

# Keswick

ATHLETIC CLUB

## THE NEW PACEMAKER

SUMMER 2019



# EDITORS' DISCLAIMER

*RACHEL F-R AND VIC HAWORTH*

Hello, and happy September! Hopefully you have all had a lovely, injury-free August filled with nice-weather runs and PBs abounding. Welcome to the latest issue of The Pacemaker, and thank you to everyone who has put up with being hounded, harassed and otherwise harangued for their contributions—hopefully it was worth it in the end!

As ever, contributions, feedback and offers to improve our terrible Wordart/Publisher/not-photoshop (can't afford it) skills are more than welcome, but for now put the kettle on, sit back and enjoy finding out what your clubmates have been up to all summer....

Cheers

Vic & Rach



The Editors on Tour at Kilnsey Show

# CONGRATULATIONS!

To Carl and Jenn, now Mr and Mrs. Bell after a lovely ceremony on Latrigg in July



To Angela Procter (and Lee I suppose—Ed.) on the arrival of Keswick AC's littlest member [laying our claim now before Helm Hill!] Elliot Noah Procter.





# CHAIRPERSON'S CORNER

*LESLEY MALARKEY*

I've been asked to write something for the Pace-maker but I'm not sure this was what they had in mind.

## **A Wet Day in August**

Until August, wasn't it fun

Dry underfoot on every long run

Dips in the tarns and soaks in the becks

The sun always warm on the back of our necks.

Until August, lots of us raced

The men, as ever, at a fantastic pace

Some of us were slower, and right at the back

Just enjoying following the pack.

Keswick's men are champs once again

All are high on the joy and the pain

I've set a few records with the advantage of age

And been regarded by some as a bit of a sage.

And now it's raining and I'm off for a run

I'll be wet and muddy but it's always such fun!

Whatever you've done and wherever you've been

I hope you enjoyed the warm summer of 2019.



## **INSIDE...**

- The Wednesday girls—who are they and what do they do?
- Fell running's hottest couple #2
- Rumour has it...
- Get to know the man behind the nose ring
- Carl Bell goes abroad
- Lots of reasons spelt out to do various things

**Keswick AC**

**Tel: Keswick 12345**

### **The Pacemaker needs contributors**

Start planning, plotting or writing your submissions for the winter edition. It can't exist without you lot.

From the sublime to the ridiculous, we're not fussy.



**Keswick AC**

**Mail to: Rach FR or  
Vic Haworth**

Tell readers to mail this back for a catalog, brochure, or price list.

NAME

ADDRESS



## **CAPTAIN'S CHRONICLES**

### ***JENN BELL—LADIES' CAPTAIN***

Keswick Ladies have been busy busy busy over the summer, taking advantage of all the classic, fun short show/rock up in a field/low key races and club champs. It's always great to see ladies in yellow and green in various places - in this country and beyond - smiling and enjoying taking part in various events. We still have a busy season ahead, what with 2 more English fell champ races in September (please come and support your ladies team if you can - we have a shot at a bronze team medal, but not without a good turnout) and then the excitement of relays in October. Whatever you're up to, big or small, just enjoy it and at the end of the day, every Keswick lady who's got off that sofa and gone and taken part in parkrun, a 10k, a 1 mile comeback from childbirth, an Ultra in France, marshalled at a race, supported team mates, done a short show race. an epic Lakeland classic on the fells...remember your team is proud of you for getting out there and getting it done!

### ***LINDSAY WALKER—LADIES' ROAD CAPTAIN***

Hi everyone I'd just like to start off by thanking all the ladies for turning out to the club road champs. This year has seen a big turnout races which has been great to see. There's also been some great results with people running marathons, getting PB' and getting their club road standards. We have 2 teams for the North West Relays on the 8th sept and it's looking like we have 2 teams already for the women's 4 Stage Relays on the 15th sept. We have 15 women signed up for The North Lakes New Year Half Marathon next January which is fantastic as it's the first road champs of the year. The roads are where it's happening please keep getting involved it's been great so far this year. The camaraderie between us all has been great. Looking forward to our next race. Lindsay



at



### ***STEVE HEBBLETHWAITE—MEN'S CAPTAIN***

Steve is excused from Captain's Chronicles duties for this issue as he has been busy writing us an EPIC report on the Scottish Island Peaks race.—see overleaf....

# ON BEING YELLOW AND GREEN IN A BOAT

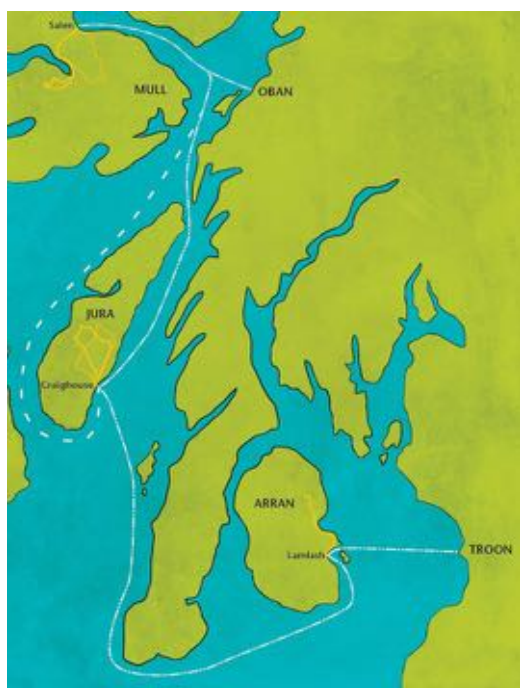
## OR

# THE SCOTTISH ISLAND PEAKS RACE 2019

By Steve Heb

A gust comes from nowhere and the sail fills out above our heads with a loud cracking as the boat lurches satisfyingly forward. Sitting at the stern, I can peer down behind into the blue-green and see the water quietly slipping away behind -now we're moving, and building a lead! But will it be enough? The weekend of 17<sup>th</sup>-20<sup>th</sup> May this year, two Keswick AC members -Steve Halsall and myself- headed to Oban on the west coast of Scotland, each of us having been invited to join teams in one of the most highly regarded adventure races in the UK. The Scottish Islands Peaks Race began in 1983 and each year sees mixed crews (of runners and sailors) tackling a challenging course around the west coast of Scotland. The runners have four runs -the routes totalling in excess of 60 miles and 11,500ft of climbing -at Oban, and on the islands of Mull, Jura and Arran. Sailing between the islands, each team's skipper and crew must navigate 160 nautical miles in the challenging tidal waters of the Sound of Mull, Firth of Lorne, Mull of Kintyre and Clyde Estuary. Competitors can expect the race to take three to four days,

depending entirely upon the tides and winds encountered, and of course the running on each island.



