

The Strider



July
2010

Newsletter of the Goyt Valley Striders

Race Reports include:

6633 Ultra

Grindleford Gallop

Edale Skyline

**E is for Ex-Factor
Championship
Standings
Shaun gets scary
(again)
Plus much more!**



Editor's Waffle

Welcome to the July edition of the Goyt Valley Striders newsletter. Ok, not so much news this time but lots of race/run reports are included.



So put the kettle on, throw the dog off your favourite chair and settle down for a nice, relaxing read.

You'll be taken on a trip to the Arctic Circle with Nik Cook, Hadrian's Wall with Brian and Sue Holland and closer to home with articles by Lissa Cook, Mick Wren and Stephen Sanders.

It's great to see some new contributors amongst our regulars and I hope this encourages more of you to share your experiences/musings with us – it really can be very satisfying to see your work on the printed page.

Speaking of regular contributors, this edition also sees Will Meredith being escorted off a mountain for being dozy and Jackie Tomeny does another sterling job with the letter "E".

Shaun has written another bedtime story for the kids and can be seen regularly running at night with a torch. That's a flaming torch, not a "flashlight". Beware.

Still no recipes or "Meet The Strider" feature yet but I live in hope (no pun intended and anyway I live in Chapel).

Philomena has just let me know that there are only 6 places left for the Christmas bash – so you better be damn quick if you're still procrastinating. Tickets have been VERY popular this year.

Kettle's boiled – enjoy.

Steve Berry

Whaley Waltz 2010

Picture courtesy of BFJ Photography
jimsadleremail@gmail.com

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Enquiries to:

enquires@goytvalleystriders.org.uk

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



By Nik Cook

The Iceman Cometh . . .

For me, running an ultra is the best way to truly appreciate an environment.

I'd never be so arrogant as to think I'm challenging or "taking on" nature (you'll always get your butt kicked!) but, by treading light, pushing your own boundaries of endurance and embracing the highs and lows that ultra-running inevitably involves, you can attain a wonderful and totally immersive experience of some of the most wonderful places on our planet.

Having already raced in the dry heat of the Sahara, the humidity of Malaysia, the mountains of the Indian Himalayas and throughout the UK, a "cold race" was next on my tick list.

I'd initially chosen the Rock and Ice Diamond Ultra (www.rockandiceultra.com) a six-day stage race covering 140 miles, but, due to the global economic meltdown the 2010 edition was cancelled. I knew that my old friend and comrade from the 2000 Marathon des Sables, Martin Like, organised a race in the Arctic and after a couple of e-mails and phone discussions, I found myself on the start roster for the 2010 6633 Ultra (www.6633ultra.com).

Offering either a 120-mile or 350-mile option the 6633 Ultra is so named because it's the only ultra that crosses into the Arctic Circle (66 degrees 33 minutes latitude). Competitors in the 120-mile race have three days to cover the distance and 350-mile racers eight days. Stepping up from the relative ease of a stage race to a continuous event with potentially much more hostile conditions and with no previous Arctic experience, I opted for the 120-mile race.

Getting to the start

After a flight to Vancouver, followed by an internal connection, I arrived at "The Capital of the Yukon" Whitehorse. The scale of the Canadian north and its remoteness is hard to comprehend. The Yukon alone is 30% larger than California, but only has a total population of under 30,000 and 23,000 of those live in Whitehorse.

After a few days getting over jet-lag, acclimatising, kit checks, safety briefings and a practice bivi on a frozen lake, we made the 5 hour drive north to Dawson City. On the drive we saw elk, coyotes, a porcupine, a lynx and soon, besides the road, not a trace of human habitation.

Dawson City (population 1327) is a throw-back to the days of the Gold Rush and still has a real frontier feel. In the bar, all the racers went through the Dawson ritual of the Sour Toe Cocktail (drinking a shot with a mummified frost bitten severed toe in it), “you can drink it fast, drink it slow but your lips must touch the toe”.

The next morning, with no ill effects from the Sour Toe, another 5 hour drive brought us to the race start at Eagle Plains. An evening of nervous kit packing and repacking, followed by a restless night’s sleep finally saw us lined up at nine in the morning ready to take on the race.



The Race

The race follows the Dempster Highway. Opened in 1979, this “all-weather” highway is really no more than a glorified gravel forest track. The 120-mile race I was taking part in travels on it to Fort McPherson. The 350-mile race goes to its end in Inuvik and then joins the ice road to its finish on the shores of the Arctic Ocean at Tuktoyaktuk.

The line up for the 2010 race included four runners taking on the 120-mile race and seven attempting the full 350-mile. The small numbers reflect the reputation that this race has, the low key “organised by ultra runners for ultra runners” ethos the organiser wants to maintain and the number of competitors that can be safely managed in such an extreme and remote environment.

Leg One: Eagle Plains to Arctic Circle (0-22 miles)

With some significant undulations, this first section of the race was going to be an ideal early tester and, with the temperature hovering

at an unseasonably “mild” -20C, a chance to bed-in to the event.

On the sound of the gun I strode off and worryingly soon found myself heading the pack. With the laden pulk behind me running was almost impossible and I soon settled into a brisk marching pace. Heeding the medics’ advice about the dangers of sweating (ice forming inside your clothing causing rapid cooling and/or frostbite), I continuously adjusted my clothing and intensity and tried to maintain the desired feeling of a slight chill.

I quickly established a routine of taking a sip from my CamelBak every 15 minutes (remembering to blow the tube clear to avoid freezing up) and eating something (lump of cheese, banana chips, piece of energy bar or chocolate covered raisins) every 30 minutes. I made sure I regularly looked up and took in the beauty of my surroundings and, in what seemed like hardly any time at all, I passed a sign announcing I was only 3 miles from the Arctic Circle.

I arrived there first in a time of 5:40 and stopped briefly to have a slurp of blueberry soup (a discovery from Scandinavian X-country ski trips) from my thermos and to refill my CamelBak with hot water from the support vehicles. After less than 10 minutes, I reattached myself to my hauling harness and ploughed on.



Leg Two: Arctic Circle to Rock River (22-47 miles)

As I left Arctic Circle, snow began to fall heavily and the nagging doubt that I'd gone off way too quickly preyed on my mind. I felt strong but it was still very early in the race and much more experienced ultra-runners than me were adopting a more conservative pace.

Having never raced in the far north or towed a pulk I had no idea how long the race should take me. I'd reckoned that the full 72 hours would probably mean I'd had a bit of an epic and had conjured up, with no real idea or point of reference, a "goal time" of 48 hours. My race plan was to go through continuously, hopefully in 24 hours, to the first checkpoint that offered shelter at James Creek 69 miles in, eat and rest there for 6-8 hours and then to go straight through to the finish.

As darkness fell, and my headlamp lit up the glistening trail ahead and the falling snow, I had a magical close encounter with a lynx hunting a rabbit and, for a couple of hours, I managed to dispel my doubts and lose myself in my surroundings and what I was doing.

However, the Arctic doesn't reward complacency and definitely punishes stupid mistakes. In getting some hot water out of my pulk I carelessly brushed some snow away wearing only my inner gloves. With nightfall and losing height (the cold air sinks into the river valleys), the temperature had significantly dropped and, even inside my down mitts, my hands were soon frozen and numb.

By the time I reached the unofficial checkpoint at Rock River, I'd been unable to eat properly for three hours. The cold had penetrated my entire body and my energy levels had badly crashed. Fortunately the race support crew was there and never have I been so grateful of the heated front seat of a pick-up.

After going through the



pain of thawing my hands out, I took stock, rehydrated an apple custard desert and made a hot, sweet coffee.

As I rested up, a couple of other competitors arrived but I was pleased to see that none were my rivals in the 120-mile race. Knowing that the brutally tough climb over the Richardson Mountains and Wright Pass was looming, I made the decision to grab an hours sleep and then head off into the night.

