

THE TORRIER

NEWS, MOTIVATION, INSPIRATION, RACING, OBSESSION, MEMORIES, BANTER AND MORE!

SUMMER 2016



STOODLEY PIKE FELL RACE

WWW.TODHARRIERS.CO.UK

Wha'sup wagwan?

Many thanks to Grrrraeme Brown for the fantastic cover art and Stoodley pike fell race poster!

Getting ready for races?

Interval training at Todmorden High school Tuesday 6:30 -7:30 led by experienced coach Graeme Wrench - you'll feel and see the difference!

40th Yr. Stoodley Pike

Fell Race Tuesday the 5th July at 7:30

The Stoodley Pike Fell Race is a quick dash up and down Calderdale's most famous landmark. Volunteers needed! Commemorative beer! This year's race is on Tuesday 5th July at 7.30pm, starting and finishing from the usual pub - The Top Brink Inn. Can you let me know by posting on the forum, emailing me on joeydcreations@hotmail.com or sending me a text on 07771 747420 if you can marshall or help on the evening of the race?and promote the race with the flyer at the back of this edition

Sedbergh Fell race

British Championships

Tod are flying this year and doing great in all races - be part of it!

AS

- Website: www.howgillharriers.co.uk
- Distance: 5.6km / 3.5m
- Climb: 400m / 1312ft

Pack runs

June - Queens, Cliviger

July - New Delight, Blackshawhead

Aug, Craggvale venue TBC

Grand prix and club championships

Check out <http://www.todharriers.co.uk/club-championship/> for up and coming race fixtures. We've had some awesome turnouts and topnotch performances so far this year. Lets make sure that we give them the force of Tod!

A word from club President - Peter Ehrhardt

Who are you?

As your President, and honoured to be so, that's a bit of an embarrassing position. And admission. So I'd like to remedy it, at least to some extent.

Some older members may recall a proforma type questionnaire that was introduced in the hope that we might populate a 'members' page on the website. I attach a copy. My expectation is that just as many might fill it in as did a few years ago – that is, not a lot.

So – beware on pack run nights. For I will be approaching you, pencil in hand, to extract this info from you. Which may mean that I don't need to ask the question quite so often in the future (though don't count on it – it's the short term memory that goes first) and should mean, with your permission, that the website will become more informative about who we are, and not just about what we do.

I'm off to sharpen my pencil

Peter Ehrhardt.

The President's bash

Thank you to all those brave individuals who made it to the President's bash. Any event at this time of year is bound to clash with something; this year it was the British Championship race in Wales - where I understand the conditions to have been warm and sunny with excellent visibility.

The food was adequate, the drink OK and, as promised, the company (which seemed surprisingly interested in the disappointing football result) was excellent.

A little thin on the ground, perhaps; and it was gently suggested to me by a former chair lady of this Club that perhaps my pre event publicity had not been up to scratch.

I therefore welcome Nick's kindness in holding up the printing presses for me to get this short notice into the summer Torrier at the very last moment.

To avoid misunderstanding, and in the hope of providing adequate notice for the event, I hereby announce that the provisional date for the next President's bash will be (the same weekend as this year) Saturday 10 June 2017.

Peter E.

A word from Nick Barber

I would like to suggest that after a pack run we all let Peter enjoy his beer and to indulge himself in some good banter as opposed to chasing after people with his pencil. Please assist by completing the following with a photo of yourself and emailing to

peter.ehrhardt@runbox.com

Who are we
My name is...
I started running in....
I started running because....
My favourite thing about running is....
I joined Tod Harriers in....
My favourite thing about Tod Harriers is...
My personal running achievements are...
My favourite race(s)...
My personal bests are...
Anything else you'd like to say...

However I'm sure that President will still come and introduce himself and indulge in good banter.

Who are we - the Committee?

Committee meetings

This is your club and you have an equal say in how things are ran and which pubs we run from etc. This is an open invitation for any members too attend. If you have any matters that you would like to discuss at the next meeting then meeting are held at the Golden Lion in Todmorden on the first Monday of the month - except bank holidays (following monday)

Everybody is welcome

• **My name is...Nick Barber Chairman and Torrier collator - you are the producers!**

I've submitted this introduction before but thought it might be nice to introduce myself to new members



smile..... :D

- I started running in... 2006
- I started running because... I was having an existential crisis. I'd quit smoking, moved to new region and wanted to find my way round with the intimacy that you have with an environment when you are a kid. I didn't have a bike and my brother had entered us in the Great North Run
- My favourite thing about running is... Extended fitness making you a superhuman, allowing you to do more. See more, eat more, drink more and go further
- I joined Tod Harriers in... Sept 2007
- My favourite thing about Tod Harriers is... The incredible feats that such modest people have accomplished
- My personal running achievements are... I've done some decent times in 5k up to marathon but currently the most important thing is being a Tod Harrier and team events.
- My favourite race(s)... I don't really go back to the same races, most have some amazing aspects. The atmosphere at Snowdon and Ben Nevis are a great experience, Donnard in Northern Ireland this year was stunning. I like the raw speed on the road - ticking off each mile and doing the maths as you glance at your watch. Then I like brutality of the fells, "It's pretty gritty, leaping over ice age rocks fuelled on gels and electrolytes, dressed in technical fibres" All races have something about them.
- My personal bests are... 5K sub17, 10K sub35, Half marathon sub75, Marathon sub2:40 - still PB'ing
- Anything else you'd like to say... The transition that the club has taken me through has been incredible. Todmorden Harriers is very important to me and you continue to astound me.

Encouraging the next generation of Todgies.

Some might not be all that aware that your Tod Harriers does have a Jnr Harriers section. The enthusiastic coaches and assistants usually lead a training session on Tuesday evenings (5:15-6:30pm) before the senior training session. With Ben Crowther as lead coach and seven other coaches and assistant's Our aim is to encourage and guide our younger Harriers in to continuing to run and enjoy what our club has to offer in the future and also to remain a Tod Harrier.

Utilising the facilities at Tod High School and Tod park we have maintained a regular number of attendees on Tuesdays and we still have a number of children waiting to

come and enjoy what we do. All our coaches give their time and effort freely but we need some help from time to time.

You all may have seen a noticeable generation gap emerging between our Jnr Harriers and senior Harriers. We need existing members and parents to be able to offer some of their free time in order to fill that generation gap.

The basic requirements are that you would need to be DBS checked in order to be a parent/assistant helper. Should you wish to be a full coach then Tod Harriers will cover your training expenses.

If you might be able to help then get in touch either through Ben Crowther or use the Jnr Harrier enquiry email.

GP Update

As or writing, at the beginning of June, we are 13 races into the 33 selected for the GP. The emphasis to include more local races seems to be resulting in the desire effect of getting more members out and competing. It's especially encouraging to see so many new faces participating. It's hoped that the forthcoming races will be seen as a challenge for seasoned running but not daunting for those in their first competition.

8 Toddies have already qualified this early in the year, with 91 club members running at least one race. This could be a record year for participation – no reason why we won't have well over 100 by the end of the 33 races.

On the fells there have been turnouts of 20+ at the local Midgley, Stanbury and Wardle, 33 at Orchrans and an impressive 33 in the Long category Heptonstall.

Road races tend to be further afield, though the 33 at the Red Hot Toddy should be surpassed at the Tod Park 5k, and there are also half marathons in Halifax and Rochdale.

Trail is the only championship to have completed enough fixtures to have qualifiers – 6 have done all 3 races. There were 42 Toddies at the Cowm 5k and I'm sure Jim Smith would be delighted to see many more when he is honoured at this race later in the year. (Note from Nick - the clubs ultra championship has just seen Dwane Dixon and Louise Stunell qualify and both take the top leaderboard. David Leslie has also qualified and is currently in second place.)

There are plenty of great races yet to come, many local, so we're looking for many more club vests at these fixtures. And please, please do wear a club vest. There is an expectation that you must if you wish to compete in the GP (though there is some discretion towards new members and the forgetful who don't) but it makes life much easier when compiling the results if you do abide by this simple 'rule'.

