

TheStrider



October
2011

Newsletter of the Goyt Valley Striders



Lakeland 100 Report
Striding down South
Championship Tables
GVS Panto

Plus much more



Editor's Waffle

Well, It's ALMOST November as I write this and still the weather is surprisingly mild so there is no excuse for not getting out there and conquering a few hills

Must say, I enjoyed my first Bad Lads run out around Shining Tor(ture) last week led by Karl. Not too cold, not too boggy and definitely not too easy!

Talking of not too easy – Mick Wren's adventure in the Lakeland 100 are included in this issue which I've nicked from his blog: <http://micksmountainblogspot.com>

Congratulations to Mick, Mark R, Paul H and Peter D for finishing the 100-miler and to Will for completing the 50-miler.

It's also good to see that the GVS flag is being flown down south (and occasionally in Yorkshire) by our own Suffolk girl Julia Easter who has written an excellent article on her recent running experiences.

Thanks once again to all contributors for their efforts and to those of you who have thought about submitting an article but not yet done so – get on with it! Some reports of the shorter races would be gratefully received.

Steve

London Marathon

The club has been awarded 3 guaranteed places in the 2012 Virgin London Marathon. The process for allocation of these is as follows:

1. In the first instance 2 places will be ringfenced for those members that have applied through the London Marathon ballot process and have been rejected. If there are more than two members then the names will be put in the hat and drawn out.
2. One place, plus the balance of any remaining places unallocated from the above, will be available for all club members to apply for. If there are more members than places then the names will go in to a hat and winners drawn out.
3. In all the above cases, members are only eligible for the places if they were a fully paid up members as at 1st April in the preceding year. Therefore, allocation of places for 2012 means you must have been a fully paid up member on 1st April 2011.

If you are interested in your name being put forward for a place then please let the Secretary know - either via email at:

markwhelan@btinternet.com

or telephone 07855 462 145.

The draws, if required, will take place at the Christmas Party night on 10th December and only nominations sent to the Secretary and received by the 9th December will be entered. Good luck!

The Secretary

AGM

and Prize Presentation

February 4th, 2012

Chapel-en-le-Frith Golf Club

Watch out for more details coming soon!

Officers

The Chairman: Peter Hill
127 Buxton Road
Whaley Bridge
High Peak
Tel. 01663 734756

The Secretary: Mark Whelan
11 Shallcross Mill Road
Whaley Bridge
High Peak
SK23 7JQ
Tel. 01663 733930

The Treasurer: Steve Hennessey
6 Alderdale Drive
High Lane
Stockport
SK6 8BX
Tel. 01663 765840

Enquiries to:
enquires@goytvalleystriders.org.uk

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Your contributions to the newsletter are vital. Please email your race reports, articles, photos, recipes, etc to the Editor
steve@steveberry.co.uk
Subject: GVS Newsletter

GOYT VALLEY STRIDERS

The Beginning

By Lou. Lomas

The idea that Whaley Bridge could support a running club first occurred to me whilst I was a member of Bollington Harriers in the Mid. Eighties.

I mulled the idea over for nearly a year before finally deciding to do something about it.

The name.

During the running boom of the mid eighties new clubs were forming all over the country. For reasons unknown to me, it became fashionable to use the name striders instead of the more traditional harriers.

I envisaged that the club would draw membership from (broadly) the Goyt valley area of the peak district. Goyt valley striders had a nice ring to it so I settled on that as a working name.

The Logo.

Pine trees pretty much dominate the Goyt valley. They are also very easy to stylise into a motif, and after a few efforts with my son's coloured pencils on the kitchen table I came up with the pine tree Logo.

The vests

This was a tricky one. Did I wait until an inaugural meeting to take a vote on design, colour etc, or did I get a few vests with the pine tree logo on made up in readiness.

As I would be asking local runners, who were already members of well established clubs to join me in starting the club, I decided that I needed something of substance to offer and so opted to get a few vests made up.

Sponsorship for these came from my then employer Ken Wain, MD of Kenfab Limited.

Ken also generously sponsored the club in other ways during those early days.

The first members

I had tentatively floated the idea of a local club to four running companions, namely Martin Russell, Dave Goulding, Ralph Longden and Peter Hill during the summer of 1988. Martin and Dave. Were already members of established clubs, so it was a big ask to expect them to leave and join up with a fledgling local club.

It is to their great credit that they agreed, without hesitation, to do this and so it was that Martin, Dave, Ralph and Peter became members 2,3,4 and 5 respectively. Their help was vital in getting the club off the ground.

First race

To get the club off to a high profile start (prior to the first open training session), I looked around for a local race that we had a chance of winning. This presented itself as the Sheldon day race at Sheldon near Buxton.

Dave Goulding and I donned the new vests and entered the race. I won in a time of 17 minutes 30 seconds and Dave came third in a time of 18 minutes 51 seconds, just the publicity we needed. The race was indeed reported in the paper but unfortunately it was reported in the Matlock Mercury and no one in our area saw it.



Nevertheless the Sheldon day 3 mile road race on Saturday 20th of August 1988 was the first race ever run under Goyt Valley Striders colours.

The Inaugural training session

This took place at 10.30 am on Sunday September the 4th at the Youth/community centre , Whaley bridge.

To the best of my memory those present, beside myself, were Martin Russell, Dave Goulding, Peter Hill, Ralph Longden Chris. Nelson and Annette Nelson. At this point my memory starts to fail me. If I have missed anyone from the list I offer my sincere apologies. I do know that by the following weekend ,Sunday September 11th , we had been joined by Mick Connell and Paul Watkins for the Sport Aid race against time. The photographs on page three are about as close as I can get to the original line up.

Other notable early members

James Colton, (sadly now deceased) who at nearly 63 was our (then) oldest member. Steve Hennessey joined in November of 1988 and has been a stalwart of the club ever since.

Sue. Stafford. No article on the very early days would be complete without a mention of Sue. who joined us in October of 1988. Sue's tireless enthusiasm and hard work over many years did much to keep the club afloat and make it what it is today.

I Will end this brief, early history by offering my heartiest congratulations to the existing committee, who have taken the club to its present, very healthy level. Good luck for the future Goyt Valley Striders.

Best regards Lou. Lomas

GVS Training

Following the consultation over the summer the GVS training sessions have been reorganised.

In order that we can achieve the best running experience for everyone we have identified the following three levels that we use for grouping runners at some sessions:

*Beginner or Social
Intermediate
Advanced or Fast*

All Club training sessions start from the Canal Basin Car Park, Whaley Bridge Tuesday and Thursday (7:00pm). Runners form three separate groups, beginner, intermediate and advanced. Runs last from 45 minutes to 1hr 15 minutes.

Wednesday (7:00pm)

Led by Andy Pead, one of our elite runners, this is a speed and hill session. Not for the faint hearted, it lasts about 1 hour and is a real lung buster. You'll know you've done it!

Saturday (8:00am)

This is a session for our beginners and intermediates. Runs can last from 40 minutes to about an hour. It's a great session for those wanting their first introduction to running.

Sunday (9:00am or 9:30am)

There is a long Sunday morning run lasting anything from 1½hrs to 3hrs. Run at a slow pace, it's a great way of building your stamina. There is a beginner group that meet at 9:30am for a shorter and slower paced run.

The Secretary



The Goyt Valley Striders Christmas Panto

By Anon



Disclaimer: All names have been changed and any similarities to individuals involved are purely intentional.

Act 1 Scene 1

Father in the kitchen after another long December day trudging around Whaley Bridge delivering the post. He is fiddling with his i-pod (strains of rap to be heard) whilst tucking into his 'usual' (sausage and chips). Enter the ugly sisters and Cinders.

Father: Evening girls. Oh, before I forget, there was a letter for you in my bag. Here we go...

Ugly sisters snatch envelope and squabble over who will open it whilst Cinders looks on.

Ugly 1: It's my turn, it's my turn, I beat you in the Skyline!

Ugly 2: No it's mine, I was first in the Bullock Smithy!

The envelope rips open in the tussle and the letter falls out. Cinders picks it up.

Ugly 1 and 2: It's not for you! What does it say? Ooh! An invite from the handsome prince to a Ball. What shall we wear?

Exit with squeals of excitement. Cinders remains, studying a map of the race route she is organising for the local Scout group (well, who else would ask after her previous successes?)

Cinders: I'll have to go round and recce it again; I thought that it was north but it might be south . . .

Act 1 Scene 2:

The Ugly Sister's bedroom

Ugly 1: What will you wear?

Ugly 2: Green and white are definately my colours and I have to wear my favourite trainers. I normally save them for the Bullock Smithy but I'm sure one night's dancing won't wear them out.

Ugly 1: Do you think my event tent dress would be good? Or shall I go for the feather flag one? I could always turn up in the buff!

Act 2 Scene 1:

Later. Ugly Sisters dressed

Cinders: I wish I could go to the ball, but I really must do a night recce.

Footman appear with coach. Ugly sisters climb in and depart.

Footman 2: Got many articles for the leather bound club annual yet?

Footman 1: No. Jackie has sent me her 0-10 of running but . . .

Footman 2: Well I've got one for you after my two-week completion of Land's End to John O'Groats.

Footman 1: Great!

*Fade back to Cinders in the Kitchen pulling on her trainers and head torch with map in hand.
Enter Buttons*

Buttons: Hi Cinders, aren't you going to the ball?

Cinders: Err, no. I must do this night recce.

Buttons: I'll come with you. Why don't I drive to the start in my Landy, then I'll run it round to the end and loop back to meet you.

Cinders: Okay.

Act 2 Scene 2:

The Ugly Sisters have arrived at the ball, Cinders is halfway round the run with buttons.

Cinders: Which way is north on the map?

Buttons: When the writing is the right way up!

Cinders: (Seeing someone's head-torch in the distance)
Who's that?

Buttons: Looks like your Fairy Godmother!

Fairy Hi Cinders! Last hill. Nearly there, use your arms, use your arms! I've got my

Godmother: OMM bag at the Landy. I've brought you a change of clothes then you too can go to the ball! I'm sure Buttons will take you in the Landy!