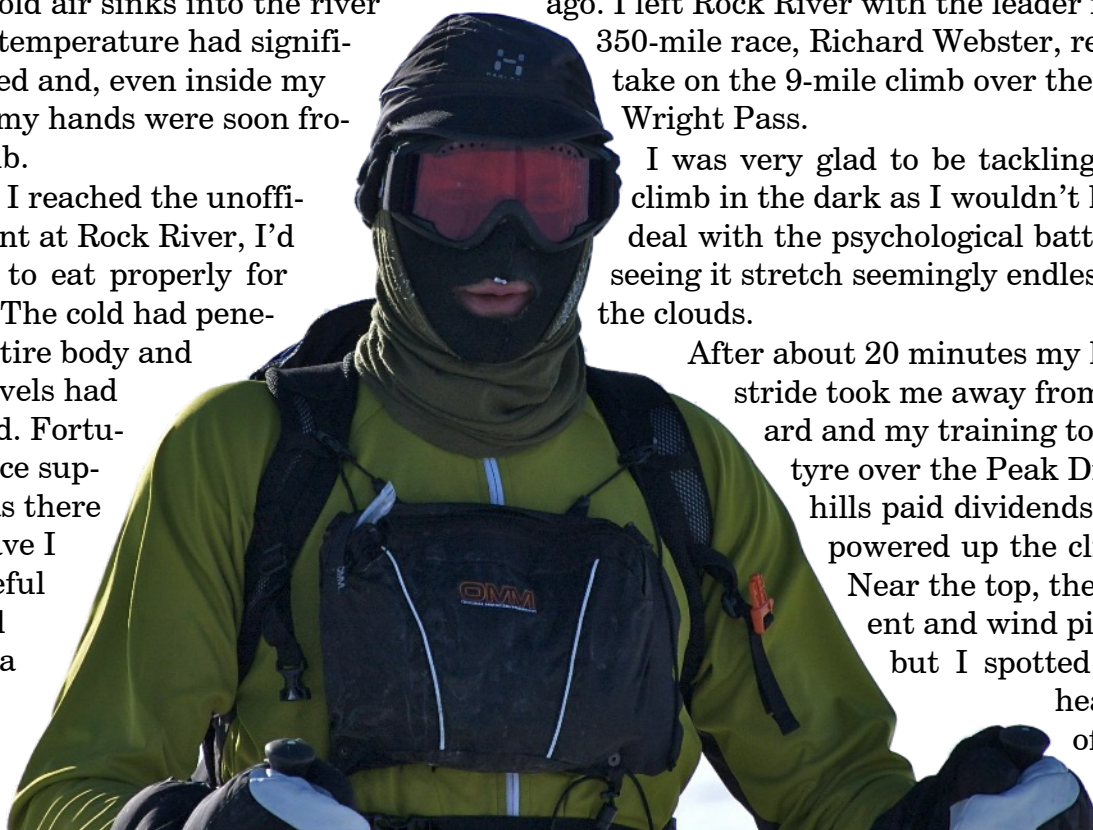
Leg Three: Rock River to James Creek (47-69 miles)

My total stopover at Rock River was about two hours but I was sure I'd made the right decision. I felt totally recharged and a different creature to the hobbling wreck of two hours ago. I left Rock River with the leader in the 350-mile race, Richard Webster, ready to take on the 9-mile climb over the 3250ft Wright Pass.

I was very glad to be tackling the climb in the dark as I wouldn't have to deal with the psychological battle of seeing it stretch seemingly endlessly into the clouds.

After about 20 minutes my longer stride took me away from Richard and my training towing a tyre over the Peak District hills paid dividends as I powered up the climb.

Near the top, the gradient and wind picked up but I spotted the headlights of the support



vehicle on the summit and dug in. I brewed up a quick coffee and then headed downhill for the 13 mile stretch through "Hurricane Alley".

Although not blowing with the 90mph winds regularly recorded, the 40mph gusts combined with -25C temperatures equated to a windchill of -44C and gave the feeling of being in a blast freezer. Eating and drinking was impossible and I was mightily relived when, 21 hours after starting the race, I reached the snow plough depot and checkpoint at James Creek.



Leg Four: James Creek to Fort McPherson (69-116 miles)

Up on my schedule and feeling good I rehydrated a large portion of chilli-con-carne and then got my head down for a couple of hours. I really felt as though I'd broken

the back of the race and was confident that I'd put significant distance into my competition.

I was horrified then, just after I woke up, to see a rival in the 120-mile race, Tony Gilmour, enter the checkpoint. An experienced racer, he'd opted for a slow and steady with minimal stops approach and only intended to be at James Creek for a couple of hours maximum. I knew I had to get going again and re-establish my lead.

I left James Creek after a total stopover of 4.5 hours and, whilst not as long as I had intended, was feeling good and knew it'd give me a minimum of an hours advantage over Tony. Also spurring me on was top UK ultra runner Andrew Murray's 39 hours and 7 minutes course record from last year, which I thought might be a possibility.

The sun was shining and the mountain scenery stunning but, dealing with a temperature difference of 30C between sun and shade, made pacing and layering hard. I made good time though and, as dusk fell, the lights of Fort McPherson shone 18 miles away. However,

one careless step on some ice and I tumbled over. . .

I'd twisted my knee and snapped both of my trekking poles. Winded, I got up but in the ten minutes it took to sort myself out, I'd become deeply chilled and my hands frozen.

I spent another ten minutes putting my down jacket on and hobbled off with my hands jammed under my armpits.

The loss of height to the ice bridge over the Peel River was accompanied by a drop in temperature to -30C and my hands simply wouldn't warm. My pace had fallen to a crawl and the last 10 miles since my fall had taken what seemed like an eternity. Finally, on the far side of the bridge, was a sign announcing 12km (7.5 miles) to Fort McPherson. I tried to speed up and, despite hallucinating dark patches on the road morphing into badgers and that my dog Moses was with me, I strode out.

The Northern Lights blazed ahead in a spectacular neon green show and provided me with the lift I needed to drive for the finish. I crossed the line cold and exhausted in 38 hours and 59 minutes shaving 8 minutes off the previous best and never has a dehydrated chicken tikka meal tasted so good.





Finishers of the 2010 6633 Ultra 120-mile race:

1st: Nik Cook 38 hours 59 minutes
2nd: Tony Gilmour 43 hours 25 minutes
3rd: Andy North 58 hours 47 minutes

350-mile race

1st: Chris Todd 6 days 21 hours 58 minutes
2nd: Sean Brown 7 days 1 hour 39 minutes

Training

My training was supervised by Marc Laithwaite (www.theendurancecoach.com)

“The fasted early morning runs were in place to develop running economy. The tyre towing was very event specific but, because of the strain it placed on the body, limited to relatively short sessions.

The gym work was key to build all-round strength, robustness and resistance to injury. In events such as these hauling the pulk over a snow drift could easily result in a race ending strain without good all round strength.

The long weekend runs were key for building stamina and developing fueling strategies. As with all ultra training they never approached the actual race distance as there's a balancing act between preparation and injury prevention.

Also, if Nik had gone too long at the weekends, he'd have been too trashed to train effec-

tively during the week. Long-term consistency is key.”

A typical week from my training diary was:

Monday: Rest Day
Tuesday: AM: Easy paced (zones 1-2) 50 min run
PM: Gym Session
Wednesday: AM: Easy paced (zones 1-2) 50 min run
PM: 90 mins hilly tyre towing
Thursday: AM: Easy paced (zones 1-2) 50 min run
PM: Gym Session
Friday: PM: 60 mins hilly tyre towing
Saturday: 2 hours recreational mountain biking
Sunday: 8 hour run/hike (zones 1-2) concentrating on fueling and feeling strong at end

So, you fancy it?

For details of the 2011 event go to www.6633ultra.com or e-mail Martin Like at martin@6633ultra.com

Be aware though that this is a seriously tough race in a very hostile and unforgiving environment where the margin for error is minuscule. Even the 120-mile was significantly tougher than the Marathon Des Sables.

However it's an extremely friendly and well organized event with the perfect level of support that allows you a genuine wilderness experience without feeling you're totally alone or exposed.

Prepare well, listen to the team's advice and you'll have a great time in an amazing place.

Nik would like to thank.

Martin Like and all the support team
www.6633ultra.com

www.likeys.com

Torq Fitness: www.torqfitness.co.uk

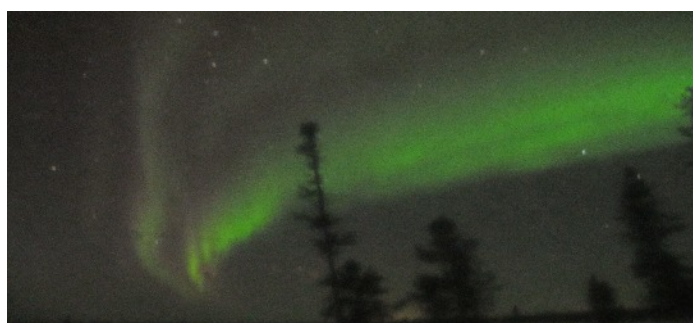
Inov-8: www.inov-8.com

Snowsled Ltd: www.snowsled.com

Haglofs: www.haglofs.se

Marc Laithwaite:

www.theendurancecoach.com



While on the subject of drama in the snow, here's an article which Will put forward for the last newsletter but which went, erm . . . missing. Sorry. (editor)

Winter Peril

By Will Meredith



Whilst out walking in Langdale this past winter, I slipped, broke my wrist and called out the mountain rescue team. It was a thoroughly unpleasant experience. In the hope of helping others avoid such a mishap I thought I'd write a rambling and indulgent recap of what 'happened'. It wasn't exactly 'running' but the scenario seems relevant.