Dave O' Neil

top GP standings as of 1st June

Pstn	Name	Cat	total completed races	total points	total fell races	avg per fell race	total road races	avg per road race	total trail races	avg per trail race	Qualified?	Best combination	GP SCORE
1	Paul Brannigan	M50	9	792.2	4	85.6	2	90.8	3	89.4	Q	3F-2R-3T	725.7
2	David Leslie	M60	9	800.2	3	86.9	3	88.4	3	91.4	Q	3F-2R-3T	719.2
3	Richard Butterwick	M45	9	799.0	5	85.2	2	93.8	2	92.8	Q	4F-2R-2T	719.0
4	Michael Harper	M45	9	781.3	3	84.6	3	84.8	3	91.0	Q	2F-3R-3T	698.9
5	Chris Goddard	M	9	766.3	4	85.4	4	84.1	1	88.7	Q	4F-3R-1T	687.7
6	Guy Whitmore	M45	12	958.5	5	77.9	4	79.0	3	84.4	Q	2F-3R-3T	662.3
7	Kevin Coughlan	M50	9	697.6	3	75.2	3	78.0	3	79.4	Q	3F-3R-2T	624.6
8	Steve Corrigan	M50	8	524.5	4	64.3	2	65.2	2	68.6	Q	4F-2R-2T	524.5
9	Andrew Worster	M	7	639.1	3	91.8	2	88.4	2	93.5	X		639.1
10	Richard Blakeley	M70	6	590.8	4	99.7	1	91.3	1	100.7	X		590.8
11	Mel Blackhurst	F50	6	577.2	2	94.7	3	95.6	1	101.2	X		577.2
12	Rebecca Partick	F40	6	559.2	4	93.2	1	88.8	1	97.8	X		559.2
13	Dave Collins	M60	5	486.0	3	98.4	0	0	2	95.4	X		486.0
14	Peter Ehrhardt	M65	6	481.9	3	82.9	1	78.8	2	77.2	X		481.9
15	Jane Leonard	F55	5	467.2	3	93.7	0	0	2	93.1	X		467.2
16	Stu Worstenholme	M40	6	463.9	5	77.7	1	75.4	0	0	X		463.9
17	Pauline May	F	5	444.3	2	86.2	2	89.1	1	93.6	X		444.3
18	Dave O'Neill	M55	7	436.4	4	61.4	1	58.3	2	66.3	X		436.4
19	Nina Fedorski	F50	5	390.3	2	74.9	1	77.4	2	81.6	X		390.3
20	Paul Cruthers	M50	5	386.1	2	71.9	0	0	3	80.8	X		386.1
21	Duncan Ritchie	M40	5	385.7	4	76.8	1	78.7	0	0	X		385.7
22	Robin Tuddenham	M45	4	384.3	1	90.3	1	100.2	2	96.9	X		384.3
23	Ivan Gee	M45	4	383.8	2	100.3	1	90.8	1	92.4	X		383.8
24	Matt Flanagan	M40	4	373.0	3	92.4	0	0	1	95.9	X		373.0
25	Neil Hodgkinson	M45	5	371.7	5	74.3	0	0	0	0	X		371.7
26	Catherine Elvin	F	5	364.3	3	69.0	2	78.7	0	0	X		364.3
27	Phil Hodgson	M55	4	349.9	3	89.7	1	80.9	0	0	X		349.9
28	Simon Galloway	M50	4	336.3	1	81.5	1	78.6	2	88.1	X		336.3
29	Joe Courtney	M	4	308.2	0	0	1	76.7	3	77.2	X		308.2
30	Josh Murphy	M	4	297.0	3	74.4	1	73.7	0	0	X		297.0
31	Richard O'Sullivan	M50	4	290.4	3	71.8	1	74.9	0	0	X		290.4
32	Myra Wells	F55	4	285.1	0	0	2	66.3	2	76.3	X		285.1
33	Darren Tweed	M	3	263.5	1	86.2	0	0	2	88.7	X		263.5
34	Robert Gray	M40	3	248.3	3	82.8	0	0	0	0	X		248.3
35	Kim Ashworth	F	3	216.0	1	71.3	1	68.4	1	76.3	X		216.0
36	Gemma Lord	F45	3	211.0	1	67.5	1	69.1	1	74.4	X		211.0
37	Matt Annisson	M	3	207.7	2	66.1	0	0	1	75.6	X		207.7
38	Hannah Godden	F	3	197.6	1	65.0	1	62.2	1	70.4	X		197.6
39	Nic Corrigan	F40	3	197.5	0	0	1	64.6	2	66.5	X		197.5
40	Nick Barber	M40	2	195.5	2	97.8	0	0	0	0	X		195.5
41	Emily Annisson	F35	3	193.4	0	0	2	61.5	1	70.3	X		193.4
42	Kath Brierley	F50	2	191.6	1	84.4	0	0	1	107.2	X		191.6
43	Martin Roberts	M55	2	183.6	2	91.8	0	0	0	0	X		183.6
44	Kerry Edwards	F40	2	183.2	0	0	1	86.3	1	96.9	X		183.2
45	Dave Garner	M45	2	181.1	2	90.6	0	0	0	0	X		181.1
46	Louise Abdy	F55	2	166.7	0	0	1	81.7	1	85.0	X		166.7
47	Mel Whitmore	F45	2	164.2	0	0	2	82.1	0	0	X		164.2
48	Richard Leonard	M55	2	163.7	2	81.9	0	0	0	0	X		163.7

49	Jane Mitchell	F35	2	163.3	0	0	1	76.3	1	87.0	X		163.3
50	Dan Taylor	M	3	160.1	1	44.5	1	44.9	1	70.7	X		160.1
51	Andy Forbes	M45	2	159.5	1	80.2	1	79.3	0	0	X		159.5
52	Tom Barker	M	2	158.2	2	79.1	0	0	0	0	X		158.2
53	Julie Graham	F45	2	155.4	0	0	1	75.7	1	79.7	X		155.4
54	Michelle Fuller	F40	2	155.3	1	72.1	0	0	1	83.2	X		155.3
55	Ian MacLachlan	M45	2	152.7	1	78.2	1	74.5	0	0	X		152.7
56	Helen Wilson	F50	2	151.8	2	75.9	0	0	0	0	X		151.8
57	Ben Holmes	M	2	149.9	2	75.0	0	0	0	0	X		149.9
58	Joe Daniels	M40	2	148.5	1	73.1	1	75.4	0	0	X		148.5
59	Jordan Yates	M	2	144.3	0	0	1	68.4	1	75.9	X		144.3
60	Mark Williams	M40	2	140.6	0	0	2	70.3	0	0	X		140.6
61	Heather Rostron	F35	2	130.5	0	0	2	65.3	0	0	X		130.5
62	Reg Czudek	M60	2	127.5	2	63.8	0	0	0	0	X		127.5
63	David Wilson	M60	2	125.9	2	63.0	0	0	0	0	X		125.9
64	Jon Wright	M40	1	104.6	1	104.6	0	0	0	0	X		104.6
65	Moyra Parfitt	F70	1	100.9	1	100.9	0	0	0	0	X		100.9
66	Jon Mitcham	M55	1	99.2	0	0	1	99.2	0	0	X		99.2
67	Darren Graham	M45	1	95.2	1	95.2	0	0	0	0	X		95.2
68	Peter Kerridge	M50	1	88.8	0	0	1	88.8	0	0	X		88.8
69	Paul Hobbs	M40	1	88.3	1	88.3	0	0	0	0	X		88.3
70	Andy McFie	M45	1	86.9	1	86.9	0	0	0	0	X		86.9
71	Lucy Burnett	F40	1	86.2	1	86.2	0	0	0	0	X		86.2
72	Sarah Glyde	F40	1	86.0	0	0	1	86.0	0	0	X		86.0
73	Derek Donohue	M55	1	85.0	1	85.0	0	0	0	0	X		85.0
74	Andrew Bibby	M60	1	84.4	0	0	0	0	1	84.4	X		84.4
75	Bev Wright	F45	1	83.9	0	0	0	0	1	83.9	X		83.9
76	Gemma Ford	F35	1	83.5	1	83.5	0	0	0	0	X		83.5
77	Amy Godden	F	1	83.5	0	0	0	0	1	83.5	X		83.5
78	James Riley	M40	1	83.5	0	0	0	0	1	83.5	X		83.5
79	Ben Crowther	M40	1	80.2	1	80.2	0	0	0	0	X		80.2
80	John Lee	M55	1	80.1	1	80.1	0	0	0	0	X		80.1
81	Greg May	M	1	80.1	1	80.1	0	0	0	0	X		80.1
82	Bev Holmes	F45	1	80.1	0	0	1	80.1	0	0	X		80.1
83	Sue Roberts	F50	1	78.3	1	78.3	0	0	0	0	X		78.3
84	Mark Whitaker	M50	1	76.3	1	76.3	0	0	0	0	X		76.3
85	Robert Halstead	M50	1	75.9	1	75.9	0	0	0	0	X		75.9
86	Louise Stunell	F45	1	74.6	1	74.6	0	0	0	0	X		74.6
87	Robert Tyson	M	1	70.6	1	70.6	0	0	0	0	X		70.6
88	Kasia Breska	F35	1	69.3	0	0	0	0	1	69.3	X		69.3
89	Andrea Taylor	F35	1	68.3	0	0	0	0	1	68.3	X		68.3
90	Claire Duffield	F40	1	65.4	1	65.4	0	0	0	0	X		65.4
91	Ben Beckwith	M	1	60.4	1	60.4	0	0	0	0	X		60.4