Cinders: Oh, thank you!

Meanwhile, at the Ball, The Ugly Sisters are doing some stretches and taking in everyone's outfits.

Ugly 1: Ooh, check her out; she's been to AC Workwear!

Ugly 2: Hey it's a waltz, I love a good waltz! Ooh, I want to dance. Do you think Anyone knows the Whaley Waltz?

Ugly 1: Ah, there's the prince. He's got a lovely number on from Road and Fell.

Ugly 2: Mmm. Looks like he has done a few marathons recently.

Enter Cinders. The Prince immediately leads of o do a Trog.

Ugly 1: Who's that? Wow I love her dress (*intake of breath*) It's a Rab! She's wearing Rab!

Prince

(to Cinders): You know I finished my 2,481st marathon on Bonfire night. So I've got 10 more lined up before Christmas. Then, you know, maybe I'll try an Ultra again . . .

Cinders: *Swoon*

Buttons: Cinders quick, I've got to leave now in the Landy. I need to get to my next shift.

(Stage Whisper)

Cinders: Oh shoot! Gotta run.

Prince: Don't go!

She has left her shoe. Wow! What a unique footfall and wear pattern. I'll find her. No-one else can have a sole worn like that.

Act 3 Scene 1

Back at home the next morning, Cinders is using her 'Stick' to sort out her sore muscles. The Ugly Sisters can only talk about The Prince and his mysterious Trog Partner.

Both Sisters: Buttons, get the door!

Buttons: Oh, good morning Your Highness! Can I help you?

Prince: I am looking for the lady who wore this shoe last night.

Buttons: Hmm, could it be Cinders? I think she ran in shoes like that last night.

Both Sisters: It's mine! It's mine! (*running to the door*)

Ugly1: (*Tries hard to get foot in, but the shoe is far too small.*)

Ugly 2: (*Foot shoots in with room to spare!*) It fits! It fits! (*Shoes fall off with every step*)

Cinders comes to the door, sees her shoe, thanks the Prince for returning it, stuffs it with newspaper and puts it out to dry with the other. When she returns the Prince is still in the kitchen with Buttons.

Prince: Cinderella, I was hoping you might do me the great honour of attending the Goyt Valley Striders AGM with me, and then maybe we could run happily ever after.

Cinders Yes! Yes! Yes! Oh yes!

Curtain

Festive Party Night

Saturday 10th December at 7:00pm

Moorside Grange Hotel

Enjoy a 3-course meal served at your table followed by an evening of dancing.

Book a room or walk home over Whaley Moor.

It's filling up! Be quick! See the forum for more details

Starters

Tomato and basil soup with golden croutons

Classic prawn cocktail on a bed of lettuce with Marie Rose sauce and served with buttered wholemeal bread

Main courses

Breast of chicken wrapped in bacon with stuffing served with red wine sauce

Roast vegetable tart topped with grilled goats cheese on roasted red pepper coulis

Desserts

Traditional Christmas pudding with lashings of brandy sauce

White and dark chocolate torte served with rich chocolate sauce



in the last newsletter we asked for volunteers to spend a day working on a conservation task with the Peak District National Park rangers, here's how the day went.



"We've all done it – the footpath is a mess so we walk above or below and before you know it the problem has got bigger". This is how Martin explained the need for the work on the part of the Pennine Way – across from Laddow Rocks towards Black Hill.

The day started with quite a long walk up from Crowdon Car Park to the site – a stunning part of the Pennine Way. We

were very lucky with weather – a day earlier, or later and it would have been too hot – in October!

8 running regulars were joined by a husband and a godson to make up a group of 10 – plus an individual volunteer who turned out to be a member of Hayfield Mountain Rescue. We were accompanied by 3 rangers and 4 dogs – whose contributions will be explained later.

"I don't think much of these new light weight walking axes" commented Kate as she picked up an enormous mattock to carry up the hill.

We all picked up either spades or mattocks to carry up with us.

The problem was poor drainage on a section of path which meant people were walking around it, breaking off further vegetation and increasing the problem. The solution was the digging of a narrow ditch just above the path, with run off gullies at low points to carry the water down the hill side. It was hard to visualise at first, but as soon as we got stuck in we quickly understood the theory.

As you can imagine – boggy path, mattocks, mud flinging – it all got quite messy very quickly. I heard an exclamation at one point – and on turning round saw Dave literally covered from head to foot. Nothing was wasted, dug up rocks were put onto the main path to firm that up, cut away vegetation was placed on the earth that had been dug up and put above the path to create a grassy bank in time.

It wasn't all work – we managed to squeeze in breaks and Lesley and Ruth did us proud with their home baking.

The impact of those few hours of work was very satisfying, we could quickly see the difference as the water started to drain away. Within a few days the path will have dried out fully and be walkable and runnable again, without the need for laying slabs. Sorry Steve – we were a bit late to improve things for your Pennine

Way run, but hopefully we'll all benefit at some time. Our rangers were happy too – everyone pulled together and we achieved a lot in the time. So we've been asked to help out again – watch this space.

The dogs each had a role. Sky protected our rucksacks, Jess did a lot of digging (just not in the right place), Tess checked we all kept busy and provided cooling showers by shaking over us after her river dips, and Teddy?

He bravely attacked the particularly vicious looking rocks.



A mere 105 miles on rough tracks over 24,000 feet of ascent in 34 hours 51 minutes. I was 69th overall (with only two people older than me in front of me, although one of those was 67!) out of 116 finishers from 224 starters.

I got to bed at 6:00 a.m. on Sunday having last slept at 7:00 a.m. on Friday. Two hours later I had to drag my carcass out of the tent to go for a pee.

Preparation

I entered the Lakeland100 on New Years Day as a "sod it, what's the worst that can happen, I catch the bus of shame" new year's resolution.

I spent the next three months getting up earlier than usual to do a core session on the Wii and an intervals session on the cross trainer. I also upped my weekly mileage from 10-20 miles to 40-60. I also tried to loose a stone and

a half (I started at 13st which is too much for my skinny six foot frame). The weight was a struggle to get off but the fat came off OK. I can only assume the weight stayed due to increased muscle mass. In other words I changed shape without losing much weight. I did manage to shift half a stone in the end. My dodgy knee seemed to have given up the ghost after

I'd ignored it for the last six months, which was a relief. Overall, I reckon I did as much as I could in preparation, including recceing the whole course (I had no intention of having to navigate) and was pretty satisfied with my condition as the weekend approached.

I think that I'd cracked the biggest problem that a lot of my fellow entrants seemed to be struggling with, many years ago back in my developing years. Mentally, the thought of running 100 miles has never been an issue for me.

My dad was a cyclist and he got me and my brothers on bikes not long after we could walk. I did my first 'proper' bike ride when I was 5 years old (6 miles to the local power station and back). I youth hostelled my way from Doncaster to Scarborough and back when I was 9 and did my first 100 mile bike ride as an 11 year old. I've since done 240 mile 24 hour rides with very little training. I know in my bones that any distance is possible if you just keep going. However, the price I paid is that I'm a tourist and not a racer. I don't mind the distance as long as I can choose my own pace.

My Good Run

After the last recce we had a presentation from last year's L100 winner Stuart Mills. He asked us to discuss what would make a good race for us. Stuart is a racer and not a tourist. He'd been racing since he was a kid. I set out three objectives in the following order of priority:

To finish;

To enjoy it;

To get somewhere near 30 hours.

I brought my family (minus daughter Lucy who's in the US) up to the Lakes with me to

try and make a holiday of it. We managed to get a last minute cottage some 7-8 miles south of Coniston. I also put up a tent in the event campsite at Coniston High School as I was expecting to finish sometime after midnight on Sunday and wanted to crash out there.

Prior to the start I had to weigh in (so that they could detect hyponatremia during the event) (at 88.1 kg) and register, collecting my race number (140) and Sports Ident dibber (for checking in at the 14 checkpoints on route) and having my kit checked. Here's a dibber

We all attended the pre-race briefing to be given last minute route instructions and a pep talk by the one and only living legend Joss Naylor. He offered us advice on endurance running "keep the knees bent running downhill" and had a go at the 3-Peakers who clutter up Wasdale with their litter. Then we had a hour to relax before the start.

There were four of us from Goyt Valley Striders (Mark R, Paul H, Pete D and me) in the 100 and one, Will, in the 50. Others I knew were Colin W (Pennine), Simon M (Buxton), Steve F (Bingley) and Steve K (Manchester).

We lined up at the start in the hot sunshine. The forecast had been for sunny intervals but this was no cool summer's day. It was probably in the low 20's centigrade but it feels a lot more when there's no breeze and you're heading over the hills. My two pre-race nightmares were hot weather and falling asleep on my feet. The first was already here.

Leg 1 - Coniston to Seathwaite (1hr 27m)

Terry sounded the hooter and we were off. The first of around a quarter of a million steps! The usual rush over the first mile or so was soon over before settling down into the climb up into Coppermines valley. I used my poles, which I'd recently acquired, on this climb.

They help enormously with my less than average hill climbing ability. At 135g each they are extremely light but do the job admirably as long as you don't put all your weight on them.

I was so glad to have them for the climbs, especially those in the second half when I'd be knackered. Unfortunately, that was not to be.

We went round The Bell then back down to the start of Walna Scar Road where Stuart Mills was taking photos.

Pete D and I to and fro in the sweltering heat up to Walna Scar then drop over the other side together down to the Seathwaite checkpoint?. I dib in, top up my water and grab some food before leaving. Pete had disappeared. I thought he'd pulled a fast one and dibbed and gone (he hardly drinks anything). So I set off expecting to see him just ahead.

Leg 2 - Seathwaite to boot (1hr 32m)

Across the valley then up to Glassguards where I had to stop the first of several groups on this leg going off route. Around the farm then up the valley to the boggy stuff through the forest below Harter Fell (we pass both Harter Fells on this route). I'd come down this boggy valley in much much worse conditions on the 2000 KIMM wading through knee deep slurry, so this felt quite luxurious in the dry conditions. They'd even repaired parts of the path even since the recce in January, making parts of it runnable. Then it was over the fence and down through the gap in the crags.