It was the 24th of February and Sarah and I had set off from the Old Dungeon Ghyll in Langdale with the intent of walking some of the Horseshoe. We had headed up towards 'The band' at the head of the valley, turned left to rise against the shoulder of Blisco, and then steadily continued to ascend toward the heights of Crinkle Crag and Bowfell. From below; the snowline had seemed a distant thin frosting of the uppermost reaches. It wasn't until we'd gained well over 2,000ft that the snow became thick on the ground.

When it did appear, the snow was hard and compacted. Probably had been there since the pre Christmas snows. The day was a good one for walking and as we gained height, swirling eddies of clag would intermittently reveal snow-capped peaks across the valley; the Langdale pikes, frosty and white, and a marshmallow Pavey Arc.

We'd stopped for lunch on top of the Crinkles but the weather had turned cold.

After pressing on we'd passed round to the left of the 'Bad Step' to come over the top of the crags, heading in the direction of Bowfell. At around 2.30pm, just as I was descending a section of icy path – both feet shot out

without warning and I put out my right hand to catch myself, landing heavily on my arm. There was an unnatural CRUNCH and I knew my wrist must be broken.

It was very painful. I stayed sitting on the floor and quickly became quite nauseous.

"Call Mountain rescue and tell them – I've broken my wrist!" I said.

"Ha ha, get up!" Said Sarah.

When we gingerly pulled back my coat, and snipped away my Helly from the rapidly swelling wrist (scissors in first aid box – at least I had one of those!), it was clear by the horrible 'S' shape of the lower arm/wrist area, that there had been a bad break.

The whole arm felt completely useless and very painful. The hand flopped pathetically around. I think I must've been in shock initially and stayed seated, feeling unable to stand or walk.

My legs had turned to jelly, feeling sick and dizzy; I quickly lost all confidence of being able to move safely over the terrain. I was worried I'd slip again and fall painfully onto the bad



Sarah on Crinkle Crag



Descending 'The Band' with Ambleside MRT.

arm. Sarah went back a way over the crags where she managed to get some reception to call mountain rescue. They said they were on the way and to proceed in the direction of Three Tarns (near Bowfell) if we were going to walk on.

Sarah also came across a guy named Mike whom we'd passed 10 minutes earlier. Mike grimaced and quickly looked away after seeing the arm. He was very kind and said he'd help us make our way down to the valley below.

Lending me one of his walking poles; Mike supported me as we moved slowly off with a thin bandage from the first aid kit and a map case used as a sling.

The path over the Crinkles to Bowfell runs basically northerly and we gingerly followed a number of cairns in that direction thinking we were on the right path. Unwittingly, we'd strayed too far west and were actually going parallel to the main path, leading us over a descending ridge into Eskdale instead of Langdale.

The terrain was harder to navigate in the snow, and I wasn't thinking straight; just concentrating on not falling over.

It wasn't until we'd gone too far off course that we realised our mistake. Both Sarah and Mike had taken a nasty fall down a steep bank of compacted snow and ice, with an even nastier drop off the bottom edge that they'd

somehow luckily managed to avoid.

It took 40 minutes to slowly inch down the steep snow slope on my bum, kicking steps into the ice as I went, with Mike saying "be careful or you'll go shooting over the edge and I won't be able to stop you!" ...wisely shuffling away from my potential flight path as he spoke.

At about 4.30 when it was going dark, we met up with the MRT from Ambleside. Any fears of being chastised for not having taken crampons and ice axes were quickly

dismissed as they turned out to be very friendly and probably didn't see the point in stating the obvious (although they did on the website afterwards – fair enough).

They decided not to splint the wrist as it was too misshapen. So they strapped the arm up and lent us some jelly crampons and we made our way down toward three tarns to begin a slow and painful descent of 'The Band'. They kept asking if I wanted to lie on the stretcher and be carried down – but I was embarrassed enough and could walk ok.

I'd told the MRT over the phone that I was walking and able to move ok, but they'd still sent out both the Ambleside and Kendal MRTs. When we got to three tarns there was 'Kendal' waiting patiently in the dark. I think there were around 19 people in all! The only consolation was that it was a 'proper' break and I'd not called them out over a sprained wrist.

None the less – it was both extremely touching (and also highly embarrassing) to see all these people make their way up the hill voluntarily; just to help me out.

Kendal went off to play 'hide and seek' with their search and rescue dogs – apparently they sulk if they don't manage to 'rescue' anyone (the dogs, not Kendal).

We reached the bottom of The Band at around 7.30 pm and got a lift back to our car. Sarah drove us to Lancaster hospital and we arrived in A&E at around 9pm. I was glad to

get some proper pain relief. It'd been 6 or so hours since the fall.

I was in Lancaster for 2 nights and had the arm pinned to keep the stray bone in place. I'd snapped the radius (the big arm bone) completely in two below the wrist and had cracked a chunk off the ulna too. Yuck!

So if there is a moral to the story it's 'be more prepared'.

I've now bought some jelly crampons and will consider perhaps getting some flexible boot crampons for next winter. Ice axe is also on the shopping list.

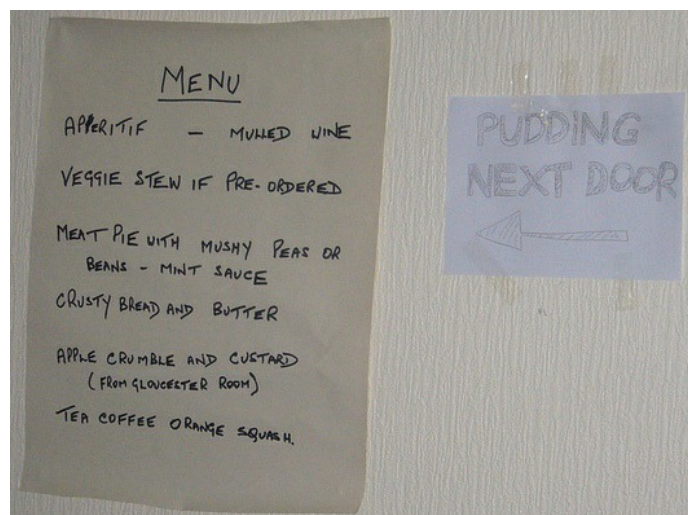
I don't suppose it's necessary to don crampons at the slightest sign of snowfall but I'll perhaps be a bit more careful now. Sarah has talked of improving her map reading after the event. Ahem - although it was my fault we went off course.

I'll also be more aware of the great work of the MRT's. A look at the Ambleside MRT website reveals their call out rate to be virtually daily. Sometimes multiple times in one day!

My injury was only superficial and not life threatening – but many people must be much less fortunate than me, and the work of the MRTs is something I'll try to be more supportive of in future. And if there's one incentive to stay safe – it's the embarrassment of having to call them out at all, although I knew it was the right thing to do straight away. (It's also quite embarrassing putting this in the newsletter).

On a completely different note:

So *that's* why Julian was helping out at the Hebden Heritage Trail!



road and fell

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During my training in sport massage I worked on Jo Webb and am also known to Gail Hull who are both involved with the Striders.

Please feel free to contact me for any further information you might need. I can be reached by email or phone

01663 732 501

Email: gdr@club2000.co.uk

2010 Championship Races (updated)

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 40 points, the second 39 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 40 points, the second 39 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 40 points, the second 39 points and so on. An individual's best 5 races count towards their final total.