CHAMPIONSHIPS - The 'TOP 10'

full tables and all the results are on our website

Fell Table - after 6 races

			completed	total points	qualified?	qualifying points
1	Richard Butterwick	M45	5	394.5	X	394.5
2	Stuart Worstenholme	M40	5	360.8	X	360.8
3	Guy Whitmore	M45	5	349.0	X	349.0
4	Chris Goddard	M	4	341.4	X	341.4
5	Neil Hodgkinson	M45	5	337.9	X	337.9
6	Rebecca Partick	F40	4	298.6	X	298.6
7	Paul Brannigan	M50	4	298.5	X	298.5
8	Duncan Ritchie	M40	4	290.0	X	290.0
9	Andrew Worster	M	3	275.3	X	275.3
10	Matt Flanagan	M40	3	259.3	X	259.3

Road Table - after 4 races

1	Chris Goddard	M	4	336.2	X	336.2
2	Guy Whitmore	M45	4	289.2	X	289.2
3	Michael Harper	M45	3	234.6	X	234.6
4	Mel Blackhurst	F50	3	224.0	X	224.0
5	David Leslie	M60	3	209.9	X	209.9
6	Kevin Coughlan	M50	3	204.2	X	204.2
7	Andrew Worster	M	2	176.8	X	176.8
8	Richard Butterwick	M45	2	175.7	X	175.7
9	Paul Brannigan	M50	2	162.3	X	162.3
10	Pauline May	F	2	159.5	X	159.5

Trail Table - after 3 races

1	Michael Harper	M45	3	251.9	Q	251.9
2	Joe Courtney	M	3	231.5	Q	231.5
3	Guy Whitmore	M45	3	231.2	Q	231.2
4	David Leslie	M60	3	217.2	Q	217.2
5	Paul Cruthers	M50	3	213.7	Q	213.7
6	Kevin Coughlan	M50	3	207.7	Q	207.7
7	Andrew Worster	M	2	187.0	X	187.0
8	Dave Collins	M60	2	157.7	X	157.7
9	Simon Galloway	M50	2	156.9	X	156.9
10	Nina Fedorski	F50	2	122.7	X	122.7

2016 ULTRA TABLE Race 4			Completed Races	total points	Qualified?	qualifying TOTAL
	attendance		29			
	average points		#DIV/0!			
1	Dwane Dixon	M40	2	175.7	X	175.7
2	Bev Holmes	F45	2	131.6	X	131.6
3	Louise Stunell	F45	2	131.1	X	131.1
4	David Leslie	M65	2	115.8	X	115.8
5	Steve Radcliffe	M	1	100.8	X	100.8
6	John Allan	M	1	89.5	X	89.5
7	Andrew Worster	M	1	87.8	X	87.8
8	Steve Pullen	M45	1	87.4	X	87.4
9	Dave Garner	M45	1	84.0	X	84.0
10	Jonothon Wright	M40	1	83.8	X	83.8

Great North Run

13th September 2015

I run because I can.

I'm writing this article really for myself, to remind me how bad it got.

For most of my life I've been a non-runner. I could only dream of being a runner. I remember, as a teenager, hearing of 'those Harriers' that run over hill and up dale. What kind of mythical creatures are they?, I would ponder. How would it feel to be that free, running like the wind? If only running was in my world.

Now years later, I grin when I'm referred to as a Harrier. I love it when my UK Athletics card arrives. Me an athlete, I pinch myself. I'm waiting for that knock on the door, or probably an email these days, to say there's been a mistake. I chuckle when I run.

Not this time though, I'd been dreading this race, indeed dreading any form of running. My foot aches when I walk. Maybe the pounding of running would be too much for my foot, I don't know. I was fearful at finding out.

In the days and weeks before, I had so many times said I'm not doing this race. At least give it a go, I tell myself. I had visions of walking as far as I could, then getting the Newcastle metro to the finish, or maybe I'll just find a bush to cry under. I've not been this low for a long time.

The only exercise I had done in the last 3 months was walking up 1/3 the way up Ben Nevis the week before. My feet and legs had ached ever since. Did I say I was feeling low?

As we were ushered up to the start line, my foot still ached, but thankfully not like the pain a few days before. As I got hustled by the crowds, I felt a bit wobbly, unsteady, and nervous. I didn't have much strength in my knackered foot. I couldn't do any of the warm up exercises other than twisting my body and raising my arms. What the hell was

And, despite all that, I'm thinking, could I possibly try to run?

I remember those tentative running steps I took, when I passed under the start banner, being pushed along with the momentum of the other runners. Yes, my feet were fine, what relief, I can run. Take it steady, just get to the mile marker.

A guy runs past me, tapping me on my back. 'Keep going mate, you're almost there', he says, disappearing into the crowd of runners in front. The cheeky bugger I thought, but it mattered little. I was 300 metres from the finish line and my body hadn't let me down. Previous years I would be frustrated with those slow runners/walkers, always in the way, blocking my chance of knocking a second or so off my time. This year I was one of the them.

Then that flipping dinosaur passed me. I've been previously ridiculed for being beaten by a Womble, a banana, a lobster, and I've even been overtaken by a blind man. Today I wasn't having any of this nonsense. I upped my pace, so does he. I get blocked in by 'those slow runners', I see my gap and sprint like a mad man. Yes....he gets stuck behind someone, the glory is mine.

I've done the GNR 14 times now. It was my very first half marathon, indeed my very first race. I've not missed one since. For me, the horrendously huge price is soon forgotten once the day arrives. I embrace the positive vibes, the smell of vicks muscle rub (okay, I don't), the sight of new trainers, and the nervous banter before.

57,000 runners were there this year. Many running for charities close to their hearts. Everyone has a story to tell. I feel for those that are running in memory for their Mum, their Dad, their brother/sister, close friends. Some running for charities that help babies and unborns, I wonder what emotional story they have to tell.

I marvel over how well our bodies cope under stress, and how quickly they can recover. A couple of months before I had broken a bone in my foot, the 3rd meta...thingy. Admittedly, a frustrating time between, but I'm there, crossing the

the finishing line with that irritating dinosaur on my heels. I had run all the 13.1 miles, I was ecstatic. And I hadn't missed a year.

Maybe we're lucky to feel the pain of being injured, so we can celebrate the good times when we're not.

I run because I can, Rhys :-)

Unlearning To Run

I pop a new pair of Inov8 X-Talon 190s on and discover I cannot run!

A few days later I try them again and reach the same conclusion.

Loads of people run in them. Why can't I?

I made the transition to 'bare foot' running a few years ago using 3 shoes:

Inov8 Bare Grip (no midsole, wide enough to allow the foot to express itself fully, 1mm of rubber between foot and terrain)

Vibram Five Fingers (as above except the shoes have toes and are foot shaped)

Inov8 F-lite 195 for the road (a minimal midsole to put a little 'earth' between foot and road, wide enough)

So Inov8 stop making Bare Grip and I need a new pair of shoes hence choosing the closest thing Inov8 make – the X-Talon 190.

So I put on the x-talon and I start to run and my foot says "you're telling me we are running, but I can barely hear the terrain, the sound is muffled, I don't know how to react to the terrain and I can't tell the rest of you how to react to either. Even if I could hear properly I can't react constrained like this"

It was in this run that I realised how far I had come in bare foot running. I mean I knew I loved bare foot, but a bit like toothache, you only truly realise how good life was is when the tooth is sorted and you go "wow! That's better".

So, what are the problems?

My foot was constrained laterally due to the narrowness of the shoe. It can't spread. Try tying your thumb to your index finger and see how you get on. Well, your thumb and your big toe need to be able to work independently of the other fingers

and toes. Free the big toe and rear and fore-foot can work independently as nature intended.

