

The Strider



April
2014

Newsletter of the Goyt Valley Striders



This edition:
Championship Tables
Phil and Sarah's C2C continues
Lakeland 50 Report

Info:

Membership 2014

Membership fees for 2014 will be £22 (with UKA Membership) or £12 (without UKA Membership) per adult (Children are Free). Please remember you **cannot** enter a UKA permitted race as a Goyt Valley Strider if you do not pay the UKA fee (2nd Claim Members Exempt) . Membership will now run from 1st of April to 31st March each year to bring it in line with the UKA year.

Payments this year can be made by either

- Sending me a Cheque or Paying me Cash.
- Paying direct into our bank account and put membership on it and sending me an email to let me know how much you have paid in and who you are paying for (if not I will not know you have paid!)

No Forms are required to be filled in. If you have any changes to your details please let me know as soon as you can. Send to: Kevin Day, Membership Secretary, 58 North Way, Hyde SK14 1RU

My email: goytvalleystriders@btinternet.com

Bank Details: Goyt Valley Striders. Sort Code: 208214 Account Number: 93545482

At the last AGM a number of changes were made to the committee membership. This is who we are and what we do:

Pete Hill: Chairman.

Sally Hunter: General Secretary. Co-ordination of different activities.

Brian Holland: Treasurer. Keeping track and looking after the club finances.

Kevin Day: Membership Secretary. Administering all new memberships and registering individuals with England Athletics.

Rebecca Glen: Race Fixtures Secretary. Selection of championship races and tracking results to keep championship tables updated.

Tracy Vernon: Social Secretary. Arranging the fun stuff. Ideas welcome.

Lucas Jones: Club Kit. Ordering, storing and selling club vests and T-Shirts.

Mark Whelan: Website. Maintaining our webpages - please send in any good photos for the site.

Steve Berry: Newsletter Editor/Publisher. Editing, printing and distributing the newsletter - articles always welcome.

Rosie Brook, Helen Parry, Karen Duddridge: Committee members. Feeding in ideas and views of fellow runners

Race Managers:

Kevin Day: Buxworth 5, Eccles Pike

Mary Jones: Whaley Waltz

Please use and abuse committee members – feed in ideas, concerns or anything else that will help the club. We aim to meet more or less monthly, minutes will be published on the web page – which is no longer password protected.

Officers

The Chairman: Peter Hill
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Keep those stories coming!

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



2014 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.

Club Championship Races for 2014 have been agreed as follows. The latest details of the races can be found on the website. Please note that some events are pre-entry and will fill up early.

Main, Ladies and Vets Championship Races:

1	Road	02-Feb	Sun	Alsager 5 (5)	S
2	Fell	02-Mar	Sun	Cloud 9 (9)	M
3	Fell	23-Mar	Sun	Edale Skyline (21)	L
4	Fell	27-Apr	Sun	Kinder Downfall (9)	M
5	Fell	03-May	Sat	Chunal (3)	S
6	Fell	07-May	Wed	Rainow (5)	S
7	Road	18-May	Sun	Eyam Half Marathon (13)	L
8	Fell	15-Jun	Sun	Passing Clouds (9.8)	M
9	Fell	13-Jul	Sun	Bollington Nostalgia (7.2)	M
10	Trail	16-Jul	Wed	Macclesfield Forest Five (5)	S
11	Fell	13-Sep	Sat	Half Peris Horseshoe (8.5)	M
12	Fell	21-Sep	Sun	Stanage Struggle (6.2)	M
13	Road	05-Oct	Sun	Burnley Fire Station 10k (6.2)	M
14	Road	01-Nov	Sat	Langley 7 (7)	M
15	Fell	09-Nov	Sun	Roaches (15)	L
16	Road	07-Dec	Sun	Stockport 10 (10)	M

Summer Series:

1	Fell	16-April	Herod Farm (3)
2	Fell	09-May	Hayfield May Queen (3)
3	Fell	04-June	Boars Head (7)
4	Fell	20-June	Fun on The Fells (3)
5	Fell	09-July	Wormstones (4)
6	Fell	24-July	Stoney Middleton (5)
7	Fell	06-August	Cracken Edge (7)

Race Distances:

S = Short

M = Medium

L = Long

2014 CHAMPIONSHIP TABLE

[illegible]

2014 LADIES CHAMPIONSHIP TABLE

[illegible]

2014 VETS CHAMPIONSHIP TABLE

		RACES																
Pos.	Name	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	Total
1	Ben Jay	57	55	56	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	168
2	Mark Whelan	56	54	54	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	164
3	Paul Hunt	55	53	52	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	160
4	Austin Boam	54	52	53	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	159
5	Neil Pettie	-	60	60	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	120
6	Paul Oakley	60	59	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	119
7	Brian Holland	58	56	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	114
8	Lee Grant	-	57	55	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	112
9	Tracy Vernon	53	51	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	104
10	Moirra Hunt	52	50	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	102
11	Wayne Grant	51	48	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	99
12	Christine Bowen	49	49	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	98
13	Sue Holland	50	47	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	97
14	Lucas Jones	59	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	59
15	Adrian West Samuel	-	-	59	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	59
16	Alex Elsworth	-	58	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	58
17	Kevin Douglas	-	-	58	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	58
18	Clare Griffin	-	-	57	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	57
19	Steve Hennessey	-	-	51	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	51
20	Helen Gray	-	46	-	-	-	-	-	-	-		-	-	-	-	-	-	46

YOUR CLUB NEEDS YOU!

