

# THE TORRIER

**AUTUMN 2022**

NEWS, INSPIRATION, RACING, OBSESSION, STORIES,  
GURNS, ADVENTURE AND MORE!





**Running and racing on the fells, trails and roads. We're a friendly lot, and we cater for all, come and join us for a run, and bring a friend!**

Every month we visit a different pub on Wednesday evenings and try to organise four different groups: steady, moderate, medium and fast. We also try not to lose anyone. All runners are welcome. The runs are off-road in daylight hours and on-road (or choice of off-road with headtorch) in the winter months. Take a look at **[www.todharriers.co.uk](http://www.todharriers.co.uk)** or search for Todmorden Harriers on Facebook

On Monday nights we meet at 7pm in Bramsche Square car park, Todmorden, aimed at beginners, those trying to get back into running and steady runners.





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## A word from the Chair...

Thankfully 2022 appears to have been, for the most part, a normal year. I'm sitting here writing this when I should be running Castle Carr half. It seems that the 'new normal' is that races are hitting their entry limits well in advance – doh! With the '22 GP almost wrapped up, it's time to look forward to next year and plans for the Tod 2023 calendar are already well under way.

Before that though we have our annual presentation evening on Friday 3<sup>rd</sup> of December where I'm looking forward to presenting a couple of new awards. There are the new club road standards, of which there has been a lot of achievement. Then the Richard Patrick Memorial trophy, previously awarded for the Grand Prix handicap that ran from 1989 to 1994 has been re-purposed and will be awarded to the best debut qualification in the Grand Prix.

Finally to all those who contribute to the running of our fantastic club and those who have recently taken on new roles within the club, thanks! You make my job so much easier!

Stu  
chair@todharriers.co.uk





## A word from the Editor...

I've not been around much lately, due to working most Wednesday nights and having developed the dreaded plantar fasciitis (yes Mandy I'm being really careful and sensible), so it's been nice to get a glimpse of what people've been up to whilst I've been reading, icing my feet, mushroom hunting and weaving tiny baskets out of leaves (really). I had a great summer though, lots of racing and excitement, highlights of which were probably completing the Tudor Rose (that's what it's called when you do the Yorkshireman and the Lancashireman in the same season, right?), getting my name on Daz's Lakeland Mountain Traverse trophy and experiencing three amazing sunsets at Chris Holdsworth's Pennine Trails September series. Probably why my feet are sad now!

But there's no time for self-pity, it's nearly my first OMM and I'm hoping for horrendous weather (that's what I've been promised anyway) and there's an awful lot of cropping grumpy-looking faces out of race photos to be done. There's more dog content this issue (hurrah!), lots of lovely stats, Keanu Reeves has made an appearance, reports of personal challenges abroad and at home, the usual funnies and plenty more.

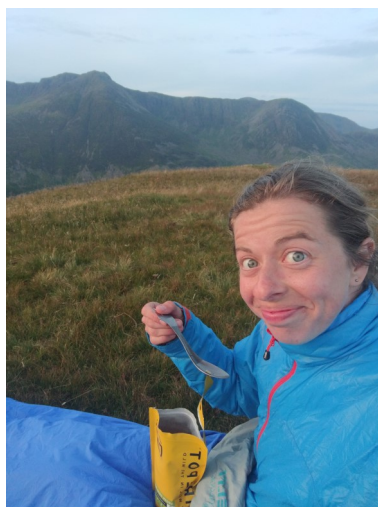
Of course we're all super busy (mushrooms don't spot themselves, you know), but if you're inspired by this issue or any of the suggestions near the back, you don't need to wait until March to send something, you can do it right now! Or tomorrow! (Details and suggestions on page 37)

Thank you to everyone who's sent content over the years; for their hard work telling personal/funny/uplifting stories, selecting photos, crafting puzzles/jokes and ruminating over phrasing. The Torrier wouldn't happen without you (and without you badgering your mates to send something too).

Fingers crossed I'll see you soon!

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*Pic: dinner and bivvy with a view on High Snockrigg on Daz's Lakeland Mountain Traverse this summer*



# A selection of current champs tables

## Club Champs

Race 30										
Pstn	Name	Club Champ Qualified	Club Champ no. Races	Short Fell	Medium Fell	Long Fell	Short Road	Medium Road	Long Road	Club Champ Score
1	Dom Leckie	Q	6	94.5	92.4	100.2	95.5	92.5	84.7	559.8
2	Ben Blossie	Q	6	92.4	85.9	99.7	95.5	87.0	89.4	549.9
3	Chris Goddard	Q	6	88.9	85.7	85.6	90.1	85.3	82	517.6
4	Dan Taylor	Q	6	90.7	88.3	86.0	92.6	87.8	61.9	507.3
5	Dave Garner	Q	6	82.4	84.6	76.8	84.7	81.7	83.5	493.7
6	Mark Tempest	Q	6	78.3	73.9	73.6	84.8	84.4	79.2	474.2
7	Stuart Wolstenholme	Q	6	72.1	77.2	80.4	79.9	78.3	75.7	463.6
8	Zoe Dijkman	X	5	76.4	73.6	72.2	76.1		74.1	372.4
9	Michelle Fuller	Q	6	56.8	60.7	53.9	62.1	63.6	60.3	357.4
10	Simon Anderton	X	5	71.8	64.8		78.7	71.1	69.0	355.4
11	Darren Gillman	X	5	68.7	62.1		74.3	74.6	68.7	348.4
12	Katie Samuelson	X	5	65.7	56.8		76.4	74.7	72.7	346.3
13	Chris Pickens	X	5	71.1	70.3		72.7	66.7	62.0	342.8
14	Nev Drake	X	4	80.2			84.3	83.2	78.9	326.6
15	Doni Clarke	X	3	105.7	109.7	107.9				323.3
16	Richard Butterwick	X	4	66.4	76.3		86.5		86.1	315.3
17	Emma Fiedler	X	4	76.0	73.9	80.4	82.1			312.4
18	Dave Weedon	X	4	78.7	75.5	68.6	80.4			303.2
19	Joe Mountain	X	4	78.2	75.0	69.0	78.2			300.4
20	Mel Blackhurst	X	4	71.3	75.2	74.5	77.2			298.2
21	Kim Ashworth	X	4			68.0	72.7	69.6	68.0	278.3
22	Jon Wright	X	3	92.2	92.2			93.5		277.9
23	Kath Brierley	X	4	69.6	60.7	65.7	76.3			272.3
24	Duncan Cannon	X	3	89.2		90.8			88.0	268.0
25	Chris Kay	X	3	89.8	91.3	85.1				266.2
26	Heather Rostron	X	4	58.4	63.0		65.9		66.8	254.1
27	Robin Tuddenham	X	3	79.0	77.6		93.3			249.9
28	Nick Birchill	X	3	79.9			90		77.4	247.3
29	Paul Brannigan	X	4	62.4	61.6		64.8	55.9		244.7
30	Stephen Johnson	X	3	85.1	78.8	80.3				244.2
31	Katy May	X	4		55.4		64.4	61.8	61.0	242.6
32	Rebecca Patrick	X	3	77.7	77.2	85.1				240.0
33	Helen Hodgkinson	X	4	60.1	53.9	55.3	65.4			234.7
34	Chris Dewhirst	X	3	80.4	83.8	70.0				234.2
35	Mark Anderton	X	3	66.7			82.7		78.1	227.5
36	Dave Collins	X	3	72.8	76.5		76.4			225.7
37	Deborah Gowans	X	3	73.6	74.2	73.7				221.5
38	Sam Lund	X	3	66.0	71.1			74.4		211.5
39	Lisa Peatfield	X	3	67.0			68.5		68.6	204.1



