with the footwear and also knew that I'd freeze as I tend to be a wimp who feels the cold. Boiling hot sunny weather, swim trunks (like cycling shorts not "speedos" before you ask), goggles and flippers and I was now ready for that second ascent.

Set off at snails pace to see whether I could do the hill from the foot with a standing start, managed most but not all. However after getting over the brow I did then manage to cycle all the rest of the climb, surprisingly as my flippers had no cleats for the pedals. Phew what a laugh as it was again going back downhill through town.

OK I will confess to showing off. Well I did think sod this hiding my fancy dress for the butress so managed a couple of loops around town as well for both costumes. Heh heh, made me smile I can tell you.

That was it really, a few Czech lagers later and ready for the next days Triple Dipper (I call it quadruple) challenge.....



Clive

Triple Dipper (I call it the quadruple!) challenge

A new fell race in a lovely location followed only a few hours later by another fell race in a similar fantastic location. Sounded too good to be true in 2011 but I managed the double with a drive in between the races.

This year the plan was to join some of my Glossop and Pennine friends and be a Triple Dipper .

The scene was set, a beautiful day and arrangements made I duly arrived in Padfield (before you ask next to Hadfield before you ask next to Glossop!) Sunday 9/9/12.

Met my friend outside the pub (no not yet) and jogged 10 minutes to another friend's house in Hadfield. Lift to Little Mill Inn at Rowarth surrounded in the car by Glossop runners.

Ran the beautiful Coombes Tor, oh what views and what a lovely neck of the woods. Nice 6.8 mile fell race and was very happy as I was about 2.5 minutes up on last year and surprisingly still beaten by similar margin by my friend 1st lady. Something told me to sprint the last 400m and phew lucky I did as some fella tried to catch me, only 3 seconds behind me at the end, the cheek of it, I ask you!

Not long after finishing, six of us were jogging a lovely 5.5 mile steady run to the next race. Over the tops to Padfield for the Padfield Plum Fair Scamper with wonderful Peak District views, hmmm, I do love it over there.

We duly arrived at the Padfield race with 15 minutes to spare so signed on and that was it really. Blimey I really felt this little 5.5 miler in my legs, the 3rd event of the day. I was 2 minutes down on last year but the views and weather and friendship made up for it. I even crashed into a (perpendicular) wall just before the end. How and why, what's that all about?

Duly refreshed via beer tent and local pub we were preparing for the 3rd competitive event of the day. The 150m, 1 in 10, 25kg coal sack race.

I surprisingly found this easier than the last fell race and wasn't last! I think the skinhead with the tattoo on top of his head only wearing Union Jack boxers was, could tell he wasn't a fell runner! A great event and some young local dandy dashing blonde army major won. I challenged him next year to run the 18 miles beforehand..... I think the local folk train for this one, and take it quite serious.

So that was it, an awesome day out, and 4 tripple dippers (I think), Tod, 2 x Glossop and 1 Pennine.

So all you Toddies who like fun and adventure, are we sending a team next year to this beautiful part of the world to all become Triple Dippers (I call it the quadruple!)?

Clive

Etape Pennines REVIEW

by [Emma Osenton](#)

Essentials:

Ushaw College, Durham DH7 9RH

Date: Sunday 7th October

Distances: 77 miles

Entry fee: £61.00

Participants: 2000+ entrants

Start: Ushaw College Durham. DH7 9RH

Feedstops: 4 feeds and 1 water stop

Catering: Hot/cold drinks and food available before and after the ride

Timed: Yes

Signs: Loads!

Roads: Closed roads, mostly of a good standard, Sag wagon, Wheel spares, motorbike out riders, paramedics.

Goody bag: Water bottle and Medal



The Ride:

When the email came round asking who wanted to review Etape Pennines, I raised my hand, in a virtual way. I live in the Pennines so assumed it would be fairly close. Inspecting the map afterwards I discover it's near Durham! Thinking they had stretched the title a wee bit I scanned the maps again. I was wrong, the Pennines are huge.

The event itself had sold out fairly quickly; a stream of emails and my partner Ali had a place too. At this point she was still looking at me with a 'Now what are you making me ride round again' face. Loading up Snail our van we set off.

On the way I did a bit of reading about the event. It's one of the most expensive sportives on the calendar with an entry fee of £61. It's been much hyped after a Guardian article pointed out that whilst the event in it's full title 'Marie Curie Etape Pennines' led people to believe that part of the entrance fee went direct to the charity, that this wasn't in fact the case. Puzzled I read further. Marie Curie get 500 of the 2500 entries, from that 500 the entry fee still goes to IMG Challenger World events, however to get one of the charity places you must raise a minimum of £250. So from the entry that's $500 \times 250 = £125,000$. Doesn't seem quite so bad now does it? They skipped this part in the Guardian article. I doubt Marie Curie had to do much more than send IMG their logo's and proof the website!

There was also Endura merchandise available to buy. Two styles, if you were a regular entrant you got one design and if you were on one of the £250 pledge places you had the option of 'Team Daffodil' Jersey and shorts. Loads of people were wearing the kit.