Dates for your Diary :

Thursday 8th May: Buxworth 5 race - Marshalls needed.

Friday 9th May: Club Weekend Away - Organised by Chris and Dave Bowen.

Tuesday 13th May: May Away Day Run - Boars Head, Poynton .

Tuesday 10th June: June Away Day Run - Rainow.

Saturday 28th June: Whaley Waltz - Marshalls needed.

Sunday, June 29: Conservation Day. Volunteers working on a Peak Park project.

Saturday 5th July: Coffee Morning - raising money for our coffers and our profile in the community. We have a reputation now for providing wonderful cakes, so please think about contributing whatever you can – just bring it down on the morning or let me know and I'll keep it safe (?). We also need people to help serve the ever-appreciative residents of Whaley Bridge – let me know if you can help.

Tuesday 8th July: Away Day Run - Mellor.

TBA: Sting in the Tail Club run- winner is the person who best estimates the time they will take to run the route.

Sunday 20th July: Anniversary Half Marathon Club run. Open to all.

Tuesday 12th August: Away Day Run - Castleton.

Wednesday 13th August: Eccles Pike Race - Marshalls needed.

Tuesday 9th September: Away Day Run - Chinley.

November: Terry's race. In memory of Terry Lardner - Club run- winner is the person who best estimates the time they will take to run the route.

Mick Wren



Lakeland 50

Half the Length, twice the pain

Having the UTMB lined up for the following month I decided to err on the side of caution and do the Lakeland 50 this year instead of the 100. Thinking I'd cracked the secret of pain free endurance running in the Joss Naylor Lakeland Challenge three weeks previously was I in for a shock.

As usual I went up on the Thursday night and stayed in a youth hostel so that I got a early start and good camping spot on Friday morning. I had booked a bed in the newly renovated Ambleside hostel but that was closed due to structural problems being found so they moved me to Coniston Coppermines hostel instead. I met Daniel Milton, a L100 competitor, there. Surprisingly there were no other competitors staying.

Friday morning saw us pitch our tents not too far from the school on the road side of the field. I'd decided not to bring the big tent but did bring the porch to erect over the back of the

car so that I had a covered seating area, along with my North Face Westwind 2-man tent for sleeping in.

Home sweet home Slowly but surely the field filled with cars, campers and tents. Old friends and acquaintances turned up. Originally we had quite a few Goyt Valley Striders signed up for both the 100 and the 50 but this dwindled down to just three of us on race day, for a variety of reasons. There was Paul Hunt and Peter Davis doing the 100 and me on the 50. Other local (to Whaley Bridge) runners included Simon Moorhouse, Nick Ham (both 100) and Colin Wilshaw (50). My ultra friend Jenn Gaskell was also competing but had to get her leg taped up due to a strain in her lower leg.

I had thought that watching the 100 start would be very strange having taken part in the previous 2 years but it felt like watching any other start. I kept myself busy taking photographs.

This promised to be an interesting 100 race with previous winners Terry Conway and Stuart Mills present. I was also interested in what Charlie Sharpe would do. I first came across Charlie in last October's Dusk 'til Dawn 50 miler where he waltzed round in the dark in a mere 8 h 57m. Since then he'd been winning or getting podium places on a number of low profile (and some not so low) events, including beating teams as a solo runner, so it was going to be interesting to see what he'd do on this course.



*A pensive Paul Hunt
at the start*



The story of these elite runners is interesting. Stuart employed his usual run like hell and hang on strategy. This worked as, apart from the first control at Seathwaite where he was second, he took first place and

kept it to the finish in 22 h 17m.

Terry went round in 3rd and 4th places but succumbed to illness and packed at Buttermere. Charlie employed a very different strategy to Stuart and started very conservatively with 27th place at Seathwaite and slowly moving up to 11th at Braithwaite. By Blencathra he was in the top ten and gradually moved from 6th to 3rd between there and Tilberthwaite. He picked off the 3rd runner on the run in to Coniston to gain an impressive 2nd place (he was a late entrant so hadn't reced as much as he might have) in 23h 02m.

Next year will prove to be interesting if they all return.



Charge of the 100 Brigade

Back to us mere mortals, the 300 or so runners set off at the usual suicidal dash through Coniston.

I then did my own dash up to the start of Walna Scar Road to catch them coming down from the Coppermines valley. I managed to catch them all,

except for Peter who slipped through without me spotting him.

I then watched them disappear up Walna Scar Road before heading back to base and a good night's sleep.

Disappearing into the sunsetBefore getting some sleep I checked in on the progress of the 100 runners that I knew. I noticed Paul was way down at Seathwaite and immediately knew something was wrong. I texted him and received the reply that he'd gone over on his ankle at the top of Walna Scar Road and hobbled his way down to the checkpoint. Fortunately, another runner who dropped out at Seathwaite was

a doctor and diagnosed Paul's ankle as having torn ligaments. It eventually swelled up to twice the normal size. Somehow, after getting a lift back to Coniston he drove home during the night.