2022 FELL TABLE Race 13																			Qualifying TOTAL	
	attendance		Midgley Moor	Orchan Rocks	Bucken	Bradwell	Race t'Summit	Stanbury Splash	Ian Roberts Memorial	Gusborough	Lower Borrowdale	Castle Carr Half	Wadsworth Trog	Pendle Cloughs	Old Crown	Saddieworth Round	Langdale Horseshoe	Completed Races	total points	Qualified?
	average points		21	36	19	7	0	33	18	9	12	0	17	10	5	7	12			
			71.8	73.8	68.6	74.8	102.5	68.1	74.7	80.4	75.0		70.2	80.6	78.1	75.4	73.0			
1		M40		105.7	102.5				109.7	100.9					106.2		107.9	7	735.4	Q
2		M	90.3	94.5				89.8	92.4		86.9		79.0	100.2				7	633.1	Q
3		M40	86.1	88.9	81.1	82.1	74.3	85.7								85.6	77.1	8	660.9	Q
4		M50	82.4		76.7			81.5	84.6	75.8			76.8					6	477.8	Q
5		F50		77.7	70.5		74.2	74.2	77.2	73.3				85.1		75.9	60.8	8	594.7	Q
6		M40	77.8	78.7	71.7			71.2	75.5		73.2		68.6					6	443.5	Q
7		F55				71.3	71.9	73.7	75.2		73.2				74.5		60.8	7	500.6	Q
8		M65		72.8	71.3	71.0		73.3	76.5	74.1								6	439.0	X
9		M40	90.7					88.3	86.1				86.0	80.0				5	431.1	X
10		F55			73.6	76.8					74.2				70.5		73.7	5	368.8	X
11		M50	72.1					72.3	77.2								61.2	5	363.2	X
12		M55	72.1		66.6								66.7	78.9	69.1			5	353.4	X
13		F60		69.6	64.3	59.3		60.7										5	319.6	X
14		M	80.4						83.8		66.3		70.0				4	300.5	X	300.5
22		F45		76.0	66.2					73.9				80.4				4	296.5	X
20		F		76.4	72.6						73.6		72.2					4	294.8	X
15		M50	67.9	78.3				73.9								73.6		4	293.7	X
29		M	69.8						75.0							69.0	4	292.0	X	292.0
16		M		92.4				85.9						99.7				3	278.0	X
17		M40	89.2										86.3			90.8		3	266.3	X
18		M		89.8					91.3				85.1					3	266.2	X
19		M		85.1				78.8						80.3				3	244.2	X

			Stanley Park 10k	Full Bronte 5	Littleborough Lions 5k	Preston 10k	St Annes 10	Caldervale 10	Eccup 10	Through the Villages	Haweswater Half	Blackpool Half	Hendon Brook	Garstang Half	Completed Races	Total points	Qualified?	Qualifying TOTAL
	attendance		10	18	38	12	16	11	6	0	14	9	4	8				
	average points		71.6	72.4	73.6	75.9	74.5	81.2	74.1		72.8	72.5	76.5	75.7				
1	<b>Dom Leckie</b>	M			95.5	92.5	85.8	92.5	83.3			83.8	86.0	84.7	8	704.1	Q	537.0
2	New Drake	M50	83.7	83.4		84.3		83.2	78.2					78.9	6	491.7	Q	491.7
3	Mark Tempest	M50	84.5	82.3		84.8		84.4	73.9			79.2			6	489.1	Q	489.1
4	Stuart Wolstenholme	M50			79.9	76.3	74.7	78.3			75.4	75.7			6	460.3	Q	460.3
5	<b>Katie Samuelson</b>	F40			73.8	76.4	73.1	72.5	69.1			72.7			8	580.3	Q	443.2
6	Ben Blossie	M		91.1	95.5		87.0		84.0		89.4				5	447.0	X	447.0
7	Darren Gillman	M50			74.3	72.4		74.6				68.7		67.7	5	357.7	X	357.7
8	Dan Taylor	M40	92.6				87.8	83.2					61.9		4	325.5	X	325.5
9	Simon Anderton	M60		72.7	78.7		71.1				69.0				4	291.5	X	291.5
10	Robin Tuddenham	M50		88.7	93.3	91.9									3	273.9	X	273.9
11	Chris Pickens	M45		70.6		72.7	66.7				62.0				4	272.0	X	272.0
12	Chris Goddard	M40			90.1			85.3						82.0	3	257.4	X	257.4
13	Dave Garner	M50				84.7	81.7				83.5				3	249.9	X	249.9
14	Nick Birchill	M		80.2	90.0						77.4				3	247.6	X	247.6
15	Katy May	F40	64.4				61.8		55.9		61.0				4	243.1	X	243.1
16	Mark Anderton	M60	80.6		82.7										3	241.4	X	241.4
17	Kim Ashworth	F			72.7			69.6				68.0			3	210.3	X	210.3
18	Lisa Peatfield	F45		65.6	68.5										3	202.7	X	202.7
19	Heather Rostron	F40		65.9							66.8	62.9			3	195.6	X	195.6
20	Michelle Fuller	F50	62.1				63.6				60.3				3	186.0	X	186.0
21	Helen Tipping	F55		59.8	62.7	60.5									3	183.0	X	183.0
22	Richard Butterwick	M50		86.5							86.1				2	172.6	X	172.6
23	Duncan Cannon	M40											82.4	88.0	2	170.4	X	170.4

With two fell and one road race remaining to be added to the totals, is it all to play for...? All will be revealed at the Presentation 'Do - details on the back page.

For more tables and further details including Grand Prix, Ultra and X Country, head to [todharriers.co.uk](http://todharriers.co.uk)



	2022 TRAIL TABLE Race 6		Hit the Trail	Trotters 5	Cowm	Stocks Lane Stinger	Hopwood Trot	Norland Moor	Completed Races	Total Points	Qualified?	Qualifying TOTAL
	attendance		19	23	46	20	23	10	72			
	average points		68.0	72.4	71.7	76.8	69.4	77.4	2.0			
1	<b>Dom Leckie</b>	M		92.3	93.0	95.4		95.5	4	376.2	Q	<b>283.9</b>
2	Nick Birchill	M	79.1	81.7	83.0	88.9	86.7	86.6	6	506.0	Q	<b>262.2</b>
3	<b>Janine McGregor-Stead</b>	F35			83.7		86.2	90.4	3	260.3	Q	<b>260.3</b>
4	Nev Drake	M50		83.6	85.3	84.9			3	253.8	Q	<b>253.8</b>
5	Mark Tempest	M50		83.8	84.2	83.9			3	251.9	Q	<b>251.9</b>
6	Sam Lund	M45		78.5	79.3	86.4			3	244.2	Q	<b>244.2</b>
7	Joe Mountain	M	82.0		80.0	80.1	80.3		4	322.4	Q	<b>242.4</b>
8	Zoe Dijkman	F			74.8	81.1		79.5	3	235.4	Q	<b>235.4</b>
9	Stuart Wolstenholme	M50		76.4	79.2		76.8		3	232.4	Q	<b>232.4</b>
10	Mark Anderton	M60			70.2	82.0	79.3		3	231.5	Q	<b>231.5</b>
11	Chris Pickens	M45	70.1		72.9	78.4			3	221.4	Q	<b>221.4</b>
12	Katie Samuelson	F40		73.2	74.0		72.2		3	219.4	Q	<b>219.4</b>
13	Francesca Miller	F	65.7	71.3	69.0	74.7			4	280.7	Q	<b>215.0</b>
14	Lisa Peatfield	F45	69.7	70.0		68.9	65.4		4	274.0	Q	<b>208.6</b>
15	Phil Hodgson	M65			68.2		67.9	68.9	3	205.0	Q	<b>205.0</b>
16	Bev Wright	F50		64.3	63.3	68.0			3	195.6	Q	<b>195.6</b>
17	Andrew Bibby	M65	62.5	64.2	63.4	60.9			4	251.0	Q	<b>190.1</b>
18	Katy May	F40	61.5	61.2	59.0				3	181.7	Q	<b>181.7</b>
19	Helen Tipping	F55	56.7	62.2	60.5				3	179.4	Q	<b>179.4</b>
20	Rebecca Coyle	F40	53.4	54.5		55.7			3	163.6	Q	<b>163.6</b>
21	Dave O'Neill	M60	48.3		48.5		49.3	49.9	4	196.0	Q	<b>147.7</b>
22	Peter Ehrhardt	M75	46.7	44.4	48.3		45.3		4	184.7	Q	<b>140.3</b>
23	Sean Lindsay	M50			77.7		77.8		2	155.5	X	<b>155.5</b>
24	Bob Halstead	M60				75.9		75.2	2	151.1	X	<b>151.1</b>
25	Darren Gillman	M50		74.5			70.7		2	145.2	X	<b>145.2</b>
26	Simon Anderton	M60			68.7		76.3		2	145.0	X	<b>145.0</b>

Below: Spot the odd one out at the Blackshaw Head Fete children's sweetie scramble



## **European Athletics Off-Road Running Championships 2022 And other running tales from La Isla Bonita**

When I heard a rumour in 2021 that the inaugural European Athletics Off-Road Running Championships were to be held on the Canary Isle of La Palma, I started making plans for an extended holiday to combine spectating with my own race plans.

