

The Strider



July
2014

Newsletter of the Goyt Valley Striders

This edition:

Championship Tables
Phil and Sarah's C2C concludes
The Bowens do Mount Kenya
Roy's First Triathlon
Plus much more!



C	S	U	M	M	E	N	I	S	C	A	L	T	E	A	R	P	D	S	R	D	W
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M	C	A	O	T	R	U	F	U	L	I	T	O	S	P	R	M	A	Y	T	V	L
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T	H	O	M	F	P	E	Z	A	N	I	J	C	L	R	G	Y	I	N	S	O	G
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L	I	S	T	E	R	G	A	N	D	R	O	M	T	H	W	A	R	R	D	S	O
P	A	C	R	U	N	N	E	R	S	T	R	O	T	S	Q	U	U	C	A	R	P
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P	Y	S	E	R	U	T	C	A	R	F	S	S	E	R	T	S	Q	U	O	R	N

Running injury word search

in this grid are 13 common running injuries – can you find them? Have you had the extra bonus points if you can lay claim to all 12.

Apologies if I have inadvertently made any rude words. . .

Sally Hunter

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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

Pos.	Name	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	Total
1	Mark Whelan	56	54	54	55	58	-	55	56	58	57	-	-	-	-	-	-	503
2	Tracy Vernon	53	51	-	52	57	49	56	53	59	55	-	-	-	-	-	-	485
3	Christine Bowen	49	49	-	51	-	47	52	51	57	54	-	-	-	-	-	-	410
4	Ben Jay	57	55	56	54	-	53	57	57	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	389
5	Lucas Jones	59	-	-	56	59	59	59	59	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	351
6	Brian Holland	58	56	-	-	-	56	58	-	60	58	-	-	-	-	-	-	346
7	Steven Berry	-	-	-	50	56	48	54	52	-	56	-	-	-	-	-	-	316
8	Neil Pettie	-	60	60	60	-	-	-	60	-	60	-	-	-	-	-	-	300
9	Austin Boam	54	52	53	53	-	52	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	264
10	Paul Hunt	55	53	52	-	-	50	-	54	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	264
11	Alex Elsworth	-	58	-	59	-	60	60	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	237
12	Lee Grant	-	57	55	58	-	-	-	58	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	228
13	Paul Oakley	60	59	-	-	-	58	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	177
14	Jonathan Hull	-	-	-	57	60	57	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	174
15	Moira Hunt	52	50	-	-	-	-	53	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	155
16	Sue Holland	50	47	-	-	-	-	51	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	148
17	Helen Gray	-	46	-	-	-	46	-	-	56	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	148
18	Clare Griffin	-	-	57	-	-	55	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	112
19	Raj Maharjan	-	-	-	-	55	54	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	109
20	Wayne Grant	51	48	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	99
21	Adrian West Samuel	-	-	59	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	59
22	Kevin Day	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	59	-	-	-	-	-	-	59
23	Kevin Douglas	-	-	58	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	58
24	Steve Hennessey	-	-	51	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	51
25	Stephen Sanders	-	-	-	-	-	51	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	51
26	Barbara Hills	-	-	-	49	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	49
27	Ruth Wilson	-	-	-	48	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	48

2014 SUMMER FELL SERIES TABLE

Pos.	Name	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Total
1	James Hobson	-	60	60	60	60	60	-	300
2	Mark Whelan	57	59	55	-	58	56	-	285
3	Tracy Vernon	55	57	52	55	57	53	-	277
4	Christine Bowen	54	56	-	54	56	52	-	272
5	Colin Allott	60	-	59	-	59	57	-	235
6	Roy Whittle	59	-	57	59	-	58	-	233
7	Stephen Sanders	56	-	53	58	-	55	-	222
8	Mary Jones	-	58	51	-	-	54	-	163
9	Helen Gray	-	55	49	-	-	51	-	155
10	Lee Grant	-	-	-	-	-	59	-	59
11	Chris Sanders	58	-	-	-	-	-	-	58
12	Adrian West-Samuel	-	-	58	-	-	-	-	58
13	Dave Bowen	-	-	-	57	-	-	-	57
14	Raj Maharjan	-	-	56	-	-	-	-	56
15	Rebecca Glen	-	-	-	56	-	-	-	56
16	Paul Hunt	-	-	54	-	-	-	-	54
17	Moira Hunt	-	-	50	-	-	-	-	50

YOUR CLUB NEEDS YOU!

Dates for your Diary :

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.



Between February and May I had a long time off running and with good reason, I had Plantar Fasciitis. When I tell you it was agonisingly awful you must believe me, it is like having a nail driven into your heel 24/7.

Standing up after resting is so painful it brings tears to your eyes. Running was out of the question and I had to have Naproxen from the doc to calm it down. The GP helpfully told me to lose weight which I pointed out was rather difficult since I could not run or even walk much. I had had it for 2 weeks and thought I could cope with it and stupidly ran Cloud 9 at Congleton on 2nd March. Agony. I would rather have gone through childbirth.

I do believe it was brought on after I started to up my miles in January and because I have rather flat feet.

I sought advice from Dr. Internet and convinced myself that recovery would be a very long job. I was in despair. I missed my running, I missed my pals, I cancelled Grindleford; life looked very bleak and I was in a foul temper.

I saw a very good podiatrist in Macclesfield and she assured me it was a muscle tear and not true plantar fasciitis and that it would

ease off in 6 weeks or so. She strapped up my foot with tape and made me some insoles to wear. I rolled my foot on a tennis ball a lot when I could and on a frozen water bottle to massage it and I did stretches for my calves on a step, lowering my heels.

After 4 weeks it was easing, the podiatrist said I could try to run when I felt I could. So I did; I hobbled round Brabyns park and back and when I got home although my heel ached it was no worse than when I set off. So I tried another run up the canal 2 days later and it felt much better. I was so pleased I cannot describe the joy. I went out with the Thursday night group of GVS on 24th April and got dragged up Eccles Pike feeling reasonably OK and then they made me do it again on 29th April! It was so fantastic to be out with my pals again - what a lovely bunch they are.

The podiatrist has now got me sorted with some custom-made insoles. I will wear well-cushioned shoes from now on especially for distance work and always wear supportive shoes. I have bought some very ugly Birkenstock slippers for use at home but they are super-comfy.

SO - this brought me to Fox Cross Four on 4th May. A run from The Fox at Brookbottom to Mellor Cross. How could I resist? It's

my manor after all. Organised by Tony Ward from Harriers there were about 80 entrants. Sally and Matthew kindly gave me a lift and we walked across the golf course to the start. It was a very dry day, quite warm with some low cloud. It was lovely to see Tracy V and others from the club there and I took my place near the back and set off at a trot.