Main and Ladies Championship:

1	Alsager 5	Sunday, February 7	Road
2	Cloud 9	Sunday March 7	Fell
3	Grindleford Gallop	Saturday, March 13	Trail
4	Herod Farm	Wednesday, April 14	Fell
5	Goyt Valley 10k	Thursday, April 29	Trail
6	Boars Head	Wednesday, June 9	Fell
7	Wizard 5	Wednesday, July 8	Trail
8	Bollington Nostalgia	Sunday, July 11	Fell
9	Tracks to Trig	Saturday, July 17	Fell
10	Cracken Edge	Wednesday, August 4	Fell
11	Bullock Smithy	Saturday, September 4	Trail
12	Macclesfield Half	Sunday, September 26	Road
13	Windgather	Sunday, October 10	Fell
14	Langley 7	November	Road
15	The Roaches	Sunday, November 14	Fell
16	Cheddleton 10k	December	Road

Summer Series:

1	Herod Farm	Wednesday, April 14	Fell
2	Tiger's Todger	Wednesday, May 5	Fell
3	Castleton	Friday, June 4	Fell
4	Boars Head	Wednesday, June 9	Fell
5	Hope Wakes	Wednesday, June 30	Fell
6	Black Rocks	Wednesday, July 14	Fell
7	Cracken Edge	Wednesday, August 4	Fell

RED - Pre-entry only

Blue - Pre-entry preferred

Black - Entries on the day

2010 CHAMPIONSHIP STANDINGS

Pos.	Name	RACES																Total
		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	
1	Lee Grant	39	-	34	33	35	35	32	34	36	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	278
2	Neil Pettie	40	40	-	40	40	-	40	39	39	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	278
3	Peter Davis	38	36	20	35	36	36	35	36	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	272
4	Julian Brown	-	39	39	39	-	39	39	38	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	233
5	Paul Hunt	34	30	35	26	29	23	-	26	30	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	233
6	Brian Holland	-	38	36	36	37	30	-	-	35	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	212
7	Tracy Vernon	29	18	25	21	20	19	23	22	24	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	201
8	Steve Berry	32	21	22	24	27	21	27	-	26	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	200
9	Chris Harding	-	37	-	-	38	37	38	37	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	187
10	Carolyn Whittle	-	32	-	28	28	-	28	28	34	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	178
11	Clare Barstow	33	28	30	27	-	-	29	-	29	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	176
12	Karl Smith	31	20	23	25	24	22	-	23	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	168
13	Andy Pead	-	-	40	-	-	40	-	40	40	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	160
14	Matthew Day	-	24	-	29	15	24	31	33	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	156
15	Mary Jones	30	23	26	-	22	-	24	-	23	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	148
16	Ian Waddell	37	-	37	-	34	-	-	30	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	138
17	Sarah Bull	-	27	30	-	-	-	25	25	27	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	134
18	Jo Miles	-	33	33	-	-	-	30	29	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	125
19	Katy Thornhill	-	31	-	30	30	-	-	-	31	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	122
20	Alistair Fitzgerald	-	-	-	37	-	-	37	-	37	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	111
21	Trevor Hindle	-	-	-	-	-	33	36	35	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	104
22	David Guy	36	35	-	-	32	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	103
23	Mick Wren	-	-	38	-	-	31	34	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	103
24	Philomena Smith	-	-	20	-	-	-	26	25	28	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	99
25	Moiria Hunt	28	-	25	-	23	20	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	96
26	Steve Hennessey	-	34	-	-	33	28	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	95
27	Stuart Shaw	-	-	-	32	31	27	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	90
28	Sue Holland	-	26	32	23	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	81
29	Jonathan Hull	-	-	-	38	39	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	77
30	Sally Smith	-	25	-	-	26	-	22	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	73
31	Christine Bowen	-	19	28	22	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	69
32	Stephen Bull	-	-	-	34	-	34	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	68
33	Ken Woodcock	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	32	34	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	66
34	Tracy Potts	35	29	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	64
35	John Brough	-	-	-	-	-	29	-	-	32	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	61
36	Dave Bowen	-	-	28	-	-	32	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	60
37	Kevin Day	-	-	-	31	-	26	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	57
38	Claire Elsworth	-	-	-	-	12	-	20	-	25	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	57
39	Clare Griffin	-	-	-	-	-	25	-	31	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	56
40	Mark Whelan	-	-	20	-	-	-	-	27	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	47
41	Mark Richards	-	-	-	-	-	39	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	39
42	Helen Gray	-	-	-	-	17	-	21	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	38

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2010 SUMMER FELL SERIES STANDINGS

Pos.	Name	RACES							
		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Total
1	Peter Davis	35	39	39	36	-	40	-	189
2	Lee Grant	33	38	36	35	-	39	-	181
3	Julian Brown	39	-	38	38	37	-	-	152
4	Chris Harding	-	40	37	37	36	-	-	150
5	John Brough	-	-	35	29	35	38	-	137
6	Katy Thornhill	30	35	-	-	30	37	-	132
7	Matthew Day	29	36	-	24	31	-	-	120
8	Karl Smith	25	32	27	22	-	-	-	106
9	Stuart Shaw	32	37	-	27	-	-	-	96
10	Clare Barstow	27	-	29	-	-	36	-	92
11	Kevin Day	31	-	31	26	-	-	-	88
12	Andy Pead	-	-	-	40	40	-	-	80
13	Mark Richards	-	-	-	39	39	-	-	78
14	Jonathan Hull	38	-	40	-	-	-	-	78
15	Neil Pettie	40	-	-	-	38	-	-	78
16	Paul Hunt	26	-	28	23	-	-	-	77
17	Steven Berry	24	-	-	21	27	-	-	72
18	Tracy Vernon	21	31	-	19	-	-	-	71
19	Emma-Jane Eaton	-	-	24	20	26	-	-	70
20	Dave Bowen	-	-	34	32	-	-	-	66
21	Brian Holland	36	-	-	30	-	-	-	66
22	Mick Wren	-	-	33	31	-	-	-	64
23	Carolyn Whittle	28	-	-	-	28	-	-	56
24	Clare Griffin	-	-	30	25	-	-	-	55
25	Chris Bowen	22	-	25	-	-	-	-	47
26	Alistair Fitzgerald	37	-	-	-	-	-	-	37
27	Stephen Day	-	-	-	-	34	-	-	34
28	Stephen Bull	34	-	-	-	-	-	-	34
29	Philomena Smith	-	34	-	-	-	-	-	34
30	Shaun Coram	-	-	-	-	33	-	-	33
31	Trevor Hindle	-	-	-	33	-	-	-	33
32	Sarah Bull	-	33	-	-	-	-	-	33
33	Stuart Shaw	-	-	32	-	-	-	-	32
34	Mike Buckernham	-	-	-	32	-	-	-	32
35	Alice Duncan	-	-	-	-	29	-	-	29
36	Steve Hennessey	-	-	-	28	-	-	-	28
37	Mary Jones	-	-	26	-	-	-	-	26
38	Susan Holland	23	-	-	-	-	-	-	23



By Stephen
Sanders

We have had some fantastic snow to run through this winter.

Traverse around to the Moorside entrance road and then up the long road to the Bowstones and the couple of Saxon stones that are preserved up there.

Along the way there is the new development of High View House on the right. It will be interesting to

see how this grand design manifests itself.

On the left is the Dissop Farm with the pond which has a giant Swan watercraft that would look more in place at an amusement park. There is also a Union Flag which is being flown the wrong way up. By mistake or design?

The road to the Bowstones is exposed and during the winter, when the snow drifted it was impassable. When the water runs down the road it does so in little waves. This phenomena is a really challenge for me to understand the physics.

At the top hill at the Bowstones (38mins), we ran around the outskirts of Lyme Park, as the snow was quite deep and is interestin for the vertically challenged terrier. A few webbed footed birds' prints can be seen along with some small pads of a fox.

Around the wall and down towards Pott Shrigley. When you can see the Cage and the other building at the top of the quarry look out for a tall ladder into Lyme Park, near the quarry. I missed this ladder the last time I took this route and had to go much further on towards Poynton and an extra half hour to get back on track.

At the ladder, which is very high to clamber over, note there was no provision for dogs to enter. Sometimes a hole through the wall is

Saturday February 27th and the Salarms (on radio first, fast followed by the watch) go off . . . time for a run.

The main reason or getting ready to perform some outdoor exercise is to exercise our dogs; we have a couple firstly Moppet, a black flat coat retriever.

She is 12 years old and beginning to show her age, a greying muzzle and some stray grey hairs on her coat, and then there is Glawdys our 18 month chocolate covered Labrador - sorry chocolate coloured and Tilly; my mother in law's Border terrier - slightly overweight - that would be the dog then!

The route is a mixture of the Vanessa Chapell and the Boar's Head . . . but this trial starting from Furness Vale, Diglee Road and up the 200m climb to Black Hill (19 mins).

The notices about dogs worrying sheep and lambs have just gone up on fences leading up to the top, so leads on.

It is always with trepidation we hit the top road from Disley to Whaley Bridge - an unauthorised racetrack, often with vehicles overtaking on the small, straight section that we run. Also noticing all the litter that has been tossed out of passing cars.

It is a fresh morning, crispy snow on the tops and a little slippery under foot. On the top of Black Hill, I hear and then see a skylark - the first of the year - spring is on its way at last.

provided but this time there is nothing for it but to manhandle them one at a time.

During the Boar's Head run you have a choice whether to climb the face or go around the back; today I gave the gang a treat and went for the wall. This pushed the heart rate monitor up to over 160 bpm.