Soon after the island was devastated by a volcanic eruption that put running to the back of everyone's minds, but 2022 dawned with hope of recovery and the Championships represented an opportunity to showcase the island. After a bit of negotiation at work, my plans were split into three trips of 2 weeks, 3 weeks and then 4 weeks for the Championships.

La Palma has many races but not many on the road so February's winter training trip was timed to coincide with the Santa Cruz Half Maratón. This time I dropped down to the 10k distance as I was building back after an achilles problem, whilst Myra took on the 5k option.

Starting to much fanfare in the capital city - La Palma really knows how to put a race on - the route worked it's way along a windy but flattish out and back section of coast, before rising up a tough steep hill and then down through the tourist resort of Los Cancajos and around the sea front, conveniently finishing a few hundred metres from our apartment.

After missing out on a podium in the half marathon on a previous trip due to a results error, I was extra pleased to claim my moment of glory this time - finishing 1<sup>st</sup> in my age category.

April's spring training trip had been centred around a 4<sup>th</sup> attempt to run Transvulcania, but after covid and volcanic cancellations, now it was the turn of a French invasion to delay it once more, as the UTMB money machine took over the race organisation and decided it didn't fit their timetable and delayed it again.

Fortunately, I had lined up a warm up race, the Breña Baja Survive Trail, a 19km race with 1225 metres of climb up into the outer exclusion zone around the volcano. There was some doubt as to whether it would be cut short but on the day the wind was blowing the right way, and the air quality monitors didn't sound the alarm for dangerous gas levels.

It was a busy start from the town of San José as there was a parallel 7km race, but



after 3km our paths split and the trails became a lot quieter, and steeper, rising the best part of 1200m in the first 9km. I only saw 4 runners for the rest of the race, partly due to the terrain through various levels of forest and the upper part of the course being in cloud.

However, what goes up steep, also has to come down steep. Much of the race was on rarely used paths that I didn't know, so having caught another runner just before the top I was grateful to have someone to try to follow on the way down. The only problem was whilst he glided smoothly over the technical parts, I was slightly less graceful so kept losing sight of him. Finally we emerged onto a short road section and I sneaked in a couple of overtakes before a small second climb over Montana



Breña. The last 2 km involved a variety of tracks including seemingly cutting through a garden, where I nearly ran inside a shed, before the final run down a dry barranco to the finish to claim 19<sup>th</sup> place.

June was the big trip - with not only the Euro Championships to watch but also 5 races of my own lined up. First off was the Vertical de Puntagorda up in the north west of the island, a 4km uphill trail race with 720m of climb. There was a coach down the numerous hairpins, one of which it stalled on with the front end hanging over the edge. After being dropped off, there was just the small matter of walking down 400 steps to reach the start line, passing various shacks and cave houses.

Runners set off at 30s intervals, and there was plenty of enthusiastic support on the way up. There seemed to be a lot more steps going back up. The route then climbed steep rocky cliffs for a couple of km before popping out for a road finish. Despite the 5:30pm start time, temperatures were quite warm and perfect for running. The guy who had started behind me had passed me about halfway up and I managed to chase him all the way to the line in the centre of the village.

The Championship races attracted hundreds of top runners, all of whom were staying in our hotel and seemingly it was mandatory for them to wear national running kit the entire time. I love the way the hotel atmosphere evolves when runners take over, as it also does for Transvulcania, from the normal quiet older holidaymakers sipping wine to the rising volume of excited running chatter. Gangs of uniformed runners patrolling the streets at all hours. It feels like this is what the world should always be like.

The elite races were piggybacking on the normal annual open Reventón trail races which started off with the Subida a las Estrellas, a 3km uphill race with 600m of climb. Usually this is in total darkness but this year took place 3 months later than usual, so started around sunset providing a little light for the first few minutes for the earlier starters.

Whilst waiting for my start time to come around, I got chatting to another runner from Bingley, Andy Peace. The name sounded familiar...as he'd not done the race before I gave him a few tips. Turns out that was a bad idea as he nicked 1<sup>st</sup> v50 off me! (Only by 5 minutes, so I think that means I can get within 40 mins of the 3 Peaks record then?)

The next morning was the first of the elite races, the uphill only, with Team GB opening their account with the women's senior team claiming gold, and in the U20's an individual bronze for Charlotte Rawstron and team silver. The U20 men added a team bronze to the haul.

Saturday was an opportunity to watch the start of the 47km elite trail race before my own 31km Classic open race started 20 minutes later. Team GB women went on to claim bronze. The routes overlapped and so I had the opportunity to see most of the elite men and the first couple of elite women passing me by, after they had completed an extra climb early on. Always good fun to try to tag on the back for a while when being overtaken but I had my own race to concentrate on.

I had targeted this as my main effort of the year, having twice run it before in 4 hrs 5 mins and 3:44 I knew what to expect. My training had been hampered by injury, but I had substituted in some extra strength and conditioning in lieu of distance and hills so was still hopeful of challenging my best time. The race went far better than expected and quite possibly is the best race I have ever run, ending up in 30<sup>th</sup> place, earning a silver medal in the v50 and a PB by some 28 minutes - much more than I could have dreamed of. Although I nearly missed the medal presentation as I didn't realise there was one, so in the evening we had a mad dash across the island to make it with only minutes to spare.



Sunday was the final day of the Euro programme with the Up and Down races. Team GB had several runners doubling up from the Uphill race and put in a strong showing. The senior women claimed team and individual bronze with Scout Adkin, the women's U20 went one better with silver for Eve Whitaker and team silver and the men's U20 rounded it off with bronze for Finlay Grant and team gold.

All in all a very successful European championship for Team GB with 2 golds, 3 silvers and 6 bronzes - no doubt it was headline sports news back in the UK.

After the athletes left, a blast of Saharan calima hit the island and whilst the UK was melting in 40' heat for a couple of days, so were we for over a week which meant sadly my next race was cancelled due to the fire risk closing the trails. Fortunately along the coast it was a more pleasant 28' so made for some lovely running (and swimming) conditions.

My last race was another night race, the Full Moon Trail, a 25km loop with 1000m monster climb in the first 5k, and a total of 1400m climb with a couple of tough small climbs near the end.

La Palma is a fantastic place for mountain running with an excellent trail network and if you want any info or advice on visiting, give me a shout. Check out my YouTube channel which has a few films from this year's races - <https://www.youtube.com/user/Buddy2214425>

Buddy

## **A Trip to the Pyrenees**

I'm sitting on a bench in the dining room hugging a total stranger who is wrapped up in a blanket and shivering violently.

It transpires his name is Gabriel and he has just run the last few metres to the Refuge de Bayssellance hut and virtually collapsed through the door and out of the storm, verging on hypothermia and incapable of doing anything.

Our group of 7 had had the good sense to sit it out and accept an enforced rest day, to be spent grazing, snoozing and reading.