There was little flexibility in the shoe so my foot was reacting to the shoe rather than the terrain.

I was running on the shoe rather than the terrain hence some serious rocking and rolling causing havoc in ankles, knees, hips and back.

The midsole acted like a pair of borrowed glasses worn by someone with good eyesight. They muted feedback from the terrain I could not read the ground. My foot struggled to apply load, splay or recoil. The natural suspension through ankle, knee and hip was limited.

So what now? Well the X-Talons are up for sale (14 miles and one unhappy owner) and I am looking for something like the Bare Grip. Vivobarefoot make a trail shoe which might suit, but their shops are rare as rocking horse poop. Fortunately there is one in London and I am going there next month. So for now, hang in there trusty Bare Grip.

And the title of this piece? Well, were I to have to continue running in a restrictive shoe then I would have to unlearn how to run to get by.

Branny.

Bogotá Night Race 10k

A 10k race in the capital of Colombia the day after I arrive in the country? I couldn't say no when my friend suggested it.

\$35,000 entry fee - that seems a bit steep but current exchange rates put it at about £9 - much more affordable. The Colombian Peso has been reducing in value hugely recently.

24 hours after nearly as long travelling to a city at 2,500m altitude I found myself amidst a sea of bright T-shirts in a warm Bogotá suburb. I had brought my Toddies vest to wear by my local contacts informed me that everybody wears the race T-shirt here during the race. Very different to back home where a race T-shirt is more of a souvenir and finishers T-shirt where it seems wrong to wear it until you've completed the race.

Preparation for this race wasn't ideal, due to travelling, spending the day sightseeing on foot and getting quite sunburnt on an overcast day. However, I was just out to enjoy running around a new city. The race organisers had provided everybody with a head torch as it gets dark early all year round being so close to the equator. 5000 head torches and occasional street lights were plenty to ensure we would be able to see where we were going.

The atmosphere at the start was fantastic - music, dancing, 5000 eager runners dressed like twins (or quinthousands?) and an enthusiastic announcer speaking Spanish way too fast for me to understand a single word! The actual race start was the most aggressive start I've ever been in - even more so than the notoriously physical starts in Ironman triathlons. There was a row of police holding back the hoards from the elite athlete area but a couple of minutes before the start, we were allowed forward. What I didn't realise was there were waist high barriers and the police had been blocking the area in between. I got stuck against one barrier and had to get my elbows out to fight my way into the streams of runners eagerly pouching through the gaps. Even then, as we waited the last few seconds before the start people were still elbowing their way up to the front. Not really necessary in a chip timed race.

Finally we set off. I was out to enjoy the run and not to race but I still couldn't resist going as fast as I felt able - it was a race after all! Unfortunately, the pace I was going was significantly slower than any other recent 10k. I'm putting this down to the altitude and my lack of acclimatisation. It was a very flat course with the only hill being a flyover - this was one place that I overtook people. Living in a hilly area has its advantages! In fact, most of the course felt slightly downhill for my legs but my heart rate felt like it was all uphill.

I collected my finishers medal and found my friend who managed to get both quads cramped up shortly after finishing! A bus ride later, recovery meal and then I was ready for a week's holiday with only a couple of very easy runs in the heat of the Colombian plains. I think I should make a habit of finding a race on every holiday



except maybe not at altitude!

The PURE THREE PEAKS – another Toddie Adventure

The snow took us by surprise. We crunched through the cold, ankle deep sugar for the last half kilometre under a big blue sky to the white draped summit of Ben Nevis. We'd done it! The Pure Three Peaks: 500 miles of cycling from Caernarfon to Fort William with runs up Snowdon, Scafell Pike and Ben Nevis along the way. The record is 46 hours...we (Simon Anderton, Bob Halstead, Richard Leonard and Phil Hodgson) took four and a half days, via the "scenic route" ☺.



Five days earlier we were sat outside the Anglesey Arms in Caernarfon drinking beer. Egged on by a sublime sunset we broke the "four pint" rule, hydrating ourselves in preparation for the long sweaty days ahead.

Day one - After a 6am start the long climb from Llanberis up Pen y Pass passed quickly despite pannier laden bikes. With bikes and kit deposited in the Youth Hostel drying room we legged it up Snowdon, summiting just before 9am. We were blessed with a sunny day and the summit to ourselves. Back on the bikes we swooped down to Betws y Coed for second breakfast...a fry up at Cafe Alpine (first breakfast had consisted of muesli and rice pudding before we set off). Our route took us through Cerrigydrudion, Ruthin and Mold, the hills made harder by the incessant north easterly breeze. The Wirral Way cycleway and country lanes speeded us across the flatlands to Birkenhead. Our rendition of Gerry and the Pacemakers soon muted at the ferry port when we learned that we'd missed the last ferry across the Mersey. Relief followed when a broad scouse lady assured us, "Don't worry lads, they're running 'til 7pm from Seacombe pier". Safely across we cruised into Southport for big pizzas, rehydration and our first Travelodge. The boys drew straws to decide who shared a room with Batman. Poor Richard!



Day two - Preston passed quickly as we enjoyed flat riding, meandering through the market gardens of Lancashire and up across the Fylde. After second breakfast near Glasson Dock we took the cycleway into Lancaster, then the more undulating road through Silverdale and Dallam Deer Park before the up and over through the Lythe Valley to Windermere. Fuelled by pasties we braved the busy roads to Ambleside and rode to the Old Dungeon Ghyll in Langdale. We set off up Scafell Pike having left our bikes and kit in the pub garage. Jelly legs soon recovered and

we beat our recce time to the top, again with not another soul in sight. Craving of the jug motivated our descent and by 8pm we were dining in the Old DG and drinking Yates's best before retiring to the Ratti hut at Bishopscale.

Day three - Red Bank is a brutal start even without panniers. We'd heard that Dunmail Raise was open to cyclists so were bemused to see cars coming down the hill. We arrived just before the grand opening and had pristine tarmac to ourselves for most of the way along Thirlmere. We took the back lanes north through Mungrisedale and spotted "Crumbs", a small cafe in Dalton just south of Carlisle. "Full breakfast please" we all agreed. "Do you want the BIG breakfast? It's only 50p extra"...and what a bargain. £5.50 for the mightiest fry up we've ever tried to eat...we had to leave some! Stomachs bulging we bypassed Carlisle and rode lovely lanes to Gretna Green and on to Dumfries Travelodge.

Day four - We'd planned to follow lumpy lanes northwest through Drumlanrig Castle gardens to Kilmarnock. Instead we stuck to a disconcertingly quiet A76, pleasantly undulating and a much faster route. At Kilmarnock instead of our planned up and over we headed to Ardrossan and took the lovely coast road to Wemyss Bay to rendezvous, with the ferry to Rothesay on the Isle of Bute. We waited in warm sunshine, enjoying ice creams, at the architecturally stunning Victorian railway/ferry terminal before the hour's cruise to Rothesay. Lena Zavaroni was born in this faded Victorian seaside resort, a fact made obvious as every third shop is called "Zavaroni's". Our evening meal was fish and chips (from Zavaroni's chip shop) sat on the promenade. Marvellous.



Day five - Our final day was longer than we had originally planned. We'd assumed that there was a ferry at Otter Ferry. There isn't. This meant that our route would meander the long way up and around Loch Fyne and Loch Awe increasing the distance to Fort William to 200km. Fortunately there was a ferry off the island to Colintrave at 5.40am. Unfortunately this meant we had to get-up at 4am, wolf down the muesli and rice pudding, and ride 13km into a vicious headwind to the ferry. Wonderful quiet up and over lanes and flat riding round Loch Fyne brought us to Inveraray. This was our only culinary disappointment of the trip. "Beans on toast with two poached eggs please", we ordered at an upmarket cafe...



the only one open at 9am. Breakfast arrived. One small slice of toast, two very nicely arranged poached eggs, and a ramiken of beans...about ten of them! We'd used about 3000 calories since departing Rothesay and decided that this nouvelle cuisine brekkie amounted to about 30. We had to have scones as well. The coast road to Ballachulish now has a cycleway from Connel Bridge but this proved too convoluted for our schedule. We'd booked a meal for 8.30pm at Achintee bunkhouse which meant that we had to be off running the Ben by 4.30pm. Ballachulish to Fort William was a time trial, each of us taking turns on the front. A meal deal at Morrisons fuelled us for the climb. We summited the snowy Ben just before 7pm the summit photos showing our elation at having completed the P3P. We jogged back down, Sime and Richard arriving at the bunkhouse just one minute before they stopped taking food orders. We feasted and considered possibilities for our next Mad Badger adventure...watch this space. Our aim to double the four pint rule proved wildly optimistic...well and truly badgered, we were in bed for 11pm!