These valleys in the south western Lake District are some of my favourites. They are less visited than most yet are the most scenic. The Duddon valley in golden autumn sunshine is absolutely stunning. Along the wall then down past the farm (where an irate lady farmer was (quite rightly) ranting about gates being left open) then it was along the river and down a short lane to Boot. The two pubs in Boot were packed with evening drinkers who cheered and clapped us as we passed which was nice. Then it was onto the second checkpoint. There'd been no sign of Pete so I thought he'd scarpered off into the sunset. I obtained my first bottle of tea at Boot, having learned my lesson

on the Bullock Smithy run last year when I lost loads of time trying to drink tea and move at the same time. This worked a treat. After letting it cool a bit I was able to drink it easily while on the move.

Leg 3 – Boot to Wasdale (1h 19m)

My strategy included not running up any hills in order to minimise muscle damage (and also because uphill is not my strength. Neither are downhill since I broke my face on a rock but that's another story), but I found myself jogging up parts of the climb to Burnmoor Tarn. Having seen it on the recce I expected a few people to follow the track up the hill when it turned sharp left instead of going straight on. I didn't expect everyone to do it. It made me wonder if I was wrong but I stuck to my guns and went straight on. The hardly existent path became more defined and my confidence was justified as I pulled back loads of runners who'd gone up the hill to the back end of the tarn and did two sides of a triangle instead of sticking to the route. I allowed myself a little chuckle of smugness.

There had been more footpath repair on this section since the recce, particularly on the tarn outlet and the path down to Wasdale. I remember it being particularly rough going down into Wasdale but a lot of this had been smoothed out. The route had been changed to avoid the stream crossing and followed the route that we'd conveniently taken in the recce. It was starting to get dark as I approached Wasdale checkpoint. It was still warm so I didn't put on any more clothing at the checkpoint apart from putting my buff round my neck. The headtorch came out at this point but I didn't turn it on just yet. Still no sign of Pete.

Leg 4 – Wasdale – Buttermere (2hr 18m)

I set off on my own and dropped into Mosedale. It was now dark enough to use the headtorch but I chose not to use it as I could make out the path OK. It was a shame there was no moon. It would have been amazing in this valley with a full moon shining. Even so I managed to get to the top of Black Sail Pass in the dark without the use of a head torch. I only turned it on when others joined me and my night vision was ruined. The trail of head torches bobbing up the path to the pass was an incredible sight. What a bunch of nutters we were. We seemed to group up going down the pass. There were two women in the group (one of whom I later learned was the winning lady Gaynor Prior).

It was here that disaster struck. I had intended to use my poles only on the uphill but they seem to offer some stability going down in the dark. I planted both poles into the ground when suddenly my feet slipped out from underneath me. This was too much for my ultralight poles and they both snapped in the middle. My heart sank. I still had 85 miles to go! I could picture the climbs out of Buttermere, Keswick, Howtown, Mardale and Kentmere all waiting to destroy my calves and quads. I spent the next 30 miles trying to think of a way to fix the poles. I even considered raiding the campsite at Braithwaite to nick a tent peg or two but chickened out in the end. The last thing I needed was being chased down the road by a furious semi-naked camper!

So, I packed my poles away and got on with the job in hand (on foot?). Half way down from Black Sail there's a craggy bit with a tree next to it. I managed to remember that this can be avoided by simply going left where there's an easy grass path to the bottom of the crag. Going past Black Sail youth hostel one of the hostellers was sat outside watching us troop past. I wonder how long he sat out there. Must have been quite a sight with the head torches coming down the hill. I was too busy watching where I put my feet to look back. We then mounted Scarth Gap. I missed my poles already but was pleasantly surprised that I didn't get passed. The horrid boulder strewn path down to Buttermere was thankfully navigated safely and I managed to run the rest of the way to the checkpoint. I'd hoped for six hours to this point which was a little ambitious considering it took seven and a half on the recce in January (although I was a lot less fit back then). I dibbed in at 6:36.

Leg 5 Buttermere – Braithwaite (1hr 57m)

Topped up the water and tea and grabbed an apple and a bag of jelly beans then I was off. Halfway through the trees I met up with the other of the two ladies of Black Sail (Gaynor had gone off ahead of her at Scarth Gap). She and another runner seemed to think I knew

where I was going (which I did but don't things look different in the dark) and took my lead. Fortunately I chose the right paths and we headed off up towards Sail Pass. At the second stream before the proper climb started I came across another runner. He turned round and said "Hello Mick". It was Steve F of Bingley but how he recognised me with my headtorch shining in his face I don't know. It was weird as I'd just been thinking about him due to his warning me a couple of weeks previously (when we'd both been supporting a mutual friend Dave S on his successful Bob Graham Round) about a very deep puddle on this very path. We went up over Sail Pass (that path seemed ten times longer and harder than when I'd flown up it with my poles on the recce) and dropped down into Braithwaite together dibbing in at 2:00 a.m. I loaded up with pasta and rice pudding while Steve took off. The next time I saw him I didn't recognise him.

Leg 6 Braithwaite – Blencathra (2hr57m)

Leaving Braithwaite checkpoint I didn't think that I'd be able to run another step. My legs were so stiff. I managed to start with a shuffle which turned into a jog and by the time I left the village I was cruising! I pulled back half a dozen runners and ran all the way up to Spooney Green Lane (can't help wanting to call it Spooky Green Lane), past a couple of sets of supporters cheering me on. One of these turned out to be friends of the aforementioned Simon M. Between Braithwaite and Spooky Green Lane the route goes along a disused railway track. This passes the back of Crosthwaite Church graveyard. Several of my ancestors (the Borrowdale Wrens) from the 18th century are buried in there. I wondered what they'd make of their ggggggg-grandson running 100 miles for the sake of it.

I power marched up the SGL hill keeping my eyes peeled for a suitable stick to replace my poles. Didn't find one. I ran and walked the path from Latrigg up the wonderfully named Glenderaterra valley. As I approached the turn point at the end of the valley I could see a headtorch coming down from Skidday House (where I'd bunked in my youth when it was still a ruin). I found out later that this was Colin W (more of whom later). He'd overshot the turning.

It was getting light as I approach the Blencathra Centre. I managed to turn off my headtorch for a large part of the run/walk back down Glenderatta to the checkpoint where we were greeted by loads of balloons leading up to the checkpoint. At the check point they were handing out free socks. I certainly wasn't going to risk blisters by trying on untried socks so I didn't take them up on their very kind offer. Plenty of others did. As I was arriving Colin was leaving the checkpoint only to take another wrong turn and paying Threlkeld a visit before having to backtrack to the checkpoint.

Leg 7 Blencathra – Dockray (2h 6m)

This leg proved to be my most weary. It should have been a good runnable section but I was going through a tired spell. I managed to run most of the railway line but trudged up to the coach road bemoaning the loss of my poles. The sun, a big round orange ball, groped its way into the sky as I shuffled along the coach road.

I could feel my water logged socks rubbing on the arches under my feet so at the checkpoint (which apparently had been organised with 4 days notice after the original group pulled out. Well done gents) I took off my socks, rang them out and applied liberal amounts of Vaseline to the soles of my feet. Maybe I should have tried the Blencathra socks after all. As I was getting ready to go Paul H turned up. I thought I'd see him at some point. He's not naturally as fast a runner as me but he's relentless and has perfected the art of passing through checkpoints without seeming to stop whereas I dawdle and pratt around wasting time. A real hare and tortoise pair we are (plus he'd managed not to break his poles. Not that I was jealous of course.) I think it was here that Paul told me that Pete had retired with stomach problems. Apparently he'd not dashed off after Seathwaite but had gone to the toilet. No wonder I couldn't catch him up, he was behind me!

Leg 8 Dockray – Daleman (2h 39m)

It was sunglasses back on now the sun was up. It promised to be a glorious day, unfortunately.

A painful jog down the road to Dockray proper then it was the track round and up onto Gowbarrow Fell. A group of five or six of us had formed going up the hill. I led the first half but felt I was holding them back so I let them go. They soon disappeared leaving me to my own thoughts. I just saw the last of them entering the lovely Swinburn Park woods as I started the descent. I love this path through the woods. It undulates through shaded areas broken up by the sun piercing its way through and lighting up small glades. I first came through these woods some 20 years ago when I walked with my eldest daughter (she's 26 now) from our campsite at Watermillock to Aria Force. The trees have grown a bit since then. Out of the woods and along the path then the

route left the fells and took to cultivated fields and roads to Dalemmain. In the middle of the first field there's a small footbridge across a tiny stream. On the recce we had just crossed this when a cow, thinking we were a threat to its calf, took a lunge at Paul who jumped back and cracked his knee on a rock. The calves had long gone this time. Three fields later and we were out onto the roads. I'd nearly caught up with the group that had dropped me by now. I'm not sure how but I managed to run most of this road section to Dacre, past the still inhabited castle (windows need a wash) and along the farm track to Dalemmain and past about eight other runners in the process. It was just after 9:00 a.m. Time for breakfast.

Leg 9 Dalemmain – Howtown (2h 28m)

Picture this, a sweating and haggard looking 53 year old bloke sat on camping chair in a field wearing just speedos and a pair of compression socks. Nice eh? That was me for a while at Dalemmain. I had an almost complete change of clothes and shoes. The checkpoint crew were marvellous, providing a waited service for the drinks and grub. I washed myself down with wet-wipes and reapplied sunscreen and insect repellent before getting dressed into a much cooler white shirt.

Paul turned up 12 minutes behind me but was in and out in a flash but not before spotting our clubmate Mark R laying down at the back of the marquee. He told Paul that he'd retired. I didn't want to disturb him as he seemed to be sleeping but we found out later (and in Gaynor's blog (where she calls him Marc)) that he'd been throwing up for miles. He is prone to this having done it in the middle of his successful 50 at 50 Bob Graham last year. We'd expected him to be miles ahead by now. He'd arrived at Dalemmain three and a half hours ahead of us! I think I'd have been sick running at that pace. After a good half hour or more of my prattling around I set off into the increasingly hot day for the second half. As at Braithwaite it was hard to get going again but the legs soon freed up enough to shuffle along the river to Pooley Bridge. This 2 mile stretch to Pooley Bridge from Dalemmain was the only part of the route that I hadn't recced but it was hardly a navigational challenge.