On arrival in Oban the night before the race, we were just in time for a pint and dinner in the quayside pub, and then it was down to the harbour to find our boats. In late 2018, Steve and I had made approaches to several crews, to run as a pair in this year's event. After failing to find a boat for the race, in a stroke of fortune we each managed to get into the race filling in for injured runners on different teams -Steve was running with Giles Trussell on 'Superstition', and I on 'Clockwork' with skipper Peter Foulds, and partnered for the runs with experienced adventure racer and Ambleside AC all round good bloke Tom Gibbs. Both Peter and Tom are multiple winners of the SIPR...so there was no pressure!

I have to state here, that going into the race I was a complete novice, with no experience of sailing and, on that first night, after rowing the wobbly, bobbing dinghy out through the gathering darkness to Clockwork moored in the harbour, it took a while for sleep to fill my head -full as it was with excitement and anticipation of the adventure to come.

What followed over the next 48 hours, was an utterly incredible weekend of racing like nothing I had been a part of before, genuinely exciting and awesome, through what I found to be without doubt one of the most beautiful and inspiring natural landscapes I have ever visited in the British Isles...

The race starts with a klaxon at midday and a swift 4 mile almost cross-country type dash that loops behind houses, and then up onto and along the cliffs above the harbour. In warm sunshine, it felt great to get the race underway and see the teams spread out along the clifftop as each pair of runners found their pace. Both Steve and his partner, and myself with partner Tom made good time, and soon found ourselves at the end of the run and splashing into dinghies to paddle out to our boats waiting in the harbour. On Clockwork, we had elected to use an inflatable kayak and made good progress, being the second team to reach our boat waiting in the harbour! It is at this point that the first part of the runners' job is done and it's the sailors who really show their skill and experience -appropriate sails are selected and hoisted with keen attention paid to wind direction, tide and currents, and suddenly we were leaving the security of the harbour and out onto the open sea!



What followed here was a sail over to Mull which for its entire 4hrs and 18mins was both exciting and fascinating, as I watched the guys carefully manage the sails and the course of our 40ft boat, to gain yards here and there on the other boats spread out across the sea behind us. The landing on Mull is on the east side of the island at Salen. With a good wind behind on the final part of this sail the boat was clipping along at a not inconsiderable rate of knots! We rounded the old pier, and with deft precision and fine judgement the skipper and crew took Clockwork into and tight turn as Tom and I were dropped into our little kayak from the stern! We were at once furiously paddling the 100 yards to shore in a drill that became familiar as our means of getting between boat and shore at the beginning of and after each island run.

The run on Mull took us 4 hours and 9 seconds comprised of around 10km of flat running along at first a quiet road, and then forest tracks, out to the foot of the hill. Then a truly stunning mountain-route that takes runners to the top of Ben More -the highest point on the island. The run route on Mull is probably the most physically challenging of the race, but the joy of being in the Hebrides in May, and the stunning mountain terrain of Ben More, made for one of the best 4 hours of running I have had this year. The natural environment through which we ran was so stunning, that it lifted the spirits in the most incredible way, a sensation that was to be repeated again and again through the weekend. Some of the most incredible bluebells I have ever come across -in great profusion due to the cool, dry spring in western



Scotland this year- made the challenge of each run seem momentarily easier, and incredibly, on each island as well as our mainland run on Oban, we heard the call of cuckoos -a real treat that made the spirit soar.

Retracing our route back to Salen, it was a splash into the water -Tom at the back and I up front in the kayak, and paddle like fury the 100 yards out too Clockwork who was tacking back and forth in the harbour. Once aboard and the kayak hauled up, she was off, not a moment wasted by the crew. We were on our way to Jura! At this point the runners are able to get some food in and it's pretty imperative to get your head down if you can for a few hours kip. Up on deck however, the sailors are working to the limits of their ability -both physically and mentally for there is no halt in proceedings as night falls, and good knowledge



and judgement of the tides here often proves decisive in determining teams' positioning in the race. Below deck and exhausted by the efforts on Mull and in Oban, I had fallen into a deep sleep, until suddenly a sense of activity and voices woke me. An odd moment passed as I recalled where I was...and then my first thought -what's happening in the race?

How's the skipper, the crew and team-mate Tom? Wriggling out of my sleeping bag, I climbed from the cabin, poking my head above deck. A cool, mist-laden, damp sea air and darkness surrounded us. I had no idea of the time...still the middle of the night, or the early hours. Skipper Peter informed me that on being faced with a dilemma -rather than sail the length of the west coast of Jura where stronger and beneficial winds might have been expected, we had charted a course to reach Craighouse and the Sound of Jura via the Gulf of Corryvreckan -perhaps most famous for its particularly intense tidal race, where the flood tide passing through the narrow channel and the topography of the seabed there, at the right time of the day combine to create the Corryvreckan Whirlpool!

Tides and wind of course change, and a gamble such as this -albeit one that is based on the skill and experience of the skipper- can make or break your fate in the race. I retreated below deck to put on the kettle for a brew and set about organising my gear for the approaching run. Time passed. I couldn't say how long, but the gathering light of day was beginning to make its impression through the tiny cabin window. Then, the call from above came "you might want to get yourselves ready guys, not far to Craighouse!" and scrambling to the deck to make ready the kayak it became clear -the gamble had paid off...we were going to be the first to arrive on Jura! The sail had taken us 12hrs and 40mins.

One question that had played on my mind a little going into the race was -how would my legs cope with consecutive hard runs with little, and more than likely fairly poor-quality recovery, between runs? As we set off running up the road out of Craighouse (that anyone familiar with the Jura Fell Race will be familiar with!), I was pleased to feel my legs felt surprisingly strong underneath me. Buoyed by this and the sense of freedom found in being back on land, released from the limited physical confines of the boat, we pressed onwards and up onto the hill. Having never set foot on the island before, and only aware of its reputation for rough and rocky terrain, I was apprehensive but excited. Tom's navigation here over the steep and wild terrain of the Paps -shrouded in mist and low cloud- was really superb as he confidently picked our route across the stones and heather. And then a wonderful moment -on reaching the plateau just below the final steep climb of Beinn a Chaolais our first Pap, out of the mist loomed maybe four or five large red deer, boldly standing their ground, perhaps only 30 yards away, cautious and alert our presence. It had almost seemed like up there, in the quiet swirling of the mist, we were alone on the island -a sense that somehow heightened the surrealistic moment of encountering the deer.

So, the rest of the Paps flew by in a blur of making sure each foot found good grip over the rough terrain and again we were back at the boat. It had taken us 3hrs and 38mins to traverse the Paps. The fastest pair of runners on Jura -who were racing on a trimaran 'Tri-Mhor' -also previous winners of the race and who had landed at Craighouse not far behind us, had got round in 3hrs 26mins and were back aboard their boat as her crew manoeuvred to gain position not far behind!