Through Lyme park and around the Cage and out towards the East Lodge looking at the deer en route. The dogs are not interested in the stags or does. In fact they are great with sheep too - no problem and stay and heal when requested.

Very poor track up to Mud Hurst Lane, very icy as it is always wet. Up through the Black Rocks farm and through a field where Horses graze - and come up very close and personal. I remember that Jonathon, I believe, was worried by a couple horses on Black Hill so we were cautious and in the winter horses think that any person entering their domain should be arriving with food!

Over the top to Broad Hey Farm and home. The dogs have a shampoo and hose down and I run the cold water over my calves and clean off the running shoes.



Over breakfast muse over the run, different birds spotted, certainly the arrival of skylarks today, and watch the dogs couch down in the kitchen and relaxing muscles twitch off into doggy heaven.

As I finish this note, I have just been out on Friday 12th March and heard the haunting trill of the first curlew . . . roll on spring.

I know it's still summer but by the time you have had your summer holiday



Christmas



will have crept up on us

We have negotiated a good deal at the

Moorside Grange Hotel

For Saturday, December 11th



60 places have been booked.....

3 Course meal, Disco till 1am and discounted bar prices. - £15.30



Anyone wanting to make a day and night of it -

3 Course meal, Disco till 1am discounted bar prices + Pamper before the big night, Bed and Breakfast in the morning and a detox, plus use of the facilities for the day - £40.00

I will also ask for late booking out.

Rooms are getting booked up . . . Be quick!

If you want tickets contact me on 07885208835 or when you see me out and about.

I will need a deposit: Meal only, £10, Room and Meal £35

I will need to know how many tickets you want and if you want a room



Let them eat GFC...

A week after rediscovering Kendal Mint Cake (KMC) due to having no gels left for the Berkhamsted Half Marathon, I discovered Grindle Fruit Cake (GFC). The £12 entry fee for the Grindleford Gallop (21 miles, 3,000 ft ascent or 34km, 925m ascent in new money) was easily recouped in the drinks, cakes and soup available both on the course and at the end.

This was my first attempt at this event. I was hoping to get somewhere between 3 hours and 3:30. It was also my first run in Goyt Valley Strider's club colours (including my club coloured shorts which have caused much mirth in the club due to their shortness).

There were 28 club members in the event so we had a good turn out. There were over 300 runners as well as a similar number of walkers who'd set off 90 minutes earlier.

It was one of those strange days weather-wise where it was difficult to tell how it would turn

out. I'd intended to run in just a t-shirt, club vest and shorts.

While killing time before the start the weather changed several times from sunny to cold. (We were also entertained by an usually large number of blokes applying Vaseline to places that I didn't realise had friction issues.) I then swapped the t-shirt for a long sleeved Helly-Hansen thermal top.

This proved to be a wise decision although I

Grindleford Gallop Race Report By Mick Wren



did get too warm in sheltered sections. I even had club coloured gloves (which I'd found on a KIMM a few years ago). On the shoe front I wore my Salomon Speedcross 2s hoping that they'd be OK over this distance as I'd not run more than 5 miles in them previously. I had hoped to use my new Salomon XT Wings but they were

late in being delivered. (They arrived over the weekend.)

As it turned out the Speedcross were brilliant. To top it all off I carried a large bumbag containing waterproof jacket, 500ml drink, phone, energy bar and KMC.



Calton Pastures

To start we all gathered in a field with no start line to speak of. The starter made the usual inaudible instructions before a hooter had us off over the field.

A stile and narrow track after the first hundred yards explained the mad dash from those in the know. I don't mind being held up a little bit at the beginning on a long run as it stops me dashing off too fast.

My strategy for the race after last week's reasonable half marathon was to treat it like a half with a bit (a mere 8 miles) tagged on the end, rather than a marathon with a little bit (5 miles) chopped off. So once I got the chance I started moving ahead overtaking a few runners.

Then it was up the hill from Froggat to Eyam. This was quite steep but I managed to run a large chunk of it. I'm beginning to think that I've made a small breakthrough in hill running.

I don't seem to be overtaken quite as much as I used to and seem to be able to run more hills. Still a lot of room for improvement but nice and early in the year.

As usual I managed to pass a few on the downhill section into Eyam and onto the first checkpoint. Then it was out the back of Eyam and into a green lane which was soon spoiled by a gang of X-cross motorbike riders making a right racket and smell. I can't be doing with motorised off-road vehicles ripping up the countryside.

This section was quite poignant for me as it was where my dad died nearly exactly 32 years ago (7 March 1978). He was out walking on his own and had a massive heart attack aged 47 and here I was aged 51 running through the same area. I suppose a little part of me runs to get away from a heart attack.

After crossing the A632 Stoney Middleton to Peak Forest road it was up over a series of

fields, past control 2 and onto control 3 overlooking Monsal Dale. I started to nibble the KMC at this point.

This section was now downhill via a farm track and road to Great Longstone where I spotted a trio of grey haired ladies (cauliflower heads as my mother calls them, and she's one too) that I'd also seen in Eyam. They'd reappear every few miles during the race. I was almost on first name terms with them by the end of the race.

Again I claimed a few scalps on the down hill section and a few more on the flat section along the Monsal Trail disused railway line to

control 4. This was the first cake stop. A large table was creaking under the weight of a variety of cakes wrapped in cling-film. So I grabbed a large chunk of fruit cake and a drink. I used the remainder of the trail to ease off a little and eat the cake.



Just above Bakewell we left the trail and up the steep hill to Ballcross Farm (control 5). On the way up we crossed a golf course and had to ring a bell to warn the golfers. I bet they were sick of the bell ringing so much that day. I managed to walk and run my way up the hill. At the top we set off over the smooth grassy Calton Pastures as the sun came out properly. It had turned into a cracking day.

By this stage I'd gotten into a pattern of being caught by the same few runners on the uphill then dropping them on the flats and downs. So it was down through Edensor, past Chatsworth and onto Baslow and the second cake stop where I stopped to refuel (another cake and topping up my bottle).

My chasers caught me up here and disappeared off up the Bar Road hill while I was refueling. I thought I'd lost them here as they disappeared up the hill. On the tops they were a good half mile in front of me.



I wasn't making any ground on them until we finally started to descend off Froggat Edge. I slowly but surely pulled them all back in until I was back in the lead. After crossing the A625 the path split and there were no signs so I had to wait for them to tell me which way to go. So off I went again and managed to drop them on the fast downhill section to the finish.

I'd hired a cottage in Hathersage so that my family could come up for the weekend as I wasn't going home due to the race. Unfortunately my youngest daughter couldn't make it but everyone else was there. So, I had a fan club waiting for me at the finish.



My wife spotted a Goyt Valley runner approaching the finish. "Look, there's one of your Dad's clubmates" she said to Vicky and Lucy. "It is Dad!" they replied. I must have looked bad for my wife not to recognise me!

I dabbed my dibber at the finish and was handed my printout according to which I'd finished 40th (out of 40, so far) in 3:08. Not bad for my first attempt.

I was third in our club (and first M50) after the amazing Andy Pead had won in a new course record of 2:24 and Julian (ultra runner extraordinaire) in 3:04.



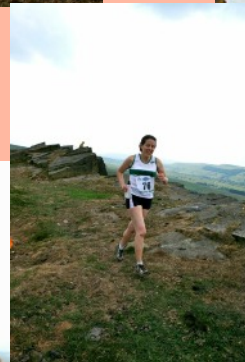
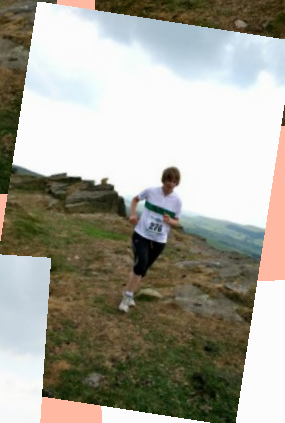
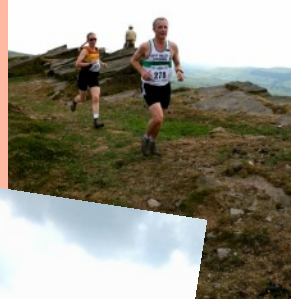
Looking at the result splits I'd arrived just one minute behind Julian at Baslow. I certainly didn't expect to be that close but if I'd known I might have made an extra effort to try and finish with him. The results when published had me at 46th. I'm not sure how that happened.

Overall, I really enjoyed the run. The course is nice and varied and suits me with its long downhills and flat sections. The weather helped of course.

The organisation was good (apart from that missing direction towards the end) and the cakes were especially welcome.

I'll probably do that one again. After all that 3 hour barrier needs to be broken. (I wish!)