Of the remaining 100 runners, Jenn retired at

Buttermere not wanting to worsen the damaged leg any further with the UTMB only a month away, Peter retired at Dalemmain, Daniel retired at Kentmere and Simon retired at Ambleside. Nick made it back to Coniston in 33:37. He also had the UTMB to tackle.

So, getting some sleep that Friday night, instead of tramping over Black Sail pass, didn't feel as strange as I thought it would and I managed to get a good night's sleep. The morning went quickly enough and we were soon on the fleet of buses to Dalemmain. Colin and I managed to get an early bus so we had plenty of time to relax in the shade of a tree at Dalemmain and cheer the 100 runners on their approach to the Dalemmain checkpoint marquee. It's then time for us to perform.

The new start time of 11:30 arrived and we were off. The initial 4 mile loop around the



Paul Hunt (Hoka Shocka)

Dalemain estate was new to me. It was also very hot.

It consisted of a rolling trackless route through grassy fields which brought us out at Dacre castle then back along to Dalemain House along the 100 course.

You would have thought that I'd learnt my lesson back in 2011 during the Ridgeway Challenge run when I set off far too fast feeling cocky after my L100 success. My legs were wrecked for the next 75 miles. Back on the L50 I now did exactly the same feeling cocky after my relatively painless Joss Naylor Challenge. (The fact that it was only three weeks

previously wouldn't have helped either). I stormed through the first leg to Howtown covering the 10.2 hilly miles in a little over an hour and a half, passing Nick on the way down.

Approaching the Cockpit Stone Circle I then paid the price for the next 40 miles. The cramps started on the way up Fusedale. Actually, to be accurate, they started the week before as I was getting calf cramps in bed most nights in the previous week so something was afoot.

Once up onto the top I managed to shuffle between the Kops. Just before reaching the turning point where we dropped down to Haweswater I heard a runner coming up behind me. I could tell it was a woman from the breathing noises but these were combined with a healthy dose of spitting like a trooper. This turned out to be Rachel Ball from the ubiquitous Sunderland Strollers. She eventually finished in an excellent 2nd lady position. She passed me tootling along like a Duracell Bunny and went chasing a group of three runners in front. Problem was they'd missed the turning down to Haweswater. I initially thought they were being sticklers to the route and not chopping off the corner but they carried on heading off towards the Pennines. I called them back, much to their relief.

I don't remember much about the run alongside Haweswater apart from feeling sorry for



the hikers trying to come in the opposite direction. One other memory was passing a young man who was wearing very minimal Inov8s who looked as if his feet were very sore (after less than 20 miles). I later found out who he was. He packed at Mardale. He later attempted the UTMB CCC in only slightly less minimal shoes and packed after 30 miles. I wonder if he's got the message yet.

At the Mardale checkpoint the Delamere Spartans did a grand job of manning the checkpoint. The portaloos also came in handy but no repeat of last year's stomach problems thankfully. The climb up Gatesgarth went

OK. I chose to leave the checkpoint with empty bottles and fill up at the stream near the top to save carrying it up the hill. The cramps really kicked in on the way down. I found that I could eventually get moving on the downhills and somehow break through the cramps. It was on the uphills and slow technical sections that the cramps literally crippled me.

For once I managed to leave Kentmere in a reasonable time, after sampling their lovely smoothies and pasta. Colin arrived as I left. I shuffled my cramped way up Garburn being passed all by a number of runners. Fortunately I managed to breakthrough the cramp and get a decent move on down into Troutbeck.

I was reduced to a walk over to Ambleside until the down hill when I got going again.

It was like the Tour de France with the crowds leading into the new checkpoint (which I found cramped and



*Mardale Checkpoint
photo Amanda Seims*

hot so didn't hang around long). On leaving the checkpoint the heavens opened. I sheltered under a tree while I put my jacket on. The cramps were attacking me all along the next section. Every muscle below my knees was in spasm.

I managed a jog along the riverside to Elterwater where I suffered the ignominy of being passed up the hill to the quarry by a couple of 100 milers (who I'd just passed). I managed to run into the checkpoint with them, passing the cheering drinkers outside the Wainwrights Inn in Chapel Stile. This checkpoint keeps moving further along the route each year. At it's current rate it'll be in Consiston by 2019. I don't want to complain but I found the Heinz big soup a poor substitute for the lovely thick stews served up in 2011.

The cramps were now reducing me to a very painful walk. The rocky section after Blea Tarn proved very difficult. I couldn't control my feet as the cramps were making them point downwards and in random directions. Not ideal when careful foot placement is required. I do remember being able to run the road section into Tilberthwaite. I was quickly in and out of this checkpoint as I believed that a sub-12 hour time was still just about on the cards.

This was where my wheels well and truly came off. As I climbed out of Tilberthwaite I began to feel weaker and weaker. I somehow made it over the rocks and onto the flatter section where I had to stop and rest my head on my poles feeling extremely weak and sick. I came round a bit but the next couple of miles was pure misery. People came streaming past me (19 in all) as I trudged to the col above Coniston Coppermines. I felt a bit better by this point but then I tried to descend.

As I began to drop down towards Coniston the pain from the cramps brought me to a stop. I couldn't move forward. I tried walking backwards but the ground wasn't suitable for that.