This was day 8 of our trip, and until then we'd had terrific weather and strenuous, but enjoyable (mostly) days following snaking paths around the imposing rugged peaks and over several cols, some of which were a little airy for my liking.

The memory and discomfort of our first night in a full to bursting hut with insufficient bed space for us all, (sleeping on a worktop in the self catering kitchen, anyone?) on the first night was overshadowed by subsequent fabulous walking with stunning views and great company.

Although late in the season a variety of flowers still graced the hillsides of this harsh environment, harebells in hues of pale blue to deep indigo, yellow saxifrages and pink cranesbill, poisonous devil's claw and dainty alyssum.

After two strenuous days, we were able to visit the renowned Cirque de Gavarnie at a more leisurely pace, drinking chocolat chaud with vultures circling overhead and being mesmerised by Europe's longest single drop waterfall at 423m, le grand cascade.

A short stride to the fabulously situated Refuge des Espugettes allowed for peak bagging Pimene, at 2800m, and making the acquaintance of the curious and opportunistic donkeys searching pockets for snacks.

From there, we ventured across the border to Spain, taking the high road via the 8 bed cabane of unserviced refugio Tucarroya guarded by the virgin Mary. She must have been smiling on us as we scrabbled up an incredibly steep, loose, chossy chute to the narrow col, only to find an equally uninviting descent, though thankfully shorter, with tremendous views of the turquoise Lago de Marmores and the incredibly contorted rock face of Monte Perdido scantily clad by rapidly retreating glaciers.

A long lunch break ensued before wandering to the Balcon de Pineta. Oh how blissful the ignorance of the 1400m knee wrecking descent to the Pineta refuge, with revival by cold beers (cheap) and hot showers (mixed) in order of priority!

Our evening meal of vast quantities of meat and no veg in the company of voluble Spaniards was spent in contemplation of the return journey to Gavarnie, albeit via a lower and, allegedly, according to hut Guardian Alberto, easier col. No alternative... Buses only 3 times a week!!

Refreshed from a welcome good night's sleep in the 4 person, shoebox dormitories, we were away early next morning. The easier col was airy again and culminated in a steep scree slope, rearing up vertiginously as a grand finale to the col. This was, reached with sighs of relief, both for attaining such an exalted position and for seeing the more realistically graded footpath on the far side.

Retracing our steps to Gavarnie, with a refreshment pause at Espugettes again (well,

it would have been rude not to), was a true delight. A rest day in sight.

But some folk have a different definition of the term 'rest day'! Carew had set his sights on ascending Taillon via the direct scramble route up to the Cirque de Gavarnie headwall and to the spectacular Brèche de Roland, with a return by the Vallee des Pouey D'Aspe, a mere 10hr day. His 'partners in crime' were Nick, Bernadine and Eimear who all made it to the Brèche de Roland but declined the summit bid.

The sensible one among us hitch-hiked to the top of the ski road, had a pleasant 90mins jaunt to the Brèche de Roland hut, 3hrs meeting the group and sunning myself on the terrace before a same way return. Keith and Claire had a rest day!!

Given the storm warnings, our route was correctly revised to skip the Refugio Bujaruelo and proceed directly to the Refuge Bayscellance - and hence our chance encounter with Gabriel. Happily, he was eventually restored by liberal quantities of human warmth and chocolate chaud.

From here, after two nights at Bayscellance, we had a beautiful walk out on the route des Gentianes, the path less travelled, past numerous photo inspiring lakes, overnighing at Refuge d'Estom, no shower, washing in the lake and then reluctantly back to Cauterets. A fabulous and memorable trip.

Clare Harris

*Group led by Nick Harris for the AAC*

*Nick and Clare Harris, Claire Hughes FRCC*

*Keith Budd, Carew Reynolds from Bristol*

*Eimear Tiernay, Bernadine Kerr from Eire*

*Picture: the Lakes route heading for Refuge d'Estom, Clare Harris*



## Toddy Tourists

On 27th August 2022, Todmorden Harriers were spread across 15 different parkrun venues (a club record?):

Bramhall - Burnley - Centre Vale - Clitheroe - Cirencester - Ganavan Sands - Hafan Pwllheli - Hyndburn - Millom - Nant y Pandy - Riddlesdown - Southport - Temple Newsam - The Pastures - Watergrove

Buddy

## The Importance of Post-Race Fuelling or, I'll have a pint and a packet of crisps please

Being new to Todmorden Harriers, and new to the world of GP Championship races, I was looking forward to the post pandemic situation of working from home and being able to finally join a running club and do proper runner stuff. Whatever that is. I ended up training with the Fartlek group on a Monday night in Todmorden, and we came up with the idea of reviewing post-race food on offer after the GP races.

This is not to be taken as a criticism in any way, as it can't be easy to organise a race, and people are limited by the facilities they are using and the funds they have, to provide any post-race refreshments. Ultimately if we want serious recovery type food, it's down to us to bring something with us, so this is just meant to be a fun article about the variety and types of things on offer.

Hit the Trail was the first race I did and was the first race in the GP. Being in January, it was an absolute mud bath and great fun. I had only ever done road races before. Surprisingly, although it was outside, there was water and breakfast bars at the end, which appeared to me to be what you might normally expect. How wrong I was going to be.

Stanbury Splash came next, my first attempt at fell racing, with the unusual pre-race handing out of Curlywurlies, this seemed to be expected by everyone else, so I kept my surprise to myself and shoved it in my backpack for later, there was also malt loaf which also got stashed for later. After the race there was tea and biscuits from the cricket hut (and malt loaf and Curlywurly). For some reason, Neil's Curlywurly hung around on our coffee table for some time, until he eventually ate it a few races later.



I expected mud, I expected cold, but running through rivers was not on my to do list, but that's what I did on Midgley Moor with only the sheep for company as I made my way back to trail in last, I was informed that there was a free bottle of milk, and indeed there was a crate of them down by the wall. Whilst being an excellent post-race recovery fuel, I'd rather have had a pint of whiskey to drown my sorrows at that point. Back at the cricket club there was coffee, tea, flapjack and other cakes which I was still stuffing into my face during the prize giving.

*Pic: Katy deposits the team donation at Trotters 5 Mile*



I didn't race for over month after Midgley Moor, I'd gone off fell racing for now, so I missed out on the Ian Roberts Memorial, but am reliably informed that the after-race food was worth "leaping down a cliff face", according to Katy May. Joe gave it 10/10 saying that there were lots of cakes, cheese & pickle butties, sausage rolls etc. Haweswater Half also happened during this period, Hannah Mobbs reported that there was flapjack and a cup of tea on finishing, followed by baked potato with beans and cheese afterwards, which Lisa described as a "thing of wonder" and wished she'd taken a photo of it. I think after running a half some substantial food is well deserved.

My next race was the Trotters 5 Mile, a trail race with rather more road than I was expecting, but that was okay by me. What was even more okay was the number of cakes on offer afterwards, this was a money raising event so donations were being taken, unfortunately most of us had failed to bring any money, so it was up to Katy to provide the donation. Sorry Katy. Those that had remembered to bring cash also got to purchase pie & peas with the "genius touch" of red cabbage, which looked and apparently was great. I do not recommend cake as a good postrace recovery food and vowed to remember to bring cash in future.

Later in April it was time to attempt another fell race, I don't know why, I'd done the two I needed, but after Midgley I really needed to improve my time. So it was up to the Staff of Life for Dan Taylor's Orchan Rocks race. The weather was good and the views were stunning. Not that we had much time to look at them. Dan had done a deal with the pub, so there was cheap runners' chilli and chips with a slice of garlic bread on offer, meat or veg options.

Another race that goes for the buffet approach is Cowm Reservoir with the post-race do at the Cock & Magpie pub, which we ran in June. Again, lots of butties, quiche, possibly sausage rolls? I've run two of theirs now so I'm a bit confused as to what food was on offer. This one had more cheese butties though, last time they ran out and some of the folks queuing at the bar didn't get any. They do seem to take any feedback onboard, which is great.