Out of the shelter and security of the bay, and onto the open sea again, headed for Arran, and our final run! What followed here was probably the most incredible passage of the race. Sailing south-east from Jura now into the afternoon, we had found good wind and got a jump on the rest of the fleet, pulling a good lead out across the open sea -it was an exhilarating feeling to be heading the other teams and gradually, as our lead over the rest of the fleet extended, the hoisted mainsails and spinnakers of each boat, from our vantage now becoming smaller and smaller specks in the retreating distance behind us. This is not to say it was easy work and conditions for the sailing crews on this leg were challenging to say the least, particularly as we drew closer to Arran. Night fell again and after food and some lying down below deck, I felt restless. I think so truly invested was I, in how the race was playing out, and in our progress, that I couldn't sleep, so I climbed up onto the deck. And then it became clear. All the advantage we had gained through the afternoon and evenings sailing had been lost. On rounding the Kintyre peninsula, we had hit a turning tide and with winds light our progress had been almost entirely halted, reduced to just a painfully slow handful of knots. Sickeningly the rest of the field were still making good progress as the tide had not yet turned for them, but one by one, as they reached the same water we had, each began to slow.

In the darkness it was only possible to see the position of another boat by the light shining from the top of their mast...but one boat had been gaining on us faster than the others! By frustrating increments the same boat drew nearer and nearer until they were alongside perhaps only 100 yards distant. It was easy to make out the distinctive shape of a trimaran -'Tri-Mhor'! Experienced veterans of this race and with a fast pair of runners, we knew this team were serious rivals. It was an odd sensation to have earlier been separated by the vastness of the wide-open sea and now almost be able to make out the whites of the eyes of our rivals at such close quarters.

The shallower hull and lighter weight of the trimaran was enabling it to make easier progress under light wind than Clockwork a few tonnes heavier. With the tide now working against us, and the wind speed barely enough to fill a sail, there was only one thing for it -row! A 40ft sailing boat approaching 10 tonnes in weight when fully laden, is not something that is easily rowed, but with light winds always a possibility in the race, most of the teams have rigged up some system enabling oars to be deployed from the side of their boat. Clockwork was equipped with two great heavy wooden oars that Peter had appropriated some years ago, previously used on an old sea cadets boat. They were heavy things, but mounted near the stern, with one of us on each oar leaning all our body weight onto it, we could perhaps travel at 5 knots over the water. If the tide against was only 2 knots, that amounted to forward progress! I have endured some pretty tough moments in races before but those few hours rowing against the tide the last few painful nautical miles to Lamlash on Arran, were particularly delicious. It is incredible the effort we will commit ourselves to if we have convinced ourselves of the cause, and to the uninitiated something like I have described may seem the definition of madness, but after this race while each of us who had been on that boat bore callused hands, we also had a deep and humbling feeling of pride in a shared achievement that I shall never forget.

The landing at Lamlash in the darkness was absolutely thrilling. After fighting against the tide with little to no wind for so long, we were caught with quite a shock -after rounding the end of the bay, I don't know if it was our slight change in course but from what seemed like nowhere, a wind caught in the sails, and all of a sudden the lights in the bay ahead were moving quickly towards us. Tom and I dived below deck and



frantically gathered our kit together, lacing up fell shoes as Clockwork listed with the wind at her sails. We had had three goes to 'perfect' clambering down into the kayak from the back of a moving boat (without dropping our paddles or ourselves toppling over the side) but doing this in darkness bore an extra level of peril!

The hard work at the oars had paid off and we arrived on Arran with just under fifteen minutes of advantage over the nearest team! The run on Arran takes you from Lamlash to the highest point on the island -Goat Fell, and back, a distance of 19 miles. I had expected to be more tired having barely slept since leaving from Jura the previous afternoon but somehow the body seemed quite willing to cooperate when offered the opportunity to go for a run. Our arrival time at Lamlash was at 03:42, and it was perhaps after only about 20minutes of running light began to creep into the blue-black sky, and suddenly we became aware of the sound of the dawn chorus beginning around us. Then in the middle of that, rising above the chorus, was the sound of a cuckoo again. Following a gently climbing bluebell edged path away from Lamlash with that cuckoo's call echoing behind us is a memory that shall live long with me.



The out and back nature of the route up and down Goat Fell affords teams the opportunity to see exactly how far, or near their rivals are. After scrambling the rocky last few hundred metres of the climb we turned at the summit and began our descent. There were two other teams who by our calculation were somewhere in the region of only 10-15 minutes behind us, including the fast-moving pair of Es Tresider and

Richard MacLeod from Tri-Mhor (Tresider has since gone on to break the record for the Paddy Buckley Round this summer!). It was going to be close whether we could get back to the boat with an advantage to pass on to the guys for final sail back across to Troon and the finish and we pressed on, eager to make our absolute best effort of it. We continued on past other teams climbing Goat Fell as we descended, finding the breath to bid a cheery 'hello!' to Steve and Giles as we passed them lower down on the descent. After 3hrs 24mins 10 seconds we were back. We had just managed to hold off the runners from Tri-Mhor and fell exhausted into the boat.

The less said about the final leg of the sail back across to Troon the better. The variable winds that had marked passages of this year's race were a feature again, and this combined with a boat's position on the water can be cruel in who it favours and who is left in calm waters. For some, this can provide a late surge to their progress, while others can be left stranded, but it certainly makes for thrilling racing and great competition. It is a short 15 miles from Arran back across to the mainland -in the low winds just over 5 hours for us. Once back inside the outer harbour at Troon, teams finish with one final paddle into the inner harbour, climb up onto the pontoon and sprint up to the harbour office! We finished 47 hours 59 minutes and 16 seconds after we left Oban, and in 4<sup>th</sup> place. Time can be a funny thing...it seemed alternately like it had gone by quickly, yet also as though we had come a long way.

Would I repeat it? In an instant.

# BEST IN SHOW SERIES

VIC HAWORTH

Huddled in the corner of the Square Orange in 2017, the idle ramblings of pub club turned to serious matters... August Bank Holiday Weekend. Several pints in and the show series was born. Patterdale dog day, Grasmere Guides and Keswick Show. Additional points for means of transport, pints consumed, quantity of ice cream devoured and additional sports partaken in. Essentially, justifying excessive beer drinking through athletic activity.

Fast forward to 2019, The Square Orange saw the over excited intention of bringing the Best in Show series to the general public. After seeking the blessing of both Dog Day and Grasmere Guides race organisers, it was game on. 3 races, 8.7miles, 3.297ft climb. Using the power of social media, the details of the weekend were unleashed...

*A hatrick of classic Lakeland fell races smatter August Bank Holiday Weekend. Because three is the magic number, why not escape the dulcet tones of your lover, whines of bored children, and the throngs of lethargy, by taking part in the brand new triple decker series of racing in the 'Best in Show(s) Bank Holiday Series.*

Highlights from the series include...