I'm not sure how I got down but I eventually made it to the more runnable ground and managed to get going again. I ran the rest of the way to the finish arriving at 3 minutes to midnight in a time of 12 hours 24 minutes 117th out of 583 starters and 482 finishers. At least I managed to finish in the same day that I set off. Colin turned up some 20 minutes later.

Overall, in the circumstances I'm pretty pleased with that result. Still inside the upper

quartile. It could have been a whole lot worse if I hadn't been able to get some decent down-hill runs in. I learnt my lesson though. I would not be setting off quickly in the UTMB.

Checkpoint	Time of Day Elapsed	Leg	Position
Pre Start Dalemain	Sat 11:26:37	----	----
Start	Sat 11:32:45	----	----
CP9 Howtown Bobbin Mill	Sat 13:11:15	01:38:30	01:38:30 53rd (583)
CP10 Mardale Head	Sat 15:37:39	04:04:54	02:26:24 83rd (578)
CP11 Kentmere Village Hall	Sat 17:24:22	05:51:37	01:46:43 96th (550)
CP12 Ambleside	Sat 19:25:43	07:52:58	02:01:21 101st (530)
CP13 Langdale	Sat 20:45:54	09:13:09	01:20:11 96th (495)
CP14 Tilberthwaite	Sat 22:37:19	11:04:34	01:51:25 98th (487)
Coniston Finish	Sat 23:57:26	12:24:41	01:20:07 117th (482)

Thursday Night Training

At the start of the year, a group of us decided to get out on a Thursday night for some speed/hill training sessions - like Mark's Wednesday sessions for the big boys and girls, but aimed more at the athletes in the social and intermediate groups who run at a more reasonable pace!

We had a lot of fun, and decided we want to carry on getting out on Thursdays, but we decided to drop the focus on specific training sessions and drills for the summer, and just 'go for a run'. It would be really good to see more people out, and maybe get to the point where we have several groups going out at different paces as we do on Tuesdays.

We meet at the canal basin for a 7pm start and decide on routes depending on who's there. Please come along and join us. If you need further encouragement, a few of us usually head to the Goyt Inn after the run to undo the damage done by dehydration.

Some of us have decided to use the sessions as training for the 'not-the-offical-half-marathon' in July, and we may try to gradually increase the distance and the time we're out for, with the aim of getting up to 10 miles or so - which could be a couple of hours or a bit more at the pace we go. We'll try to ensure that there are always options available for anyone who doesn't want to run that far.

Hope to see you soon on a Thursday evening at the canal basing (or in the Goyt).

petefoth

CLUB HALF MARATHON

If there is enough interest Kev Day will put on a Half Marathon for club members only.
The Race will be free but Kev MUST know you want to do it.