I walked almost all of the section from Pooley Bridge to the top before the right turn. We'd spotted someone taking a short cut across that corner and we met him as he came off it (not much of a short cut then). I checked his number later and he retired at Howtown so maybe he'd already decided to pack it in. The downhill into Howtown was nice with gorgeous views down Ullswater. This western view along Ullswater has to be one of the best in the Lakes.

A simple jog down into the checkpoint where I met Paul on his way out. Colin was in there having a few minutes rest. As I came out one of the checkpoint marshals was seeing to a guy laying on a bench and wrapped up in a blanket. I didn't know at the time but it turns out this was Steve F. He'd fainted from the heat and clearly had to pack. ??I didn't recognise him although I didn't look too close. It was then out of the checkpoint and up Fusedale. I'd recced this stretch twice before so I knew what was coming next.

Leg 10 Howton – Marsdale Head (3h 32m)

I wasn't feeling too bad at this point. Some walkers asked what event we were doing. I explained, showing them the race number on my rucksack like a peacock showing his feathers. So suitably puffed up I trotted down the farm track to the bottom of the climb. I could see Paul about half a mile ahead plugging away on his poles (not that I was fixating on them). This is one of those climbs that just gets harder and harder as you ascend. Just be

fore Groove Gill it gets really steep. This is where I had a unique experience (for me anyway). I got shin cramp. How do you get cramp in your shins? Don't know but I did and it was agony. I had to stop and turn round away from the slope. I was also in serious risk of heat stroke.

I made it to Groove Gill and promptly stuck my head into the clear cool water, taking several gulps as I did. That helped cool me down but there was still a way to go uphill. It eases off just after Groove Gill before rearing up again to meet the High Street path. I could hardly move up this section with my shin cramps and had to keep stopping. I finally got to the top and cross High Street at Wether Hill. From High Kop I could just see Paul at Low Kop well over a mile away. I managed a jog along here, found the right path down to Haweswater, unlike many others judging by the paths hacked through the bracken, and caught up with Paul part way along the track along the northern bank. It was here that I finally found a stick suitable for use as a pole. Gandalf would have been proud of it. I certainly was. I'd been 50 miles without the aid of my poles and there was no way I was going up Gatesgarth Pass without some sort of support, not after my experience on Wether Hill.

I ran out of drink alongside Haweswater and was beginning to overheat again. Having passed a couple of streams that might have been suitable for a dip I was determined not to miss out at Randle Beck so I stripped off down to my shorts and compression socks (a reoccurring theme starting here but if I took off my compression socks I was afraid of my calf muscles exploding) and got into a nice cool pool. I spent a lovely 5 minutes splashing around much to the amusement of a lady walker just downstream. I hope she wasn't disappointed to see I was wearing shorts when I got out (although I'm sure the compression socks were a major turn on).

A steady jog took me round to Mardale Head checkpoint to clock in at 2:54 p.m. (Just 34 minutes before Terry Conway finished over in Coniston! Mind you, he had been practising.)

Leg 11 Marsdale Head – Kentmere (2h 30m)

I met up with Paul at the checkpoint (where one of the Army guys there had clearly neglected the sunscreen) and set off up to Gatesgarth Pass suitable armed with my staff. Partway up I decide to customise it and snapped off a foot or so to make it a more suitable length. Mentally and



physically I found this a lot easier than the previous hill. Going down the other side into Longsleddale the conditions under foot were horrendous with crudely cobbled tracks and loose rocks. As we approached the turn at Sadgill the first of the 50 milers came speeding past. "Well done lads" he said as he disappeared up the track followed by a huge gap until his pursuers turned up.

Over the Sadgill track and onto the road we went to be confronted by a pair of fiendishly high stiles. They were 8 foot high drystone stepped monsters which were very painful to negotiate. It wouldn't have taken much effort to fall off one of those after 80 odd miles. As it was we made it over them and down the lane to the Kentmere checkpoint just inside 24 hours, and 85 miles.

I felt no worse, or better, than you'd expect in the circumstances but I was in for a bit of a surprise.

Leg 12 Kentmere – Ambleside (4h 8m)

I decided that I was sick of drinking isotonic stuff and just use plain old water from here on. I downed a couple of glasses of water but couldn't face the food on offer: pasta and rice pudding, although I did drink one of their marvellous fruit smoothies. The marshals at the

checkpoint were clearly on the lookout for signs of heatstroke, hypernatremia and dehydration (hyponatremia). Two of them didn't like the look of me and were clearly concerned. I'd stopped sweating (how long ago I don't know) and my resting pulse was 110 bpm when it should have been about 40. Paul said that the colour suddenly drained from my face and he thought I was about to have a heart attack. I didn't feel too bad in the circumstances but I'd decided myself that I wasn't going anywhere until I got some food inside me.

So, they decided that I was dehydrated and insisted on me drinking more isotonic. One of them, Phil, said that I should have been doing this that and the other with my fluid intake, all of which I had been doing so I don't know where I'd gone wrong. I told Paul not to wait for me and he set off after five or ten minutes. Anyway to cut a long story short I sat around at Kentmere sipping my isotonic for about 40 minutes until I felt like eating. My appetite returned and I had two bowls of each. During this time Colin had turned up. He's a trained first aider so he kindly offered to watch me (make sure I drank and started sweating) over the next leg. I reciprocated by offering to guide Colin (his legs were giving him jip and I couldn't bear to let him go off course again). By this time I'd realised my third objective (to finish somewhere near 30 hours) was long gone so I was determined to achieve the first two (to finish and enjoy it). I had loads of time on hand so was in no great rush to wear myself out.

So, we set off and strolled up the Garburn Pass. I thankfully started sweating again but Colin's legs were getting worse. Coming down the other side we were caught up by Will who was doing the 50. He stopped to take our picture then took off down the hill.

He then caught up with Paul and they finished together. Meanwhile Colin and I took our time down into Troutbeck. The 50s were coming by in a steady stream by now. One of them came past as I was strolling along and said to me "You're looking in good form" to which I replied "That's not what they said an hour ago!"

Colin's injuries got progressively worse as we went. Coming down through the woods above Ambleside he was reduced to a very painful shuffle and decided that he would pack at Ambleside. I made sure that he was on the road into Ambleside then took my leave. I'd enjoyed the rest but was now itching to get going again, especially as my family were waiting down in Ambleside. I ran the mile or so to the checkpoint. The clapping and cheering along the high street was unexpected but very nice if not a little embarrassing. I ran the last couple of hundred yards with my youngest daughter Polly and our dog Phoebe. My eldest daughter Vicky was videoing my approach just as the battery ran out!

This checkpoint was in the Lakes Runner shop and it was roasting inside. I was certainly sweating now.

Leg 13 Ambleside – Chapel Stile (2h 4m)

It was head torch time again. Still no need for an extra top though. I left the checkpoint with my family who came as far as the cinema / last road crossing. Vicky took my picture. This is what you look like after 90 miles and being awake 40 hours.

After leaving the park I joined up with Nick Ham (the man in Union Jack shorts, who also went on to do the Long Tour of Bradwell the following week) for a while. As I passed Skelwith Bridge Hotel who should be stood outside with a pint in his hand but the elusive Pete. After blinding him and his lovely wife with my headtorch we had a chat for five minutes before I set off again along the river. It was along here that I experienced my only episode of sleepiness. For ten minutes or so I found myself dreaming of all sorts of weird stuff (none

of which I remember but something about witches rings a bell). I came out of this at Elter



water and soon (30 hours in) found myself in at the Chapel Stile checkpoint where I got a seat right next to the chimnea.

Leg 14 Chapel Stile – Tilberthwaite (3h 1m)

I availed myself of two bowls of their wonderful stews, a coffee and a top up for my camelbak. I also swapped my t-shirt for a long sleeved top, largely because I knew I'd be freezing after sitting next to the fire.

I'd recced this section twice before but was glad that I could just follow someone up to the climb at least. I ended up in a group of 50 milers. I think it was a mixture of 3 teams. Blea Tarn came and went and we set off through the bracken. I knew something was wrong routewise when we started going downhill rather than contouring. I was committed by now so followed them to the road and sure enough they'd cut the corner. I told them but they ignored me and set off down the road. I went up the road to the corner where we should have come out (partly to ensure I'd done the whole route but also to make sure there wasn't a secret dibber there checking for cheats). I caught the naughty ones up on the hill. They'd taken a left on the Tilberthwaite track and were coming back as I passed the turning.

So, down into High Tilberthwaite and along the road to the penultimate checkpoint where on spotting I was a 100 miler they gave me special treatment with a seat away from the crowds and waiting on me with food and drink. Thank you Darwen Dashers.

Leg 15 Tilberthwaite – Coniston (1h 42m)

The 50 milers I came down with had gone by the time I left Tilberthwaite. I went up the steps lit up with blue glow sticks (the steps not me) and up past the quarry. I got a phone call from Paul going up here. He'd finished and was going to wait for me. On putting my phone away I saw my first sleepmonster. There was a rock and I was sure that there were two sheep sheltering next to it but they kept changing. One minute they'd have two heads then they'd turn into dogs complete with spikey collars. Weird. I went on my way.

The recces proved useful here. I managed to stay on the right path but was constantly plagued by more sleep monsters. The shadows and dark puddles turned into buildings. Near the waterfall and tree I looked across and was sure there was an entire derelict village across the stream. This stuff continued until I hit the coppermines track above Miners Bridge. The descent was rough but not as bad as I'd expected. I started running once onto the Miners Bridge track, ran by the 50 milers from earlier and kept running to the finish to be greeted by cheers and claps. It did occur to me then that I was glad I wasn't trying to sleep nearby. That thought soon disappeared as I dibbed in for the last time.