Two days after the above mentioned Cowm trail, some of us did the Full Bronte 5 up at Haworth Cricket Club. After race food was hotdogs, which seemed to go down well. However, Lisa checked and there was no veggie option available. For anyone interested in postrace recovery food, I found that a pint of beer went down nicely with a packet of mini cheddars. Not the best choice particularly as I'd done two races so close together!

Helen Tipping with input from Lisa Peatfield, Joe Mountain, Nick Birchill, Nev Drake, Hannah-Louise Mobbs, Katy May & Heather Rostron

## That's parkrunwang!

parkrun means many things to many people, a time trial, a race, a social run, a walk, an opportunity to volunteer, to be part of a community, but most importantly it is whatever *you* want it to be. However, to a small hardcore it means only one thing and that's parkrun challenges, especially since inaugural event chasing became punishable by having your tyres let down and your barcode permanently tattooed on your... arm.



Challenges are often based on an aspect of you or the event:

**Your Time** - such as stopwatch bingo (ignore the minutes, can your finishing times cover all from 00 to 59 seconds), Groundhog Day (run exactly the same time at 2 consecutive runs).

**Your Position** - position bingo (it took a lot of counting to get 50<sup>th</sup> place to complete

all positions from 1-50 for me - at Centre Vale's 50<sup>th</sup> event as a bonus).

**Event Name** (or first letter) - alphabet game (A-Z), Pirates (7 events starting with a 'c' and one with an 'r' - 7 Seas and an Arrrh!), Rita, Sue & Bob too (3 specific event names that are too rude for the Torrier!)

**Event number** - Wilson Index (basically run at every event number 1,2,3 etc without any gaps).

There are many more challenges out there, some originating from the old parkrunshow podcast (now 'With Me Now') and others developed by various parkrun lovers along the way, or you can just make up your own. Some can be checked automatically by using browser add-ons e.g. parkrun challenges, or via an increasing number of apps e.g. 5k app on Android, which now allows you to keep track of your progress against custom personal challenges.

Back in early 2020, I was thinking up some new personal challenges based on event numbers e.g. Centurion 100, 200, 300, etc. or Horatio (aka Nelson) 111, 222, 333, etc. and to replace inaugural events, the Proclaimers challenge - attending lots of event number #500's. Then Covid came along and parkrun paused so all play was off before it could really begin. As I sat locked down in the living room looking with envy at the freedom enjoyed by the snail\* crawling up the window pane, Fibonacci sprung to mind. Perfect! 1,2,3,5,8,13, etc.. and a quick check showed I was already well on the way.

*\* It turns out the slugs were all secretly partying elsewhere.*

With nothing else to do on a Saturday morning, and my brain boosted by not getting up early every week to navigate all over the north of England, I used the break to think what other mathematical sequences could be played with.

And so, **parkrunwang!** was born. (Inspired by the legendary ancient mythical game of numberwang).

Fibonacci - surely the most important expression of numbers since drunken humans first uttered the words "I definitely gave you a twenty..." led neatly into the Lucas, Pell, Pell-Lucas and Perrin sequences.

Hang on a moment, this led to a lengthy debate with myself as to which was more exhilarating - Fibonacci or Lucas? Yes, Fibonacci is the popular one but, it is a bit... common. Sunflowers, pine cones, ferns, tree branches, shells, number of ancestors a honeybee has, even hurricanes join in Leo Bonacci's big gang.

However, true integer connoisseurs would surely plump for Ed Lucas's elegance. After all, not every sunflower is Fibonacci's, some are Lucas's - even Alan Turing could not work out why. That summer, no races meant lots of spare time, so I checked all my sunflowers and had both.

Ultimately lockdown ended before I could decide which I favoured, and anyway I needed to build a bigger spreadsheet to monitor all this.

Tribonacci logically followed, most famously used by Darwin to explain elephant population growth, how could I forget? And why not, Tetranacci too. I simply could not wait until parkrun restarted to get working on them all.

Obvious sequences like square numbers, magic squares, cubes, triangular, pentagonal, binary, primes were also added. I hadn't been this excited about numbers since I got a 'highly commended certificate' in the Merseyside Schools' mathematics challenge in 1984. I seem to recall that was mainly darts and snooker based questions, along with volumes - not that maths teachers spent all their time in the pub in those days.

But then, it hit me - CAKE! - not literally as that would just be a waste. Runners love cake, parkrunners more so, often travelling hours to obscure parkruns on just the merest rumour of cake. Indeed, my 3rd ever recorded parkrun, which unknowingly at the time was the start of my parkrun tourism, was a visit to Woodbank parkrun specifically because they said there was going to be cake. It was like my parkrunning had come full circle, or rather, full cake.

The cake number sequence is basically the maximum slices you can get by cutting a cake a set number of times, so starting with no cuts you have 1 piece of cake, 1 cut results in 2 pieces, 2 cuts can make 4, 3 creates 8 pieces giving the sequence... 1,2,4,8,15,26,42,64,93, etc...

The cake numbers are the 3-dimensional version of the 2-dimensional lazy caterer's sequence. So it follows there must be a lazy caterer challenge. It would be just plain, err, lazy not to include it. In this instance an increasing number of cuts results in 1,2,4,7,11,16,22,29,37,46,etc...

The keen eyed will note that the lazy caterer's numbers are also the difference between each cake number - but let's keep this vaguely running related or before we know it we'll end up in the murky underworld of Street Countdown.

By the time parkrun resumed, my spreadsheet was finely tuned to supply a shortlist of potential venues each week where I can achieve parkrunwang, or if I'm lucky, multiple parkrunwang.

As I said, parkrun is whatever you want it to be. For me, **That's parkrunwang**

Buddy



## My New Favourite Race! - Fougères Trail Urbain: 9.5km Trail Race, Brittany

*Serendipity: the occurrence and development of events by chance in a happy or beneficial way.*

September 2022 - We were on a “boys” cycling trip (Bob, Brian, Richard, Simon and myself – average age of 66!), riding from Santander to Cherbourg up the west coast of France. Ten days into our 100km per day adventure we found ourselves camped on the outskirts of Fougères, a lovely medieval town in Brittany. We’d cycled into town to see the sights, in particular the 11<sup>th</sup> century Fougères Castle; the largest fortress in Europe. Spotting preparations for a race of some kind our enquiries determined that there was a 9km urban trail race taking place that very evening. “Who’s up for it then?” .....at 5:30pm Bob, Simon and myself found ourselves paying 12 euros each to enter the Fougères Trail Urbain Race...start time 8:45pm.

The starting area was bouncing with people when we returned at 8pm. The loud music, giant screen beaming live coverage, big stage, and the gear and food stalls all added to the carnival atmosphere. My running kit consisted of ultralight deck shoes with zero cushioning, a Tod Harriers cycling top and my Speedo swim shorts...I was definitely in with a chance of winning the shortest shorts competition! Bob and Simon were dressed rather more sensibly. Simon was called up to the microphone... it was his birthday. Having briefly explained why we were here he signed off with “Vive la France”, to loud cheers. We mingled with 530 other excited runners.

Gathering in front of the start banner the music changed. Slow, simple and melodic synthesiser notes. (Eric Prydz – Opus...have a listen) Repeated riffs, but gradually



increasing in speed. Runners started tapping their feet and flexing their legs in time to the building rhythm. Then the drum beats kicked in; faster and faster. Fireworks lit up the dark sky. Shouted encouragement over the loudspeakers, "Tape les mains", saw us all clapping in time. The music built to a crescendo...and we were off...



530 headtorches bobbed along a gravel cycleway, through parks and gardens and up into the medieval centre of the town. "Where are they sending us?" I wondered as one of the numerous marshals in 'high-vis' vests directed us through the doors of a church, around the aisles and out through another door, serenaded by a classical guitarist in the chancel. We ran through streets thronged with spectators, the kids giving us high fives as we dashed past, before crossing the castle drawbridge and jogging up the steps onto the battlements. A snake of lights circled the parapets above the castle courtyard. Back on narrow streets, we weaved through gardens,



before climbing the steps into Fougères Cathedral. Full-on organ music accompanied us as we raced around the pews. This was certainly a comprehensive tour of all the major medieval highlights of the town.