STATS: Cycled – 800km Ran – 42km Ascended – 9000m Time – 4days 14 hours ☺
The Mad Badgers

150 words on joining Tod Harriers

I first went for a pack run with the Harriers on a cold night in February – having been meaning to for about four months after some encouragement from the friendly member! Although retired, I was doing a four-month contract involving a lot of travelling over the winter period so it was my goal to stay fitter over the time I was working. I looked at the advice about pack runs before my first visit and was well looked-after, on that and subsequent runs. The people are nice and easy to get to know, and the people leading the different pack run groups take time to get you know you and your abilities realistically and make sure you are not over-stretched. And the pint after is great too. I'd had the aim to do some fell running at some point over the year but got into it much quicker than I thought, and got fitter in the bargain too! I became a member just in time to run the Great Manchester Run in my home city in a Harriers' vest for the first time! Result! To anyone out there thinking of coming along, I'd say, do it yesterday!

Russell King

Cape Wrath Challenge

May 2016

A week of running and social events in Durness

Ten o'clock on a Saturday morning and another cheery marshal greets me at the 11 mile check-point asking "Glayva, wine or whisky?" Not your usual mid-race refreshments, but then the Cape Wrath marathon is not your usual 26 miler! It had to be a wee dram to mark the moment of finally reaching the Cape Wrath lighthouse. The Cape's name (Am Parbh, since you ask) derives from the Old Norse meaning turning point – the Vikings turned for home on sighting the headland. It was our turning point too, unless we wanted to get significantly wetter.

The 11 miles back to the Kyle of Durness seemed to have more climb than on the way out, maybe something to do with the whisky-Mars bar-banana combination I'd had. The broken tarmac of the trail was hard underfoot too. Still, the cheers from all the passing runners setting off at different times and in different directions (some were part of a 2-person relay) as well as the seal spotting were a great boost. Returning to the Kyle brought up the 22 mile mark and (strangely enough) this marathon was meant to be 26.2 miles. Hmm... No worries! Stop the clock, jump on the little boat, and 10 minutes later we were arriving back from the "Capeside" to finish the 4.2 miles back to the community centre in Durness. Easy – well, it might have been without the delay in waiting for a boatful of runners ... and the wind ... and rain ... and tiredness ... and lack of recent road running experience ... and the trail shoes!

The Cape Wrath Challenge is a week-long festival of running in Durness, the most North Westerly community on mainland Britain.



Five Toddies headed north for the challenge with daily distances ranging from approximately 2 miles on the beach through to the marathon on the last day. The super-clear light, dramatic mountains, hills and moors, big skies and weather (plenty of it) all made for some spectacular running!



This is very much a community event – planning for 2017 is already underway – and the locals were determined to give all the runners a very warm welcome. Speeches and prizes on the final day were of course accompanied with a huge buffet and ceilidh! All in all an event well worth making the trek to the top of the mainland for! Other activities included: CAKE!



Ben Hope – the first Munro south of Orkney



70 miles return trip to Tongue:



And of course, sea-swimming (with and without wetsuit)!

Notable performances:
Elise: marathon 1st FV50!



A full set from Dazz: road 10km (4th), trail 5 mile (10th), trail 10 mile (3rd), beach 2 mile (2nd), marathon (23rd)

www.capewrathchallenge.co.uk – 14th – 20th May 2017
Jonathan Wright

I'm an ironess (well, half), grrrrrrr! Sundowner Middle Distance Triathlon – 5 September 2015

Every cloud has a silver lining and all that! In my case, the cloud was being injured post-Manchester marathon with a crippling bout of plantar fasciitis that went on for months. The silver lining was taking this opportunity to learn to swim and cycle to a decent standard. My brother, Mike,

and his colleagues with about 20 participants. I had helped and marshalled and watched with envy, always insisting that I could never do it. It had been a fascinating, rewarding and expensive journey, with swimming classes and lessons, a new bike and wetsuit and all the paraphernalia that goes along with that! I'd finally participated in Mike's tiny triathlons which gave me my first taste of swimming and cycling competitively. I'd loved it, watching my swim times come down, being able to cycle up never before conquered hills, and I had completed a 100 mile sportive and a mile open water swimming event, to prove to myself I was ready to tackle a half-ironman. And then the day came.....

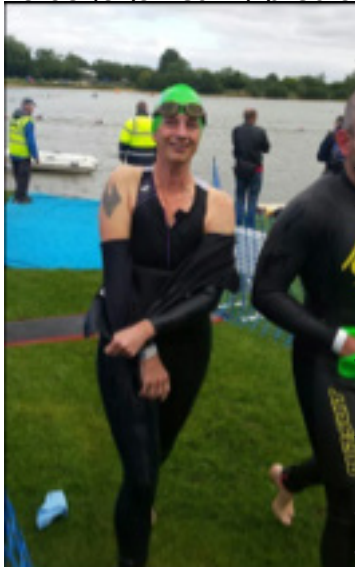
The 1.2 mile swim

I was never that nervous about the swim. I rarely considered the swim when I thought about the race or thought about race tactics. I was always just going to 'do' the swim, just 'swim it'. Swimming up at Gaddings had been great experience of all sorts of conditions and temperatures, and this, mixed with various swims in other bodies of water including the sea lulled me into thinking that a swim in a small lake at about 20 metres altitude was never going to be an issue. I was right. As I stood knee deep in the water and watched Pauline May's wave go (just 5 minutes before mine), I felt calm and focused. And why not? I'd thought of little else but this event for months. The panic of the previous days deserted me and I felt ready.

The start was a bit of a scramble, trying to avoid the swimmers who were crossing in front of us heading for the finish (not the best planned swim course!), but soon we were off. It was exactly the same as my Ullswater swim - a melee of arms and legs and swimmers of different speeds all trying to find a place and get into a rhythm. Nothing deliberate, nothing painful but the constant whacks are distracting and without doubt off-putting. The course was 4 laps and unlike Ullswater, the melee never really seemed to stop, as I think the faster swimmers from the previous wave started to overtake our wave. The water was cold (I'd been in colder), but by the fourth lap my calves were threatening to cramp up and I was struggling to hold the cramp off. Then, someone behind me hit me quite hard in the right calf, and

my battle with cramp was lost! I struggled on, trying to swim with my right foot flexed, which was very lopsided and awkward. I swam for the finish, relieved I would soon be out! It was also difficult to be sure I was in the right place. Sighting while open water swimming is an art in itself. Doing it while swimming 4 laps of a loop in cold water with misty goggles is high art. I suddenly got the fear that I'd left the swim course at the wrong point. All the swimmers in the red caps (40 minutes later) were lining up to start and they momentarily confused me while I lost sight of the other green caps in front of me. I had to stop dead and have a good look around while treading water to be absolutely sure.

Relieved, I could see the blue carpet indicating the way out just ahead, I swam until my arms made contact with the ground then staggered to my feet. I was chuffed to hear Dazz's voice cheering me on (he'd got there in time after dropping his lad at the rugby to see me leave the water), and I was helped out by a couple of marshals who could see I was feeling a bit dizzy and discombobulated. Another fella had got out at the same time as me and he looked punch drunk, and was nowhere to be seen in the photo of me running into transition. I was unaware of my time, but was delighted later to learn that I'd done it in 43.08 (against my prediction of 45 minutes).



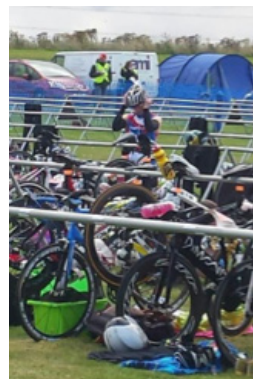
I was worried that the calf cramp would haunt me, but fortunately it seemed to disappear with my wetsuit. The wetsuit was removed carefully while sitting down to avoid any more calf issues, and also to avoid the head rush that I always experience when standing from bending down. Transition was difficult, I was freezing and my fingers

were numb. I struggled with the bike shoes, my garmin, my helmet buckles. I felt really slow and awkward. But I did ok, and was soon jogging away with my bike to the mount line, with Dazz's encouragement in my ears, and with the hope

that my bloody feet would thaw out!