## **RACE 1: PATTERDALE DOG DAY**

It was hot. Steve Heb was mistaken for Carl as he smashed through the finish field. Tom Partington nearly got taken out by a tree, probably half asleep from doing leg 1 Bob support the previous night. Dan Haworth forgot how tired cycling over the struggle makes him as he tested out his new triathlon lycra.

## **RACE 2: GRASMERE GUIDES**

It was even hotter. Rach FR had spent a second night BG supporting, serenading unsuspecting wild campers on Blencathra before cycling to Grasmere. Hannah got within spitting distance of the women's record. The standard of fence vaulting was variable with no one

opting for the full Fosbury flop. Those of an orienteering persuasion had managed to complete the MM in Loweswater before legging it across to the Show. Matlock AC's contingent fuelled for top 10 finishes by necking (at least) two pints prior to the race. Before coming to the aid of the series organiser's Bambi legged, over heated, wobbly mess of a 70 year old Dad, on the last field.

## **RACE 3: KESWICK SHOW**

Still hot. Hannah sorted out the previous day's blisters with the aid of plastic bags and cow lube. Given she smashed the record, a winning strategy. Helen Elmore from Dark Peak had spent the night bivvying on Robinson before completing the third race of the weekend...

## **BEST IN SHOW(S) SERIES RESULTS:**

Lowest cumulative time over Dog Day/ Grasmere Guides/ Keswick Show:

**Best in Show Male:** Dan Haworth (Matlock AC) - 72 mins 7 secs

**Best in Show Female:** Hannah Horsburgh (Keswick AC) - 76 minutes 55 secs

## **Highly Commended:**

Rachel Findlay-Robinson (Keswick AC): 2 x BG support for Halls Fell and cycled to and from Grasmere

Scott Collier (U/A): Managed to fit in Kong MM on Sunday morning as a warm up for Grasmere


James Morrison (Tiverton Harriers): Most travelled, from Devon and was spotted racing at Kilnsey on the Tuesday "on my way home..."

So it looks like there are a number of silly people game to spend their bank holiday weekend playing out.. Same time next year?

Of course, If you fancy the 'extended' edition, just add Kilnsey and Ennerdale Show... ask Rach FR.

# RUMOUR HAS IT....



Lesley sleeps in the plank position (how else can she be that good at it?!) 



The Catbells Parlauf route is used as a selection race for the men's relay team navigation leg

Cal Tinnion got kicked out of Ellenborough for refusing to get a tattoo of a hippo wearing a sombrero saying "ELBRA TIL I DIE"

Hannah Horsburgh can lead a horse to water AND make it drink

Jo Gillyon can open a tin of tuna using just her elbow

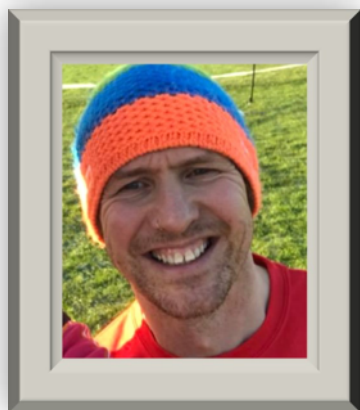
Steve Harwood's first move as town councillor is to petition for a bronze statue of Carl Bell (with fountain) in the market square. Whispers that it will be set in the style of "The Thinker" are reportedly accurate





# GET TO KNOW YOUR CLUBMATES

## #2 JAMES (JIM) HAWORTH



*Although fairly new to the club, Jim and his ever-present grin have rapidly become a feature of the Keswick AC scene. We wanted to find out more about the man behind the nose ring...*

### **What do you do outside of running?**

I work at the agricultural college at Newton Rigg—I run the dairy herd, as well as teaching the students how to milk and look after dairy cows.

### **Give us some insights into your training?**

My training (if you can call it that!) is a little haphazard—mostly throughout the winter it's been as many miles as I can fit in around work, and try to get to the Tuesday night session for some speed work. Summer training is mostly just races! I do some strength training when the mood takes, and some yoga and some mountain biking.

### **What has been your hardest athletic challenge to date?**

My hardest athletic challenge would be the Keilder 100 mile mountain bike race. The weather was awful, the route was very tough and I wore out three sets of brake pads! But still finished.

### **Tell us something about yourself that might surprise us....**

I went to a local agricultural show and thought it would be a great idea to enter the Cumberland wrestling—and amazingly walked away with £45 in prize money for coming 3rd in my weight class and 4th in the open weight—not bad for a novice!

### **Who/what is your biggest sporting influence?**

I don't really have anybody in particular, but I am always amazed by people who achieve great things despite illness or disability. The challenge itself, but also the added challenge of their disabilities.

### **What are you most proud of?**

Apart from my wife (Sarah) and 5 kids, the fact that I have never not finished a race.

### **Do you have any particular “nutritional strategies”?**

My nutritional strategy is to eat food and lots of it!

If I didn't do sport and have a physical job I would be morbidly obese. Oh, and drink lots of tea!

**If you didn't run, what would you do with the extra time?**

If I didn't run I would be out mountain biking, rock climbing or hill walking, or anything in the outdoors!

**What's your favourite thing about Keswick AC and why?**

Keswick is a very social club that doesn't always just

do the ordinary stuff. As a new member I have been made to feel welcome.

**Who else would you like to answer these questions and why?**

I would love to hear from Lesley Malarkey—I would like to know her secret to staying fit for so long as I would love to still be fell running for many years to come!



## QUICK FIRE ROUND



**Favourite film?**

(Monty Python's) Life of Brian

**Most recent music purchase?**

Orc

**Celebrity crush?**

Don't have one

**Would you rather have arms for legs or legs for arms?**

Having two sets of legs, I would be able to run as fast as my dog and beat Carl Bell, although using map and compass could prove difficult!

**Tell us a joke**

How do crazy runners get through a forest?

They take the psycho path!

# 5 THINGS WOT I HAVE LEARNT AS A RACE MARSHAL

*VIC HAWORTH*

*Coming up to a year out of action, much of 2019 has been spent sitting on fells counting fell runners, wishing I was running. However, I have learnt a few things...*

## **#1 Long live the bum bag**

The chest straps on race vests and rucksacks can go RIGHT across your race number making it well hard to read.



## **#3 Race numbers live on a vest**

Can't read numbers when they're going back and forth stuck on your shorts. Topless? At least hold your sweaty disgusting vest up so it's visible. Wet? Unzip or lift...



*Checkpoint 1 on 2019's Buttermere Sailbeck*

## **#2 It's always colder than you think**

The sun might be out with a whisper of wind in the valley. But you can guarantee being sat on the top for a few hours will leave you wishing you had brought your ENTIRE wardrobe and ALL the gloves.