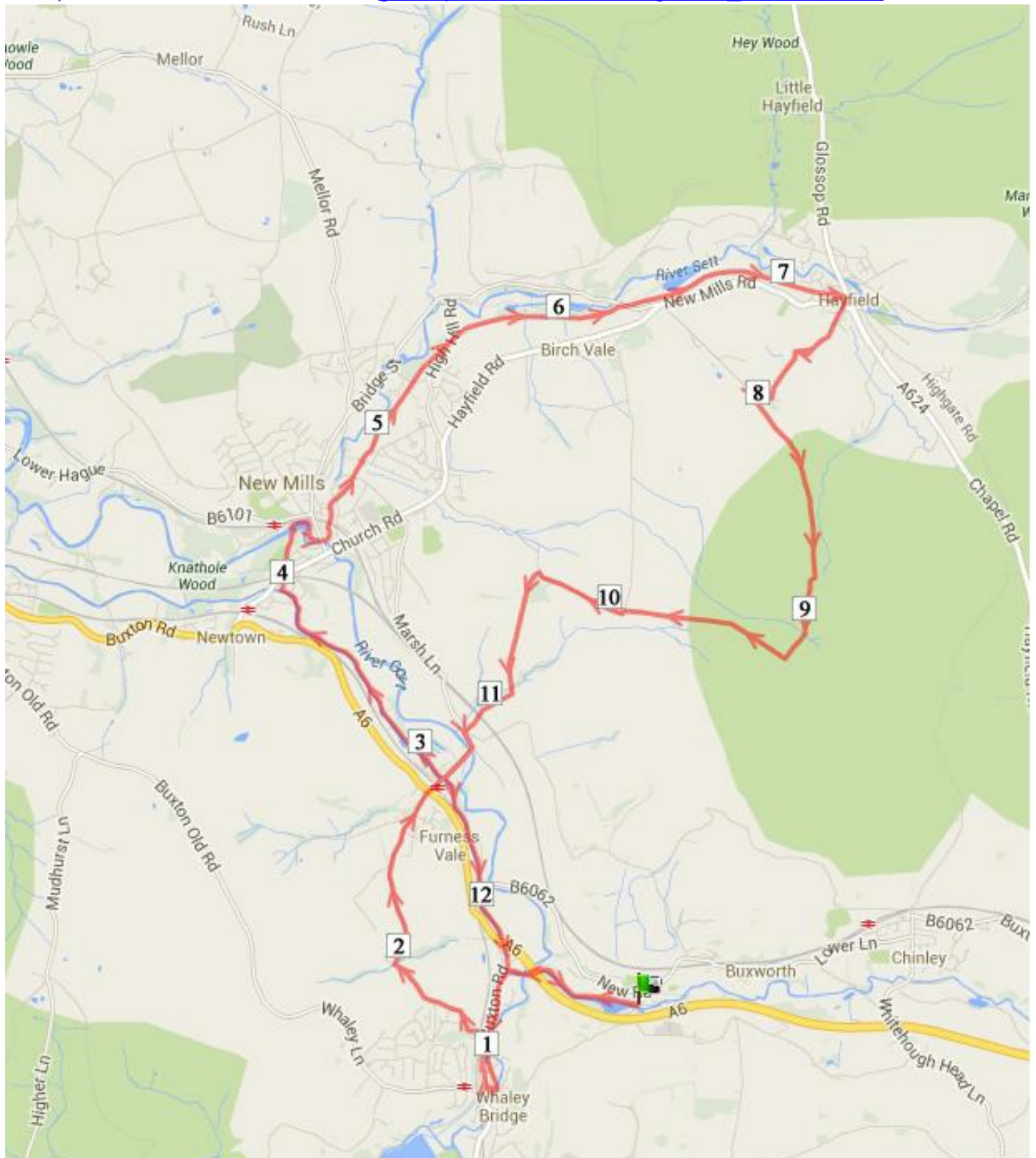
Race Date: Sunday 20th July

The race will start and finish at Buxworth.

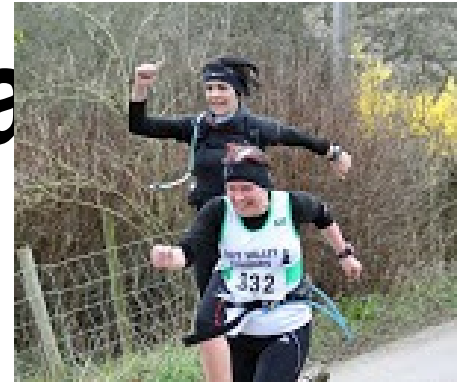
The race will be trail going via New Mills and Hayfield.

The course will be marked but NOT marshalled.

A map of the route can be found at: gb.mapometer.com/running/route_3817377.html



Philomena and Sara Coastal Adventure



THE EPIC STORY CONTINUES . . .

Our page: <http://uk.virginmoneygiving.com/team/coastaladventure>

DAY TWO - "Your negative comments are not helping"

That summed up today really - Phil's comment to me. Today has been really hard, but we always knew cramming 56 miles of Lakes into two days was going to test us.

The day did not start well as within a few minutes of waking up we were subject to "sockgate in Seatoller". A pair of brand new socks which were drying on the radiator had gone missing during the night. They were nowhere to be seen, this was a disaster. The next ten minutes was a frantic search of the bedroom looking for them, wondering who on earth could steal them. The mystery was soon solved though as the socks magically appeared perfectly laid out in Philomena's case. She hadn't put them there apparently, it must have been the sock fairy or maybe she sleep walked.

Who knows, but that was 10 minutes we'll never get back. That and the dead fly in the orange juice set the scene for a difficult day.

We had a quick breakfast of cereal and toast as they didn't usually serve breakfast until 8am but we knew we had a long, long day ahead and wanted to be out by 7.30am, which we were on the dot. We looked like intrepid travellers as we had our gloves and socks attached to the back of our bags to dry and we decided we

could pretend that we had been camping instead of staying in lovely comfy beds. We bid farewell to the lovely lady at the B&B and hit the paths.

The road to Rothswaite was unknown to us but was a good fun route and we got there fairly quickly.

From herein we have rechecked the route and felt more confident. It was so much drier than last time and we made our way past Eagle Crag much more comfortably than before. Bizarrely we didn't feel any ill effects from yesterday's run but we knew that we would probably get tired quicker today.

The next section was the part that worried us. On top of Greenup Edge the view was spectacular but there was some low cloud ahead where the land was boggy and navigation difficult. I

also had the added burden of somehow being responsible (in Karl's eyes) of pulling Phil out of bogs. I am delighted to say however with a big of help from the compass and the cairns we got over the bogs and before we knew it were flying (at approximately 2 miles per hour) towards Grasmere. Unfortunately on the way down I slipped quite a way in some attractive poo like mud and it looked like I'd had rather a messy accident.

We knew at this point that Maz and Sally were



out and about to say hello. It was uplifting to know that we were going to see someone familiar and they were very pleased to see us (probably as they'd been waiting a



while!). In hindsight we're so pleased and grateful that they came out then as we had the long, hard slog up Tongue Gill towards Grisedale Tarn. This had the potential to be long, hard and depressing, but company distracted us and we had to dig deep and carry on!

Maz and Sally left us at Grisedale Tarn and then we were just focused on getting to Patterdale. We met so many people on the way and it was lovely to chat away to people about what they were doing. I'd love to say we had fun and frolics on the way to Patterdale but we didn't. Phil felt sick, I felt sad, our legs were like jelly and we wanted to call a taxi to go home.

Arriving into Patterdale we were so so tired, we called into the Post Office and left with a beautiful pork rib sandwich which we shared on the climb to Boredale Hause. This bit for us was undoubtedly the hardest, toughest and tiring slog. It went on for a long, long time. Our legs hurt, the sun was too hot and we had just had enough. We also knew that we still had to keep climbing to Kidsty Pike, the highest on the route and we had got lost on this part in the reece. Fortunately around this point we got some phone signal for the first time in 36 hours and we rang Karl and

Stephen. It was nice to hear their voices and encouraged us to keep going, as did all the texts which suddenly came flooding in and Steve H telling us to keep going.