The 56 mile cycle

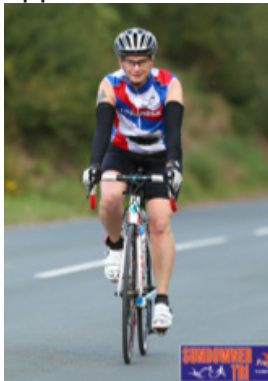
Zip back a year and a half in time, and I'd been looking at the half ironman and wondering if it was ever possible I could do one. I'd been looking at the bike leg cut-off times for a different triathlon. I'd worked out I would have about 5 and a half hours for the cycling before I got booted out of the race! I had no idea whether that was fast or what. I asked Dazz if he thought I could cycle 56 miles in that time, an average of 11mph. He told me that I almost certainly could, but it might be hard on a mountain bike, or even a hybrid! So I thought that, really, I should buy a new bike. It felt like a huge investment at the time, though it is considered 'just' an entry level road bike. My Cube Peloton Race. Fast, light and zippy. A new everlasting love affair was born. I still stroke it when I walk past it, and feel like a different person when I ride it.



Fast forward around 18 months and I'm running out of transition 1 at the Sundowner Triathlon. My feet are frozen and I'm awkwardly clumping along with my bike shoes on pushing my bike. I'm hollering at Dazz that I'm freezing, and he's shouting back at me to just get on with it and do something in order to warm up. I get on my bike and am away, racing down the flat straight road and feeling great, going as fast as I can. Luckily it soon occurs to me that actually I've got a hell of a long way to go and I'd better slow down and burn my energy up at a bit of a slower rate! I'd reckoned that the bike leg would take me around 3 and a half hours - a long time to keep myself entertained. I was hungry already and resolved that I would use the time usefully to eat as much food as I could. I'd got a bento box on my top tube stuffed full of pieces of flapjack and sweeties, so got to work stuffing my face. Pauline's advice to me was to finish the bike leg feeling like I could have gone faster, in order to be strong on the run. The course was dead flat, but windy. My segments riding South are a lot quicker than the north facing ones straight into the gale.

While definitely easier than the hills I was used to around Calderdale, it certainly brought its own challenges. Mostly, that there was never a rest and my position never changed; it was just constant pedalling!

It was noticeable that the other competitors were a totally different breed to the other cyclists I'd seen at the Darwen Triathlon I did in the summer. These guys and gals were pro's, whizzing past on their aero bikes with pointy helmets. I enjoyed watching their beautiful bikes and buff bums disappear down the road.



There was no chance of me being able to keep up with them, and although I placed fairly low I knew it was THEM, and not ME. I'd ridden almost bang on to target. 3.30.58, average 16mph. I was pleased with that.

A quick and successful T2, and then I was off on the run.....

The half marathon

For at least the last hour I have been absolutely desperate to get off my bike. Although I know that the running is going to hurt me very, very much I'm just looking forward to a different kind of pain. My back, but mostly my arms (who would have believed it?) have taken the brunt of the relentless cycling. I'm not a confident cyclist and won't ride one-handed for any length of time and certainly not no-handed, so my opportunities to change position or stretch out have been limited. There's been a bit of arm waving and standing up stretching on the pedals but that's about it.

It feels such a relief as I rack the bike, switch shoes and set out into the dying sun. 3 laps consisting of a loop of the lake and an out and back along a country lane; around 4.5 miles each. This is probably very well thought out, but definitely has its pros and cons. The pros being that you see the other competitors all the time and I got to high-five Pauline 3 times (Pauline went on to finish as 6th female, after winning a free place when she was 2nd the previous year), and you develop sympathetic relationships with fellow sufferers as you see them again and again. The big con

is that towards the end of the 2nd leg you feel that you would rather die than have to run it all a-bloody-gain!

The first lap I feel great, relieved to not be doing flat cycling and am glancing at my garmin and having to force myself to slow down from 9 minute miles as I know I won't be able to keep that up. The return includes a soul destroying run through the finish gantry where I get my name called. Towards the end of the second lap it is starting to feel very cruel indeed and I absolutely cannot believe I have to do it again. I begin to wonder if I've miscounted, but no, there it is plain as day on my garmin. 7 miles, 8 miles. I keep myself going by thinking about what a relief it'll be on the next lap when it'll be the last time. Through the finish gantry again, and I think if my name gets called out on the loud speaker again I'll punch someone. Luckily, I'm not mentioned; it being pretty obvious that there is no finishing sprint going on and it's not the end yet. There is Dazz, there is the car, there is the beer and food tent, there is some nice grass to lie down on.



I want to stop, oh god, I want to finish now. I have to give myself a really stiff talking to. There is nothing wrong with me. I'm not being sick, I'm not injured, I haven't even got cramp. Elise's words from our night in the tent at the OMM echo in my memory, "this is just one tiny part of your life, it will soon be over, then you'll just be

looking back at it, and you'll be really glad you didn't quit". So, I shuffle on. The zombie apocalypse in the setting sun, 11 minute miles. Soon I am at the turn at the furthest away point and I'm running back, I get a second (third, fourth?) wind as I'm thinking this is the last time over this hump back bridge, the last time I turn this corner, the last time I run on this lane. There is the 400m to go sign. 2 or 3 minutes of running. I've nearly done it. Looks like I'll be under my 2.15 prediction too. Back into the park, last time on the blue transition carpet and this time I am sprinting to the finish gantry and am delighted to get my name

called, goose pimples running all down my back and I wonder if I'm going to cry. Dazz is there with a big hug and I don't know whether to laugh or cry, I probably do a bit of both. 2.12.12.

We head into the party tent. What a good idea having an event that finishes in the evening. No prize for Pauline this year, but we enjoy our hot food and a pint while watching the prize giving before the live band comes on.

So that was fun, mostly. Everyone asks me if I'll do it again. Probably not. I really enjoyed learning those new skills and developing them to a point where I could complete a half ironman, but I know I can do that now. I'm not bothered about going faster, I'm at a slowing down age now anyway. I can't imagine completing a full ironman, that would entail a level of training and suffering that I'm not prepared to subject myself to. The new challenges will lie in taking these new skills on exciting adventures. Wild lakes to swim in. Bike rides through amazing scenery. Off road runs. Triathlons like the Slateman/sandman/snowman, some of the lake district events, some of the local events in Yorkshire and Lancashire. We'll see.....

.....
Joolz Graham.

IRONMAN LANZAROTE 2 – or maybe NOT?!!

After thoroughly enjoying last year's event, I just had to do this race again...

No particular goals – just aiming to finish and enjoy the experience. Training leading up to it had been okay...

Swimming – similar amounts to last year

Biking – more and slightly stronger (with better wheels now too!)

Running – oh dear! Recurring Achilles problems since November meant I'd done very little running for months. However, I wasn't unduly worried as the "ironman shuffle" is at a speed unlikely to trouble my Achilles, I thought.

So I was to arrive in Puerto del Carmen on the Thursday - before the race on Saturday. Cutting it a bit fine maybe - especially as you have to register at Club La Santa on the other side

of the island. However, as I was staying at the same place as last year and had hired a car, I thought it would be fine...Also, for a variety of reasons, I didn't want to ask at work if I could swap some more days. Unfortunately, after a very early start (2:30 am), a French air traffic strike led to us sitting on the tarmac at Liverpool for nearly 2 hours and a further delay at my apartments then meant a rather stressful day. I managed to register for the race and briefly meet up with friends before hitting the sack. The next morning I unpacked my bike, checked it over via a brief ride and then read all the race info – before heading into town to rack the bike and transition bags about 5. Phew! At last I could relax. Puerta Del Carmen was buzzing. Ozzie, Jo and I went out for a meal and suddenly it was time for bed again. No time for pre-race nerves!

I woke up at half 4 and looked outside, remembering a comment from the race briefing that I had caught part of yesterday..."This is Lanzarote. The wind does what it does. Deal with it..." Oh yes!!! The wind was up, alright. Still, last year it had been flat calm until half way through the swim and then become one of the windiest races ever. Maybe this would be in reverse?!

Ozzie and I made our way down to the race start and soon it was 5 minutes to go...I had a good swim last year so positioned myself towards the front of the middle and to the right – to avoid trouble at the first left hand buoy turn. The gun went and we were off. I felt calm and confident and enjoyed the first lap.

36:08 – over a minute up on 2015 despite being battered a bit.

The second lap went very smoothly and I was delighted to exit the sea in 1:15:26.