## **#4 You have to do some concentrating**

Runners flying at you in every direction, numbers being yelled whilst you try and write them down, whilst doing a little look as well. Harder than it looks (especially if you're chatting and didn't realise the lead pack were en route....)

## **#5 You make new friends**

Not only are you the race organiser's favourite person for volunteering to lend a hand, you are forced to spend at least an hour with a possible stranger in the middle of nowhere. The definition of forced friendship ...if you can remember what they look like without multiple waterproofs on!



# WORLD TRAIL RUNNING CHAMPIONSHIPS

*CARL BELL*



Keswick AC showed it's class this summer by having not one, but TWO runners selected to run for Great Britain in the World Trail Running Championships in Portugal in June. Carl Bell and Katie Kaars Sijpesteijn took on the 27.5 mile over a mix of technical and runnable trails near Miranda de Corvo. The course was really well thought about and must have taken a lot of planning. Katie Kaars Sijpesteijn was third counter in the ladies team and 31st lady overall. Carl, in his first ever World championships, came home second counter in 13th overall. Carl was disappointed not to make the top ten after hurting his foot with 10k to go so wasn't able to finish as strong as he'd hoped. The event was extremely well executed, with over 400 international athletes taking part, and with the popularity growing, the strength of the field gets better each year. Carl commented after the event "It was amazing to race some of the big names that win a lot of the European races". The team flew out on Thursday before the race and had time to settle in before the race on the Saturday. The weather was nice to the Brits as it wasn't too hot, but it was a little warmer than the weather in Cumbria at around 22 degrees. The Great British team was made up from a really good mix of people from fell runners to marathon runners.

# COUPLE OF THE MONTH

## #2 JO GILLYON & CAT EVANS

	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Jo on Cat</b></p> 	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Cat on Jo</b></p> 
<p><b>What is your partner's most unappealing habit?</b></p>	<p>Uttering the words "I know a shortcut...."</p>	<p>Taking the map off me (but we have an understanding on this now...) and setting off at 200mph</p>
<p><b>What is their favourite long race food?</b></p>	<p>Fizzy haribo</p>	<p>Good flapjack, chunky kitkats and skittles</p>
<p><b>What is their most overtold story?</b></p>	<p>The High Peak Marathon [a 42 mile bogtrot in the peaks—ed.] - Being overtaken twice by the team containing Angela Mudge and Jasmin Paris as they went wrong and we didn't. (They still beat us by hours...)</p>	<p>Billy Bland Relay, the British Fell relays when Pip overtook for a medal in the finish field, more recently the British Relays 2018 and how much we enjoyed the nav leg!</p>
<p><b>How did you first meet?</b></p>	<p>A Derwent Hill night out in the Dog and Gun about 14 years ago</p>	<p>When I first moved to the Lakes I worked at Derwent Hill and joined Keswick AC, the rest is history!</p>
<p><b>What is their favourite race?</b></p>	<p>Favourite race: Old County Tops Favourite event : Dark Mountains</p>	<p>Tricky one! Maybe Grasmere Guides or something equally as hideous and short.</p>
<p><b>What is their least favourite race?</b></p>	<p>Anything in the Peak District (or the Forest of Bowland for that matter....)</p>	<p>Helvellyn and the Dodds</p>
<p><b>Describe your partner in 3 words</b></p>	<p>Hard. As. Nails.</p>	<p>Patient (luckily for me!). Strong. Hilarious!</p>

<p><b>What is the most idiotic thing you've done together?</b></p>	<p>Sharp Edge when it was greasy....</p>	<p>That would be telling! Plenty of misadventure gone on but I would say setting out and staying out on the first Dark Mountains until we were mildly hypothermic as were so afraid of a DNF, then only to realise everyone else had been back hours.</p>
<p><b>What would they say is your worst habit when running?</b></p>	<p>Going too slow</p>	<p>Hogging the map/map rage</p>
<p><b>Where do you see this relationship going?</b></p>	<p>Vets Trophy at the OCT, elite course at the Dark Mountains!</p>	<p>Years and years of misadventure still to come.</p>



*Jo and Cat in perfect synchrony at Old County Tops*



# 5 REASONS TO GIVE LONDON A GO

## THE LONDON MARATHON

ROB BROWN

### #1 The support

When you are used to racing on the fells it is a weird and wonderful experience to be cheered on so enthusiastically by hundreds of thousands of people lining the entire route. Something made me smile every few minutes for the whole race, whether its kids wanting a high-five, amusing signs (mostly puns about 'you should run for government....'), live bands, people heckling runners with mega-phones out of upstairs windows and endless jokes about why a Keswick runner is so far from the mountains. All this spurred me on and makes for a really memorable day.

### #2 Iconic images

I grew up watching the London Marathon on TV every year—that theme tune and the images of runners passing the Cutty Sark, going over Tower Bridge and down the mall are seared into my memory. It was pretty cool to be in amongst it for real!

### #3 Running faster!

As much as I have enjoyed my venture into road running, it will never compete with the fells for pure enjoyment. However, it turns out, would you believe it (!), that months of training yourself to run faster on the flat translates into running way faster around the fells too! That's a nice bonus.

### #4 Perfect timing

It seems to me that the spring marathon is perfectly placed to set you up for a good season on the fells. My 18 week plan meant starting training in December and pushing hard through all the grotty weather of the early part of the year, when it's not so easy to be out in the fells anyway. By the end of April the marathon is done, the weather is improving and I'm psyched to not run on tarmac again for quite some time....



# #5 It's ENORMOUS!

I am not always a fan of being surrounded by masses of people but there was something special about being part of 42000 people all trying to complete the same challenge. The whole madness of registration the day before and getting to the start line gave me an amusing kind of 'Crocodile Dundee' feeling. Aside from a bit of annoyance at the busyness of the first mile, it was a genuine pleasure to run in amongst it all. I have certainly never had so many 'races' within a race and they all help drive you forward (especially passing an Eden Runner at mile 18....)



Rob Looking far too happy on tarmac! - Ed.

If Rob has inspired you to give London a go, visit the club website London Marathon page ([keswickac.org/London-marathon/](http://keswickac.org/London-marathon/) for details on how to apply for a club ballot place. There are also results and reports from other club members who have completed the race!

## **\*\*\* Last minute news!\*\*\***

Rob and teammate Sam have just completed the PTL (Petit Trotte a Leon), a 300km race around the Mont Blanc Massif. Looking forward to a "5 reasons to give the PTL a go" in the next issue....!

# HISTORY OF THE WEDNESDAY GIRLS

## Who are the The Wednesday Girls?

We are part of the Keswick Athletic Club and meet every Wednesday Night at the Cenotaph at 6.30pm. We run for fun and have a great network of women who meet up at other times for runs during the week.