Leg 16 Coniston – Land o f Nod (1h 16m)

I'd lost a mere 3kg in weight, got no blisters or black nails and all things considered felt pretty good. Paul sorted me out with food and drink before I went for a shower then crawled into my tent. It was too warm for the sleeping bag so I just used my sleeping bag liner. Two and a half hours later and I was up and dressed as I was bursting for a pee. I stayed up, clapping in the tail enders, until my family turned up from the cottage.

Would I do it again? Of course. Still got to meet objective 3.



2011 Championship Races

Main Championship

There are 16 races in the main Championship. Of these, the best 10 races count towards your total score. Individuals are allocated points depending on their finishing position within the club in the race. The highest placed Goyt Valley runner will get 60 points, the second 59 points and so on.

Ladies Championship

There are 16 races in the Ladies Championship. The best 10 races will count towards your total score. Individuals are allocated points depending on their finishing position within the club in that particular race. The highest placed Goyt Valley runner will get 60 points, the second 59 points and so on.

Summer Fell Series

The Summer Fell Championship is made up of 7 races. Individuals will be allocated points depending on their finishing position within the race. The highest placed Goyt Valley runner will get 60 points, the second 59 points and so on. An individual's best 5 races count towards their final total.

Main and Ladies Championship (Dates for guidance only)

1	Lambs Leg	January 9	Fell
2	Meltham 10K	January 30	Road
3	Mickledon Straddle	February 6	Fell
4	Cloud Nine	March 6	Fell
5	Grindleford Gallop	March 12	Trail
6	Errwood Trail	April 28	Trail
7	Crowdon Horseshoe	May 1	Fell
8	Eyam Half	May 15	Road
9	Wincle Trout	June 4	Fell
10	Kinder Trog	June 19	Fell
11	Peakers Stroll	July 3	Fell
12	Tracks to Trig	July 16	Fell
13	High Peak 40	September 17	Trail
14	Holmfirth 15	October 30	Road
15	Clowne Half	November 27	Road
16	Xmas Cracker	December 17	Trail

Summer Fell Series (Dates for guidance only)

1	Herof Farm	April 13	Fell
2	Rainow	May 11	Fell
3	Tideswell	June 24	Fell
4	Sheldon	July 21	Fell
5	Cracken Edge	August 3	Fell
6	Teggs Nose	August 6	Fell
7	Chunal	August 24	Fell

Red Pre-entry only
Blue Pre-entry recommended
Black Entries on the day

2011 Championship Standings																			
			Races																
Pos.	Name		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	Total
42	Steve	Hennessey	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	59	-	-	-	59
43	Lee	Blotzan	-	-	-	-	-	57	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	57
44	Jim	Harbord	56	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	56
45	James	Dean	-	-	-	56	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	56
46	Kate	Cartwright	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	56	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	56
47	Matthew	Simon	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	54	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	54
48	Emma	JaneEaton	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	53	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	53
49	Rik	Griffin	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	53	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	53
50	Clare	Barstow	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	53	-	-	-	-	53
51	Melanie	Watts	-	-	-	-	41	10	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	51
52	Stuart	Shaw	-	-	-	-	49	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	49
53	John	Brough	-	-	-	-	-	46	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	46
54	Rebecca	Clark	-	-	-	-	45	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	45
55	Shaun	Coram	-	-	-	-	-	45	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	45
56	Russ	Evans	-	-	-	-	-	40	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	40
57	Richard	Fletcher	-	-	-	-	-	34	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	34
58	Sue	Holland	-	-	-	-	-	30	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	30
59	Andrew	Dobson	-	-	-	-	-	27	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	27
60	Chloe	Fletcher	-	-	-	-	-	25	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	25
61	Jonathan	Storey	-	-	-	-	-	24	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	24
62	Rebecca	Glen	-	-	-	-	-	22	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	22
63	Carole	Hill	-	-	-	-	-	20	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	20
64	Nicholas	Hurrell	-	-	-	-	-	19	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	19
65	Helen	Smith	-	-	-	-	-	15	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	15
66	Rebecca	Sullivan	-	-	-	-	-	14	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	14
67	Robert	Whittle	-	-	-	-	-	12	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	12
68	Stephanie	Watts	-	-	-	-	-	11	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	11
69	Sam	Goodwin	-	-	-	-	-	9	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	9

Terry's Race - November 6th 2011

This will be the 11th year that Terry's race has been run. Held in the memory of Terry Lardiner.

The race is unusual in that anybody who takes part has a chance of winning. The course details are below. You set off at 5-minute intervals wearing NO watch. You guess your time for the distance and the nearest person to their guessed time wins.

The race will take place on Sunday November 6th, starting at 9:00am from the Taxal Lay-by (bottom of Long Hill). A reminder of the course: (Clockwise this year!):

The course starts at the lay-by on Long Hill - passing the church - cross the road - through the fields onto Taxal Moor road - takes the 45° path onto Taxal Moor (passing the tree planted by the rambling club in memory of Terry) - across Taxal Moor - through the woods - Over Windgather - climb to Pym's Chair - down The Street to Hoo Moor - Across Hoo Moor - through the farmyard to Knip farm - round the back of Knip farm to bridge - along fields and track to lay-by.

Maps will be available for those who require one and downloadable from the message board. Please make every effort to attend; this is one of the most respected events in the club's calendar. Notification in advance would be appreciated.

[illegible]

2011 SUMMER FELL SERIES RESULTS										
			Races							
Pos.	Name		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Total
1	Brian	Holland	-	56	59	59	60	59	60	297
2	Wayne	Grant	55	53	57	56	55	-	-	276
3	James	Hobson	57	48	58	58	-	-	-	221
4	Steve	Berry	-	45	-	55	48	-	57	205
5	Jim	Harbord	56	-	56	-	58	-	-	170
6	Tracy	Vernon	53	-	-	-	47	55	-	155
7	Lee	Grant	59	-	60	-	-	-	-	119
8	Neil	Pettie	-	59	-	-	-	60	-	119
9	Anthony	Rodgers	-	-	-	-	59	57	-	116
10	Jonathan	Hull	-	57	-	-	57	-	-	114
11	John	Brough	-	54	-	57	-	-	-	111
12	Kevin	Day	54	55	-	-	-	-	-	109
13	Will	Meredith	-	-	-	-	51	56	-	107
14	Mike	Hudson	-	51	55	-	-	-	-	106
15	Clare	Griffin	-	50	-	-	56	-	-	106
16	Mathew	Simon	-	47	-	-	-	-	59	106
17	Sally	Mitchell	-	46	-	-	-	-	58	104
18	Andy	Peard	60	-	-	-	-	-	-	60
19	Mark	Richards	-	60	-	-	-	-	-	60
20	Stephen	Bull	-	-	-	60	-	-	-	60
21	Peter	Davis	58	-	-	-	-	-	-	58
22	Pete	Woodhead	-	58	-	-	-	-	-	58
23	Chris	Harding	-	-	-	-	-	58	-	58
24	Kay	Berry	-	-	-	55	-	-	-	55
25	Kelly	Dyson	-	-	-	-	54	-	-	54
26	Rick	Griffin	-	-	-	-	53	-	-	53
27	Matthew	Day	-	52	-	-	-	-	-	52
28	Katy	Thornhill	-	-	-	-	52	-	-	52
29	Jenny	Law	-	-	-	-	50	-	-	50
30	Stephen	Sanders	-	49	-	-	-	-	-	49
31	Lisa	Harbord	-	-	-	-	49	-	-	49
32	Helen	Gray	-	-	-	-	46	-	-	46
33	Sue	Holland	-	44	-	-	-	-	-	44
34	Emma-Jane	Eaton	-	43	-	-	-	-	-	43

Wot I Ave Lernd (so far)

By Steve Berry

Well, I'm four years into this running malarkey and I still feel as though I'm funding my feet. However, I have picked up some acquired wisdom along the way and thought it was about time I shared it. So, in no particular order, here's my first 10 Top Tips for the new(ish) runner-come-bogtrotter:

1. Invest in a proper running top. I learned this after winning an impromptu "Wet T-Shirt" Contest in the Shady Oak back in 2008.

I'd just finished my first ever race in the most horrendous conditions. I swear, George Clooney in a fishing boat would have struggled in that rain, but although the conditions were far from perfect I persevered to the end; head down against the driving rain, picked up my medal from the soggy marshal and made my way into the warmth of the Shady Oak – only to be greeted with "Blimey. You need to get a proper T-Shirt, mate".

Cotton just doesn't cut it on the fuller-figure when things get soggy . . .

2. A pair of plimsoles isn't enough. Unless you're quite happy to have your face meet rock/mud/cow poo at a rate of knots, then be prepared to learn more about shoe-types than appears healthy.

Coming down a steep, wet, grassy embankment with your favourite "fashion trainers" on will involve a lot of getting up again while people with the right footwear glide past you gazelle-like.

Also, if a shoe-manufacturer tells you that their latest "sticky rubber" compound is "sure-footed, even on wet rock" don't believe them. *Nothing* is safe on wet rock other than a limpet. And they can't run.

3. Be honest with yourself. I'm a Large in the T-Shirt department. I must stop asking for Medium and then complaining about the "ridiculously small fit" of it when, red-faced and sweating, I eventually manage to get it on.

Getting it off is even harder. I end up looking like a crazed drunk trying to throw the Invisible Man off my back . . .

4. Everyone is ill and/or injured at the beginning of a race. If not they are *recovering* from being ill and/or injured. Fact.

At first, when greeted with "Hiya Steve, how are you feeling? Are you up for this one?" I was always naively honest; "Yea, fine thanks, I feel good. Looking forward to it."

What an idiot.

It took more than 12 months to grasp the fact that runners must explain their yet-to-be-confirmed poor performance at the START of the race. Leaving it until the end just makes it sound like sour grapes: "I was doing really well, despite my lumbago, when, on that final descent my calf muscle started playing up again. I knew I should have taken it easy today. I'm still delicate after slipping on that pasty at the Hayfield Show." Yea, yea, yea . . .