Steep zig-zag paths took us down and up, through dark alleyways before an in-and-out through a theatre, running around the plush red seats as another musician serenaded us with Depeche Mode. Runners welcomed the water station at 5km as we were sweating in the humid evening air. Fewer took advantage of the beer station half a kilometre further on where spectators were handing out plastic glasses of

beer! Another church visit followed, then down into the catacombs before a meander through a museum, regaled by a Breton folk quartet. At the other end of the musical spectrum we passed a rock band on a street corner belting out Lad Zeppelin's Whole Lotta Love.

Finally, we were back on the gravel cycleway, finishing through a half kilometre long tunnel, before the last dash to the finish line. What a surreal event...I've never done a race quite like it! It was superbly organised and marshalled and had a fantastic atmosphere. We joined the throngs to collect our goody bags of food and mementos. A visit to the beer stall saw us toasting our success:

Bob – 1<sup>st</sup> V60 Simon - 3<sup>rd</sup> V60 Phil - 4<sup>th</sup> V65

It's my new favourite race!

[Who's up for a Toddlies trip to the Fougères Trail Urbain next year then? Put Saturday 16<sup>th</sup> Sept 2023 in your diaries. We'll send out a reminder with travel/accommodation options early next year]

Phil Hodgson



## Abraham's Tea Round

Yay, an egocentric report about a long run/hike/walk/shuffle. For those not in the know, the Abraham's (now Montane-sponsored) tea round is a Lake District round taking in all the peaks that are supposedly visible from the window of the tea room above George Fisher in Keswick. It had been on my radar as a "thing" for this year for some time although, as ever with my sporting endeavours, family life is firmly in the way of any real preparation. I had walked the first half though and put it out that I was interested which is as good as I can generally manage with this sort of thing.

Oli from C\*\*\*\*r V\*\*\*\*y had messaged me to say he fancied a crack too if I wanted

company and he had very handily done all of the second half at various points. Extra tick for preparation. Neither of us are natural record breakers and as such agreed that breaking records wasn't to be of any concern, getting round and having a good day in the hills was paramount. As an additional tick for preparation, we even managed to drop a supply bag in a grit salt bin in Buttermere.

Sam alarm call, 5.05, 5.10, 5.15. Coffee, granola pot, banana and a cereal bar. Much better than racing, less anxiety and less "sicky" feeling. Had an ok amount of sleep too. Got to George Fisher for 6.30am, last checks, a selfie and touch the door to go. Wait around for the garmin to pick up GPS again. Green means go at 6.38.



Slow jog to the bottom of Cat Bells, resisting the urge to go too fast, then a steady march to the top. It really is a lovely hill and earns its spot as Britain's most climbed fell, then a lovely run off down to the valley below Robinson. Pretty much everything up to the summit of Robinson is great fun and lulls you into a false sense of security, nice climbs, light scrambles, runnable terrain, joyous!

The descent off of Robinson puts paid to this notion however, the main path is treacherous and the fence line tells a tale of terrified hikers clutching it into a permanent windswept downward curve. There's obviously a better way, it's just not very obvious...

No mind, the hike up High Stile makes you pine for the clingy slip down Robinson. Up and up and up. The paths aren't easy to find but as long as you look ever up you can see what you're aiming for. The day really started to heat up here and neither of us are fond of hot weather running. Fortunately my hydration bag had developed a puncture and was providing blessed relief as a personal irrigation system. Up and over the top, not too bad. A jog across the ridge line is all too short (not really run for a couple of hours at this point!), and the descent of red pike starts. The scree is nearly fun but the stone path down to Buttermere is torture. No wonder this is the main quitting point. I have a bottle of Dandelion and Burdock in a grit salt bin to spur me on however. A stop for lunch from a bin revitalises us briefly after a really tough section. Another intrepid explorer has left a supply drop of two bags of dog shit and half a bottle of sprite in the same grit bin. GREAT MINDS.

Whiteless Pike now. A path all the way with the sun beating down. A slog, no conversation, doubts creeping in. It feels very hot. Off the top though, you can run! Run through the valley to your next lump. Well, it's actually not the one you can see,



it's the same again around the corner. Now, for an out and back and actually my favourite part of the round. Hobcarton Crag overlooks Keswick and it's a quick drop down and



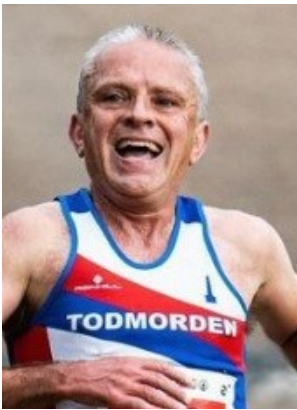
back up Grisedale Pike. I think this may have been Oli's lowest point ("It's really hot, isn't it?") but coming back off Grisedale you can see there is a path to traverse around Hobcarton. Then you can run all the way to Eel Crag, and there is a bloody breeze. It's top. Eel Crag is the closest you come to climbing all day. A proper scramble up the gully, 3 points of contact and don't look down. A run across the top and we bump into some fellow tea rounders who are calling it a day. Time is starting to feel tight though so onward. Down and across sail and on to Causey Pike. 8 hours to get to the 4th peak and we've touched 8 peaks by hour 10. Down to Rawling End, now for my own low point. An overgrown path to an uninspiring lump that you can see Barrow (our last stop) from the entire time. So close yet so far etc.

I finish my water sitting on the grass. 4 litres in and only 1 very pathetic piss all day. Still 7 miles to go in 20 degree heat. A low point for sure. We cut the out and back off early to bash heather all the way to the path up to Barrow, it is shady and climbing back up Causey Pike seems like a form of madness. Fortunately, beautifully, we can here running water at the bottom. I'm so excited I fall and bang my knee on a rock which is humbling. Any way, we drink and frolic and bathe in the stream fully reinvigorated we start our final climb. The march up to Barrow is actually a straight forward one and I would guess at one of the quicker climbs of the day. Summit touched we are treated to "one of the best descents the lake district has to offer". We stumble, stagger and trip our way down what would clearly be very good running if legs would work.

Down a farmers track at the bottom to Braithwaite and just a couple of road miles to finish. Arduous, slow, sapping road miles. Head down running up Keswick high street, lest we get the false acclaim of a BG before sheepishly heading past Moot Hall and back to George Fisher. A grand day out.

Joe Mountain

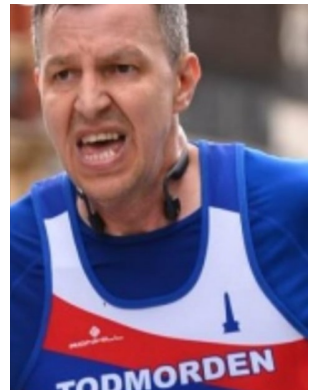
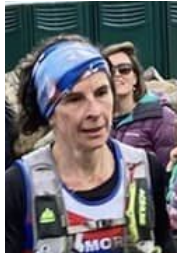
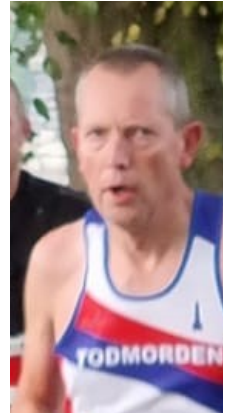




# TOP GURNE

Trying 'ard: we love to see it! From the absolutely furious to the unimpressed-looking, welcome to all the faces making their Gurn debut (and kudos to Dom for appearing in both of our first team submissions...) Robin, the reigning champion, is still making a face as he holds tight to his phone, but there are so many other talented gurners out there...will Dan take back his crown, or will a newcomer sweep in?