Whaley Waltz 2010



Edale Skyline

Race Report



By Lissa Cook

After training through the snow and ice I could hardly believe

my luck when I checked the Met Office's Peak District mountain forecast and there was 0% chance of precipitation.

The previous weekend I'd plotted all my bearings fully expecting to have to put my Macc Harrier's orienteering course skills to the test. But it was glorious. Not too hot, not too cold – a real Goldilocks day for a virgin Skyliner.

With Nik just back from his Arctic 120 mile non-stop extravaganza and Eddie Izzard's 43 back-to-back marathon programmes on the telly, 21 miles didn't sound so bad. But this wasn't just any 21 miles.

I'd like to put on the record that Tracey Vernon and Phil Smith are both to blame for me even attempting it.

Last year I'd foolishly agreed to keep Tracey company during the first 10 miles of the Bullock Smithy. 10 miles turned to 18 and as Moses and I left her at the Edale checkpoint I wondered if I'd be able to make the full distance next year. A drunken promise to both in the pub later sealed the deal.



In the sober light of day I thought a more sensible strategy was to build up slowly. If I could do the Skyline, I would try the Marlborough 33 mile Challenge in May. (I know it's not local but it's in-law country). If that went ok I'd go 50 plus.

It turned out to be the most enjoyable race I've ever run. Being so near the back of the field (a euphemism for being last) from the outset allowed me to pretend I was in the lead.

Ringin' Roger wasn't as steep as I'd feared and Win Hill was a breeze compared to the Hope Wakes route up I'd done in the summer.

Nik, Moses and the Dark Peak sweeper spurred me on towards Lose Hill. I reeled in a Fat Blokes runner and a guy with a ham string strain (I took victory where I could find it) and pushed on up . . . and up . . . and up.

But down was so much worse. Jelly-legged I hauled myself over the temporary ladder a kind marshal had put over the fence down to Mam Tor. But going up the flags I knew there

was no way I could make the 2h 30 minute cut off.

I had 2 minutes to spare and a mountain to climb (I'm exaggerating but it felt like it at the time). Nik and Moses were shouting and I was crying because I knew I'd messed up. I was rehearsing fake-

nonchalance for the pub chat later but I was gutted.

Then the checkpoint marshal ran up from Mam Tor. "The checkpoint's still open". They'd extended the cut off by 10 minutes. Now I was crying from relief with a dash of fear.



I'd never run over from Lord's Seat to Brown Knoll before. I am so glad I'd never done a race. It was bog all the way.

Four saintly marshal sweepers stayed 50 yards behind me keeping an eye on me. One caught me up and told me his special caffeine drink would give me a boost. Another told me to try and distribute my weight more evenly over the spongy peat. "Jump in", he shouted when I got to the edge of a grough. I did with all my primary school PE lesson enthusiasm. I sank to my knees and had to be dug out!

But I couldn't stop smiling. Jelly babies on Brown Knoll spurred me on. The sweeper team



gave me what felt like a private guided tour of the "racing line" route behind the Woolpacks through textbook Kinder grough territory with snow banks and streams.

I knew now I was back on the top of the map. I deluded myself into thinking that once up Grindslow Knoll that I could make it in under 5 hours.

Another girl I'd caught up with at Lord's Seat appeared from nowhere. Courageously, despite having got lost and been badly bitten by a terrier, she skipped off along the edge. There was a lone runner in yellow up ahead but both she and Ringing Roger just seemed to get further and further away. But I was still running and the views were spectacular.

In a mad Haribo-fuelled last spurt I reeled her in. Hyper-ventilating with vertigo down the rocky path my competitive pilot light was sparked by seeing Nik and Brian waiting for me. I overtook her and ran down across the field to claim the glorious position of second to last in a time of 5 hours and 28 minutes.

Secretary's Corner

Memberships

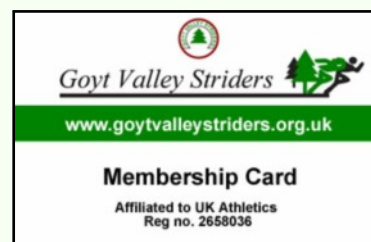
You will recall in the last newsletter that I said I was making registrations to England Athletics in May. I dually did this, but only for those members that have paid their registration fees. Those who have paid since May were registered later. If you have not already received your England Athletics cards you will receive it shortly.

There are several members who have not paid their fees, but have been entering races as Goyt Valley Striders runners. Where this is the case and they have been awarded championship points I will soon remove these, it's only fair.

Remember, membership runs from 1st January to 31st December each year, and it's never too late to pay!

Membership cards

If you've paid your membership you will have received a membership card similar to the following. The registration number on the front is the club registration number. Your individual number is printed on the back.



Weekend Away

A weekend away is planned for later in the year. It will probably be in October, either in the Lakes or Wales. More information will be available soon, but please keep your eye on the website bulletin board.

Committee Meetings

Meetings have been well attended this year. We've moved the venue away from the Shady oak pub because of their general lack of interest in having us there. Next few meetings are as follows:

Thursday 15th July 2010 7:15pm Navigation Inn, Buxsworth

Thursday 9th September 2010 7:15pm looking for volunteer to house us?

Thursday 11th November 2010 7:15pm Mark's House

Hitting the Wall

Written by
Brian Holland
Edited and corrected by,
Sue Holland,
Kath and Tony Ward



I don't know whose idea it was to run Hadrian's Wall, but it was not mine. My idea of an enjoyable run is a nice fell or trail run, with the occasional road run for a bit of variety. So the concept of running 85 miles over 5 days was not one I ever considered for myself. I do have friends who rack up 100+ miles when doing marathon training, I find that amazing - but not for me.

So on a Saturday morning I found myself driving to Carlisle and then onto Bowness in the other couples car. There was initially going to be four of us, myself, my wife Sue and friends Kath and Tony Ward, but Tony injured himself training for the London Marathon, so he dropped us off, we said good bye and he drove back to Carlisle and got his bike out so he could meet us on the route.

That afternoon we did 15 miles of nice flat rural trails and roads, Carlisle is a decent sized town but the route takes you along the river

and you hardly notice the town besides the park behind the castle.

The next day we were dropped where we finished and ran to Gilsland, which took us into the hills, as we left the flat flood plain we saw our first bit of wall and had a few nice climbs to get up. This was our first proper hot day

and as we had done 20 miles running east to west, so we should not have been surprised to find we had sunburn on our backs and right arms.

The third day was possibly the best. Starting at Gilsland we were going up and down climbs like yoyos, there was a military road to the south of us but the wall followed along a

ridge line giving spectacular views. Clearly this was a slow speed day but there were plenty of excuses to go at a leisurely pace, walking up steep hills and standing on peaks to admire the views being the best.



After seeing plenty of wall and interesting places, including Housesteads, lots of turrets and mile castles with interesting information boards to give us a breather.

There were some interesting place names, we passed through a place called Once Brewed which was not far from Twice Brewed, names to conjure with as to their origin and make me smile. Eventually we finished at Brocilitia, the ruins of a temple and a welcome sight.

Day four was less challenging, the wall was following more gentle contours, the terrain and scenery still enjoyable as we rolled along the route going from moorland to arable farmland as we left the Pennines and started to run alongside the old roman road down to Heddon-on-the-Wall.

Our last day and still feeling good, no injuries, no feeling stiff when we got up, no sense of giving up, but this would be the hardest day. England were playing some foreign team in the World cup at football, so we had to be in a pub for 3.00 pm. Luckily the route was mostly on well made tracks or footpaths so we could keep a good pace.

This was, however, the only day we missed a way marker, we had a guide book but to be honest the route is so well marked we only used it for reassurance when there was a doubt, but we missed this one as we entered the edge of Newcastle suburbs, making a detour after asking one of the friendly natives how to get down to the Tyne. Then we just followed the river watching it get more industrial and developed.

Running under the Tyne Bridge that all those Great North Runners have run over was a

good sight along with all the other sights along the riverside. Eventually we made it to Wallsend (just how many names can there be including the word wall?) and a rather small piece of wall by the side of the path lets us know that our challenge was complete.

Unfortunately there is no easy way into the Roman museum from the path, so we ran further to find the road, our car and driver (Tony who had been off cycling and eating bacon butties) and onto the museum.

All three of us had finished, none of us had attempted to run high mileages every day for five days, but we took it easy, enjoyed ourselves, and ran conservatively, it was not a race, rather an excellent excuse to run in some wonderful parts of Britain.