We ran through Mellor and Townscliffe golf course on the undulating track, then up the path that skirts the edge of the golf course and up the lane to Mellor Cross. From the cross we ran along Bogguard Lane then looped back round on bridle tracks to pass Shaw Cairn and the descend from the cross. After a steep descent, it was back the way we came and return to the Fox. A good runnable route and lovely views all round. I couldn't and wouldn't run the uphill but I made a steady pace and really enjoyed it. It was good to see Rosie Brook marshaling and Steve even cycled up to support me at the Cross.

What a lovely place I live in! It's such a joyful thing to run and be free in such beautiful surroundings with good company.

My time was 43.40 which was better than I hoped for and a good starting point to get back to running.



Tracy V on the descent

Speed and Hill Training

Following on from the success of last year's Wednesday night winter hill and speed training sessions I intend to run another series this Autumn.

This year we will alternate between three locations, Whaley Bridge, New Mills and Chapel-en-le-frith. Sessions will vary from week to week and will be full of surprises!

There will be 12 sessions for the Autumn series as follows:

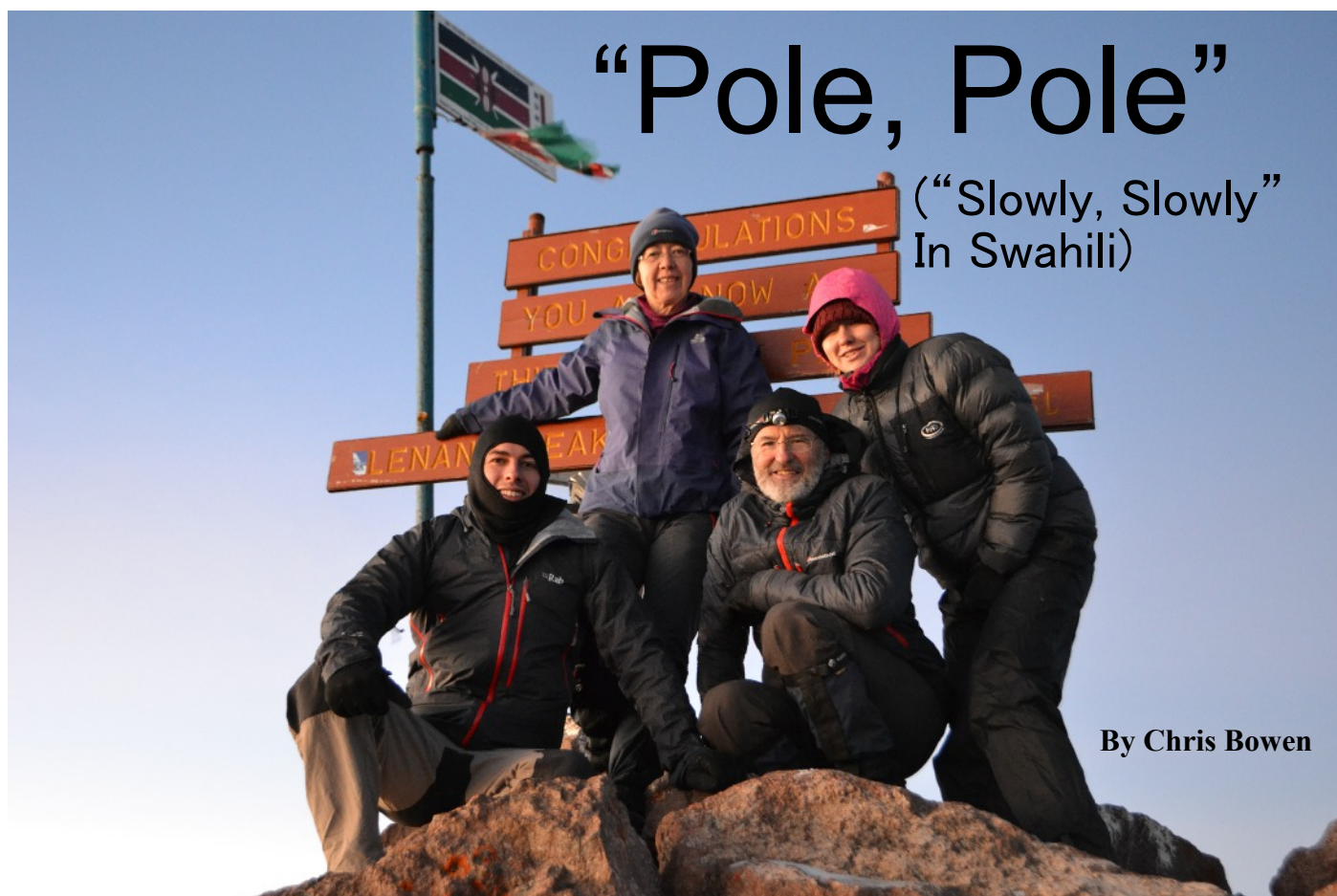
- | | | |
|----|--------|--------------------------|
| 01 | 01 Oct | Whaley Bridge Car Park |
| 02 | 08 Oct | New Mills Leisure Centre |
| 03 | 15 Oct | Chapel TBC |
| 04 | 22 Oct | Whaley Bridge Car Park |
| 05 | 29 Oct | New Mills Leisure Centre |
| 06 | 05 Nov | Chapel TBC |
| 07 | 12 Nov | Whaley Bridge Car Park |
| 08 | 19 Nov | New Mills Leisure Centre |
| 09 | 26 Nov | Chapel TBC |
| 10 | 03 Dec | Whaley Bridge Car Park |
| 11 | 10 Dec | New Mills Leisure Centre |
| 12 | 17 Dec | Chapel TBC |

Keep your eye on the forum

<http://goyt.minuteboard.com/m/b/a/index.html> for full details of the session which will be posted several days in advance.

Any questions please contact me at markwhelan@btinternet.com or give me a call on 07855 462 145.

Mark Whelan



“Pole, Pole”

(“Slowly, Slowly”
In Swahili)

By Chris Bowen

Around Christmas time we decided that we would have a family holiday this year. We hadn't been on holiday together for a few years and now James is living in London it seemed like a nice thing to do.

Being the Bowens, of course, it had to be an active holiday – only Sarah can lie on a beach for more than five minutes. So we talked about the types of holidays we had had together before - rock climbing in Spain or walking in Scotland. Then we looked at when we could go – various work commitments meant we had a week at the end of July when all of us could take a holiday. Too hot for rock climbing in Spain, too midgey for walking in Scotland!