Remember – this applies to ALL runners. Even the winners. The only difference between the top runners and the rest of us is that they are always "surprised" by just how well they have done despite the "dog-bite, shin splints, dodgy tum, lack of sleep, shrapnel," etc. etc.

My standard response now is "A bit tired." Although, as I get older this is becoming less of a lie. (Note to self: Might have to change to " **Very** tired.")

5. Budgie Smuggling. This is fine so long as you are in a running environment. You will definitely be arrested in ANY other situation.

For both male and female runners, keeping eye contact is essential in these situations. I have sympathy for the shorter female runner who may struggle more than most when speaking to a 6ft-plus lycra-clad male.

Male runners **must** remember: If your afternoon run takes you past a school between the hours of 3pm and 3.30pm then be prepared to quicken the pace until you are clear of the school perimeter. UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES must you stop to chat with any of the mums (or dads) who are picking up their children. You will end up on a list.

6. Pick a bottom and follow it. Or as I like to call it: "Choosing a Pace". I remember, in particular, at the start of the Roaches fell race back in 2008 being taken somewhat aback by the sight of a red frilly thong, clearly visible beneath a pair of very sheer black running tights. It was one of my best ever starts to a fell race and was only spoilt when I accidentally tripped over my own tongue.

Karl has promised never to wear them again.

But seriously - pacing is something I still haven't quite got the hang of. A flat(ish) road race isn't too bad to manage as you can quickly settle down into a pace that will feel "about right" as your heart rate settles and you find that auto-pilot pace.

However, a fell race is something else. I seem to alternate between "struggling" and "totally knackered" depending on whether I'm going up or down hill. I'm also very weakminded in that as soon as the person in front starts to walk, so do I.

7. Kev's Nickname 'Silent Runner' is Ironic. He *is* a runner but he *isn't* silent. This is mainly because he's filling in the gaps you're leaving in the conversation due to your lack of oxygen as you struggle up a near vertical climb.

Nobody likes an awkward silence so Kev has finely-tuned his cardio-vascular system over hundreds of marathons so you don't have to worry about any. There are many, many pearls of wisdom to be had so just shut up and listen.

8. Navigation is hard. I can still get lost in my own house. And it's a bungalow. Also, my sense of direction is sadly lacking. I think I miss detail. A hill is just a hill to me. It could be the one I've just ran down or it could be the one I need to run up. Who knows? Well, not me apparently.

Blindfold me and spin me around once in the middle of a race and I wouldn't have a clue which direction to set off in. Thank goodness for other runners and marshalls.

9. There is no shame in coming last. I've done it on more than one occasion now and hardly noticed because I was just so glad to finish. I always thought the runner behind me, picking up all the flags and tape was just being tidy.

Remember, these are obviously the races you have struggled the most with and so congratulate yourself on sticking with it, digging in and getting across the finish line. You didn't quit.

Marshalls waiting at the finish, tapping their watches and tut-tutting as you cross the line exist ONLY in your imagination. It never happens. **You** get applause, **they** pack up and everyone's in the pub 10 minutes later. End of.

10. Race photos are always disappointing. I always look like I'm escaping from my carer.

Where does all my muscle-tone disappear to when a camera is pointed at me and why does the lens always distort my face into a toilet seat-winning gurn?

The thing is, when I see a camera during a run I quicken my pace, hold in my stomach and try to have a look of deep-concentration on my face which says "Yes, I'm taking this seriously".

I always expect the resulting photo to look something like that moment in the film "Troy" when Brad Pitt (in his leather miniskirt) all tanned and glistening runs and then leaps effortlessly into the air before plunging his sword into the neck of his monstrous opponent. Then, when I see the photos online I realise I'm more Ricky Gervais in hotpants, all pink and sweaty, stumbling along and trying not to throw up.

C'est la vie.

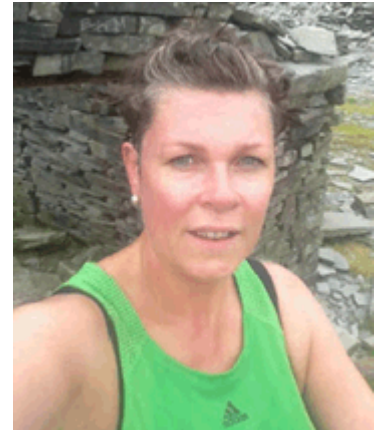
Striding in the South!

By Julia Easter

Some of you may remember my measly effort in my first-ever off-road run "The Shady Oak Tough 10k" where I won the prestigious golf umbrella for coming last :-)

I guess I spent just over a year from that point fell and off-road running and really loved it, still very much miss it today but since I moved back to the south four years ago I have still been flying the Goyt Valley Striders Flag whenever I can.

This year running has been very kind to me; I didn't do any marathon training and instead concentrated all my efforts into half's, beach and "Southern Jessie" hill training. This has made a big difference and my highlights of the running year are as follows:-



Mersea Round to Island – 26th June 2011- 13.1 miles

As soon as the nights pulled out I started extra training for this race - beach runs. One a week, really hard work on a pebbly/sandy surface but you just can't beat it for training for Mersea Round the Island, nor as I learned later for fell running!

Mersea Round The Island is a great race, very, very cheeky and catches every novice runner out for a couple of reasons. First is that the race runs for approx 9 miles around the sea wall. This isn't a nice calm track which you think (or hope!) it might be, but a narrow path which is often overgrown with long grass, weeds and also home to the occasional adder (YIKES! If your even unlucky enough to see one) – this year it seemed even more overgrown than normal, and it was really zapping on the legs after a while especially given that it was wall-to-wall sun on that June day. The second reason the race is cheeky is miles 9 to 13 which are run solely along the beach side and man alive does that zap it all out of you!

This year I felt prepared. I have lost some weight which has really helped with running improvement; I've discovered Walsh fell shoes are perfect for beach running and so knew I wouldn't be clogging about in heavy trainers and the beach training itself meant I had some confidence for the final miles and so I was ready and raring to set off.

Concerned only with two factors this year;

1, The heat; really solid heat – on the beach at the start there was a heat haze – that wobbly air thing, very odd and worrying as I really suffer with dehydration through overheating down here and 2, my boss Ben. Ben is a little terrier runner – gun goes off and he is right up there fighting for position, and he doesn't run train as such! Natural talent! Anyhow after a quick hello he buggered off up to the front of the field of runners, BANG! went the gun and he was off – I could just about see the sand kicking up in the air as he scarpered off with the front runners.

The first section is along the beach and then you hit the sea wall proper, the first section of which is very runnable as it is used daily by holiday makers and dog walkers, back down to the Strood and your then across the road and via a field onto the long and overgrown section of the wall. One of the nicest things is the view – it's difficult to explain but is a really beautiful little hidden away gem – seeing the estuary and following it all the way along the edge of the island. After what always feels like an eternity and very tough going on the legs you come to the last wall water station. I always stop and have a yak here as my legs need it and to be honest if I was a marshal I would like someone at least to stop and say hi (and the usual very English comment on the weather and the very, very traditional "not far now" comment as they send you on your way)... and then... you see it.

The last section, stretched out a very long sandy and pebbly way in front of you. This year I enjoyed this bit (is that sick?!) as my training kicked in and I was able to catch some of those who'd whizzed off at the start and get past them! A cunning plan I must say!

The beach section is still gruelling and takes something fell-like to plug on and fight your body saying "Urgh, too hard". But then after plugging away and feeling okay (Ish) I saw the lilac beach huts and I knew I was on my way to the end ... just before getting to them very absurd sea mist was rolling in – almost like big cotton wool balls, never seen anything like it! I also was offered a kindly sip out of a geezers can of Stella, so quaint! But anyhow I had a job to do... getting to the end was great – Andrew and the boys just made it in time to see me do a gritted teeth sprint to the finish jeered on by my boss Ben and his son. He'd made it round in under 2hrs and my time? See below!

The first time I ran this race back in 2008 it was a 2hr 30mins shocker... I found it so hard – but that in itself has seen me back at it almost annually now.

2009 – Did not run (but can't remember why!)

2010 – 2hrs 25mins

2011 – 2hrs 16mins

Coniston and return to some real fell work!

For some unknown reason I never really visited the Lakes properly when I lived in Bolton. However, we took Andrew's kids with us and headed to Coniston on the warmest week of July and had just the best time. Part of that was my morning adventures on and around the Coniston Old Man.

The holiday started with the Country Show on the Sunday, at which there was a fell run to the top of the Old Man and back down again. Before we arrived I had it in my head that I might be able to run that race. Making enquiries was difficult and the rating of the race was a fell run for experienced fell runners. In the end I decided (following some sensible advice from the FRA online community) that I should do a little recce run and see how I got on and then decide on the day if I should do it.

So ... off I trot on my first run up a mountain and I soon realised that the recce was all I would do that day. The road that lead to the Old Man from our cottage was appropriately called "Walna SCAR Road" – SCAR is right! It was a beast ... an almost vertical climb for about 1/3 a mile, an absolute killer! It took me all week, 6 runs in total, to be able to run (although I am not sure I can really call it running – more like a slow crawl!) it without stopping! I know from a second trip later in the year that I probably ran about half way up The Old Man – perhaps a little more than half so I definitely made the right decision not to do the fell run.

What I can say though is I really loved the running, loved the freedom and the fact that I noticed improvement through the week. Very nice boost of confidence indeed! My Walsh's were chuffed at finally being covered in mud and sheep poop too!

We did make an attempt to climb The Old Man but unfortunately the little Herbert's found it a bit too much. Such a shame as we got almost to the top, but the view of the last section to climb proved too much and tears were shed, so back down we went! I cheered them up (lol!) with a badge each that said "I nearly climbed a mountain" – funny how no one knows where those badges are now!

Yorkshireman!

After we came back from the July Lakes trip I started to think about hill training. With the Yorkshireman Half coming up I wanted to retain some of the hills in my legs. So off I set into urbansville and found two decent hills in the middle of Colchester to start practicing on. I am still using those two hills and adding more reps to my "hilly" sessions with the hope my running will keep improving.