Tony for his part did an excellent job of ferrying us

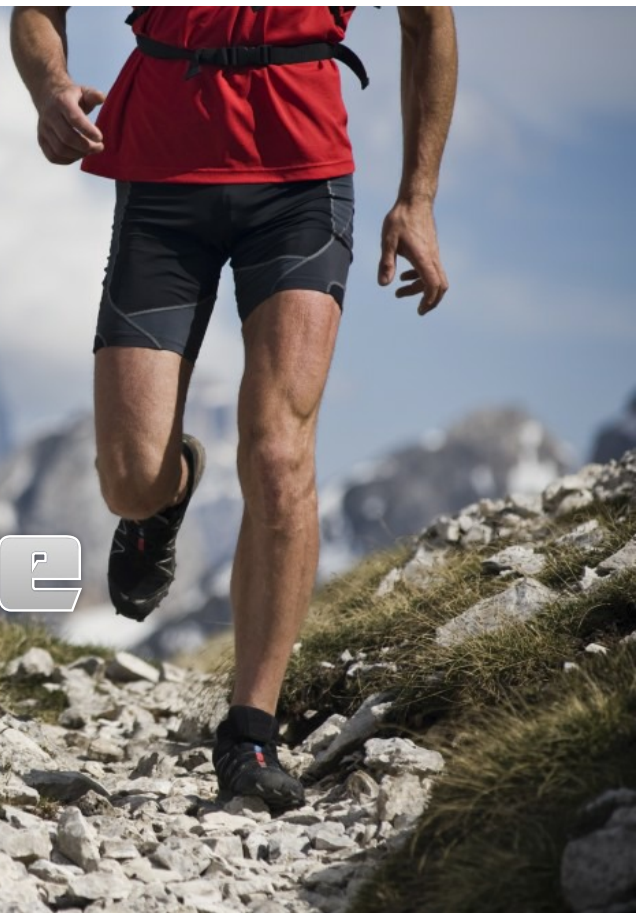
around. His time spent exploring the cycle route and diversions off it does make me think that cycling across Britain at this point could also be interesting and challenging, and that is from someone who is a big softie and does not really like bikes without engines, but I also thought running 85 miles was a daft idea 😊



A Stroller's ABC

By Jackie Tomney

E is for the Ex-Factor



With apologies (but not royalties) to Simon Cowell and thanks to the Oxford Concise Dictionary.

1. Exaggerate: “enlarge beyond limits of truth”

All runners exaggerate; it’s completely acceptable to pad out a run or race when retelling the event amongst a group of running chums.

Timing is everything – choose the right moment to explain exactly how your tripping fiasco (or whatever it was) actually happened, preferably to a hushed, expectant audience. They will appreciate your candour. You can even produce the tangled laces as evidence to back up your story.

There’s also inverse exaggeration, best demonstrated by someone like Kevin, saying something along the lines of, “Yes, I ran a few miles today!” after completing the 95-mile West Highland Way.

2. Exaltation: “elation, rapturous emotion”

I feel this on completing every single training run: I’ve got through another one ... I can do it!

Also felt by runners on completion of really challenging runs and races, or getting new PBs (that’s personal best times, for those that may not know). Even I can get PBs. They’re pretty magical.

3. Exceed: “go beyond the limits set by”

The limit may be set by others or by yourself and when you not only achieve, but actually exceed it, it’s a great feeling.

4. Excel: “be superior to others or oneself”

It’s all about challenge, isn’t it, this running lark and trying your best? Only you will know if you’ve really put everything you have into it. Sometimes, this is why running can be so frustrating; you put all that effort into it and it can seem to go so badly or just go wrong from the outset.

How to explain it? I don’t know!! (Answers, anyone?) I tell Kevin that teachers know everything, but actually this isn’t true. Don’t tell Kevin, though.

5. Exclaim: “cry out, especially from pain, anger or surprise”

Pain, anger or surprise? That’s running in a nutshell, if you ask me. Especially the pain bit.

Every run is still torture ... however, the torture has lessened somewhat as the months have passed.

6. Excursion: “journey or ramble with intention of returning to starting-point”

I love this definition. Perhaps if I think of every run or race as a journey or ramble, it may alter my outlook. But somehow I don't think so. Besides, it's always been a major part of my plan every time I run that I should finish up where I started from.

When people ask, “Where did you run to?” I always say, “To Taxal (or wherever) and back again.” That “back again” is a defining factor in my running psyche. If no-one's going to come to Taxal (or wherever) and pick me up in the car, or I've forgotten to book the taxi, then obviously I've got to return to my starting point.

Anyway, “back again” means I've done a greater distance and that's always worth celebrating.

7. Exercise: “exertion of muscles, limbs etc, especially for health's sake”

I had to include this one. How many of you run with the express purpose of exercising? Yes, it may be part of it, or it may be why you started running originally, but it can never be the whole, not for runners.

The health benefits of running speak for themselves and should never be ignored: knackered knees, backache, wonky hips, pulled muscles, sprains, broken bones etc. Are we mad or what? (Answers, anyone?)

8. Exhaustion: “total loss of strength”

This one's quite succinct, don't you think? We've all been there; I'm there at the end of every training run, but as we're always keen to say, it's a 'good' exhaustion.

We sleep well at nights (and for some of us, given half the chance, quite well during the day too).

9. Expensive: “of high price, dear; causing much expense”

I'll try to keep this brief; there are different types of expense, not just financial. Time can be an expense and running sure can take up a lot of time.

At one point, Kevin was out five times a week on various training runs and that didn't include the races at weekends.

Some people may think I should consider Kevin being out so much as a positive benefit, but believe it or not, I miss him when he's not with me (besides, he could be getting up to mischief – signing up to do the Marathon des Sables or the Mount Everest Marathon – these are the sorts of things he does if I don't keep a close eye on him). Kevin is very dear to me ... in all ways.

10. Exult: “rejoice exceedingly, triumph”

I wasn't very brief at all on the last point, but I will be on this one.

Enjoy your running. I do (in spite of everything I say).

Jackie's Races Update:

Not such good times on my recent races, guys. In fact, I was very disappointed in myself that I hadn't managed to improve on previous times. I did my best, but it just wasn't there:

5K Race for Life, Wythenshawe Park – 38:13
Angela Deegan Memorial 5K Race, Rochdale – 41:26

(See photo below for an impression of a woman barely lifting her feet off the ground –that's what passes for my running style.)

In my defence (is there such a thing?), I did have to walk for two very brief interludes during the Race for Life, due to there being so many runners and the track being so narrow.

Also, the Rochdale race was held on a boiling hot day and started at 3pm – I did manage to keep running all the way round, so that was definitely an achievement for me on such a hot day.



The Running Man

By **Shaun Coram**

A group of thirteen runners huddle together in the brisk Spring afternoon breeze. They are waiting for one final runner to turn up. A large man with longish hair turns from the group as if he has just spotted something. "Ah, here he is now!" he shouts in a booming voice reminiscent of a Shakespearean actor.

The person in question trots meekly up to the gathering and stretches out his hand and the man with the long hair grasps it firmly and shakes it and turns to face the group.

"This is Tom. He is the new runner I was telling you all about, he has never run with a club before so be gentle with him." At this a few sniggers erupt around the group, a young girl approaches Tom and shakes his hand. "Stick with me you'll be fine. So you're a virgin runner then?"

"Err, well first time I've run with a club, though I'm not a virgin. Honest."

"I'm Melanie", replied the girl "and he's Christopher, the club secretary" she replied, pointing to the guy with the long hair. At this

the group start to run and Tom and Melanie followed closely behind. "Where are we running to?" asked Tom.

"Devils Clough"

"Isn't that where all those weirdo's meet once a year, worshiping some daft deity?"

"Scaramanger"

"What?" asked Tom rather taken back.

"Scaromouse, can we do the fandango", cut in another runner. "The lyrics of Bohemian Rhapsody, by Queen."

"Of course, Steve" said Melanie, quickly correcting herself. "We were having a guess-the-lyrics-game earlier".

Steve jogged over to Tom and took his hand, shaking it vigorously "So you're the virgin runner then?"

"Well, err suppose so. First time running with a club and everything, so try not to kill me off." Tom weakly laughed. The group fell silent, tumbleweed drifted by.

"Rather," said Christopher, "up here" he said, quickly changing the subject.

The runners followed Christopher up a steep, muddy embankment towards a plateau, where after ten minutes it levelled out. Tom missed his footing and fell over into some mud. Another runner helped him up. "Are you fine and dandy?" asked the runner rather jovially, "Bit of mud on your top, ah well not to worry, won't mind after tonight anyhow"

"What? It's a good top this. What do you mean?"

"Erm", paused the jolly runner

"You'll get a brand new club shirt to run in Tom!" boomed Christopher. The jolly runner mopped his brow and sighed with relief, this did not go unnoticed by Tom.

"Yes, that'll be cool I suppose." replied Tom.