Sarah also wanted to go to East Africa in July – she had spent time in Uganda when she was travelling during her gap year, loved it and has a number of friends there. We decided that we would investigate the possibility of climbing Kilimanjaro or Mount Kenya. Mount Kenya sounded much more attractive – less busy and less touristy and it could be done in about a week. A bit of time on the internet led us to booking a six-day trek with a local Kenyan company - gotomountkenya.com (much cheap-

er than Explore or Exodus). We paid a deposit in dollars and hoped for the best!

Mount Kenya actually has three summits, two of which can only be reached by technical rock climbing but the third called Point Lenana can be reached by trekking. The trekking company suggested that we approached the mountain by the Chogoria route, reach the top on day four and then descended by an alternative route thereby doing a complete traverse of the mountain. They would provide a guide, a cook, cook boy and four porters for the four of us and all we had to do was to carry a day sac. Accommodation would be in tents and mountain huts and a slow approach would hopefully give us time to acclimatise. Mount Kenya is 5000m high so lack of oxygen is a problem and altitude sickness a real possibility. Dave and I had never been above 3000m, although both James and Sarah had been higher on World Challenge expeditions. The weather would be below freezing on the top with some snow (there are glaciers on Mount Kenya) but of course the mountain lies on the equator so lower down would be hot. Packing for all of these different climates was a challenge. I bought a new sleeping bag which said it would keep me

warm at -12 degrees and a new duvet. It's a good job I had a porter!

We left England late on Friday evening, arriving in Nairobi first thing on Saturday morning and we were relieved to find our guide, Zachary waiting in Arrivals with a sign saying "Dave Bowen". So far, so good. We then were driven along the main road North out of Nairobi – the Kenyan driving style was interesting to say the least with frequent overtaking towards oncoming trucks/donkeys/ motorbikes etc.

Close to the mountain we turned off on to a dirt road into rainforest and came to a clearing where we met the rest of our team and had a picnic lunch - the first of many meals provided by our cook and the cook boy. Now I had been concerned about what I was going to be able to eat, as I am always very worried about getting an upset tummy when abroad. There was salad and guacamole – I decided that I would have to risk it or not eat for a week!

We transferred into Land Rovers after lunch and headed further into the forest. The track was amazing – deep red mud and very rutted. We kept getting stuck and I was terrified that the vehicle was going to overturn. After a couple of hours of this, I was relieved to begin the walk! We walked for a couple of hours through the forest which now was mainly bamboo to reach a simple lodge called Mount Kenya Bandas at 2900m. We had two rooms, each with a toilet which flushed if you were patient enough. We were cooked a meal of soup, a main course of fish, mashed potato and vegetable stew and fruit for dessert. The food was similar each day but there was loads of it – in fact we felt guilty that we could not make much impact on it. I felt breathless with the altitude already and found it hard to sleep.

The next day, we visited the Park Gate to sign in and to pay the park fees and for the accommodation further up the mountain. All this was included in the cost of the trek. In fact we did not spend any money at all in Kenya until we bought our own lunch on the last day. There was nothing at all to buy. Not even a Coke or a beer. There were monkeys in the trees and evidence of elephants and buffalo that had been wandering round our camp during the night. We set off early as the weather was bright sunshine in the mornings but in the afternoons it clouded over and often rained

or snowed before clearing in the evening to reveal an amazing collection of stars. We could now see the mountain in the distance – it looked fantastic, very craggy and complex. We reached a campsite around lunchtime and had a relaxing lunch and rest, now being at about 3300m. In the afternoon we walked to look at a waterfall and then had dinner about 6pm. It got dark before 7pm so early bedtimes became the norm.

The next day we had a long ridge to climb. This is where Zachary introduced the term "Pole, pole" meaning "Slowly, slowly" which was to become a bit of a catch phrase. At this altitude you can only keep going by moving very steadily indeed. We arrived at our next camp called Minto's hut at 4200m – this is the altitude where the hyraxes live – animals rather like the marmots in the Alps. They are preyed on by eagles and hyenas. At this camp the hut was used by the porters – it was very basic so we camped. For the second night there was a "long-drop" latrine and absolutely no washing facilities. In fact we didn't get anything other than a Babywipe shower (as Sarah called it) for the whole trek. We used a lot of antiseptic hand-gel. It hailed in the afternoon and there was ice on the inside of the flysheet in the morning (the thermometer read -5 inside the tent at 7am). The altitude was causing us to have headaches and no appetite. The three course meals continued to arrive and we continued to feel bad because we had to send most of it back.

Now at this point Zachary suggested a change to the original plan. He said that sleeping at the top hut (Austrian Camp) is always very difficult, even for him as it is so high, so he proposed that we went to Shipton's camp next, ascended to the summit from there and then if we were feeling okay we could return to Shipton's camp by a circumnavigation of the whole of the top of the mountain, going round the three summits. This would be about a ten hour walk but sounded fantastic. It also gave us another day to acclimatise as we would go to a col at 4500m and then descend to 4200m again at Shipton's. This sounded like a great idea. I was feeling better by now and as long as I went "Pole, pole" I was finding I was enjoying the walking and I was now able to eat and sleep quite well. Dave, however, was finding it hard to acclimatise and could not eat or sleep and

was finding simple things like fastening boots quite an effort. James has quite a lot of mountaineering experience and had adapted well to the altitude. Sarah was also doing well.

Shipton's camp was busy, although we had a room for the four of us with a working toilet! There was a group of 29 seventeen year olds who were extremely disorganised. They arrived soaking wet, left things all over the place and several of them were sick. Their teacher-leaders stayed in the hut but the poor students had to camp, carry all their own stuff and cook for themselves. Their guide had the patience of a saint. Sarah remarked that it wouldn't be pleasant being sick into their toilet facilities! I worried about their risk assessments.

The next day was summit day! The aim was to get to the summit for sunrise which meant

getting up at 2:30am to set off at 3:15am. It was about 900m of climb to the top, Point Lenana, at 4985m. It was very cold and had snowed the previous afternoon. Now, I'm not good on snow and ice and I was worried I would find it hard. I carried microspikes but

in the event did not use them as the snow was just enough to hold the scree together and actually made the ascent easier. We overtook a big group and several other parties by just moving "Pole, pole" slowly upwards. Dave was still finding it very hard, Sarah was very cold. But we arrived at the summit about 6am. We were the first party up that day and we were delighted when we reached the rocky summit blocks via iron via ferrata style rungs. The Kenyan flag was flying in the breeze and the sky was just getting light. The sunrise was spectacular and turned the surrounding rocky peaks orange in the glow of the sun. It was fabulous.

After about 20 minutes we began to descend a rocky, icy ridge. Fortunately there were wire handrails and Zachary and one of the porters who had come with us to the summit, helped

Sarah and I with the tricky bits. We descended to the Austrian hut where our guide produced a flask of tea. Now at this point Dave and Sarah wanted to go down and did not feel up to the remaining six hours walk to go round the other peaks and back to the camp. Zachary, however, did not really give them the option of descending straight back down. He also did not tell them that there were three cols to go over each involving a substantial climb.