On the day the tannoy announcements were all for the charity, with great cheers from the crowd. Whilst it may be a money making business for IMG Challenger World it most definitely had it's heart with the charity. I don't think Marie Curie would allow their name to be used if it wasn't. Most people have in some way, shape or form been affected by cancer and would want to do something to help others. I'd like to know the end figures for what was raised, so many MAMILS on posh bikes riding in their Team Daffodil kit. Just a guess but I recon a quick whip round the office could raise more than £250 in some cases.

Anyway enough with the media. So on we drive and suddenly Snail sags to one side, we had punctured I then irritated myself here by knowing how to fix it but not being strong enough to undo the bolts. The brake down man arrives, spies the bikes, asks if we ride a bit, say's his son in law rides for Node4 and won a jersey in the Tour of Britain. I love the cycling community sometimes.

A little later than planned we arrive into the event village, yes, village, there's huge inflatable arches, stalls, flags, banners, security men, parking bays for now, pens for the cyclists to start in the morning, music. Suddenly it began to dawn on us that this was quite a big event. Nothing quite like being clueless! We go over to register; marshalls with radios chatter back and forth, we're then escorted to the Media Centre. Warmly greeted by Ali (and his amazing angelic hair) who gave us numbers, timing chips and details. He was even kind enough to let us park Snail outside the media centre for the night. Coffee and nibbles at 6am he told us. Perfect.

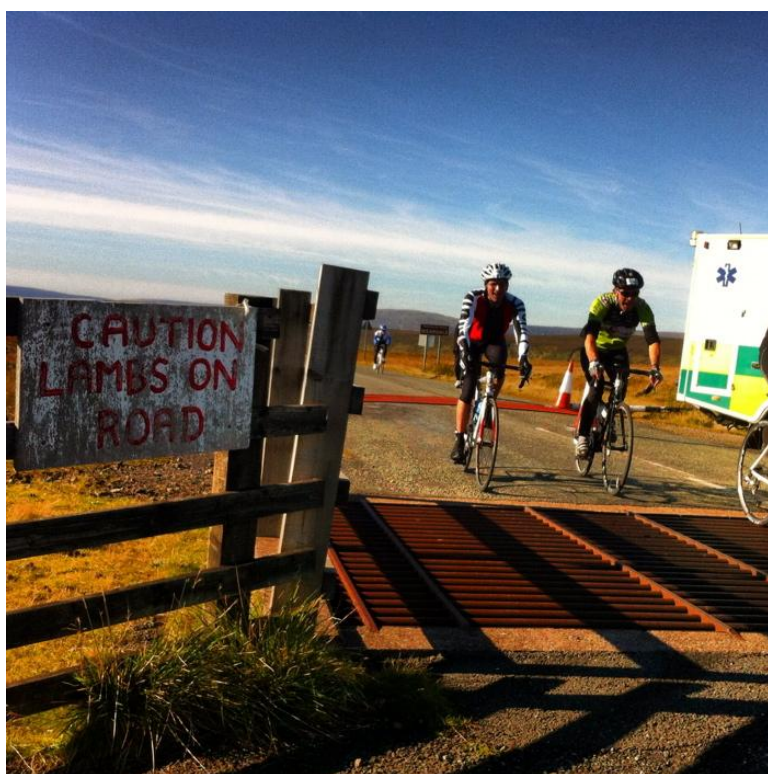
Morning came; we met up with the rest of the VIP riders including Rob Hayles. Ali, my Ali this time, was looking at me with 'how do you get us into these situation' eyes. We're escorted past the pens of 2500 riders to the front of the event, yes, that's right it's photo time. It did make me a little curious about what it was like as a punter, what was the car parking like? How long were the queues? We were shielded from all this so I can't tell you. What we saw though was some very slick organisation.

Now something I've not yet mentioned is that this is a closed road event. I've never ridden a closed road event, generally opting for the virtually traffic free roads of the Pennines where we live.

Finally we're off as the lead out group, British Cycling motorbike marshals lead out each of the groups, there's



loads of them! Barriers line the sides of the roads; there are signs to warn for bends, all the side roads leading to the route are shut with a marshall on each. There's even marshals on tight bends! Sunshine is just breaking through misty light. They set off the faster riders in the early groups and left the rest off the rabble behind. Seems quite sensible to me, if you want to push a bit harder why not? This however is a way of doing it without the challenge riders getting zipped past by speeding packs. I did notice in a lot of the event information that the event was referred to as a race. Naughty, it's a sportive. Could be confusing too with 1st, 2nd and 3rd prizes overall. They had however put in a timed sprint and a timed hill climb. These were both quite close to the beginning, I had got a bit excited thinking they were timing all the climbs



some may say I'm a little sadistic there though!

The roads chosen were amazing. The route begins fairly flat, enough time to warm your legs up before hitting the hills. We stopped at the feeds, all were well stocked with bananas, biscuits, ZipVit Caffiene gels, ZipVit bars and plenty of fluids and toilets were also available. It was interesting to watch folk at the feeds. Oh my god, how much do some people eat at these things? Now I always er on the side of caution at these things and never ride on anything I've not tried before and generally self cater. I'm lucky enough to be sponsored by Clif and I know what's in their bars and that I won't feel sick ever. I also don't eat that much on the bike. For the whole ride I ate one and a half bars and half a packet of chews. It looked like some people ate that at each stop!