Over 3 minutes up on last year.

T1 was fast and incident free and soon I was enjoying the early morning sunshine and cheering crowds as I reflected that the wind didn't seem that horrendous after all...

Lanzarote bike course is just awesome. It's what makes this ironman a little bit magical... A variety of rugged scenery, manageable climbs and great descents, fantastic support in the mountain villages, hot sun and the never ending wind...



I enjoyed every moment of the bike course and came back into Puerta Del Carmen in 7:41:43... not a world beating time but 25 minutes up on last year.



As I exited T2, I realised I was a total of 29 minutes up on 2015 and felt fine. Wow! What a day!!! What happened next? The dream swiftly became a nightmare.

I set off running steadily and began to get stomach cramps in my right side. After 2 km's, I had to stop to walk...will feel better soon I told myself. But, I didn't. Soon, I was throwing up at the side of the road. My stomach was so sore, it was hard to walk. Basically, over the next 20k, I tried everything I knew...making myself sick, not eating anything – but even sipping water was making me retch. So was the smell of the food being cooked in the beachfront bars.

I slowly ticked the last 4 km's off back to the start at the end of lap 1. Overtaking absolutely no one, the amazing crowd support was now just irritating. As I came towards the half way turn around point, my new plan to just walk the marathon and still get my finishers t-shirt and medal went out the window. The crowd noise became blurred and I veered into the path of an oncoming runner. A girl tried to give me a Lap 1 completion wristband. "No, I quit," I said.

I then went past the medical tent with a "No, I'm



Tbh, the wind really was easier than last year – but the sun was beating down (more than I realised at this point).

I just want a cup of tea!"

I sat down on a bench, began retching again and a fellow competitor pointed back towards the medical tent. 30 yards away but too far. After about 5 minutes (I thought), I was able to get up, get my stuff and start to walk home. Ozzie and Jo met me outside transition and told me I'd been in there an hour. They helped carry my stuff back to the apartment. I vaguely remember a few bar waiters saying "well done"/"animal"/ fantastic/you come here tomorrow?!" etc. It was easier to just say "cheers".

I still felt really sick for a few hours and noticed my bare shoulders were bright red with sunburn. Later, I noticed my P20 sun cream was over a year out of date. Needless to say it swiftly met the bin. However, I eventually got to sleep and woke up the next day feeling relatively fine.

Soon, I was back in England.

Next year??

Unfinished business... I know now why some people fall in love with Ironman Lanzarote and come back year after year. There is something special about it. It is something that is difficult to dress up in words.

We shall see...

Simon G.

P.S. If anyone wants any advice about Lanza, feel free to ask and I will try to help.

HOW I LOST MY ULTRA VIRGINITY – AT 65

Yes, I lost my ultra virginity in Howarth on 12 March 2016 – though I am sure this article will not live up to the title because after all it was just another race. Truth to say I was frightened of the Howarth Hobble before I had even signed up. An ULTRA. There are training guides for a marathon – but what about an Ultra? I had no idea. So in practise I did no special training. I was already training for the London Marathon and that was enough to fill the available time anyway.

So there I was in Howarth on race day – pretty early for me – wondering whether perhaps I should have done a bit more recce (I had done the first half only) and a bit more focussed training. As well as the usual thoughts about how

many times do I have to pee before a race anyway. Surely this is just nerves.

Actually most of the first half of the race was fine. I had run 15 miles before and had even done the route recce as far as the Long Causeway. There was time for chat and banter with some first timers like me and also experienced ultra runners some of whom must have known I would be in trouble later in the race. I was already flagging when the climb up to the pike brought on a bad attack of cramp. That was it for a while – walking pace only. Once recovered there were more hills – so more excuses for walking. By Crimsworth Dean the only racers I had seen for miles were two sat at the side of the path with a silver blanket keeping them warm. My own Food and water had all gone, and I was still walking.

Luckily once at the "top o'the stairs" I caught up with a few other unfortunates – stragglers in various stages of exhaustion or pain. A fellow Scot – Frank, nearly my age -started to chat and together we jog-walked down hills and up back to Howarth for the last 2-3 miles of the route. I was glad to have finished and had the euphoria which comes with a personal best. (well you take your PBs where you find them at my age) The finishers' soup was like nectar. However even after an hour's recovery time my legs were still complaining throughout the drive home. Indeed they kept complaining for the next 2 weeks.

Now that I have had my first, am I going to do more ultras? Well I ducked the next one I had booked (Calderdale Hike) but instead I tackled the Salomon 50K from Keswick in May. No longer an Ultra virgin – this time they classed me as "Vintage" and I discovered that I was the one and only Vet 60 in the race. Maybe at my age it would have been more sensible to remain a virgin and admit that an Ultra is just a good few steps too far.

David Leslie

Ed's note David 2 weeks later completed the Calderdale way Ultra and qualified for the clubs ultra championships

A road runner's close encounters of the Fell kind. *Paul Alexander*

One day in (I think) January this year, with one eye on the usual Spring Marathon training campaign, I saw some posts on Facebook about the Yorkshire 3 Peaks Fell Race. Normally, my inner autopilot will see the word "Fell" in a race title and automatically dismiss it as "one of those races for them other running sorts!", however, this time, it captured my attention more than usual and I found myself browsing the website for this race out of curiosity. Within 5 minutes I'd already signed up to enter with my less than relevant running CV of road marathon times in the vague hope they wouldn't ask any further questions. Knowing that Manchester Marathon would still take centre stage for my training focus, with its moderately inferior total elevation of 54m (versus the 1608m of the 3P!), I knew this was going to be a tough day at the office!

Once I'd shaken myself down following my Manchester Marathon finish, I had to 'cram in' some runs on the fells within the next 20 days in poor preparation for this epic running adventure. My longest fell training run during this period amounted to around 16 miles and 800m which nearly broke me in two...not really the confidence boost I was hoping for. Oh well, what's the worst that can happen I thought, I'll just walk the rest of the way if the wheels come off on the day.

The day arrived, the nerves had really set in and I had no clue what to expect. I'd never previously visited this part of the world, let alone walked over (or dare I say run) these glorious peaks. The weather wizard had kindly sprinkled a dose of the white stuff over their surface just to add to the challenge ahead.

Having deposited my expertly bib-number-labelled and carefully concocted bottles of electrolyte mix with energy gels attached in (what I thought were the right) receptacles for the two main aid stations on the course, I headed off and prepared my kit for the checks. Following the fairly stringent kit checks, before long, the participants gathered at the start line and off we went. Not knowing quite what I'd let myself in for I set off rather gingerly and trotted up the path with

Pen-y-Ghent in full view. Given this modest pace, this first climb was disposed of with relatively minimal bodily damage whilst I soaked up the incredible descending skills in awe of the sharp end as they hammered down the blend of rock, mud and ice as if it were a light training run. My descent from Pen-Y-Ghent wasn't quite so graceful but I did manage to stay on my feet despite getting a little over excited in places and going marginally too quick for my legs to manage. With the first peak behind me and feeling slightly more confident about seeing the finish line at some point that day, I embarked on the roughly 10k's worth of meandering paths to High Birkwith and then on to Ribbleshead. This is where my inherent road running legs came out and started to overtake runners by the lorry load despite being very reserved on my pacing. I heard a few complainers on the 1.5mi road section about how horrible it was to be on the tarmac...but I couldn't help thinking quite the opposite, relishing the opportunity to glide on by whilst sporting an inner grin at the joy of it. Something told me I'd be seeing them again later though!

At Ribbleshead I went to pick up my bottle of amber-nectar and gels to find they weren't there! I'd carried only enough gels (plus 1 spare that I still had) in confidence I'd be able to quaff my bottle/gels on arrival at this aid station to see me through. Oh no, I was starting to feel empty, I had Wharfedale in front of me, I didn't know if my 2nd bottle was going to be at Hill Inn either and started to feel over-faced with the 2 worst climbs yet to come! I downed my gel and a few cups of water and got on my way again. At the foot of Wharfedale it was boggy, very boggy. So much so, as I tried to tip toe over the ground looking for the safe foot placings and avoid the bog mines I was suddenly swallowed beyond my waist by the swamp monster and struggled to drag myself out again. Off I went up Wharfedale covered in mud, feeling pretty wet and demoralised. This climb went on and on and on and got steeper and steeper – I was very slow! Countless fell folks passed me by, probably remembering me doing the same to them on the flatter sections, enjoying their moment of familiarity and joy. This was a mountain walking strength test more than anything....and not one I was doing particularly well in.