We began our circumnavigation down easy frozen scree but soon came to the first obstacle. It really was time to go slowly, slowly having to stop for frequent rests as we climbed. Eventually at the top, we came to a beautiful tarn where we continued: level at first, then gently down to a rocky traverse and another ascent.

This was soon followed by a descent to our lunch stop by two more tarns – by now it was 10:30am and having been up since 2:30am with only biscuits for breakfast, I was hungry. We could see the final climb ahead. Dave was by now totally exhausted from his lack of acclimatisation and said afterwards



that he can never before remember thinking that he couldn't see how he could get up the climb ahead. James produced an old gel from the depths of his rucksack which helped Dave get up the many zigzags to the top of the final col. From here we could see the camp and some of us (James and Zachary) glissaded down the scree and then we descended through the rocks with dazzling blue sunbirds feeding on giant lobelia, hyraxes whistling warnings to each other and an eagle soaring overhead. We arrived back at the camp having seen no one since the summit. It was a truly amazing day's mountaineering – one of the best I've ever had.

The next day we began our descent off the mountain. We walked down a valley and across moorland reminiscent of Bleaklow to our final camp called Old Moses. The altitude was now

3300m and all of us were feeling better, and able to eat much more. In fact we ate almost all the lunch provided – noodles, baked beans, cheese and tinned spam and fried bread. I discovered that I had some strange symptoms including a wheezy cough, earache and swollen eyelids but apart from that we were all fine but tired.

Our final day arrived. We walked down a good four by four track through rainforest seeing a variety of birds and flowers before reaching the Park Gate. We were then driven to the town of Nanyuki, where our guide and porters

live and were taken to a hotel for lunch. We chose egg and chips, having had enough of the vegetable stew that had become our staple fare on the mountain. We also had a shower and found some moderately clean clothes for the sake of the other people on the flight! And they sold beer!

Finally, another hair-raising drive back to Nairobi, straight to the airport and the flight home. It was a fantastic experience and we are already wondering where we should go on our next family holiday!
C.B.

Oops! We Did it Again!

The GVS antidote to Groundforce once again went to destroy the beautiful fauna of the Goyt Valley – all for a good cause of course.

A team of 12 joined 3 Peak Park folks to do our bit in preventing the complete take over by rhododendrons in the Goyt Valley.

Clearly we are now considered experts as this – as we were pointed in the right direction and then basically left to it! Armed with loppers, saws and a Tracy Vernon, we showed no mercy and cleared a large bank, not far from one of

Gregg's favourite Sunday runs. As this was the Sunday after the Whaley Waltz and the excellent BBQ hosted by Tracy and John, there were one or two who were feeling slightly delicate at the start, but they powered through. So whilst we haven't yet found a solution to prevent being eaten alive by midges, we can recommend a hangover cure.

The Peak Park have thanked the club again for volunteering to help out – and look forward to seeing us again.
Sally Hunter



June, Lakeland, Sunday away-day: the Kentmere Horseshoe recce

The alarm clock had to be set for an unfamiliarly early getup time for this particular Sunday away-day trip. The picturesque Lakeland destination of Kentmere is small collection of properties - mainly farmhouses - set in a valley, at the end of a five mile, single track cul-de-sac.

Traffic is usually minimal - besides agricultural vehicles and the odd rambler's chara - so roads are basic and there are no designated car parks. Hence the couple of spaces that are available near the village church can be in big demand. The journey was also due to take a



couple of hours so a bright and early start was required to avoid much reversing and a long pre-run walk.

Wiping the sleep from my eyes I wandered across to Disley old road in an effort to save our driver the hassle of negotiating the maze that is the Chantry estate. Standing there waiting by the roadside the peaceful silence was soon interrupted by the hum of an approaching car echoing over the tops. This preceded their arrival by a good few minutes - there's obviously not much competing noise at 6 am on a Sunday morning!

The roads were nice and clear (who else would be daft enough to travel at that hour!). So good progress was made and we were soon at Lancaster services to get a welcome shot of caffeine and take advantage of a few of their other facilities. Some of these can slow one down a bit due to an over-emphasis (by some) on Lycra leg gear! But once fully refreshed we were soon back on our way up the M6.

We claimed the last spot by the church so the early start was rewarded. It was a great day

for a run in the Lakes. The sun shone in the valley and the clouds rolled across the peaks. We set off at a gentle pace but it wasn't long before Mark needed an extra pit stop - at least that's what I thought he said - that wasn't a problem, however, as the unforgiving terrain kept us all at a snail's pace in the early stages.

The halfway stage and summit of the race was the High Street trig point. While there taking a well earned breather and photo opportunity some local runners appeared out of the mist. After exchanging details of our routes it was time for us all to head off in the same direction. We stepped aside to let them take the lead and avoid any humiliation, which turned out to be a good move as in no time they were mere dots on the horizon. They must have been in a rush to get somewhere is all I could think. We'd have been favourites in an arm wrestle though - scrawny buggers!

Tired, hot and sweaty on our return to the valley we plunged in to an ice cold stream for 5 minutes. It's what all the top athletes do don't you know. But they also run hard and fast and I've not felt any evidence of that since the dip so I think there's more to it than good recovery. Which is a shame really as that's one the part of the training we could all excel at!

For the record the stats were:

Distance: 19.8km / 12.3m

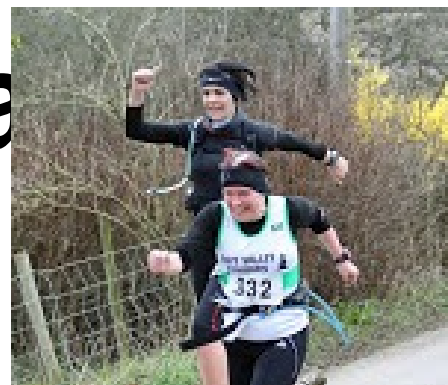
Climb: 1006m / 3300ft.

Plus 6 or 7 Wainwrights were bagged along the way.

Ade



Philomena and Sara Coastal Adventure



THE EPIC STORY CONCLUDES . . .

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

Day Five - Poo, poo and more poo

Sadly this does not relate to my bowel movements, if only it did. That is another story to be told when drunk.

Today we woke up after probably about 4 or 5 hours sleep. Whilst we were exhausted when we got in last night, I think we were over exhausted and in so much pain from the time we'd been out we just couldn't sleep properly. We were also both very worried and slightly upset about how low we were feeling and the decrepit states of our body. Phil's feet were unhappy, I had a swollen ankle for no apparent reason and we both agreed we would allow someone to chainsaw our legs off at the thighs and it probably would hurt less.