From Kidsty Pike it was all downhill and how we whooped as we went. By this point we had been going for hours and hours and hours. The sun was too warm and I felt light headed as we headed down towards Haweswater and food was in order again, as well as a little sit down and some water.

We had 4 miles to go, in ordinary terms that just over 30 mins but today we would have been happy to do it in 2 hours. Despite having been on our feet for over 8 hours somewhere we had the energy to run and were absolutely delighted to reach Bampton in 8hr 55 with just over 27 miles done and a lot of climbing.

The mile walk to the B&B was soul destroying but it was so nice to get somewhere and sit in a nice ice cold bath and ease our muscles. We've had yet another lovely dinner and are all ready for bed. We are exhausted.

Today was hard, we are knackered. We've got to get up tomorrow and do it all again and it looks like the rain will get us tomorrow. But we will do it. We've found out tonight that we've raised over £2,000 for Roy Castle which is amazing. We've had so many lovely texts today and they really do give you a boost and a little spring in your step which is what's needed today.

What's been good today is that whilst we've had a lot of lows, we do have them at the same time and we get out of them fairly quickly and it's amazing how you can find energy within

minutes when you're ready to collapse not long before. We've had minutes of mild hysteria as well for absolutely no reason.

Overall today it has been hard and it's been a huge challenge, mental as well as physically. Tomorrow we do it all again.



DAY THREE - "We don't know where we're going but we're getting there"

Ouch, ouch, ouch - those were the cries of pain from me and Phil as we laid in bed this morning both of us too scared to get up as the lower parts of our bodies seemed to have given up the ghost.

We hobbled out of bed and limped around the room, a little troubled by our lack of mobility.

But fear not - we are not the types to give up; we thought of a unique plan. Minutes later we were dancing around the room to the sound of "Manic Monday" by the Bangles and "Wake me up before you go" by Wham. Hey presto and the legs were back in action.

We had a delightful breakfast of Special K, toast and jam and a banana and we can absolutely highly recommend if you ever stay at Bampton, the Bampton Post Office is the place to stay.

The man is wonderful. He let us wash and dry our clothes for free, provided us with everything we needed and got up extra early to serve us breakfast. He even sponsored us. He was lovely. We have been so fortunate and stayed at so many lovely B&B's so far and there is no way we could do this the way Steve did the Pennine Way and camped. I think we'd have got a taxi home by now.

We set off a little later at about 8am, planning to walk the mile back to the road where we left off last night and really not looking forward to it. The man at the B&B however suggested a better route to rejoin the C2C and herein we encountered our first problem - we agreed that it sounded a good idea but as we set off, we both later realised that in fact beyond the first two sentences of instructions. neither of us had listened!

We looked at the map to discover that our current location wasn't even on the map as we're using Harvey strip maps. We then did something which may have gone terribly wrong but fortunately didn't, as we set a compass point off the top of the map (God knows where from)

and just set it to where we wanted to go. We had a few miles of uncertainty as we had to retrace our steps down a path to a dead end and back, but we came to a signpost which announced Shap and how relieved were we! First test passed.

Today's scenery was not thrilling, crossing the M6 was certainly a bizarre experience but we got a toot and a wave from a lorry driver.

The miles ticked away as we passed Oddendale and we played a few songs as we ran happily down the hills. It's amazing but despite 56 miles in our legs they still work! The running terrain was so much easier today, soft under foot and the challenge today wasn't climbing and tripping over rocks but the navigation. We found the limestone

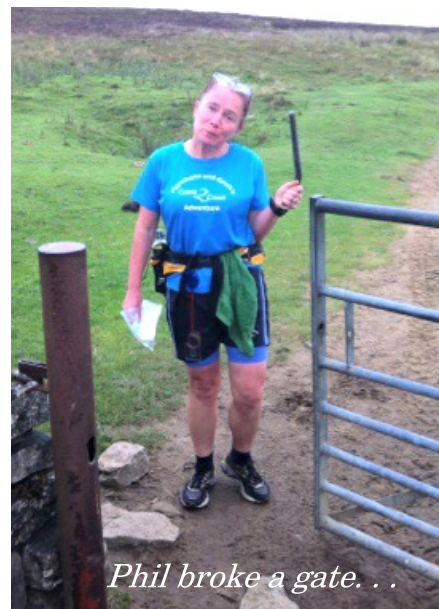
pavements - although pretty - were a bit slippery and could have proved disastrous for clumsy people like us.

After this point we encountered a couple who were puzzling over a map - and guess what? - we helped them! We pointed them in the right direction as we skipped off down the hill to "The Definitive 80's" playing from our pocket.

En route we found a farm that served refreshments and having discovered early on that there wasn't many places to get water today we filled up with orange cordial. To be honest the woman was a bit of a miserable cow and £2 for orange cordial was a bit harsh and so to get our own back we used her toilet which was clearly marked "For guests only" and felt much better about everything.



We made some friends along the way



Phil broke a gate. . .

Around about this point we had different route choices but we were very good and agreed on the best route and it actually turned out quicker and shorter.