The landscape is stunning. It really is quite different to ride with the safe knowledge that no cars are on the road; you get to really enjoy the bends and curves of the road. It does make for some rather erratic cycling though and congestion on the hills where folk just ride in the middle. A polite call of 'on your right' was often greeted with a grunt. Even with closed roads it still felt like there were a lot of cyclists on the road. Swarms of 'em! A really mixed bag of ability too. The promised hills soon came, beautiful cloud inversions visible from the tops. I stopped to take pictures and wait for Ali to catch up. Chatting with people taking a break. On one climb a group of MTB'ers from Scotland have stopped to wait for their roadie mate. One spied my Kinesis Morvelo kit. "You know that wee Katy Winton? She rides them bikes too" said one, "Yes, she's one of my team mates" I replied. "Oh she's great she is, we met her at the Scottish Cycle Show, she's from Peebles like us" he replied. So Katy if you're reading, you have even more members of your fan club.

Hill after hill we rode, some of the faces we passed had clearly gone off a bit quick and were paying the price. Now I love hills so it didn't bother me. Also riding at a social pace makes it easier for me. There were a lot of hills though. The weather was beautiful which softened this; thankfully we didn't have last weekend's weather. I think they would have had to cancel; the roads are on wide-open moorland, stunning, yes, but prone to raging weather. The snow depth poles we're along many of the roads. The organiser had put a 13mph minimum speed in place saying that anyone not keeping to this would be swept up. Ali's Garmin was saying 12.5 for us and we were passing plenty of people. The timing was essential due to the road closures. It would seem that a fair few would get swept up. 13mph is a bit optimistic for a really hilly ride full of challenge riders.

What we both found as we were riding along was that it really did feel like an event. We'd started with the Yorkshire war cry of "How much!" but by the end were thinking more along the lines of it really was good value for what you got. An army of marshalls, paramedics, main road closures where the route crossed with timing mats down to neutralise crossing time, heaps of food, clear signs and loads of them. The route was amazing.

A top day out, highly recommended.



Grand Prix first

The first year I've ever managed to qualify for the club Grand Prix championship!

I've never written a Torrier article before, mainly because I thought my efforts at trying not to be last in various races wouldn't be of much interest to anyone else in the club. However, this year I've managed to do something I've never done before – qualify for the club Grand Prix. You'd have thought completing a mere 8 races out of the list of 33 wouldn't be that much of a problem, but there's not that many do it, and having set myself that specific target at the start of the year, I found it much harder than I expected. I managed to stay healthy over the winter and got some good long mileage in for training but the speed work training never quite happened, which I think affected me more than I realised.

So...11 February and the Wadsworth Trog. The first – and hopefully the last – race I've ever done where sheet ice made the gateways the most dangerous bits. Given the general carnage and many injuries to others, I was quite happy just to finish in one piece, although with my right ITB giving me gyp. I wasn't (quite) last although I think for Elise it was definitely a social outing. Job done, 67.2 GP points. And I now own a pair of YakTrax, which would have been really, really helpful on the day. Roll on next year.

The unfinished business of the Edale Skyline Race intervened in my GP races – bit of a hangover from my days in the Edale Mountain Rescue Team. Another slow race, this time in blazing sunshine (remember that?) and with my left knee hurting from about halfway round, but I finished it and I wasn't (quite) last. Job done, and that ghost well and truly laid to rest.

Coledale Horseshoe on 14 April felt like a school trip with lots of Toddlies packing into John's minibus and most of us eating our sandwiches on the way. I also have to mention the spectacularly scrumptious flapjack and sausage rolls very generously shared by Dwayne. I tried the free kinesio tape on offer and had my first pain-free race of the year. However that stuff works, it's magic! Lovely Lakes race with a steep climb, bit of scrambling and horizontal hail in the middle then a lovely long, runnable downhill. It really felt like a championship race, with all the flags and banners flying in the start/finish field. I managed 98th out of 126 ladies, so 76.4 points.

2 May saw the annual Flower Scar evening race. So much for improving on previous years' times, continuing my rubbish form I finished 114/130 in 49:13, although losing one fell shoe in a bog on the way down didn't help. That's an evil little last climb before you have to jump over the wall and sprint across the field to the finish with legs like lead. Hey ho, another 78.1 points.

And then there was the Great Lakes Run cum swim cum general epic on 16 June. I won't recap my epic days out collecting toilet seat points just reccy-ing this race, suffice it to say that the actual event surpassed all expectations. I came closer to drowning that day than I did in a year at sea on the Clipper round the world yacht race. Best bit: making the cut-off with half an hour to spare and scrambling up the waterfall onto Scafell. Worst bit: being swept down the Esk and tumbled over in the water thinking 'I really don't want to hit any of those big boulders or I won't get out of here alive.' In my defence, the involuntary swim definitely

slowed me down on the last leg, but I've never been happier just to finish a race - even if the time was over 6 hours. And that was still quicker than either of the recces.