We woke at 5.30am and I stumbled to the bathroom like a 90-year-old woman; Phil did similar. This was not good.

Neither was the sight of our faces. We had sunburn from yesterday and looked like we'd been in a fight, our eyes were so tired and swollen with puffy bags. We definitely were not going to pull any men on this run!

Fortunately our aches started to ease a little and we made it downstairs to the most delicious breakfast. This was our first proper, unrushed breakfast since Sunday morning.

Normally we chattered away at breakfast and found something to laugh at.

But not today. I think we were both genuinely fearful as to whether we could make it today. Even when some fellow coast to coasters asked about what we were doing, for the first time we really couldn't be bothered to talk about it.

So off we set. Down the road, over the bridge and within minutes we were skipping along the main road singing "We'll never get to heaven". We passed some lovely walkers who made us feel so much better and as if we were doing something fantastic. The terrain was so, so much better than yesterday; fields and signposts - we were in heaven. The views however were boring; there were no hills around and nothing to really look at and take in. The one thing there was in abundance were cows and cow poo.

We slipped, slithered and fell all the way around in this disgusting sh*t. We are, however, now quite brave having passed through lots of fields of cows which I've always been scared of. Phil would use these opportunities to examine her legs and maps, ignoring the ferocious looking dog and frisky cows. There was no sense of urgency in her movement across the fields.

I have realised having spent five long days with Phil quite how alert Karl has to be just to keep her alive. I am tired of advising her to avoid puddles which





she is heading straight for and suggesting reading maps at the same time as walking down the middle of a road is not perhaps a good idea. I feel I should be paid a carer's allowance this week.

Phil has also expressed surprise at how unusually tolerant I have been of her at her constant announcements of "bridge", "church", "house", "road". Little does she realise if I was my usual intolerant and bad-tempered self I would then have no one to talk to. So needs must - for now.

The first incident of note on a very boring route was during a toilet stop. Phil helpfully identified an area where I could crouch and one further along for *her* bottom to rest. Sadly the areas were on a slippery decline of clag. This resulted in a spectacular fall on my behind which continued sliding during the call of nature. I emerged from my allocated area covered in clag; down my fingernails, down my back, on my map. I looked like I'd pooped everywhere. I was stuck in my area for some time and instead of helping pull me out Phil took a picture. I will remember this when she is stuck in a bog.

The next part was 3 miles of road. I hate road. We agreed we would walk/run to the end and had a little help from Olly Murs along the way. It passed quite quickly but it was boring. We then came into Danby Wiske and decided to try and find somewhere to get some water. We came across a lovely man who, when we asked for directions to a shop, offered to fill up our water and also came out with some fizzy Lucozade. He was so, so nice and we had a lovely chat with him. He was very insistent we should drink all of the Lucozade and Phil belched loudly in appreciation of his gesture. Sadly he heard this clearly and any views he may have formed about us being ladies will have gone right out of the window.

What followed after was just paths of cow poo and we slithered through it the best we could. It was foul. We had cow poo all up our legs; we stunk.

We then had our first, and proud to say only, navigational issue of the day. We had gone past the path we needed to take and having waded through mud we were not going back. We then had no choice but to tackle the barbed wire fence. It was not easy when the bottoms of our shoes were caked in poo and Phil ended up with a war-wound from this. She was brave though and marched on.

We then came across some walkers from our B&B this morning and we were slightly concerned that they had walked quicker than us. It turns out though that they actually got a lift (what a fab idea). They were lovely and we had a nice chat with them and Phil asked them to carry out a photo shoot which they agreed to (not that anyone actually says no to Phil).

How staged is that photo?

So on we trundled, through field after field after field. We ran where we could and quite



frankly weed where we could too! I'm ashamed to say that we don't give too much thought to where we go for our call of nature. Any extra mileage is to be avoided so we tend to go anywhere with one of us on watch out. We are really at one with nature. We must remember when we get home that this isn't appropriate

behaviour and that we must use proper toilet facilities.

Amazingly we felt ok today. It's hard running on flat as you can't find as many excuses to stop and walk but it gave us a much needed and welcome break from the hills. Today we did some ok running but in hindsight I think fell shoes would have been more appropriate as we slipped so much. I think we'll have a look at the terrain tomorrow and decide whether a change of shoes is in order.

The arrival at Ingleby Arncliffe was unremarkable apart from a very, very, very busy dual carriageway which we had to cross. The road suggested that we should wait for a gap and then "Dash". They clearly didn't know how tired our legs would be.

21.5 miles in 5 hours 25. Job done.

On arriving at our B&B we have yet again beaten the owners home so we've done the blog early. So many people have wondered how we have had the time and energy to do the blog. It wasn't intended to be done every night but after the first day we found that we were so restless at night and our heads so occupied it actually helped to get it all out. Especially last night when we were so, so down and tired it actually helped us to remember the fun we'd had instead of the bad bits and we could take a different view on it. The time seems to be flying and we're forgetting things so easily, even forgetting what places we've stayed out. By writing this down we always end up laughing at the stupid things we've done (as Phil has just proven by ringing the owners about the lack of hair dryer that she was stood right next to!)

We do have injuries, we're just being brave and not moaning about them. We both have tendinitis on the top of one foot, Phil's Achilles is irritated (I know how it feels) and we have attractive black toe nails hanging on for dear life. Phil's knees are fine if anyone is wondering. I know this as she constantly tells me they're fine, even when I don't ask. Phil

also said today that as we had similar injuries we could be identical twins separated at birth years apart - go figure, because I couldn't . . .

Thank you again for the texts, emails, Facebook messages. You cannot imagine what a lift they give us.

Today was Philomena's mum's birthday and so today we shall raise a glass of water (and pretend its champagne) in her memory and I know she'll be proud of Phil. I love you Phil :)

Tomorrow will be hard. 30 miles, lots of climbing but we're nearly there.

Day Six - It's the final countdown

This blog tonight should come with a warning. Firstly we are very, very, very tired. Every bone in our body aches. Secondly this is the second time we have had to write this as it didn't save :(

Today we ran 30.5 miles in 8hrs 23 and we're knackered. If anyone offered to saw off our legs tonight we would pay for the taxi fare.

The day started well as we awoke fresh after 8 hours sleep. This is the most sleep we've had in one night since we've started. We've only managed 4 or 5 hours a sleep each night and it makes it hard to get up at 6am when you haven't slept properly. I even managed a cup of tea in bed this morning. We did our usual hobble around the bedroom like old ladies but fortunately our legs soon started behaving as if they were mobile again.