And we ran and ran and walked and ran and walked and walked and ran through fields of cows, cow poo, sheep, bogs and mile after mile of nothingness - but by god did we run!

So far we've been so lucky with the weather with only a few bursts of rain and wind but the forecast today wasn't great. We felt like we were racing the rain all of the time today but 4 hours into our run it hit us. It was the fine rain that's soaks you through and it carried on all the way until the end.

As we approached the end we saw a tempting sight of alter-



native transport but we were so close we decided not to cheat

So 23.8 miles in 6 hours 23. We have done it. We have

done day three. We are tired but happy. Sadly it would seem that our days are not without some form of trauma and today it was "bag gate" as the Sherpa claimed that one of our bags was overweight and that a bag handle had broken. We are currently conducting our own investigation into "bag gate" but I can assure you that having run for over six hours I was not happy about having to spend an hour sewing my bag! I was also further disappointed to note that on borrowing scales to weigh the offending bags that I discovered I weigh MORE than when I set off! What!?! Phil is thinner (cow). I will therefore have to force her to eat. I am not happy.

So, things to note that happened today:-

1. Phil trapped my hair in a zip (it isn't and wasn't funny)

2. We played "Treasure Hunt" with stop the clock but couldn't decide whether Anneka told Wincey Willis or Kenneth to stop the clock - do you know, things like this start to matter.

3. We walked through three fields of cows without pooing ourselves.

4. We provided navigational assistance to a third party.

5. We haven't fallen over, fallen out or got lost.

6. The man whose gate Phil broke hasn't found her.

7. We burped a lot.

8. We made a bloody good team today with our navigation and we have amazed even ourselves.



Our bodies hurt tonight, our legs and our bingo wings (Phil says she hasn't got any, I think the hallucinations have set in) ache a lot. We stretched and used "the stick" to roll away the lumps and bumps in our legs which has been very painful. Had anyone stood outside our room tonight they may have suspected that perhaps we were engaged in a bit of "how's your father" judging by the noises we were making - we weren't.

We've had a lovely curry and lots and lots of water as I've decided that my extra weight has to be water retention - surely?

So now we retire to bed. We are both dreading tomorrow. 32 miles *sob*. I hope it's ok, I have no idea how we'll feel in the morning but we've studied the maps tonight and we know what we've got to do - dig deep and carry on. Next stop Richmond!

DAY FOUR - That's another fine mess you've got us into!

That thought crossed our minds many times today and with good reason. We knew it was going to be tough, when we set off we had no idea how tough!

We had a slightly later start than perhaps we should have done, having woken up and done our stretches and discovering that yes, we can still walk. A miracle!

Breakfast involved Phil throwing an open jam pot on the beautiful beige carpet in the B&B and the table. This prompted mild hysteria for absolutely no reason from both of us. It was going to be one of those days!

We trundled off in the direction of the quarry, stopping after a few yards to have our picture taken by some lovely chatty men. We felt quite happy at this point.



Three miles later we were not happy having climbed persistently up a road passing lots of road kill, not the best close up views. Looking back the road was boring and hilly and long. We were not feeling very good.

We were delighted to find the arrow pointing us away from the road and felt fairly confident as we went. We'd already decided to take the lower route as the mist was down and the rain had made it very boggy. Unfortunately this meant not seeing Nine Standards Rigg but time was not on our side today.

We trundled along over ankle turning bogs for a few miles and then everything went a bit Pete Tong so to speak. The mist had fallen and we didn't really know where we were as nothing seemed to fit on the map.

I think that this is possibly the first time we have been worried. We were tired from our climb and couldn't see much. We yet again turned to the map and compass and managed to align the map north and following a bearing in the direction we should have gone. It's weird, you feel so lost

but then in a few minutes you work out where you are and it's ok again. We were quite happy then!

We then dropped down on to a road and we entered North Yorkshire and how happy we were. We decided to have a little music at this point and had a nice little sing along to Jools Holland "Accentuate the positives" which was very apt, Kaiser chiefs and a bit of Sinitta. We were very jovial at this point. This changed rapidly.

We obediently followed the C2C sign post to the left and there was a mention of it being a little bit boggy. It was a lie. It was very boggy. There was no clear path and we lost all recognition of anything on the map compared to where we were. We meandered through the bogs for what felt like hours, sometimes knee deep. All we had was a compass bearing. It was quite frightening. I don't know how long we were up in the bogs but we agreed we had to get down to the stream to try and work out where we were.

We have both later said at that point we had doubts if we could do the planned mileage and a taxi may have been in order. We managed to get down but we had gone way off course and had to use bearings to get back on the path. By this point we were tired, hungry and a little worried as we had not even covered 10 miles and been out for nearly 4 hours and were seriously concerned we'd be out for 12 hours.

There were times of hysteria though as Phil fell into bogs and we nearly wet ourselves



laughing at the uselessness of the situation we were in. It was that or cry.

We found another C2C sign only to discover we had to go the long way round to get to the path. At this point any extra distance was depressing and we were both very quiet. When we finally got to the road we were delighted to



meet civilisation and other people. Just to talk to someone else and know we were on the right path was reassuring. We were very, very worried about time though and even reaching Keld which is the half-

way point for C2C was not enough to lift us.

So on we went, collecting water from the water falls.