After all that, a couple of road races in quick succession felt like it should be a bit of rest. The Helen Windsor 10k on 4 July was nice and undulating. Serves me right for not paying closer attention to the route, I felt like I could have been much faster on the last k if I'd realized it was downhill all the way to the finish. Ok so I didn't quite manage 10k in my target 50min but it was my first road race in about 5 years. And I wasn't last. And I managed to find one of the freebie thermal mugs at the finish, result!

The Eccup 10 mile was one of those where the unplanned just-in-time approach meant I arrived, parked, found a handy tree and then jogged to the start with about 2 minutes to spare. The warm-up helped, I managed 386th out of 644 runners in 1:25:05 and my best GP points score so far:88.3. Maybe I should try a half marathon...Got lost again on the way home. Why is it so much easier to find fell races?

I was really looking forward to the Weasdale Horseshoe and my third English Championship race this year. I'm afraid the cake selection at the finish was considerably better than my performance, but it was a lovely day out even if we were one lady short of a team. I finished it, I wasn't last - 56th out of 75 ladies, although beaten fair and square by Kath B, which would have hurt less if she wasn't still recovering from injury and not at her best. I might have done better at the welly-wanging competition...

And so to Alice's Race on 2 September. I spent most of the week before with a cold and feeling completely awful, but was determined just to race and finish and qualify for the club Grand Prix for the first time ever. Again I didn't manage my 50 minutes target time and felt like I'd been rubbish, but I guess 70th out of 191 and 13th lady out of 84 is considerably better than I usually do. We forget how much faster a lot of club runners are than 'ordinary' runners who don't get regularly beaten in races by someone 10or 20 years older, hence my usual mission in FRA championship races is just not to be last ;-)

It's both incredibly satisfying and incredibly frustrating to feel that in virtually every race, for various reasons, I didn't quite do my best, could have tried harder, would have tried harder if I'd just taken more time to prepare. But for the first time ever, I actually set myself a running target...and achieved it. Me who spent 9 years running for fun and not daring to join a club because I didn't think I was a good enough runner, then 3 years in the Tod Harriers before I dared enter any races.

So I've managed a year without any major injuries, I've qualified for the GP, I've survived a couple of epic races, and I've realized that I can push myself a lot harder than I thought, but I need to get the timing right, and that takes practice. Good job there's always next year...

Fiona Armer

Ian Hodgson Relay 7th October 2012 – Patterdale, Cumbria

Great race, great weather, great team performance, tinged with a little sadness.....

The team was sorted within a couple hours one evening in September. Usual suspects, Andrew Horsfall (Hoss) and Andrew Wrench were in, along with Paul Hobbs, Nick Barber, Marcel Ellison, Andy McFie, new member Craig Stansfield and I.

Sat 6th October 2012

I believed I got away with it for the first time ever by managing to keep my first team choice right up to race day!..... Except, at 2 pm I got call on my mobile whilst walking around Matalan with Bev in Rochdale, I glanced at the caller on my phone 'Young Bull', oh shit its Barber, I thought to myself, 'he's phoning me to drop out of the relay,' I was aware that he had completed the 15mile 'Good Shepherd race' that day.

"Yes Nick what's up ?"

"Marcel has left a message on the Tod Forum, he's ill and won't be fit for tomorrow"

"Ahhhhhhh.... you're kidding.... can you persuade him to run ?"

I left it with Barber to try and work some magic, the next hour or so involved me ringing numerous runners whilst Bev continued her monthly wardrobe change.

Gee was my first reserve, 'Sorry Jon I'm struggling with my ankle'

"Just done the Good Shepherd today and I've torn my calf muscle" said Brannigan

At this point, my plan was to run Wrenchy on both Legs 2 and 3 (I never told him this !) It's what's expected of you Andrew when you've been a top class fellrunner.

Ellison phoned me approximately an hour later, "Im back in the team Jon, Barber has encouraged me to run, I didn't want to let the team down"

"Good on yer mate".

We both agreed that not turning up the following day would have been far worse for the team. We are never going to win the damn thing but we sure can enjoy competing in it.

The message to Barber and Wrenchy for Sunday morning was "6.25am prompt, for set off from Hare and Hounds at 6.30am"

So at 6.45 am Bev, Wrenchy and I were sat in the pub car park , "he's slept in I bet"

Bev was panicking; she was down for doing leg 1 with Helen Wilson. I know, I thought, I'll ring Hobbsy, "Sorry mate I'm in Cliviger, why what's up"

"Sh*t... Barber has blobbed"

I'd rang Barbers phone several times but it kept clicking straight to his answer phone, I even text him, still no response. I was about to say to Wrenchy, 'how about running 2 legs'

When my phone rang, I looked 'Young Bull calling', "Forgot to charge my phone last night, my alarm didn't go off, I'm really sorry mate"

"No probs, we'll fly down for you, be there in 10 min !"