The next part wasn't great. We had handed our very dirty, cow poo-smelling clothes to the B&B owners the night before for them to wash and dry. As we stood in towels and nothing else we discovered that our clothes hadn't been returned and we had nothing to wear. We waited and waited and nothing arrived. Philomena then took matters into her own hands and went and knocked on the door outside - dressed only in her trainers and a towel. Nothing else. Unsurprisingly she returned with the bag of clothing.





We then had a rushed breakfast of cereal and toast, as the lack of clothing had made us late and we made the decision to not make our usual jam sandwiches as there was a cafe en route and we we're going to treat ourselves. This proved later to be a huge fail . . .

So, off we set knowing that there was over 2,500 foot of climbing in the first 12 miles with undulating ground for the next 18 miles and we guessed we'd be out 10 hours. We felt mentally prepared, unlike that fatal Thursday. We met some lovely dog walkers who wished us well and we headed off to the forest.

At the forest there was a route which took us through it instead of around it and as we wanted to save unnecessary mileage and time we opted for this route. I believe Philomena chose this route due to her jealousy of my unscratched and un-bruised legs compared to her legs. What followed resulted in us being scratched to bits and we emerged from the bushes bleeding. All within a mile.

Having congratulated ourselves on excellent navigation at reaching the top we joined a lovely undulating forest path. Within a quarter of a mile and a quick map check we un-congratulated ourselves as we realised that in fact we hadn't reached the top and had to run back that quarter of a mile and repeat the scrambling for even longer.

We finally, definitely, reached the top and were greeted with spectacular views and a lovely undulating path to run along. We were amazed that our legs were still running without much complaint. We felt pretty good considering.

Unfortunately there followed a small internal stop on my part as I could not find where we

were on the Harvey maps as Phil carried on navigating with her pretty picture maps. I had a little stop and expressed my discontent that I couldn't save us without a compass bearing as I thought she was following her own route. It soon became apparent that Phil was actually right (aarrghhh) so I just apologised in my head, set the compass bearing and said no more about it.

The next path was a continual climb up rocky stones and we got our first view of The North Sea which was very exciting as it meant that the end was in sight. This was tiring and so we decided to play I-Spy to pass the time, although choices were limited given the fact we were on top of a hill.

We were excitedly making our way to Lord Stones cafe to get our early lunch and drinks. There was a slight problem. The cafe was there but it was shut. In fact it was worse than shut, it was being rebuilt. This was not the plan and we were very worried about our lack of water as we knew there were no streams nearby. Fortunately the pretty picture map helped as it



said there was a water tap nearby. Philomena determinedly headed off to seek it and within minutes a workman had filled our bottles with water he said was from a spring. I tried to overlook the fact that it was coming from a dirty hose but he assured us it was fine. Hmmm, maybe.

We then headed over to Wain Stones which was a steep up and down on rocky, ankle-turning stones. It was hard to descend as I am a mard but Phil just buggered off and left me (just like she did at the Bullock Smithy in fact!) The stones were amazing but there was a slight problem as there was no visible path

through so we decided to take on a new sport of rock climbing and proved to be quite good at it.

We then ran and ran and walked and walked to the Lion Inn, desperate for something to eat and refill our bottles. To distract ourselves we sang along to music. Today's compilation included "Footloose", "This Ole House", "Man-eater", "Can you feel it" (yes we could!!) And "Looking out for a Hero" (who never came). We were also offered paid employment as Grouse beaters but politely refused and ran on, that little bit quicker.

The pub was a welcome stop and we got a sandwich and crisps to share and some very strong orange cordial, which was not that welcome. After chatting to some lovely Australians we then went on our way again.



The next stop was "Fat Betty", a stone symbol where tradition requires that you leave food for other walkers and you also take something. We kindly left a gel and muesli bar whereas some other weirdos had left half chewed barley sugar sweets and some rotten apples. We decided to not take anything as it all looked slightly old and dodgy so passed on that tradition.

So the next part was just miles and miles and miles of undulating road, track, road, track and track. It seemed like the yellow brick road at one point and every mile seemed to take so long whereas in fact we were speeding up now we were on flatter territory and managing a speedy five miles an hour. But the end never came in sight.

Philomena's stupid bloody pretty picture map kept promising us that over the next hill we were there, but it lied. By this time the super

strong orange cordial was taking its toll on us. It is not pleasant.

Yet again we had to take numerous toilet stops today and we seem to have abandoned the practice of finding a bush to hide behind, instead adopting the theme of "stop, squat and drop". It's very effective and time saving. Fortunately there were very few passersbys who were subjected to the sight of our bottoms.

And so the miles went on. We finally came to Tarmac which indicated we had arrived. On Philomena's bloody pretty picture maps the pub was a minute away. That too was a lie. It was down the steepest road we could have found, which only served to severely aggravate my cramp in my right leg which had started a few miles ago and Phil's Achilles. When we finally arrived, we had the added injustice of having to clamber up a hill. We fell into the pub groaning, aching and generally knackered. The bar woman must have thought we were miserable cows.

This morning we thought we'd be over the moon, full of anticipation and bound into our rooms knowing the end is in sight. In reality I rolled around on the bed for 20 minutes in agony with cramp and crying for no particular reason whilst laughing at the same time. Phil stood in the corner looking a little concerned. Then she nearly fell out of a window. No, really she did. I can only imagine what the people in the car park thought as they saw her with a towel around her waist nearly fall out of a window. I hope no men think its a good sign and come and knock on for us tonight.

Today was difficult as the fact that mile 13 onwards was runnable it made it more painful and laborious. To keep ourselves busy we discussed many things, including:-

- the fact that Philomena thinks she can't sing and always mimed at school.
- our favourite 80's bands.
- the good fortune that Jimmy Saville never replied to my request to change my name to Stephanie.
- we wondered how Paul's foot was.
- whether we would have driven Steve H mad if he'd have come with us and would he have sung "Maneater".
- whether Kate C has yet worked out that when Phil wrote any club would be "*price listed* to have you", she actually meant "proud".

Yes, I fail to see how she can blame it on auto correct also . . .
 - bowel movements.
 - who would play us in our forthcoming film (thank you for suggestion Al) and Phil decided Julie Walters for her.
 We also agreed one of us would have to die to make it more interesting and we decided Phil as she's older. We hadn't actually agree the method of death but perhaps a semi-naked fall from a pub window is a possibility?

So here we are. 19 miles to go and it seems a long way. We hurt, we're tired but we're a little bit happier now. I think that might be due to the window incident. The karaoke downstairs and the appalling singers are not aiding sleep however and I think Phil is considering going down in her towel and trainers and asking them to shut up.

Tomorrow the weather is going to be awful but for the last time we will get up and put on our smelly trainers and with one foot in front of the other we will get there. See you there :)

Day 7 - Goodbye St Bees, Farewell Bampton Grange, It's a long long way to Robin Hoods Bay but we made it there!