I REALLY struggled on this. As I reached the summit, cramp was kicking in, I was feeling pretty exhausted and extremely cold with little feeling in my feet, legs, hands and face. Trying to descend Whernside's rocky and technical terrain with cramp was not so enjoyable and probably rather dangerous but I had to keep chipping away. Once at the foot of it, I started to warm up and crossed my fingers that my next energy parcel would be ready for me at Hill Inn. It was! And so was my Ribblesdale one! (I must have seriously cocked up my bottle drops at the start!). I drank it down with great pleasure and wrung my gel dry of its contents and turned my attention to the more enjoyable flat section before the climb up Ingleborough. I started to pick up pace and pass quite a few struggling runners. I actually found climbing Ingleborough pretty straight-forward and although tired, I kept trotting most of the way up, and not walking too much. Once I'd reached the top I knew the back of the 3 peaks was truly broken (as well as my own!). I really enjoyed the run in from there...a nice steady shallow descent to the finish, passing a few additional struggling casualties along the way. My time being 4.33 for 389th place which was just 3 minutes over my arbitrary target.

Once I'd recovered at the finish I enjoyed some of the hot pot on offer, quickly followed by about twice my race's worth of calories in the plethora of cakes on display! Rude not to!

What a race, what a day! Thoroughly enjoyed every minute! I found it tough but a really good event. If anyone hasn't done this race, it is certainly a must! I'll be back next year I'm sure.

The times posted by some of the Toddlies in front of me were truly incredible. Nick, John, Graeme etc (maybe others?)amazing! Well done to all who took part – it was a fabulous experience. It's the first event where two days later I've actually been unable to walk!!

What I would also say is that you could probably be a very good mountain walker with a little less fitness and do pretty well in it versus a fitter "runner" with no or little mountain walking experience. It's certainly given me a renewed admiration for fell running, especially those longer races with this or even more climbing. Thanks to other Toddlies for their advice and experience shared in my lead up to this race, much appreciated. Now I

think it's time to get back to some more road running but with a peppering of fell runs. Following this I feel I can just about call myself a foad runner....though I think my navigational skills will limit me from moving further along the road to fell scale (as Michael H will know) from our rather unsuccessful recce of the local Orchan Rocks fell race a few months ago where we made up our own version of it!...but that's another story!



The Highlander Mountain Marathon June 4th and 5th 2016



For those of you who don't know what a Mountain marathon is, it has been described as a two day test of endurance, teamwork, navigation and mountain skills held in some of the most remote locations in the UK where conditions can be extremely challenging. It's not just about speed as route choice is often the key. All competitors carry a minimum of kit which includes a tent, sleeping bag, full body cover and food. The small scale of the Highlander means they are able to gain access to some of the most dramatic and unspoilt areas in the north of Scotland....and then there's the Scottish ceilidh and beer and food tent on Saturday evening.

This year's highlander was the 10th and sadly the last - the race registration was at Cannich just south of Inverness. Four Toddy teams had entered; all in the score class. The score class does not have a fixed route. At the start you collect a list of controls which you mark up on your map. Controls have different point values, usually higher points the further away they are. You then have 7 hours on day 1 to visit as many controls as possible and get to overnight camp, and 6 hours on day two to collect more and get back to the finish. Any time over each day and you lose 2 points per minute. Highest score, after penalties, wins,

We had been blessed with beautiful weather on the way up (not good when you have to spend 7 hours in a car). However this was not to be the case on the Saturday when the mist was very low.

Day 1: Sue and I set off very decisively after we had planned our route and after our first control we were wandering around in the mist. The map was a 1:40,000 which had been blown up from a 1:50,000 and there were lots of lumps and bumps on the ground which were not on the map. Thankfully we were rescued when two chaps appeared and very authoritatively told us that we had not gone far enough, and were not high enough, as they had an altimeter. So, we unashamedly followed them, finally arriving at the spur we were looking for... but still no check point. It was defined as being a large boulder... there were hundreds of them!. As the chaps ploughed on (too far) Sue & I headed uphill and quickly found the boulder. We did call them but they were out of earshot. After that near disaster we played safe, counting paces and timing so we knew exactly where we were. We met numerous teams wandering around asking where they were and felt quite smug as we collected the next two checkpoints. The smiles were wiped off our faces when we spent 20 minutes in the thick mist trying to find a knoll – I think we walked right past it. Thankfully the mist cleared and the rest of the day was very straight forward as we went from checkpoint to checkpoint. We had a final mini-crisis when the descent from our last control was rougher than anticipated and the bridge over the river didn't seem to exist. After some messing about we managed to spot it and we were soon on the other side sprinting to the finish. One minute over gave us a two point penalty but we'd amassed 288 points and were 1st lady vets and 4th ladies overall.

Overnight camp was very pleasant no midges! Beer, food and dancing.



Day 2 was misty again to start, but today we were in control. Our third checkpoint was vertically up a hill (we hadn't noticed the sensible way would be to collect a 40 pointer further to the west on the way up). Sue and I resorted to heather climbing. This became particularly interesting when she got her leg stuck in a hole and nearly fell backwards down the hill. Incredibly, albeit slowly, we found the control before the other teams that were milling around. After this we were out in the sunshine again with stunning views of a sea of mist with the mountains above. This made the checkpoints easier to find. I was constantly reviewing the route and trying to gauge how quickly we could get to the finish and how many points we could collect. It got hotter and hotter. Thankfully I don't feel the heat much but Sue was overheating so our straight line to the finish picked up an extra 60 points over fast ground before a final descent to the woods and 1.5 km along the road (hadn't seen that one) to the finish. I tucked into pasta and Sue stuck her head under the tap.

We finished 4th ladies and 2nd lady vets. 37th out of 80 688 points

Jackie and Elise had a storming second day and won 1st lady vets with 780 points

Phil Scarf and Phil Hodgson finished 4th overall and second male vets with 1175 points

Daz Graham & John Taylor were 41st with 660 points.

A great weekend was had by all. Now looking forward to the Saunders MM - definitely investing in an altimeter before then ☺

Mandy Goth



Phil Hodgson aka Batman and Phil Scarf of CVFR

TOILET SEAT

GRASS UP ON THEIR STUPIDITY ETC. AND EMAIL PAPPY DANNY TODMANTOLIETSEAT@TODHARRIERS.CO.UK



SOME GREAT EFFORTS SO FAR IN THE MOST ENTERTAINING OF THERE CLUB CHAMPIONSHIPS. - LETS HEAR ALL- HERE WE HAVE THE TIP OF THE ICEBERG IN JUST SOME OF THE ACTS OF STUPIDITY THAT YOU TEAM MATES WOULD LIKE TO CELEBRATE AND HONOUR IN THE TOD H- TOILET SEAT POINTS! ! !

Dave Garner - Disintegrating shoe at Midgley Fell race - 5 Points

Clare Duffield - Seen on the phone midway through the English Champs race - 5 points

Phil Hodgson - Shoe fell apart in the Hoofstones race (near the trig 3.5 miles from home), long run home for Phil. - 5 points

David Leslie - Locks keys in car while half changed after pack run at the Hare and Hounds. Resolved by David smashing his window to get in. - 5 Points

Julie Graham - Sending runners away from a checkpoint which was on her doorstep at the Toddie Score Event - 5 Points

Helen Hodgkinson - Steps in a puddle right up to her middle after the flood/landslide on London Road- 5 points - Forgets handbrake on new car resulting in over £1000 damage to car and garage - 10 points Total 15points

Dave Collins - Shoes disintegrating in Ireland at the British Champs Race - 5 Points. Took 32 minutes to run between two checkpoints that were 5 minutes apart at Blackcombe - 5 points and finally - forgot his number at Ian Roberts fell race delaying the start - take another 5. A great start 15 points but not enough to beat the incredible. How does he do it.....I reckon theres more to this man than makes this page but in **1st place** -

Ben Crowther - He makes this look easy - Blackcombe fell race - no sole on shoe - 5 Points. Goes for a recce in Wales and forgets to take his fell shoes. - 5 Points. Runs around recce in Claire's leggings as he'd forgot those as well - 5 more Points. Rings Nick during CWR to tell him, "I can't talk now I'm driving. I'll get Andi to give you a ring" ?! Total 20 points!





STOODLEY PIKE FELL RACE

TUES 5TH JULY 2016

7.30PM START

213M OF ASCENT OVER 5KM

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