Wrenchy frowns at me, Bev is really worried now, believing that she won't make it in time, I know, I'll ring Hoss and his wife Caite and they can take Bev to Patterdale. I then sighted a similar car to Hoss's drive passed the Hare and Hounds and head towards Burnley. I gave chase; unfortunately we were 2 – 3 cars behind once we got onto Burnley road. Bev gets on the phone to Caite, "please can you stop where you are now"

"Why, what's up" Caite replies

Bev panicking, "Just stop please and I'll explain, your in front of us, you've just passed us at the Hare and Hounds?"

A puzzled reply from Caite, "we've only just pulled up on Burnley road opposite the Hare and Hounds"

"Bloody hell.....!", we had been pursuing the wrong car and by now we were at Knotts bends entering Cornholme. Quick u-turn was made, dropped Bev off with the Horsfalls and drove safely ;) to Hebden Bridge (no comments Mr Wrench).

Collected an embarrassed Barber, the 80 mile journey was un-eventful other than the beautiful cloud inversion at Blackshaw head as we left the South Pennines. The conversation jumped from one thing to another, It soon digressed onto running and

cycling mishaps for some reason. Wrenchy quoted quite proudly that he had only ever fallen over once in a race in his 20+years of running. (Barber and I agreed it was every race for us) that race being the Ben Nevis race where he tripped on the lower slopes.

We arrived at Patterdale and race HQ half an hour before the start; it was cool and clear and looked like a great day ahead of us. I removed the lead from my right shoe and set about organising and registering the team.

Ellison had made it, looking pale, carbo-loading on 'Lemsip' and having the p*ss taken out of him by Stansfield and their chauffer Mick Howard.

Leg 1 - Hoss and Hobbs are away in the mass start along with Bev and Helen in the Tod ladies team at 9.15am. Although short in length it's a tough climb up to Angle tarn from the valley bottom. Hoss using his good knowledge and nav skills selected good lines and brought the team in an admiral 20th position at Hartsop.

Leg 2- Ellison and Barber are away but as soon as the climb begins to steepen towards 'The Knott', Ellison begins to feel the effects of his flu and immediately lose ground on other teams, by the time they reach 'High Street' Ellison is ready for jacking it in, he was suffering badly. But credit due, he soldiered on with encouragement all the way from his team mate. Good visibility assists in navigating across the hard fell leg to Kirkstone.

Leg 3 Wrenchy and I are waiting anxiously, hoping that leg 2 runners are not injured or lost on route. It was a great relief to see them appear over the crag from the last check point and hand over the dibber at Kirkstone pass in 49th.

'Jesus Wrenchy' I thought, as he put in a 4 minute miler from the start to the foot of 'Red Screes' his pace did not ease as we climbed the steep scramble. Once on the summit we descended quickly from the check point, as we approached a broken down wall, Wrenchy shouts out, "Watch out for the wire"

I was about to reply, but ended up laughing my head off as I witnessed Wrenchy trip forwards and face plant into sodden moss, "Only twice now in 20 years of running Andrew"

With respect he was back on his feet sharp and we were away again, the last descent was fast, rocky and one of the quickest on the day, Wrenchy quoted "that's the roughest descent that I have ever been down"

At Sykeside I couldn't stop in time to hand over the dibber and ended up ploughing right into the poor race marshal, I was sat on the floor when I handed the dibber over to Stansfield and McFie in 19th position.

Leg 4 - Saw our anchor lads away and back up the rough descent towards 'Harter Fell' and 'Fairfield', they were well matched over this tough final leg and put in a great time. They were witnesses to the tragedy of Pennines 'Darren Holloway', they sighted the poor lad high up on the fell just above 'St Sunday Crag' with other relay competitors desperately trying to revive him, un-selfishly giving up their race and position to assist. They were not to know that Darren had suffered a fateful heart attack and died almost immediately according to the subsequent coroners report.

I had been well matched with Darren and had plenty of battles over the fells; he was competitive, pleasant to talk to and had a wealth of knowledge about cycling and running, this he would pass on freely.

Stansfield and McFie saw that there was plenty help been given to Darren and rightly continued onto the finish at Patterdale cricket ground, to much applause from Todmorden Harriers basking under the rare orange glow shining in the sky. Well done lads

Men's Open Team finished 16th

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A great effort by all, thank you team for a very enjoyable day in god's country.

Team captain - Wrighty

The Rab MM 2012

by Colin Duffield

I don't know how many mountain marathons I've done. I could count them, but I'm not sure I've got enough fingers.

The point is I've done a few. Quite a few. Enough. Some have ended well, some badly. Some have ended early and some (very) late. So what makes this one sufficiently different that I think it's worth writing a few lines about it? Well, all the previous ones were done as one half of a team of two and were as much an exercise in working together and bonding as an exercise in mountain craft and self reliance. There has always been someone to check bearings, agree a route, share the carrying, have a moan, tell me I'm going the wrong way etc. This one I did on my own.



'Is that because you have no friends and you snore?' I hear you ask, gentle reader.