Having agreed all was well and we'd dig deep, Phil confidently told me the way to go. Unfortunately for her and me the map was the wrong way round and she was sending us off on the pennine trail. It was not amusing. We agreed we were tired but had to pay more attention and set off up to Swinner Gill.

To cut a long story short we needlessly scrambled through head high ferns alongside a fence, with Phil disappearing at one point. Realising this was somehow wrong we sheepishly appeared from the ferns to some fellow walkers who probably

thought that judging by the state of our hair we'd been up to some "how's your father". We hadn't. So off we set. Again.

This time we stuck to the map and were very, very good. So much so we had a little sing and dance along the way to "Jump" and other inspiring 80's tracks. We came across some stunning ruins. In hindsight we should have sat down and waited for help but stupidly we pushed on as I kept asking Phil are we at 20 miles yet and her answer was never yes.

Our next navigational challenge was at Bunton Hush with its four fingered sign post which we couldn't work out. By this time I had no idea on my map where we were and Phil's pretty map was not proving much use either. We discounted the correct track on the basis it was too steep, the book advised us to take the map "going steeply up". The clue is in the description. We are stupid. We didn't and took the other path. We zig zagged on and on and on and on following a compass bearing and then spotted a post in the distance. We finally got onto the right track and looking down we could see the steep climb which we discounted.

The following track was dull as Wainwright promised it would be. At this point I learnt the hysteria of navigating with a dyslexic woman who has lost her glasses. I casually asked if she knew where we were and she proudly announced we were at "John Mains Track" and wasn't it good it had a name. I couldn't see this very accurate description of such a vague track on my map so I checked Phil's pretty picture map. Yes, this said "Join main track". It's a good job I have a strong pelvic floor. It was much needed laughter on a hard day.

We then dragged our sorry arses into Reeth in silence. Having since talked about it we were



both about to cry at the fact we had 11 miles to go and had been out for hours. We had pain everywhere and were hungry and tired. This was not fun.

Reeth was lovely. We bought

food, drinks and downed pain killers. Our socks were changed and then off we went. We both had a little pep talk and agreed that we can do this.

The route was so much flatter and no bogs to be seen, just lovely soft beautiful fields. We felt so joyful at regaining some energy as we passed Marrick Priory. This was our appropriate song as we climbed the Nuns Steps towards Marske:

"Oh you'll never get to heaven in a biscuit tin because The Lord won't let no crummy ones in"

"Oh you'll never get to heaven in a playtex bra, because a playtex bra won't stretch that far"

These apparently are Girl Guide songs. We were happy again.

After this the end was in sight with still more fields, but these fields contained cows, some of them a little frisky which ended up with an unplanned escape over a stone wall. This is not easy when you've run 34 miles and your buttocks hurt.

The road followed and this was hell. It hurt everything. The woods followed and this was great as it meant we were near the end.

The road followed and this was even better as it led to the chip shop where we collapsed and ate chips and steak pie.

We turned up at the clean B&B soaking wet, tired but relieved.

We knew it was going to be hard but today has pushed us beyond what we thought we could do. We have navigated ourselves out of scary situations, but we have done it. We are both in pain and probably going to cry soon as it hasn't sunk in yet that we've done it. 34 miles in 10 long hours and 23 minutes. Mentally today was tough but we worked together and pulled each other through. I can't imagine doing this with anyone but Phil. We have laughed so much today when perhaps we should have cried.

If anyone ever says the walk is well sign posted in Yorkshire it's a big fat lie!

Day five tomorrow. Hopefully it's flatter, it's definitely shorter. It's got to be better!

TO BE CONTINUED . . .

For those of you with children...

Junior parkrun is a series of 2km runs for children aged between 4 and 14 with the emphasis on participation and fun.

Marple Juniors parkrun plans to take place weekly on a Sunday and is due to start on **May 11th**.

For further details see:

www.facebook.com/juniorkparkrunUK

www.parkrun.org.uk/events/juniorevents/

Club Kit

We have the following club Kit available for you to purchase:

Men's vests - small, medium, large and extra large.

Ladies' vests - all sizes with bar extra large (sizes vary between S, M, L and 8,10,12,14,16)

Men's zip-up T-shirts - medium, large and extra large

Ladies' zip-up T-shirts - 10, 12, large and extra large

Training T shirt (white) - just one; medium

Any of the above will now cost just £10 whilst we source a new vest supplier.

We also we have a limited stock of fleeces (small, medium, large), High-Vis training T-shirts in all sizes. These are all available at £15 each.

Please Contact Lucas Jones for your kit requirements: mrllucasjones@btinternet.com

2013 Awards

Club Championship

3 rd Place	Mary Jones
2 nd Place	Pail Hunt
Club Champion	Raj Maharjan

Ladies Club Championship

3 rd Place	Sally Mitchell
2 nd Place	Tracy Vernon
Ladies Champion	Mary Jones

Veterans Championship

3 rd Place	Mary Jones
2 nd Place	Pail Hunt
Club Champion	Raj Maharjan

Summer Series Championship

= 2 nd Place	Raj Maharjan
= 2 nd Place	Lee Grant
Summer Series Champion	Lucas Jones

Terry's Race

Alistair Fitzgerald

Sting in the Tail

Steve Berry

Chairman's Award

Philomena Smith & Sarah Bull

Keep on Running Award

Helen Parry