I think both myself and Phil would like to start out by thanking our hoteliers for making our last day and morning unforgettable.

Thank you for the karaoke screeching on until midnight with the same man singing, again and again and again disturbing our desperately needed sleep.



Thank you for the fact that I nearly ended our C2C journey when I innocently leaned against the shower door which was dislodged and I nearly went flying over arse over tit.

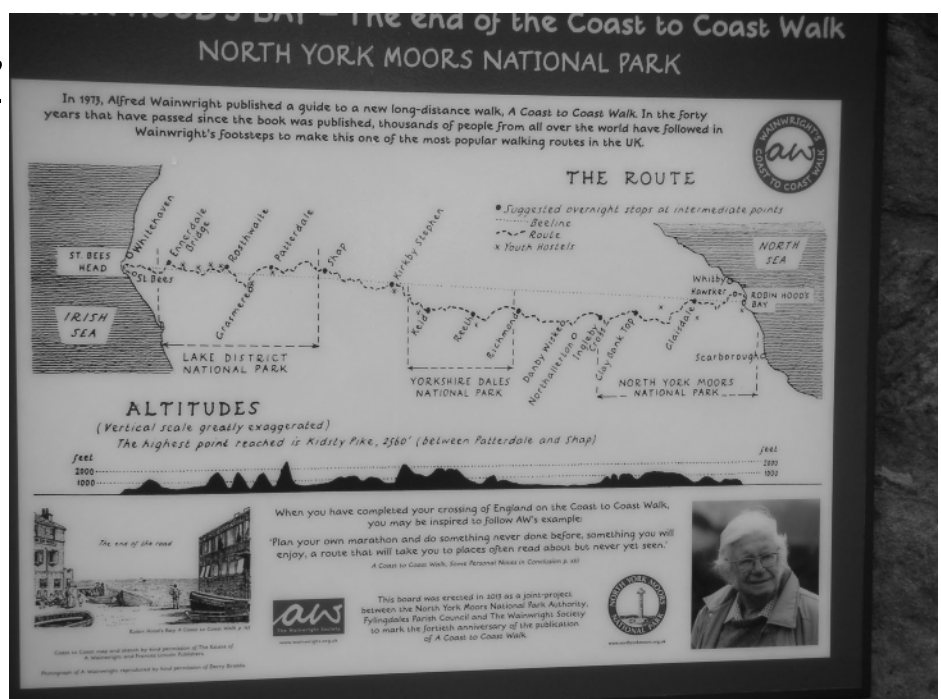
Thank you for failing to take our bags upstairs when we arrived tired, dishevelled and in pain and

watched us struggle without offering.

Thank you for having windows which reacted badly to being opened thereby nearly resulting in a semi naked fall into the car park for Philomena.

But our biggest thank you goes to them for promising that they would do us an early breakfast, thereby ensuring that we had an early fulfilling start on our final day and completely failing to do so. I can promise you, the Trip Advisor feedback will be amazing and one you won't forget.

We had set our alarm for 6am but we were both awake long before that. I had been awake since 4am willing myself to visit the toilet (only for a wee, don't get excited!) but I was unable to move my legs. They were stuck.



Unbeknown to me, Phil was in a similar state of paralysis. After an aborted attempt to get out of bed after the alarm we embarked on our stretching and rolling routine and managed to hobble around the room, packing up our stuff and generally having a small panic about the fact that our feet hurt, Phil's achilles had progressed to being very irritated with her (but her knee is fine in case you're wondering) and my right leg was numb from cramp. We were not supreme athletes this morning.

So it was with great anticipation that we hobbled down the stairs (we could have done with a Stannah stair lift quite frankly) for our scrambled eggs on toast. But there was nothing. No food, no drink, no people. The lights were out and everyone was in bed. We had no breakfast! After mulling it over for a while we decided that we had no choice but to go without breakfast. Friends and family were meeting us at Robin Hoods Bay and we had promised to be there by 2pm. We were already concerned about how fast we would be and



had kind of agreed to walk it if we had to. Fortunately, the kind hoteliers had left us two packets of Digestive biscuits and we decided that we would have to have these for our breakfast as we needed some food to take our now daily dose of medication. The dryness of the biscuits were just as appetising as Penguin biscuits on the Bullock Smithy and what a great way to start the day. (Please note I am being very, very sarcastic here!)

In a very despondent mood we set off down the steep hill, ouching as we did so and working out how long it would take us to walk there. We had expected day seven to be the best, with the best breakfast, best weather and the best pair of legs each. We were wrong on all counts. The weather forecast was appalling with gale-force winds and torrential rain from 10am onwards so we had decided on an early start to try and avoid running in it for the entire morning.

Fortunately, the ridiculousness of our situation had us laughing by the end of the road as we imagined our victorious finish, hobbling in at teatime with disgruntled families. Fortunately we met some lovely little ponies on our way which cheered us up a little bit and we decided we could treat it as a sight-seeing day if necessary.

As our physical ailments continued we came across a toll road and Phil was genuinely concerned that we would have to pay to pass but we did wonder whether if we waited around they would bring us some appropriate transport?

As our pains started to ease, due to the wonderful painkillers which we would have to

learn to live without soon, we came across some lovely people who had seen us earlier at the start when they were driving by and wished us luck. They also very kindly gave us some blackberries they were picking when they heard our tales of woe and then pointed us in the direction of the local shop which was open even

though it was only 8am. I cannot tell you how delighted we were and even more so by the fact that the shop owner was the most wonderful man. If you ever go to Grosmont go and say hello to the man in the Co-op!

I decided on an egg sandwich and a banana for breakfast and Phil had a sugar mouse and a banana - a wholesome nutritious breakfast I think. He then warned us that the worst part of the route was just around the corner and he was very right - a 1/3 gradient hill. Our calves were not ready for this so early in the morning but we had to get to the top of this hill which was over 2 miles. There seemed no end to it.

As we reached midway up the hill we came across two men who we had seen in the Pub the night before also doing the C2C. We marched on past them to the tune of "You'll never get to heaven". We seemed to get louder as the hill got steeper and it proved a great arm-swinging song to get us up the hill.

And at last we were there. No, not Robin Hoods Bay but the top of the stupid hill and we had a lovely few miles of undulating fields, a bit boggy but who cared. We were off the road and away from the rain and wind which had started to get us on the hill and our quads/calves eased off and we felt good. We had a few “stop, squat and drops” and then a lovely run down a gradual descent and were well on for an early finish as we were being quite quick (just over 4 miles in fact overall but by now we considered this as fast - don't laugh at us in races later).