Maybe. But also, there was another reason. After a year's worth of injury I had become a bit jaded with things and wanted a little test, something new. This need for something new bothered me like an itchy foot and had nudged a solo mountain marathon onto my 'to do' list'. The items on this wholly virtual wish list range from the quite achievable through the 'tricky' and onwards to the 'beg your pardon?' categories. Some I don't know how feasible they'll ever be, some depend on things like the existence of Yetis, some on the future availability of rocket propelled boots. A solo MM didn't rely on mythical creatures or unlikely science, so I really felt this one was firmly stacked on the achievable pile.

As soon as entries for this year's Rab MM opened and I saw that the location would be 'Northern England' I filled in the form as a solo competitor, I almost ticked elite but on quick reflection that would have been unwise and stretching the truth to past its safe tolerance limit. I told myself that the purpose of the exercise wouldn't be to win, or to worry about position. It was more important to prove to myself I could do it and in no circumstances be at home to Mr Cockup. I had met him before several times and didn't like him. Not one bit.

The fact that the Rab MM is an entirely score event was important and reassuring as I could chose checkpoints and wouldn't be eliminated if I decided to finish early on either day. My recent injuries were still lingering and the weekend would also be a test that I was mending as I believed I was.

About a month before the event I had an email telling me that this year's venue would be the Cheviots. This wrong footed me slightly as I'd thought that 'Northern England' could only mean the Lakes, an area I know well enough to be confident that I could at least find my way back to the car in a time of crisis. The Cheviots were a different proposition. I'd been the Northumberland once. Loved it, but I wasn't sure that eating kippers in Crastor and playing in the fountains at Alnwick Castle would be of any value when stuck in thick clag amongst the in self billed 'most remote hills in England'.

Mandy and Phil agreed to share transport, which meant a trip up the M1 in their big red fun bus. We set off at 3pm on the Friday before the Saturday that would be Day One of the event. After a slow journey through rush hour traffic we arrived in the pretty village of Wooler and got our bearings.

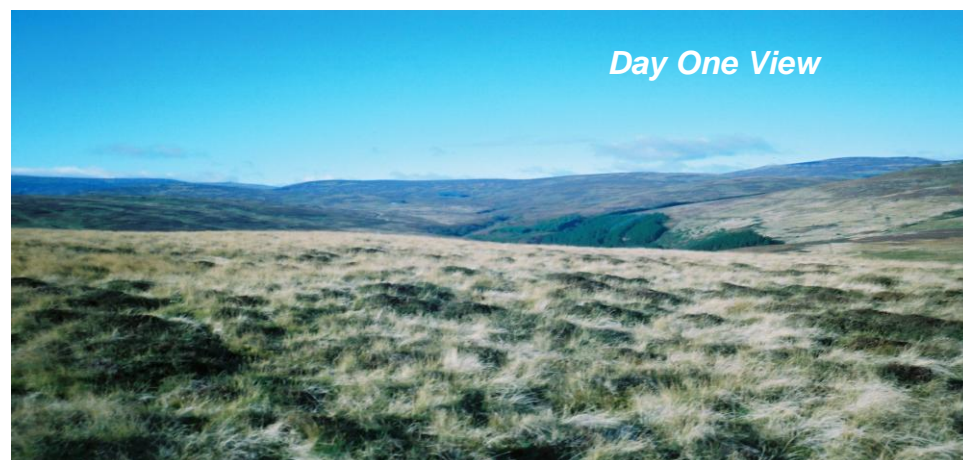
The event centre was the usual buzz of bullshit and gear stalls. After a brief chat to a few fellow competitors and fish and chips from a snack van, we retired to the pub for a couple of pints. Soon though I had retreated to my spare tent pitched near the starting field to await the next day's labours. As it got darker and colder I snuggled down in my four season sleeping bag, wondering just how cold I was going to get the following night in my flimsy lightweight

bag. As the night wore on it became clear that despite being warm enough, it was to be a disturbed and fitful night with a minimum sleep punctuated by dreams of missing controls and man eating bogs. Every time I started to relax and let some quality sleep pour over me I was snatched back to the reality of the situation by the constant banging of the nearby portaloo doors, sounding like nothing so much as a drumming class for rhythmically challenged but enthusiastic halfwits.

Nine hours later and after a restless night alone I decided to get an earlyish start (you chose your own start time on the Rab). I took a deep breath and left my tent I wondering what girding loins entailed for I felt sure I should be doing it.

At 08:30 in the morning I dipped my dongle in the bleep hole (this is also called dibbing at the start, in case you were wondering), and set off. Because I wasn't, under any circumstances at home if Mr Cockup were to call by, I had a firm plan to wait, play it safe, check my bearings, visualise what the terrain would look like, and only set off when I was sure of my plan. I'm not entirely sure what happened as I started, but I seemed to find myself shooting off in the wrong direction, with my compass impossibly tangled in the rucksack waist strap. Then I dropped my map and had to chase it as the gentle but persistent wind took it off towards Scotland. I caught it, took a deep breath and started again.

From then onwards the day passed in a steady blur of heather and mud. Nice little plantations surrounded by bog grass and surprisingly big hills. I bit like the South Pennines all grown up.