The Wednesday Girls' annual Rannderdale run from the Fish Inn

### Rachel Kearns

"I started running with the Wednesday girls in 2012. Not long after joining, Diane Shaw asked me to help her set-up a Facebook Group for everyone, we did, on the 24th of June, 2012. We knew the group was special and knew that we needed to be able to share it with as many people as we could. Diane was our leader, she motivated us, inspired us and made us all believe we could run further, higher and sometimes even faster than we thought we could. She was also incredibly friendly, welcoming and opened her home to many of us. We instantly became a part of a very special community of friends who all had one thing in common, running! This history is about the all those amazing people that have helped to keep the group going. I'm very proud to have played my part by starting the annual weekends away which now attract as many as 16 of us. These involve us spending a long weekend together; laughing a lot, eating delicious home made food, talking a lot and running in between all of that! This year we're heading back to Coniston again because the place we book has hot tubs, perfect after a long run!"

### Lesley

"Diane's idea of starting a group for women who were not quite confident enough or didn't want full on serious training was such a good one and, also, something to broaden and strengthen the club that I was 100% behind her from the start. Then she asked me to be quite literally behind her and tail end the group. She was very tactful but wanted a slow runner and I fit that bill! Over the first few years, I took on that role and the group went from strength to strength so that I, the slow runner, was sometimes struggling to keep up!! All credit to Diane who had the knack of



encouraging and supporting all who came along. Eventually, I had to choose as I was simply running too often and decided to concentrate on specific training rather than social running but I am delighted that the group continues to bring on new runners and inspire others”.

## **Diane**

“Before I start waxing lyrical about our amazing group, I firstly have to big up KAC who gave me the support & encouragement in the first place. I rocked up, as green as grass and less than average, but despite my inadequacy, they took me under their wing. I turned up week in week out with determination and eventually started to see an improvement.

I thought, if I can do it, so can anybody. I still stand by this. Anyone can run. They just need the right sort of encouragement and self-determination. KAC changed my life. Fact!

The club wanted to encourage more women, so we chatted about introducing a beginners’ group. I was full of enthusiasm and no experience, so thankfully Lesley had the experience to ground me. I was very gung-ho and not so up on the whole health & safety side of things. I wanted women to discover a love of running & believing that they were capable of running on the fells. I wanted it to be fun and a bit of a micro-adventure. Most of the time I would decide on our route on the way to the Cenotaph!

Anyhow, I couldn’t believe that women were turning up each week for their little micro-adventure. I’m proud of what we have achieved, as these women play a huge part in the club. Some have gone on to be medal achieving runners, some regularly step up to marshal. They are a major part of the make-up

## **Emily**

“I was the leader of the Wednesday Girls for a couple of years, I stepped in for the lovely, motivating Diane (who introduced a new meaning to the term ‘undulating’) when she moved away. I had been a member of the KAC and an avid Wednesday girls regular so did not hesitate to use my loud booming voice to get rights and lefts mixed up when leading the runs for this great group women.

Initially the group had attracted mine and a friend’s attention shortly after I moved to Keswick, seeing a bunch of brightly coloured, laughing runners was a definite pull to join! It was how I became a member of KAC and I really enjoyed the group. I soon made lots of friends, found many new paths and routes that I had not known existed, improved my fitness and running and had a chuckle on the way.

For me the social run that it offered was always fun, adventurous and welcoming to all, as with all the training nights KAC offer it is totally run by volunteers who just want to run and encourage others. Wednesday nights were about running, chatting, laughing, many photos, but most of all it was about getting out with a load of like-minded women, whatever the weather!! Although I passed over the leadership to the extremely funny and adventure seeking Ella after family commitments meant I could not commit to weekly runs, I return when I can and so enjoy this excellent social run provided by KAC.”

## Ella

“At school I was told to run round the park, but couldn’t. I was told to run 200 and 400 metres at the school sports, but couldn’t. I was always one of the useless ones at the back, walking. It became ingrained in me that I couldn’t run. Fast forward to 2012 and, at the ripe old age of 46, when a good friend challenged myself and a group of local ladies who’d been mainly hill-walking for charity, to let us coach her on a Coach to 5K program. And that was all it took, someone to teach me HOW to run—that, and a lovely group of friends, the Cat Belles, encouraging each other on our journey. Running gives me energy, it clears my head, it helps me process the stresses of daily life. Running has brought me ever-lasting friendships, sharing fun and adventures. Running has made me a better person, inside and out.

I first heard about the Wednesday Girls on Facebook. I kept looking at all their posts thinking how much fun they were all having—but know I’d never be a good enough runner to join them. Between injuries and life in general, the Cat Belles’ regular runs fizzled out and I found myself missing the camaraderie of running in a group. In June 2013, I somehow managed to find the courage to message Di Shaw. I explained how I didn’t feel I was good enough to join the Wednesday Girls, but Di immediately put me at my ease and encouraged me to come along.

I will always remember my first run with the Wednesday Girls—it was along the roller coaster trail through Brundholme Woods—I particularly remember Isi Booker making the effort to come and chat with me. And that’s what I love about the group to this day—everyone is so friendly and welcoming, no matter what your running ability.

I can’t recall exactly when I stepped up to lead the group. Di had moved away and Emily stepped in—I soon noticed she was always bringing up the rear, so I suggested that she and I take turns each week to swap over being at the back, then also put in some effort—sort of Fartlek style. In 2017, Em’s family life became too busy for her to be able to commit every week so I naturally stepped up to carry on solo leading.

I can’t say I was every comfortable as group leader—ME??!! I still don’t consider myself a runner, let alone leading others on a run!! It’s just been a privilege to lead such a lovely group of “friends for life”. It also made me go out on those evenings when I just really didn’t feel like it—there were never any regrets afterwards! I’ve thoroughly enjoyed encouraging new members to come along just as Di did for me—and to see people’s running improve is an added bonus.

I’m constantly banging on at people to start running—pretty sure they get sick of me! But I’m proof that no matter how many years you spend convincing yourself that you can’t run, YOU CAN!! And if you already run but think you’re not good enough to join the Wednesday Girls, believe me YOU ARE—just do it! But be warned—life will never be the same! Once a Wednesday Girl, always a Wednesday Girl. It all started for me with a message to Di in June 2013—I remember it taking me a loonngggg time to pluck up the courage to send it!”

**For more information go to either:**

Facebook : <https://www.facebook.com/groups/372459736154668/>

Our Facebook Group is a closed group to protect your privacy so you will need to request to join.

Website : <http://keswickac.org.uk>

We have our own section on the club website under ‘Training and Events’

## Lynne

"I think I speak for all the Wednesday Girls in saying a massive thank you to these amazing ladies for their part in encouraging so many of us to run.

It seems most of us started off as hesitant beginners telling ourselves we weren't good enough to run with a group, but how wrong we were!

It's 5 years since I met Ella. Despite my protests she persuaded me to come to Wednesday Girls, going out of her way to knock on my front door and escort me to the cenotaph.