"You have never run with a club before, have you?" asked the jolly runner.

"No, everyone seems to be asking me that." Tom replied.

"Well, can't be too sure you know," replied Mr Jolly. At this the jolly runner bounced off to join the front runners, leaving Tom with Melanie.

Melanie offered Tom some of an energy bar. Tom gratefully took a piece and bit into it.

"Bit crunchy, but very nice", said Tom.

"Thanks, I make them myself", replied Melanie.

After another fifteen minutes the group happened upon a series of Peat mounds. They picked a route through the mounds with Christopher at the helm. Tom was at the back running with Jolly when he noticed something at the corner of his eye. "Did you see that?" asked Tom

"See what?" Jolly replied.

"A person dressed as a sheep."

"Don't be daft." said Jolly "A person dressed as a sheep? Who's ever heard of anything so ridiculous?" he shouted to the group. At which they all laughed.

"Must be the altitude Tom", said Steve.

"Yes that must be it" agreed Tom shaking his head. Then Tom saw a person flick by behind one of the mounds.

"That's a person dressed as a goat!" He pointed at a now-empty space.

"Are you sure Tom?" asked Christopher.

"Why on earth would anyone come up here in fancy dress?"

"Yes I am sure. He had a goats head on and everything" Tom said, puzzled.

"Ah well; takes all sorts" chipped in Mr Jolly. At this someone ran past in full view of the group.

"There!" shouted Tom with excitement, "Someone dressed as a giant Mr. Punch and look there, in front, someone dressed as a giant Judy!"

"Got us there" said another runner.

"What?" said Tom.

"I say we investigate this!" boomed Christopher, "Let us follow them." At this they set off in the direction of the Punch and Judy characters.

Tom followed behind, keeping more in the mid-pack now.

They ran over a rather steep mound and surfaced on the other side. Tom stopped in his tracks. In front of him were two large wooden-built men, with what looked like cages in the stomachs. The light flickered on in Tom's mind.

"Damn!" said Tom.

"I'm afraid so", said Christopher. "Come join us Tom and take your place to which it is your destiny".

"I could run away", said Tom

"From a running club? Don't be silly Tom boy, we intend to have you, even if it is by force." Christopher gripped Tom's arm in a strong vice like grip. Tom wrestled and struggled but the other runners grabbed him and dragged him screaming and kicking to the Wooden Man.

"It is a really nice view from up there" remarked Jolly.

"Don't you think they will miss me?!" shouted Tom, "Don't you think they will find my remains?"

"Nope", said Jolly, "We checked you out and you have no family and you've only just moved up here."

"Plus we will eat your baked corpse and grind your bones down to put into Melanie's tasty homemade energy bars", added Steve.

"You mean the . . ."

"Ah ha, you said yourself they were nice!" said Melanie.

"Suppose you thought of everything, haven't you?" Tom spat out.

Christopher grinned and ordered a few of the masked runners to take hold of Tom and lead him up to the wooden man which was struck in a kind of running pose.

Around the mid-section there seemed to be a cloth pair of shorts with the running club emblem on.

"Nice touch, those shorts" said Jolly. Melanie giggled.

"That was my idea. Pretty cool eh?" said Melanie.

Tom hit his head with his hand as he noticed the running club emblem - a Pentacle with horns on. How he'd never noticed it was beyond him; perhaps the name Running Cannonballs, should have struck a note. I suppose it was how you pronounced it.

Tom was lead, defeated, towards the cage. Hoping for a miracle, he looked to the other, smaller, wooden man to his right, the cage was full of fruit and vegetables. "What's that one for?" asked Tom.

"Oh, that's for the vegetarians", replied Jolly.

The group gathered around the "Running Men" and chanted. Christopher held his arms wide and spoke. Everyone was silent. "I offer you, oh great God Scaramonger, the life of this lonely, sad runner!"

"Oy, I'm not sad!" shouted Tom.

"I offer you this lonely runners life in return for a prosperous running season for our glori-

ous club" Christopher carried on, "I shall light the flames to consume this man!" At this Christopher looked towards Steve, who in return patted his pockets.

Christopher looked towards Jolly and Melanie, who both patted their pockets and shrugged their shoulders. Christopher rolled his eyes up and tutted.

"Has anyone got any matches to light the sacrificial fire?" he asks the group. Everyone in turn patted their pockets and shrugged their shoulder. Melanie pointed out that no self respecting runner would smoke and therefore carry matches.

"Forgot the bloody matches!" Tom shouts down, "You *have* forgotten something after all!"

"Bloody hell" Christopher says, "Typical".

"Shall we call it a day then?" Jolly adds.

"Suppose so", Christopher replies, "Wife's waiting up anyway. She said she'd kill me if I'm late again".

Christopher turns to the group and shouts to them to tell them its all off. The group sigh and shrug and generally run off in different directions.

"What about me? you cant leave me here!" shouts Tom as they all depart, doing just that. Soon as everyone is gone, Tom breathes a sigh of relief.

"Well that's the last time I run with a running club", he says to himself. "I'm gagging for a fag".

He reaches into his bum bag and pulls out a packet of cigs and a box of matches. "Ha, they didn't think of searching me!" He strikes the match and holds it close to his face to shield it from the up breeze designed to get the Running Man burning quicker.

Tom flicks the match away and it is lost in the underbelly of the Running Man and takes a giant puff on his cig.

Below him the match catches the up breeze and ignites the light, dry straw and although Tom cannot see it, a fire underneath him is well underway.

"Well, they were right; it *is* a beautiful view from up here" remarks Tom.

The End

UKA British Hill and Fell Relays 2010

**Sunday October 17th
this year being held in the**

**Lomond Hills
Scotland**

**(Falkland, about 15 miles south east
of Perth)**

**There are 4 legs, 2 Solo and 2
paired, 6 runners in total.**

**Navigation skills may be re-
quired on all 4 legs.**

**Anyone interested in doing the
relays email me, Kevin Day, at
info@roadandfellrunning.co.uk**

or Tel: 0161 3689391

ASAP.



Club Races

-we need your support!

Shady Oak Tough 10k

The Shady Oak Tough 10k takes place this year on Wednesday 12th May 2010. The race manager is Kevin Day and he is looking for marshals to help on the night. It would also be good to see a good contingent of Goyt Valley runners this year.

The race starts from the Shady Oak pub on Long Hill, Whaley Bridge; start time 7:30pm. For more information please visit the Goyt Valley Website at www.goytvalleystriders.org.uk/pages/races.html or contact Kevin via email at races@goytvalleystriders.org.uk



Vanessa Chappell Fell Race

Wednesday, 26th May 2010

Following an approach from the Moorside Grange Hotel, the Vanessa Chappell Fell Race is being revived in 2010 by the Striders. Permission has been given from Vanessa 's family, Lyme Park, local landowners and the previous race organisor.

The route will be as close to the original as we can make it. For more information please visit the Goyt Valley Website at www.goytvalleystriders.org.uk/pages/races.html

The Moorside Grange Hotel has a public bar which offers a good selection of bar meals and beer, making this an ideal venue for the family to wait whilst you take part in the race.

Whaley Waltz

The Whaley Waltz is another race that the club organises. It takes place on the same day as the Whaley Bridge Rose Queen Festival. Race manager is Philomena Smith and she is also looking for marshals and runners on the day. The date of the race is Saturday 26th June and entries have already started to pour in.

For more information please visit the Goyt Valley Website at www.goytvalleystriders.org.uk/pages/races.html or contact Philomena via email at races@goytvalleystriders.org.uk



Eccles Pike Fell Race

Wednesday, 18th August 2010

The Eccles Pike Fell Race is run in August. It is reputedly one of the oldest fell race in the country, dating back to the beginning of the century. Revived by the Striders it is renowned for being short, tough and demanding.

For more information please visit the Goyt Valley Website at www.goytvalleystriders.org.uk/pages/races.html

The Navigation Inn itself offers a good selection of bar meals and beer, making this an ideal venue for the family to wait whilst you take part in the race.

Application to join the Goyt Valley Striders

If you want to join The Striders or know of anybody who wishes to join, then please complete the form below and send it to The Secretary: Mark Whelan, 11 Shallcross Mill Road, Whaley Bridge SK23 7JQ

Memberships fees are **£10** for an individual or **£20** for a family

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION FORM

SURNAME															SEX		
FIRST NAME										DATE OF BIRTH							
POSTAL ADDRESS															Day	Month	Year
TOWN																	
COUNTY															POSTAL CODE ESSENTIAL		
DAYTIME TELEPHONE (STD ESSENTIAL)										HOME TELEPHONE (STD ESSENTIAL)							

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:

DATED:

(If under 16 year of age, signature of parent or guardian):