For anyone who is not familiar with this kind of event, the feeling of doing a MM on your own is a completely different experience to a fell race as there is no correct way to go, so following others is useless and often completely counter productive.

That's if there is anyone to follow. I didn't see anyone for long periods and my paranoid inner voice kept suggesting that in the best case scenario I had chosen an unwise route, or in the worst scenario I was the butt of an impossibly complicated practical joke and that nobody else had actually started and they had all encamped to the pub to tell jokes about me.

For much of the day I found myself moving slowly and overly checking my map when there was really no need. But the CPs kept coming on cue and I found myself getting more and more relaxed as the day wore off. I began to wonder where Mr Cockup was hiding. Then he ambushed me and hit me with a beautiful sucker punch when I really wasn't expecting it.

On the Rab MM they give you one map for both days. The checkpoints (CPs) for both days are marked on it but only become live on the appropriate day. It's always worth checking that any given CP is actually live on that particular day and not a dormant one waiting for the next day. Seems that this is particularly worth double checking before a long detour up a steep, steep, hill. On this day I learned this the hard way. Curse you Mr Cockup. When I realised what I'd done my lapse into what could be called 'Barrack Room Language' does me no credit and makes me glad I wasn't in the company of a lady.

After this debacle, I grabbed a couple more checkpoints before mid camp fluttered into view on the horizon. I realised I could take my time without any danger of being given the dreaded time penalties (time penalties are the kiss of death on any score event). I walked down the road and finished Day One 35 minutes early, quickly pitching my tent in amongst a cunningly concealed rock garden. Soon I was joined by several other Tod and CVFR runners, all with their

own defining characteristic. Clare K and Elise (jolly), Mandy and Phil (determined), Ben and Dwain (kings of the double entendre), Peter B and Charlie Boyce (understated). Soon some more CVFRs (Scarfes and Johnsons) joined our enclave along with Nick Harris and his partner from Rossy. Wagons were circled and flags raised.

Taking stock, I was happy to finish Day One with no twinges or tweaks from my crumbling body. Not that I was breaking records for the number of checkpoints visited and points scored. This was entirely to plan as I felt I didn't want to shoot my bolt on day one with a potentially difficult Day Two still to come.

In my experience, mid camps always look like the sort of places that if Bob Geldof was to visit, he'd be straight on the phone to Midge Ure and there'd be a charity single in the shops before you could say Bananarama. There seems no exception to this rule, and even the most lovely of rough pasture sloping down to a rushing beck can be made to look a bit of a scruffy mess when you scatter 500 tents and 800 runners in there. All with their scabby feet out.

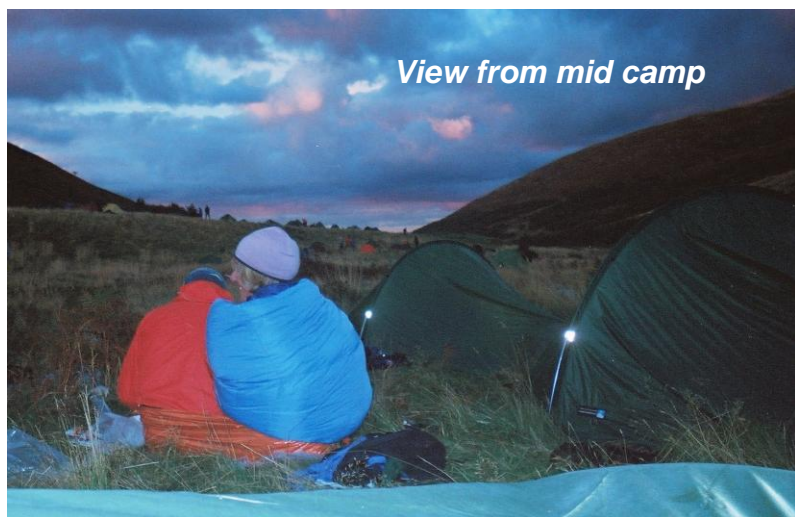
I settled down and listened to the 'Carry On Camping' banter coming from 'Sid James' Dixon, and 'Hattie Jacques' Crowther (Dwain stirring some dried food; *'Is that stiff enough for you yet?'* Ben; *'I can't tell until you've stuck it in'*)

I had pasta, couscous, coffee, and soup. All of these had the same detailed preparation notes (put it in a cup and pour boiling water on it). Later I had spotted dick, but you can make your own jokes about that. Dwain and Ben did.

It was my last warming brew of the night when my shivering leg knocked over my little stove, complete with the pan of boiling water that was on it. All over my lower leg. Sometimes things hurt too much to scream, so I just rolled over and ran to the icy beck and immersed my blistering, bubbling calf in the water. The lycra of my leggings had melted into my skin and it hurt like a swine. Removing them would certainly involve ripping quite a bit of skin away from my leg. Remembering my dim and distant burns training I knew that infection was something of a danger so elected to keep my leggings exactly where they were and worry about taking them off when I had access to some of washing facility and decent first aid supplies.