I soon realised that Wednesday's are about so much more than your running ability. It's not a training session or a competition, it's a group of girls forming lasting friendships, having a laugh and getting away from the stresses of everyday life for an hour or so, gently encouraging each other out of their comfort zones without even realising it.

First run in the dark, first fell run, first race, a club vest, club training, needing a new shoe rack for my trainer collection rather than my heels. Just some of the things I've enjoyed because a Wednesday Girl sowed a seed that made me think maybe I could do that too. At the same time I know it doesn't matter if I'm running well or having an off day, if I'm aiming for a goal or just running for running's sake. Wednesday's are a social affair that I look forward to week in week out and they remind me why I run.

So I think it's fair to say Diane and Lesley's legacy is still going strong and I hope it will continue for a very long time. It's a little bit scary being trusted to carry the baton for a while and the biggest challenge so far? Making myself heard over all the chatter..."



**EMILY AND THE WEDNESDAY GIRLS ON LATRIGG**

# This is not just a fell race....

## This is the

ISLE OF  
**JURA**  
FELL RACE

What is it that makes the Jura fell race so special?

*Maybe* it's the journey to get there – by car, train, bike, ferry and/or speedboat.



2018's Keswick AC contingent at the campsite

*Maybe* it's the pre-race atmosphere – last minute checks of the weather forecast, debating layers, first-timers seeking advice.

2015's Keswick AC contingent ready to race



Bikes at the ferry port, loaded for a weekend's camping

*Maybe* it's the camaraderie – camping on the hotel lawn in front of the famous distillery (or reclining in a hotel room for the wealthy/well-organized) watching the clouds drift over the paps whilst you have a pre-race pint (or three) and catch up on the craic.







**Yep, you go up all of those hills.....**

*Maybe* it's the hills, which get progressively steeper and rockier the further into the race you get – the three smaller Pips giving way to the three mighty Paps, and the final sting in the tail of Corra Bheinn.

*Maybe* it's the final 5km of flat road from Three Arch Bridge to the finish, a mere 3 miles that has reduced many a hardened fellrunner's legs to jelly, and reduced grown men to crawling on all fours whilst eating discarded jelly babies [true story – Ed.]



*Maybe* it's the fact that this 17 mile race awards a prize, the much coveted whisky glass, for all men who complete the course in under 4 hours, and all ladies who finish in under 4:45.

*Maybe* it's the fact that this race has one of two effects on those who run it – either you leave a sniveling wreck never wanting to set eyes on this remote Scottish hamlet again, or you fall in love with the place and the race, the wild beauty and the utter brutality.

The Jura Fell race takes place on the late May bank holiday each year. Entries open in January and are vetted for experience; there is always a big waiting list, but lots of people drop out so being on the waiting list doesn't mean you won't get in! Details at <http://www.jurafellrace.org.uk/>

# THE NORTHERN ROAD RELAYS

*John Battrick*

Everything about the morning of the 24<sup>th</sup> March suggested I shouldn't be travelling south to Birkenhead Park for the Northern Athletics 12-stage road relays. My quads were screaming at me from the Causey Pike descent the previous day, it took me half an hour to find the racing flats which had last seen action in the autumn relays the previous year, and to top it all the only place left on the bus was on the back seat adjacent to Pete George, who was already busy proclaiming of his latest injuries to the long-suffering Jim Haworth and wasn't even going to bother running.

The journey flew by, the tent and flag were pitched under blue skies, and we all agreed that none of us would have been able to keep up with the pace of the under-15 5k race which preceded the relays. "Would the Keswick team manager please report to the officials' office!" boomed the PA. Captain Steve reported back the only obvious explanation: "They just wanted to tell me how awesome I am." Of course.

In no time Mark Lamb was off to fly round leg 1 in the company of some of the country's top runners, finishing in 16<sup>th</sup> place. "How d'you get on?" I asked later in the day. "Good, I ran it quicker than last year," he replied. "What was your time?" "I don't know." Turns out 24.10 was his time for the 8k leg, a super run and the quickest KAC long leg of the day.

Captain Steve took on the first 4km short leg, powering round the one-lap course in 12.44 safe in the knowledge that he could soon be guzzling a mug of green tea and a slab of dark chocolate. Taking the 'baton' from him on the third leg, I overtook Kendal early on then found myself in no-man's land, a blue vest way ahead and Rotherham Harriers chasing from behind. The course was undulating, windy in spots, reasonably scenic in an it's-got-nothing-on-Keswick kind of way, but thankfully did eventually end in a blur of inspired Chris Brewer artwork just as the final pull up the hill was getting to me – 'GO KESWICK AC!' got me to the line. We were in 13<sup>th</sup> position as I handed over to Dan Mills, a man on the road (ha) to recovery after 'falling off a cliff' (his own words) a few weeks previously.

Meanwhile, Pete regaled us with the story of how he came to be accompanied today in his role as team mascot by a best-before-2017 tin of dog food. In an attempt to beef up his calves after a relay in years gone by when he was fit and healthy enough to run – the late 1960s, one assumes - he had been awarded it by the team captain. Today's best performing runner was to take custody of it, lucky sod.

Dan stormed home in a time of 13.09 for the short leg 4, mercifully avoiding the wrath of Steve Jones (a stickler for pain), by looking like he had worked hard enough not to smile and wave at the cameras. Steady Sam took over for the third long leg and maintained our position in the mid-teens. This was the anniversary weekend of his 'best ever run', a rapid Coniston 14 last year, and when he caught me in the 'dirty burger queue' later on (I only wanted a cup of tea, promise) he admitted to being a bit disappointed with his time. If only he had longer legs.

Stu Edgington, although his leg was not for a while yet, began to doubt his Greggs' sausage sandwich fuelling strategy, but one look at the KAC ladies digging in to a pre-race bowl of chips put his mind at rest.

Steve Halsall set off on the short leg 6 and kept KAC in 17<sup>th</sup> position with a time of 13.49. The top 20 was still on, and Tristan Windley kept the dream alive with a final long leg of 27.19. Having squeezed an impressive pair of pecs into his KAC vest, Lee Roe took over on the first of five back-to-back short legs, the last of the relay. He set off like a bullet from a yellow and green gun, and the "he's gone off too quick" mutterers were forced to eat their words as he rocketed round the 4k in 12.12, Keswick's fastest short leg and the sixth fastest leg 8 of the day across all teams. No doubt the Pedigree Chum takes pride of place on his mantelpiece.

Jim Haworth, Stu Edgington, Steve Jones and Chris Brewer all put in strong performances to round off a cracking day's running, and the results would surely back that up...

'STUART EDGINGTON: DISQUALIFIED' read the SportSoft results page. Had he given a competitor a purposeful clip to the ankle, snaffled a pinch of EPO pre-race, or taken a fell-runner's line through the parkland bushes? The jury was out.