Send your favourite gurns in to [torriernewsletter@gmail.com](mailto:torriernewsletter@gmail.com) to nominate someone - there's plenty more opportunity, especially with Cross Country fixtures remaining! Winner will be announced at the annual presentation 'do, and there may even be a prize...





# TOP GRINE

*Awww, look at those lovely smiling faces of those who've remembered why they do it!! Bonus points for all who demonstrated their range by appearing with more than one facial expression!!*



More of these too please to  
[torriernewsletter@gmail.com](mailto:torriernewsletter@gmail.com)



## A Bit of a Challenge...

So how on earth did I end up running 13.2 miles in the hottest parts of the day, and on one of the hottest days of the year - after just completing a 56 mile bike ride and a one mile swim on the same day? !!Trust me, the question crossed my mind more than once as I crawled round the second circuit of the run route - very hot, very tired and just trying to keep putting one foot in front of the other.

The idea was hatched a few months before when I decided I wanted to do some sort of running- related challenge to raise awareness of Motor Neurone Disease (MND) and raise money for two local charities. These charities, each in different ways, have been helping David and I deal with the devastating impact of this terribly cruel disease. Originally, David had encouraged me to use a Joss Naylor challenge as the key event. But as time moved on, the difficulties associated with leaving David for any length of time made it blatantly clear that training for a JN was not going to be a viable option.

It was one of my morning trundles with Misty the dog, that the idea of a triathlon type event began to form in my mind. Triathlons are another event that David has suggested over the years that I might enjoy having a go at - but I'd never got round to it (to be fair, the whole transition between the swim and the bike ride had always scared me off!!)

Over the next couple of weeks, the idea took shape as we worked out that David could actually be directly involved in the challenge if we used the bike train that had been provided by EMpowered. This would be great on so many levels - and the bike train arrangement meant that if David became tired, I could simply pick up the workload for us both on my bike.

We could also do the event in and around Todmorden, which would mean local support and interest - and crucially it meant I could train very close to home, and so not have to be leaving David for too long at a time.

We shared the idea with a few close friends in the Harriers, and between us and Mandy & Phil, we set a date. I needed time to do the training, which realistically put the earliest possible date to about June time, but that really was cutting it fine on the training, and ran the risk of some pretty hot weather. Other calendar commitments led us to choosing Sunday 14th August. August in recent years has seen the hottest part of the summer gone, and a distinct cooling off. Perfect!

Sunday meant that hopefully the roads would not be too busy, and a weekend day would also enable friends and family to support on the day. Moreover, if we

planned a route that passed local venues such as Riggs, then maybe we could get some publicity in those places too.

In the end we plotted a bike ride route that took us from Tod centre out to Littleborough, over by the Whitehouse, down Cragg Vale then back up the valley to Tod. We would do this circuit twice, and on the second time take a detour to Craggies cafe. After the second circuit we would ride to Cliviger lights and back in order to make up the 56 miles required for a half Ironman style triathlon. The run would also be a circuit. From the same starting point I would run up the canal to Walsden, emerging back out onto the road by Bowland Stoves Woodyard. From there I would run past Gordon Riggs, up past the Shepherd's Rest Inn, down Woodhouse Road and back up the canal to Tod Centre. Doing this circuit a second time, I would cut off the canal a little earlier in Walsden in order to do the 13.2 miles needed.

The 1 mile swim would simply be in Todmorden Sports Centre pool. The reason we went for the circuits was that it meant people could join us for sections of the challenge without having to commit to the full distance for each discipline, and so that we could pass key venues several times during the day.

And so the training got underway properly from about April. I was used to running distance, but I hadn't swum a mile since I'd last completed the Great North Swim in Windermere several years before, and I'd never got anywhere near cycling that kind of distance. So I began by building my distance and stamina in each of the separate disciplines, before starting to put disciplines together.

With the cycling, I was very grateful for support from assorted club members, who very patiently cycled alongside me on some of the rides, as I squeaked and sweated up the the White House on my very heavy, very old, and very clunky mountain bike. I



decided that if I trained on this, then when I got onto my e-assisted bike towing David on his recumbent it might be ok.

Swimming was mostly done early on a Tuesday morning, and I switched to more road and canal based running as the big day approached, often using sections of the route itself so I became very familiar with it.

Piecing the disciplines together was an eye opener. Oh my goodness, how my admiration and respect rose for triathletes. The first time I got off my bike and tried to run straight away it was as though my legs did not belong to me. I had real trouble making them travel in anything even resembling a straight line, as they took on a jelly-like consistency. The very best piece of advice I had re: triathlon training (thank you Simon) was to run at least a mile immediately after completing any of my bike rides, right from the early training stages. Over time I got used to the sensation and was able to run through it. But it always felt odd to start with.

As August approached efforts to maximise the publicity and fundraising opportunities for the actual day intensified. Again key players were incredibly generous with their time encouraging local businesses to display posters, host collection boxes and donate raffle prizes. The Shepherd's Rest, Riggs, and Craggies all agreed to host the raffle on the day, and Mandy coordinated a team of volunteers at each venue to ensure maximum sales.

And then suddenly the day arrived. Everything had been prepared according to plan. The only slight variation to plan was the weather. It was absolutely stinking hot. Not at all like the typical August day we had expected and planned for! Oh well... onwards anyway.

The event itself was really quite surreal. With the Sports Centre giving me my own separate lane, the swim was quite meditative. I remember it took at least 10 of the 64 lengths for me to stop shaking and to settle into a steady pace. As the swim progressed I felt myself getting into 'the zone' and the 48 minutes passed very quickly. A quick shower and change into dry cycling clothes (none of that terrifying transition stuff of a real triathlon!), then a drive round to the EMpowered hub by Fielden Factors to pick up the bike train and David. I got there a bit ahead of schedule so actually



had a longer break than planned whilst David got into the recumbent and ready to go. The day was really becoming warm now, but cycling in the sunshine was lovely - and really pretty perfect for David. The first circuit was very straight forward and as the support riders swapped over for the second circuit, we began to



look forward to our planned pit-stop at Craggies. We pulled in to a welcome committee of supporters which really gave us a boost, and the sausage butties & brews went down an absolute treat. Very much ahead of schedule by now, we were able to have a longer break here, which gave us chance to chat to people who were taking a real interest in what we were doing. Off again to complete the second circuit and head up towards Cliviger. With the final mile towards Cliviger lights closed for road repairs, we turned right and added an alternative circuit via the Kettledrum instead. By now David was absolutely shattered, and really had to dig deep as we headed back down the valley into Todmorden. This final descent was

made a little tougher by the fact that my disc brakes system had got very warm in the heat of the day, the oil had expanded with the result that the brakes were effectively being applied without my applying them. I thought I was having to work a bit too hard to say we were going downhill .



56 miles on the bike train complete, I handed it (and David) over to the care of the EMpowered team and family members, and changed into my running gear. A couple of minutes later and I set off up the canal bank. Apparently, I set off quite quickly, and a few people decided to join me on the second circuit instead. Adrenaline was definitely at play here. As we looped back onto the main road and began the climb up towards the



Shepherd's Rest there was a marked increase in temperature. The heat was bouncing up off the tarmac. It was really quite brutal. It was also utterly energy sapping and I felt my pace begin to slow as the effort of running in over 30 degrees started to impact. I was very glad that I had followed advice to take in as much drink and energy as possible during the bike ride,

because as the run progressed I found it harder and harder to do anything other than put one foot in front of the other.

By the time we were approaching the end of the first circuit, I had to really make a gargantuan effort to run straight past the EMpowered hub and carry on to the second circuit. Had I stopped for a breather I would never have got going again. The second circuit was so very hard, but I was utterly determined to run every step, however slowly. It took all my effort to do so, and I had nothing spare with which to engage with those running with me. So I apologise now to everyone who was so lovely and cheerful and encouraging, and to whom I only grunted in response. I really was grateful for your company and support. I also apologise to those poor folk who tried to get me to drink and eat - I must have been utterly vile.