We went back to the Lakes on August Bank Holiday weekend and I managed to get three decent runs in plus we finally managed to walk to the very top of The Old Man, which was absolutely amazing. In fact we loved it so much that on our last day we did it all over again!

And I now own a lovely badge which says "I climbed Conistone Old Man" Hurrah! So With proper fell training, beach running and hill reps all in my leg's I felt really ready for Yorkshireman this year and really excited. I just couldn't wait. Last year we ran the Marathon distance, not for the faint-hearted

I can tell you! I swore I would never run the marathon distance again; however you know what us runners are like! Perhaps next year! Mingling with my friends at the start I was very much mentally gunning for a good run and a good time. Yorkshireman is a hard race and my times in the past have not been brilliant.

To better the time and to feel good all the way was all I was asking for as we jostled about waiting for the race start whistle at the bottom of Howarth cobbled street. Off we went!

I had stayed overnight in Howarth and had reced the start so I knew I would be able to run the whole of the first uphill section which winds up through the car park and onto the open moor. I have NEVER run that whole section before!

I felt good, strong. I am never the best runner and normally at the back of the pack or slowing down the group but this year I just felt good, felt comfortable at the pace we set and kept up all the way. I knew I had more in the bag too.

I run Yorkshireman every year now with the same group of friends. This year I had kind of planned to set off and run on my own, but Laura and Mel and me just seemed to set off and stay together, we were all happy with the pace and it was actually really cool for us to run a well-paced and strong race all together.

The course is varied, up hill, down hill, bogs, bits of trail, really beautiful scenery (if you get chance to look at it!) The bog was fun; sploshy and I kept thinking "in a minute one of us will go "Aaargh, gurgle gurgle" and all you will see is the top of a head as the full body is submerged in black peat boggiess! Luckily that didn't happen, although my Walsh's, I am sure, will now never return to the resplendent blue and yellow they began life with! All sorts of flashes in my mind thinking about the course. Seemed really quick. Thinking that we might get near or just under 3hrs at one point. But that is left for next year. In the end I was over the moon with the time; over the bloody moon. It was a PB for me –but the biggest and most exciting thing is it means I am improving.

I think after 2007 my running took such a dive and it really has taken me a very long time to get back fitness. The only part of the race I cannot stand is the cruel finish, running up what we call "Hovis Hill" – a real task at the end of a good run, then you have to turn right and run up another hill back to the school! Arrgghhh! and it NEVER gets any easier - if it is a good thing (some runners tell me it is!) it made me feel sick! The thing that relieved my sickness was recognising someone near the top of it and then turning into the school where Andrew's mum and dad were waiting to cheer me in (they live in Cleckheaton so had just popped over to see me in) bless them two!

Yorkshireman Half 2011 – 3hrs 15mins

Yorkshireman Marathon 2010 - 7hrs 01min

Yorkshireman Half 2009 - 3hrs 23mins

Yorkshireman Half 2008 - 3hrs 47mins

Yorkshireman Half 2006 - 3 hrs 20mins

So as we get out of shorts and into full body fleece (freezing here at the moment!) I am feeling very, very, happy with race results this year and my training in general. I am starting to mull over plans for next year and next weekend having a shot at an Essex off-road race with the aim of keeping some fell strength and hopefully get into a few GVS races next year. Blimey I am exhausted! Hope you enjoy reading this and hope to see a few of you in 2012! Go well Striders!

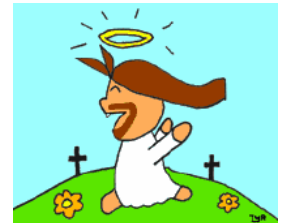
J is for "Or is It Just Me?"

A Stroller's ABC
By Jackie Tomney

I keep wanting to write "Just do it", but this has a familiar ring about tit – I'm not sure, but I think it might have been used before. Better think again. Alistair recently asked me where was I up to in my Strollers' ABC. When I said J, he suggested I could do J for Jogging. Thanks Alistair, I never would have thought of that one.

This refers to a situation that happened for the first time quite early on in my GVS runs. It must have been a while ago because Peter Hill was out running. So, picture the scene. A group of us Strollers (as we were then called) were on our way back home (ie the basin car park), running down through a field which led to the road. I was ambling along at the back with Karen Thompson, thinking my usual encouraging thoughts, such as "Not long now," and "Nearly there, thank the Lord," when I heard a kind of whooshing, rushing noise from behind. Turning round as I ran (a skill not many people can lay claim to, I feel sure), I saw a whole crowd of Striders advancing at great speed and bearing down on our group. As the faster group mingled, overtook us and then disappeared into the distance, it made me think straightaway of that scene in Jurassic Park, where the dinosaurs and creatures overtake Sam Neil and the other people. I'm not making any allusions to anyone being dinosaurs, it just reminded me of that scene in the film.

Firstly, does anyone else remember that incident that evening? Secondly, does anyone else ever have these kinds of thoughts? Or is it just me? As Servalan said in Blake's 7, "There are no women like me. I am unique." I was a great fan of B7 in my younger days, anyone else out there a fan? Or is it just me? My friend Kate Adams has a fridge magnet that I really like. It has a picture of a beatific Jesus, holding out his hands lovingly to children and adults surrounding him, with the message underneath: 'Jesus is coming. Look busy.' I wholeheartedly agree with these sentiments with regard to running.



Many's the time I have been strolling along a path or a track (there's those tracks making another appearance), quietly (most of the time) minding my own business, only to spot on the far horizon a group of runners approaching. There's nothing else for it but to start running again and trying to appear as though I have some semblance of a person who is moving in a roughly forward direction and that this is all part of a carefully planned training programme ... people who know me better are allowed to disagree at this point!

I'll tell you a little bit about my friend Kate Adams. She is a retired teacher and we generally meet once a week when we can, to go for a walk on the hills surrounding Stalybridge, where she lives. We're usually out for about an hour, longer in the summer and as you can guess, we talk about teacher-y and school-y things and generally putting to rights the world of education (and why not?). We walk up a big mountain every time and it's really steep in parts (did you know there are mountains in Stalybridge? Well, all right, it's called Hob Hill) and Kate strides out and of course her brisk walk has me puffing and panting and bringing up the rear, as usual, I might add. BUT! I don't think I puff and pant quite as much as I used to, so I am getting better. However, it's fair to say my running pace is the same as most other people's walking pace.

Jackie's race Update

I don't think I'll include any more race updates and times. It seems that I have reached my peak of physical fitness (yes, it's true) and have started to take longer to complete some races than the first or second times I ran them in the past. In other words, I'm slowing down. Hard to believe, I know, but facts must be faced. Getting older and general decrepitude are obviously just around the corner. Or is it just me?

Night Of The Running Dead

A Halloween Special by Shaun Coram

The mist hung heavily upon the moors like a silvery shadow upon the Earth. Shards of ice clung to the grass and heather, the Peat compacted and frozen, a glittering sheen of iced snow covering its usual mundane appearance. A beam of light from beyond, trying to break the wall of mist, followed by many other beams, crisscrossing each other like a laser show at a Jon Michelle Jarre concert. Seconds later the compacted Peat is broken and the glistening snow is dispersed as a Trainer clad foot followed by many more break the ground. Through the mist a group of runners appear, climbing upwards towards a hill that is, as yet, invisible.

"Are we there yet?" shouts Mick struggling from behind the group. The leader looks back at them, "last big push!", he shouts, "come on lets get some effort in". At this the group pick up speed for the final effort. Mick lags behind, now clearly out of his depth. The group of seven runners finally reach the summit, though nothing can be seen from the dizzy heights of Crow Crag. "Bleeding hell, its freezing", pants Claire, "what are we waiting for?" Out of the mist ascends Mick, red-faced and gasping for air. "I think, due to the circumstances we should cut this one short tonight", states Paul, the leader of the pack. "The sky is bruising and the night draws in, we will cut back past Crag Cottage, it used to be a old farm, just at the bottom of Crow Crag. It has it's own little bridge that is a short cut across the river; it will save us two miles of running".

"Isn't that place cursed?" mentions Fred, a runner well into his late 50's.

"Old wives tales", snorts Mick. "I'm up for it, who else?" A vote is quickly cast and all but Fred agree to take the short cut. Though Fred reluctantly joins them on the view point at the thought of running home through the mist alone was the worse of the two evils. Or so he thought.

DANGER BEWARE OF A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH

The pack stare at the crudely written sign. "Can anyone tell me what would be worse than death?" asks Claire.

"Sniffing one of Willies socks after an Ultra!" Cackles Carl. This lightens the mood slightly and Paul slowly opens the badly made gate which creaks as it opens prompting a "Oohhhhh" from some of the runners. One by one they all step into the grounds of Crag Cottage. Paul picks out the path that will lead them the furthest from the cottage itself, which can just be made out through the icy mist. Fred stops momentarily at the sign, holds the cross dangling on his neck chain, and whispers a little prayer before crossing over the boundary.

"Is it me or has it just got a bit colder?" asks Marion, who is known to be quite timid. "If we pick up the pace we'll keep warm", remarks Fred, ever eager to get through the grounds as quick as his legs can carry him.

"I knew someone would say that", grumbled Mick, who was quite enjoying the slow pace. Despite Mick's reluctance the group pick up the pace, going further and further into the grounds of the cottage. Paul retrieves his map from his pack and announces, "I think we need to be heading downwards into this gully, this should take us to the bridge across the river". As the pack starts off again Marion trips and stumbles forward into some bushes. Claire holds out a hand to help her out of the bushes but is startled by a movement within the foliage and allows Marion to stumble back again.

"Owww!" Marion puts her hands behind herself to push up when she feels a stabbing pain in her hand. She quickly retracts her hand from the bush and shakes it wildly. "Oh blooming great, now ive been bitten by something!"