As it turns out, Captain Steve's earlier summoning to the officials' office was to check the status of team members who had been recently registered for road running, The Edge being one of them. The registration finally filtered through to Northern Athletics later that day following a strongly worded appeal, and our time as the bad boys of road running was over as we were reinstated into 20<sup>th</sup> position.

KAC ladies put on a fantastic display for the club in the Women's 6-stage event, fielding two strong teams of 6. Keswick 'A' (Zoe Webber, Nicky Butler, Annabel Holmes, Debbie Charlton, Lindsay Walker, Rachel Findlay-Robinson) finished in 33<sup>rd</sup> position, and Keswick 'B' (Emily Christmas, Suzanne Gilmore, Ella Scott, Lynne Hume, Louise Brown, Bethan Naylor) came home close behind in 44<sup>th</sup>.

Now I can pop the road shoes back in their box ready for the autumn relays.



Keswick AC raring to go at the Northern Road Relays! Photo c/o Patrick Butler

# 100 MILES IS A LONG WAY

## *ANDREW 'SLATS' SLATTERY*

This year's Lakeland 100 was my 4th start, my 5th 100 mile race and 11th over 100km or more. I was quietly hoping for good things after running every AL fell race in the Lakes this year. None had been quick but running 20 mile fell races every weekend had prepared the legs at least.

My fortunes had been mixed over the years with about half the races going well and the other half being plagued with gastro-intestinal problems of one sort or another. If you are fit to run the distance then ultra-running has been described as an eating and drinking competition - if you can keep food in then you are going to have an easier time of it.

Lots of things can go wrong over 105 miles and my previous completions were:

2015 - the broken foot year

2016 - the bad blisters year

2018 - the sick year

This was the year it was going to go right and I would run triumphantly into Coniston in the sunshine feeling great.

A very steady 6pm start up to Walna Scar alongside Dave Troman felt good. Dave is the master of pacing and the first year I was ahead of him by over an hour at the halfway point, but he eventually finished ahead of me by the same margin(!). Walna Scar is the point where you only have 99 miles to go.

The problems started with stomach cramps at Seathwaite where an urgent toilet stop was the first of a few before the emergency Imodium (essential ultra equipment) did the trick. Not a good start and it has hot and humid like last year, so by Wasdale I started to feel nauseous too. Dave Troman came past me and trotted off into the distance as I dropped back through the field. It is hard to understand why I felt so bad as Wasdale is about 20 miles in and I'd raced further than that in all weathers most weekends.

At the Oktoberfest themed checkpoint I felt really sick and contemplated abandoning for a while but eventually drank some tea and left the scantily-clad Fraulines and oompah music behind.

Climbing over Scarth Gap and Black Sail the trail of lights stretching way back behind me was reassurance that things weren't too disastrous. I felt reasonably OK at Buttermere. Descending from Sail Pass to Buttermere I made up places and felt reasonably good as I walked into the Braithwaite institute. Dave Troman was sitting there with one of his clients, Kirk Hardwick, a colleague from Derbyshire, who had set off like a rocket. Neither was feeling good and when Kirk spewed into his hands I had to leave quickly. It's a glamorous sport...



Climbing Latrigg and Glenderaterra I started to feel a bit green again, and when I accidentally bumped into Steve Angus out walking his dog at dawn I treated him and Scamp to an al fresco vomiting demonstration.

At the Blencathra Centre I met Chris Perry (Adam's brother, and a quality distance runner) who was stopping due to injury. From this point it gets very attritional with only 50% of the 500 starters eventually finishing. Kirk Hardwick later passed me, having performed a Lazarus act but Dave Troman stopped at Dalemain.

I started walking down the Wescoe Road having not eaten or drunk much, but picked up as it got lighter and I felt ok on the Coach Road despite the torrential rain, before another relapse at Matterdale. I got into a vicious cycle where if my stomach was empty I felt sick but the thought of food made me retch, so checkpoints were not great experiences as I sat trying to settle enough to have a cup of tea or soup before pushing on. Ivan Holroyd came past me at Dockray looking strong but had to drop out at Mardale due to injury. The long section to Dalemain has some of the most picturesque and dull sections on the route but it was good to see Rachel and change into some dry socks as my wet feet started to hurt.

Leaving Dalemain, it was a bit of a race to stay ahead of the Lakeland 50 runners who start at 11am and after some more contemplation at Howtown it was off into the persistent rain and clag over to Haweswater Dam. The first L50 runners came past on the top of High Cop above Haweswater. This didn't feel great as, in my first two races, none of them had passed me until Little Langdale, 10 miles before the end.

After another sit-down at Mardale Head I put all my clothes on including full waterproofs and set off over Gatesgarth Pass and Sadgill to Kentmere Church. By now my feet were very sore with that shrivelling up (maceration) causing blisters along the soles of my feet.

On over Garburn and Skelghyll Woods to the checkpoint at Ambleside I knew that if I could get there I'd probably finish. By now I was running in the midst of the L50 runners who read your name from the race number on your back and speak to you, offering words of encouragement. I know the organisers instruct them to do it but when you are feeling terrible this means a lot and can make you quite emotional.

Darkness came at Skelwith Bridge and with it my spirits sank. The first two times I ran the event I finished in daylight so this felt like a failure. The checkpoint in Langdale is like a scene from a zombie movie but you know there are only about 15 miles to go even though you feel crap and the pack starts to weigh a ton. The rain lashed down and I plodded on past Blea Tarn and over to Tilberthwaite where I felt truly grim. An attempt to drink something at the last checkpoint resulted in me filling up my mandatory solid mug with vomit but in act an of extreme kindness, one of the marshals disposed of it for me.

Off up the final, and big, climb through the quarries and over to the Coppermines I accidentally bumped into Steve Angus out walking his dog in the middle of the night. Steve has met me near the finish every year I've done it and it always cheers me up when he comments on how rubbish I am at moving and when I think I'm jogging but he is strolling along beside me [Aww! – Ed.] We overtook a few on the track this year which was nice.

The finish is an incredible feeling, you are beaten up, sore, nauseous and delirious but the feeling of achievement makes the preceding 32 hours worth it.

Will I do it again? - definitely, there's a piece of slate you get for joining the 500 Club so it would be rude not to.





# Your club needs YOU!

Or, more accurately, your club newsletter needs you!

We really hope you enjoyed the revived Pacemaker! To make this a regular occurrence, WE NEED CONTRIBUTIONS!

These can be race reports, scandalous rumours (keep it PG!), training tips, poems, cartoons, fiction, gear reviews, design expertise(!)—(almost) anything goes!

Email, facebook message, send a pigeon, drop them off at training.... Get your stories to Rachel F-R or Vic Haworth for inclusion in the next issue.

The Pacemaker is brought to you by Friday Night Pub Club™