Finishing was an incredible relief. It felt fabulous...and then the light-headedness and nausea set in. I seemed to spend much of the next hour lying down in the road with my feet in the air and cold water being poured over me. But in the moments that I was able to sit up and take in the surroundings, I became very aware of the amount of people who were there supporting us. The lead fundraiser from the West Yorkshire branch of the MND Association had even travelled all the way from Ripon to see the finish of the challenge. As well as feeling utterly exhausted and rather wobbly, I also felt very honoured to be amongst such wonderful people and such wonderful support.

When we started this challenge and set up the fundraising page, we thought we would be ambitious and set a target of £3000 to split between EMpowered and MNDA. To date this challenge has raised just over £8000 (including gift aid). This money will, we know, directly help local people with MND and local people with physical disabilities. In addition, through one of the fundraising stands on the day, we have connected with another couple living with MND and they are now



accessing professional support that they had not previously been able to do. Also, following the media coverage we were contacted by a charity in Essex who will now seek out people in our area with MND to benefit from grants to improve their life experiences.

I think it is fair to say that the challenge was a success in what it set out to achieve. But we did not do this alone. We could not have done it without the phenomenal support of so many people. Thank you so much to those of you who rode with me and ran with me during the weeks of training; to those of you who bought MNDA t-shirts, running vests and buffs; thank you to those of you that donated prizes, persuaded others to donate prizes, and ran the raffles; thank you to those of you that donated to the fundraising page and spread the word so that others did too; thank you to those that turned out on the day and cheered us on, rode with us and ran with me. And thank you to Mandy, Phil and Simon who plotted & planned, cajoled and persuaded, organised & rallied, and generally did so much to help make the challenge such a success.

Helen Wilson



# TOILET SEAT

IF YOU HAVE ANY CONFESSIONS OR TALES ABOUT YOUR CLUB MATES, EMAIL THE VERY MYSTERIOUS  
**ARMITAGESHANKSTODMORDEN@GMAIL.COM**

REMEMBER: I WALK AMONGST YOU, I HAVE SPIES EVERYWHERE AND I KNOW WHAT GOES ON!

SEE YOU EVERYWHERE (OOH, THAT'S A BIT DARK ISN'T IT) - AS



**Rebecca Patrick** ordered the Borrowdale Fell Race Map from Pete Bland Sports to help her navigate round the upcoming English Championship Race. The only trouble is that the Lower Borrowdale Fell Race coming up was near Tebay and a considerable distance from the Borrowdale valley near Keswick

**5 points**

**Dom Leckie** As part of his meticulous preparation for the Blackpool Half he sat down on a bench to check his shoelaces forgetting that his gels were in the back pocket of his shorts. They promptly burst leaving him with a sticky gel all over his backside for the race!

**5 points**

**Pete Rolls** Ahead of the 'Ian Roberts Memorial Fell Race', arrives in Sowerby Bridge to benefit from the kind offer of a lift, from our Club Chairman to the start line in Marsden. Needing a quick wee prior to leaving Stuart's house, Pete heads upstairs, misses the bathroom door and walks straight into Stuart's daughters' bedroom dressed in full running kit - ruining her Sunday morning lie-in and eliciting stunned yelps of shock & surprise from all parties involved

**5 points**

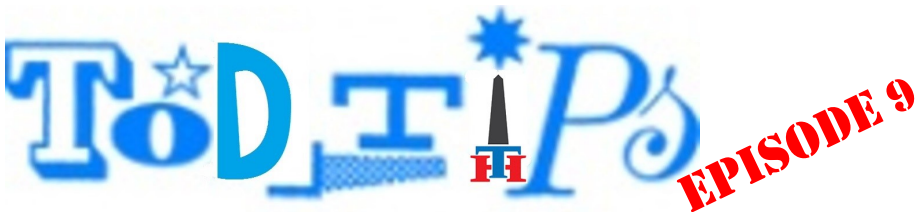
**Secretary Dunc** Found a parking space *just* big enough for his car at the Cowm Sk. He backed into the space and straightened it up but on his final reverse the car wouldn't move. He'd unknowingly hit the car in front and its towbar had punched through his lower grille and hooked under the bumper. Fortunately he realised before he ripped the bumper off and there was no damage to the car he hit. But it

took several Toddies to lift his car off the towbar.

**5 Points**

**Laura Donald** Arrived in Saddleworth to marshal the Alderman's Ascent fell race very pleased that she'd found the venue first time and without getting lost. Unfortunately there was no-one there to celebrate this success with, as she'd arrived a week early! **5 Points**

**Buddy** missed the start of Bowling parkrun, we've all done that so what's the problem? Blaming the late arrival on Russians hacking his satnav? Behave. **5 Points**



Top running tips sent in by Toddies who definitely need help:

Turn chips into healthy carbs by spraying Windowlene on them, it cuts through the grease and contains vinegar too!

**Bob Shuruncle**

Never be late for an early race, there's nothing guaranteed to get you out of bed faster than the sound of a pet or child about to be sick, so record that sound and use it that for your alarm tone.

**Stu Pendous**

Extend the life of your worn out road shoes by running around your local secondary school – the copious amounts of chewing gum on the surrounding streets will give you sure footing all the way.

**Pat Madog**

Improve your sprinting prowess by banging on a house door every few minutes during your training run. For extra adrenaline do this in a really rough area.

**Harry Fax**

## Spotted: Neo in a Tod Vest

“Mr Anderton...? Oh never mind, it's Darren Gillman”

*Picture courtesy of Sakura Sports Media*



## Next Torrier: We need YOU!

Want to contribute to your club's newsletter, but not sure what? Here're some ideas...

Send a run report. A photo of a Torrier in the wild (or under your table, as per Rebecca Coyle's winning image, *right*). Abstract front cover artwork. Three words describing a race. A collection of running-stats. A good gurn. A sketch of types of Harriers. A picture of your dog. A review of running nutrition. A mildly interesting limerick about Cragg Vale. A nice high-res photo for the front cover. A drawing by your 5 year old child. An article about how the menopause affects runners. A quiz. Time-of-life musings, holiday stories, tales of epics, vintage articles from the past... We even permit submissions that aren't running-centred, many cyclists ride among us... Openings always available for Torrier Special Correspondents (ie I can give you an idea for an article).



Send word documents, email text and jpeg files to [torriernewsletter@gmail.com](mailto:torriernewsletter@gmail.com) in the subject heading (thank you for not sending PDFs and Pages files) for the next issue - **send at any time from now** until the deadline which will be in March. If writing an article, aim for 500-1500 words (absolute max is 2000, which comes out at about six pages). Deadlines will be announced on the Facebook page and forum.

-Ed.

## Dogs of Tod Harriers

Pippa (Cruthers, left of top photo) now cohabits with Ellie the cat in Sowerby Bridge.

We're trying to teach Pippa that chasing other cats from our garden is Good. But chasing Ellie is Not Good.

This seems to be too fine a distinction for the Border Terrier brain.

Paul Cruthers



Left: name that local landmark in the background of Paul Colledge's photo of Rhubarb and Dennis Meadows

Hello, my name is Rosie Anderton (right, lower)

Here's a picture of me guarding my favourite running publication. I haven't actually got round to reading it yet, I just like to steal things which Simon is just about to use. It's often socks, sometimes it's buffs or his headtorch. Tubes of sun cream, cycle gloves, swimming goggles— it depends what kind of mood I'm in. Recently, it's often been his Led Zep box set DVD (I prefer their earlier stuff)

Anyway, I enjoyed reading about Cooper Dyson last issue, and thought The Doggie Profile would be a good way to make myself the centre of attention. Happy running, everyone!





*#thelegendthatisdouglas  
(Tuddenham, above) hopes you  
enjoyed this Torrier and urges you to  
send more (animal) content to  
torriernewsletter@gmail.com as  
soon as poss, ta*

Save the date:

# TODMORDEN HARRIERS' ANNUAL PRESENTATION DO



Music, food and ticket prices tbc...



Friday 2nd December  
The Mill, Walsden