"I though I saw something, that's why I let go" said Claire. "Oh thanks a bunch". Paul and Carl help Marion back to her feet and inspect the bite. "Well it could have been worse" mentions Carl, "it could have been me". "Yer, ha ha, very funny" Marion says, "its bleeding but I think I'll survive". At this, the group continue to run again. A creature, unseen, moves from behind the bushes and heads off towards the opening door of the cottage. "I don't feel too well, can we slow down" shouts Marion to the rest of the group, who were now quite a few yards in front and looking rather lost. "I second that motion" shouts Mick, his was concerned for Marion and was also pleased for the company at the back. Marion sits down slowly on the grass and places her head in her hands and slumps forward, groaning in discomfort. Mick puts a hand on her shoulder and as he does so Marion spins her head around a takes a huge bite out of Mick's arm. Mick tries to wrestle

free but Marion jumps up with amazing agility and clamps her hands around his forearm and shoulder making this impossible. Mick lets out an almighty scream which pierces the still air of the night. The runners turn around and realise the carnage that is taking place behind them, Marion ripping into Mick's arm and then torso, taking huge chunks of flesh out with her teeth. They stare goggled eyed in silence until Paul breaks the silence, "What the -" whispers

Paul in shock. "What should we do?" Willie asks. At this Marion looks up, eyes red, mouth full of blood.. "Run away!" they all shout in panic.

They run, first all in different directions but quickly realising the error, they regroup and start descending into the gully in the vain hope of finding the bridge across the water. Behind them Marion leaves Mick thrashing in pain to chase the group. "Where are we going?!" shouts Carl "Oh, why don't I get the map and compass out?" replies the ever sarcastic Claire, "Oh, wait I cant, we're been chased by a half-crazed runner zombie, damn!"

"Keep it together, keep it together." Paul tries to reaffirm his role as the ever calm leader. "If we head down just through here we will come to the -". The gang abruptly halt at the river, staring at the wooden bridge which has collapsed into the fast flowing water. Paul stares like a goldfish in a bowl, his mouth frozen in a pursed expression. "Told you that place was cursed", chips in Fred. They look up at the top of the dip they had descended in to see the outline of Marion and the pure whiteness of her eyes and the blood red manic grin of her teeth.

"I'm sure we could negotiate around her", mentions Willie. Just on time to dispel this plan a rather dead looking Mick arrives at the top of the hill wearing the same maniac expression as Marion. "Can zombies swim?" asks Willie as he jumps into the rapids. The gang don't waste any time in following him. The realisation of the escape plan triggers home in the muted brains of Marion and Mick, they look into each others undead eyes with a unspoken communication. They launch themselves downwards and into the rapids. Whilst the gang in front fight the rapids the same can not be said for their pursuers. The rapids swerve to avoid contact with them, parting as they walk through, like the river itself wants to avoid contact with them. It is not long before Marion and Mick grab hold of the flailing legs of Carl and drag him down into the water. The gang take a glance backwards to see the spuming redness of the water behind them. Someone mutters "Poor Carl" but at the same time all are thinking the relief that it was neither of them.

The amount of time gained by Carl's untimely demise gives them time to ascend a hill. The mist has cleared enough to ensure that they can see enough distance to the river. They gather their breath and wait for some movement from the river. The flow of the water is disrupted below and three shadowy figures walk from the river and all at once stare up at the runners. "Well perhaps they can't run that fast." Paul remarks. The three zombies put their head backs and shriek loudly then return their glances at the group before starting to run up the hill with amazing speed. Mick charges in front of the group launching himself upwards. "You know it's ironic that Mick's running has improved so much since he has been dead." states Claire. The team gather their backpacks on and start descending the other side of the hill. In front of them, obscured slightly by fog, are the lights of a nearby building. They aim towards that. The zombies reach the pinnacle of the hill and stare downwards, they continue downwards with less haste, stumbling and falling after the runners below, who are picking their way through the descent with ease and precision. Paul casts a glance back; "Look, they're crap at descent. Woo hoo!"

"Thank heavens for small mercies", replies Claire who decides to speed up her descent to make the most of the chance they have got to put distance between them. "Wasn't it said that if you shoot them in the head it kills them?" asks Willie. "Kind of pointless information if you haven't got a gun", retorts Claire. The runners head towards the lights they see ahead. As they get down into the dip they notice the mist getting thicker again and take a bearing on the compass to ensure they head in the right direction. Paul directs the way with confidence, looking intently at his compass. He looks down at the compass then up at the mist, running faster and faster, looking down at his compass and up at the mist, down at his compass - up at the screaming fleshy skull of the undead Carl. Carl sinks his teeth into Paul's neck, tearing away at the jugular vein, blood spills from Paul's neck like claret from a overturned wine bottle. No sound emits from Paul as his vocal chords are dragged out by teeth in the viscous attack leaving the second runner Willie to run right into the flailing clutches of the other two zombies. Claire and Fred notice the predicament in time to turn quickly back on their heels and run, very quickly away. The zombies are too carried away in their attack to start the pursuit immediately, giving the final two runners an

other chance to put distance between them and the undead ex-friends. "Guess the blinking compasses are piggish useless then", fires a rhetorical question from Claire. Fred just mutters under his breath again about it all been trouble and they should have gone the long way round. "Yes, yes Fred, I get it, your blinking right; what do you blooming want- a Crackerjack pencil?" Both runners see the faded lights of a building through the mist, they turn and look behind and see that they are being pursued by five zombies. They quickly head towards the lights, hoping in vain that whoever was the owner of the cottage would be able to help. They run through the rough undergrowth of a wild garden leading up to the cottage. They look towards the front of the building and it's then they notice the crudely written sign:

DANGER BEWARE OF A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH

The door of the cottage slowly creaks open and as it does so it seems that the mist that surrounds them comes from the cottage itself. A cold chill is placed within the very souls of Claire and Fred and they stand frozen to the spot. A small hunched figure stands at the door, its shadowy shape made even more eerie by the green misty light from within the cottage. The figure steps out into the garden followed by a strange animal that resembles a wild monkey. The figure draws near and the face and shape of an old crone is now visible to the two runners. They also notice without turning the presence of the five undead are now stood behind them, also motionless, held by some spell or control from the crone and her familiar. The crone points slowly to Claire and utters through her pungent breath, "Her".

The Zombies grab hold of Claire and drag her flailing and screaming into the cottage. The Crone looks up at Fred and looks towards the sign where Fred stopped earlier. The Crone gives Fred a slow bow of her head then turns to walk back towards the cottage. She enters the building and the door slams shut. At the same time all the lights in the cottage go off and Fred slowly starts to jog back out of the grounds back up to Crow Crag to retrace his steps back into the village.

Fred walks towards the village, he can see a pub up ahead. A haze surrounds him and although he can see that it is clearly a noisy night in the pub, he can not quite make out any sounds. He is suddenly hit by a blinding light, though from where he can not determine. Around him icy particles of snow fall through the air the moonlight catches the frozen crystals and all at once Fred is again blinded by the light. Fred hears a low humming noise, it gets closer and closer, he shakes his head and it goes away. Fred feels numbed to everything around him. He walks into the entrance of the pub, people are partying all around him and a disco seems to be in full flight though he can not make out any records that are being played. A disco light catches his eyes and he squints, he hears a sound, like a old radio transmission, a sound from the DJ he supposes. He walks up to the bar and shouts to attract the attention of the publican but he is not heard. The humming returns, now increasing in intensity and volume until it is almost deafening. His eyes turn away from the bright lights. He notices a small object on the top of the bar, it is a novelty snow storm. Someone must have shaken it recently because he notices that the snow fills the tiny plastic globe. He peers into the glass and sees a tiny cottage, an old woman and what appears to be six bodies below her feet. He hears the radio sound again, getting louder, lights flash into his eyes. He blinks and as he blinks he looks around, he finds that he is not in the bar anymore, nor stood up, he is cold and lay down on a deep grassy verge. To his left lights are shining in his direction, he can make out the loud mechanical noise and constant radio conversations. He slowly turns to his right and he can see figures totally covered in blankets. One of the figures been lifted upwards by two people and across into the noisy machine, which he now realises is a helicopter.

"Try not to move mate" a voice sounds, flashing a torch into Fred's eyes. "What's going on?" Fred manages to gasp through frozen breath. "You're a lucky man, sir, to be alive. Didn't you see the sign at the top of Crow Crag?" Fred remembers. He remembers getting to the top of Crow Crag, he remembers the sign that said DANGER OF DEATH, he remembers Paul taking no notice, telling the team he'd run this way many times before. He remembers being hesitant and he remembers them falling one by one off the steep cliff side of Crow Crag only in desperation he managed to grasp at chunks of grass, slowing his fall. He remembers hitting the ground and looking at the lifeless bodies of his running friends before he passed out. "Lucky for you an old woman was walking her dog and noticed you down here, otherwise you would have had the same fate as your friends", continued the rescue man as he lifted Fred onto a stretcher and then into the Helicopter assisted by his friend.

Fred closed his eyes as the helicopter rose into the night sky and as he did he thought of the way his mind had interpreted this horrible incident and wondered which truth would have been the better.

Application to join the Goyt Valley Striders

Application Form

If you wish to join The Striders, or know anybody who wishes to join, then please complete the form below and send it to The Secretary. Membership fees are £12.00 for an individual and £24.00 for Family Membership. Membership runs from January to December each year.

Goyt Valley Striders Membership Application Form

Surname														SEX					
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First Name														Date of Birth					
<input type="text"/>														<input type="text"/>					
Postal Address														Day		Month		Year	
<input type="text"/>														<input type="text"/>		<input type="text"/>		<input type="text"/>	
<input type="text"/>														<input type="text"/>		<input type="text"/>		<input type="text"/>	
Town														<input type="text"/>		<input type="text"/>		<input type="text"/>	
County														Post Code					
<input type="text"/>														<input type="text"/>		<input type="text"/>		<input type="text"/>	
Day Phone Telephone Number														Home Telephone					
<input type="text"/>														<input type="text"/>		<input type="text"/>		<input type="text"/>	

I fully understand that I shall train and race with Goyt valley Striders running club entirely at my own risk, and that the organisers of Goyt Valley Striders running club are in no way responsible for any injury, illness or loss that I may suffer or any injury that I may cause during any activity connected with the club.

SIGNED:

DATE:

If under 16, signature of parent or guardian