Darkness fell and the temperature dropped like a rock. Before getting dressed for bed, including a little down jacket and powerstretch hat. I indulged myself with my little luxury of a hip flask of twelve year old malt. This also helped with my sore leg which seemed to be continuing to slowly cook itself. When planning my kit at home I had thought I'd be the only one with a nip of alcohol but was surprised to find others also had whisky, some brandy, some port, and even gin and tonic. Most of us went to bed half pissed.

View from mid camp



The main thing about the night was the cold. Ice formed on tents and I think almost everybody's sleeping bags turned out to be wholly inadequate for the -5 degree temperatures. Survival bags were utilised (there was an inordinate amount of rustling from the Harris tent at one point). Again the solo competitor seems to suffer most, one person in a tent generates much less heat than two. Then the portaloos froze.

Sunday arrived, as tends to be the general way of things after your average Saturday. This is even true in Northumberland. I

got up and undressed. Malt loaf and coffee were taken before heading off again. Despite everything I was enjoying myself. The sun came out and the heather glowed with a beautifully strange incandescence. I saw the silvery sea on the eastern horizon from my second checkpoint of the day. Happy days.

Again, controls came and went and despite having a good deal of lycra melted onto my leg, I found myself not wanting Day Two to end. For the earlier part of the day I had company, including Peter and Charlie, but soon I was alone again as I navigated from sheepfolds to cairns to crags. Joining the circles marked on the map like a child joins the dots in a colouring book.

After four hours and a bit hours I headed back to the finish, tired and sore but happy. On finishing and downloading my times I celebrated with a tray of excellent local stew and I nice sit down under a tree in the gorgeous autumn sunshine. I finished Day Two somewhere mid-pack, again this was entirely to plan. Lost in the herd is a good place to be. Ask a gnu.

After watching Mandy and Phil get their hard won prize we headed off for a speedy return to Hebden and several Guinness that were waiting for me at home.

So, a couple of days down the line and I can tick one thing off my wish list. But what's next? Is it a Cyclocross race, a BGR, a safari, or Yeti wresting? Or shall I Google rocket boots?



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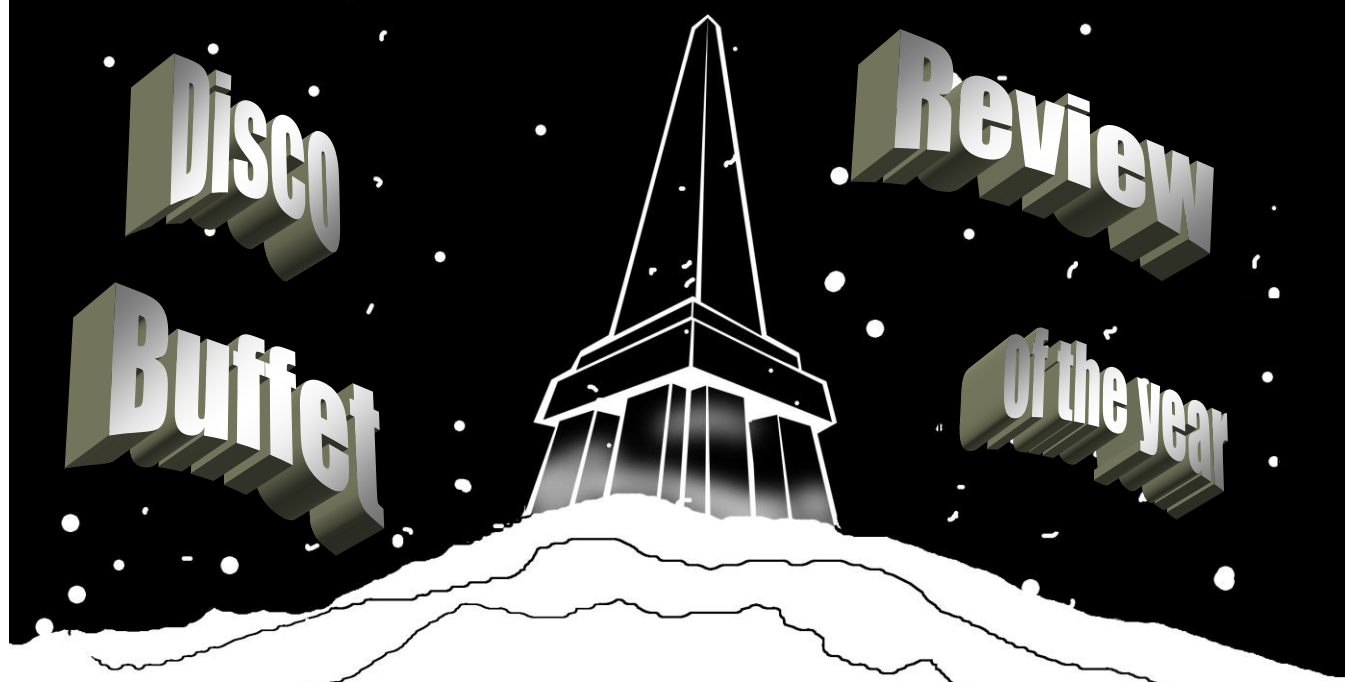
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