And then the error occurred! We were chatting away, discussing what we wanted to eat, what had been our best/worst bits and then we realised that we didn't actually know where we were. Doh! This was after climbing yet another hill with a 1/3 gradient. We most definitely weren't on Phil's pretty picture map and we had to resort to looking at my map but I'd given up looking at that a long time ago, and in fact my map was hidden underneath a banana, my phone and various other items I had acquired in my beautiful map bag which was now falling apart. So, for the first time in 7 days we had to ask for directions. Phil went off and spoke to Farmer Giles who directed us through his field of cows and past a derelict house and over a field and far away. He helpfully advised us that should the cows chase us then we should just shout at them. Great! Fortunately the bull(!) in the field was too busy humping away that we briskly walked past unnoticed.

So we followed the farmer's instructions, and ended up in a field, with no idea where to go. We used the map and compass, but we couldn't really work out where we were and went back on ourselves as that looked right. But it wasn't. We ended up wandering into the grounds of a house with very noisy geese and a caged barking dog. This didn't look quite right either. Fortunately the man who came out of the house was not scary and was lovely and showed us the way. This time we both listened very, very carefully as we went back to the field where we had earlier stood with nowhere to go. We then decided, as expert navigators do, to try and get a bearing. We did this and followed it and hey presto we found ourselves back on the right path. It was a small but time consuming diversion and not one that we needed and we both

despaired at our general inability to listen to instructions.

Just as we decided to sit down and have a sock change some lovely Australians came by, who were finishing the C2C after 17 days and chatted to us. They took pictures for us and just made us feel great. Just talking to other people and sharing what you've all been through is such a good boost when you feel a bit stupid for being lost in a field.



This may look like me and Phil have just met each other but she was in fact just about to help me up as I couldn't stand!

By this time we had about 9 miles to go which meant we were on the last page of our map. It seemed very momentous, as we always got excited when we could turn the page of the map as it was that bit closer. This time it was a little bit sad as whilst our bodies were saying that they had had enough and we missed our families, also we didn't really want it to end. As we neared the end we did talk a lot about our ups and downs and favourite bits.

As we came onto yet another road section we saw some walkers ahead of us which we were surprised about as we'd left early and thought we would be ahead of them, particularly as

they were older than us. They then followed the road section as we turned left into the fields. It turned out that they were the men we had been walking with and they finished at the same time as us. but only because they cut out eight miles by taking the direct road route instead of Wainwright's one. Obviously they had read the book which had warned of severe bogs. Fortunately we had also read about the bogs but decided that we were doing it Wainwright's way and that involved bogs and all. And bogs there were, but it was fun and made a change from the road that we'd stomped on all morning.

As we made our way through Hawsker we realised that we really were nearly there, we only



had a few miles to go. We had lots of texts coming through from family asking us where we were, they clearly thought we were slow, as they asked us a lot. We did try to run fast, honest!

So whilst you were all waiting for us in fact we were just arsing around taking photos.

We had read about some people finishing the route on the road path to Robin Hood's Bay but we wanted to finish on the coastal path and run along the sea. We had to go through a caravan park to get to the path but when we saw the sea it was just amazing. It meant that we were very, very nearly there!

The first incident of note occurred when we got to the coastal path and Phil said we were going left. Now we have studied the last day map on numerous occasions and it was a definite right. I personally did not fancy running up to Scotland.

The second incident of note occurred when Philomena saw our family walking up the coastal path and whistled very, very loudly at them. I did point out that it really wasn't them but apparently it was as it was Karl's coat. She waved at them frantically. As we ran towards them, it wasn't them. They had aged considerably since we left a week before. We ran past them acting as if she had not carried out the aforementioned actions.

And so we were on our way home. We had navigated ourselves from one coast to another over 180 miles and then, bless lovely Karl, he rang to tell us the way to get to the bay :) In all honesty it's a good job he did as there were no signs and we probably would have got lost which would have been a bit embarrassing and a bit of a rubbish ending to the story. Admittedly I was inadvertently stranded on the roundabout during our "speedy" descent until a kind motorist let me pass and then we had the steep, steep descent to Robin Hood's Bay. We considered using the steps but thought that maybe that wouldn't look so dramatic so opted for the road.

It was so surreal though as we ran down the road as we didn't know what to expect and all of a sudden our family and friends were there cheering us on, with strangers cheering us on as well. It was the best moment and a fantastic end to our week. We had run the last 19.5 miles in just over 5 hours.

We dipped our toe in the sea and threw our stones which we had carried from the Irish Sea into the North Sea.

Me and Philomena have run the coast to coast in 53 hours and 186 miles. We have been lost and found, up and down, and round and round in circles but we made it and it was a blast!

And why we did it -

From Philomena:-

So it's finally over, 184 miles in just over 6 days. I have done something I never thought possible.

Why did I want to do this? I have asked myself this many times in the last 6 months. I couldn't read a map 6 months ago and had never run long distances back to back before. This was a challenge I believe some people thought

we may fail at, especially as I can be a bit dizzy at times.

The challenge was set in March and once we had decided to do this for charity in memory of my Mum and Sarah's friend Amanda there was no going back. Thanks to incredibly generous people we have just under £2,500 so far for Roy Castle Lung Cancer Foundation. Amazing when we only set out to raise £800.

We wished we'd found a blog which would have helped us with where to stay and what to take so here are some of my thoughts:-

Bed and Breakfast's:

St Bee's - Stonehouse farm. Very clean, excellent facilities, excellent breakfast.

Seatoller - Seatoller Farm. Had the personal touch, dried our clothes and picked us up from the Pub after!

Bampton - Bampton Village Store. Excellent, let us do our own washing, very helpful, fantastic deep bath and even sponsored us.

Kirby Stephens - Old Croft House. Best rooms, stunning features.

Richmond - Willance House. Excellent breakfast choice, very helpful, dried our socks, got up early for us.

Inglby Arncliffe - Somerset Farm. Late booking in 4pm. Nice rooms, comfy beds, hairdryer on side ;)

Glaisdale - Arncliffe Arms. Not recommended.

Best bits of kit and fuel:

OMM waist bag.

Smartwool Merino socks.

Sandwich bags.

Fruit pastilles and Jelly babies.

Jam butties.

Sudacream instead of Vaseline.

Sports bras.

Wet wipes.



Wind proofs.

Phils pretty little picture maps.

We did have an amazing time of ups and downs:-

Worst Moments:

Day 2 climbing out of Patterdale after 5.5hrs of running and 11 miles still to go, thinking I am not fit enough for this.

Day 4 - Fear that we may never get out of the bogs up on the Yorkshire moors, and may have to give up on the challenge.

I do have to say though that the low moments didn't last long and we soon fell about laughing.

The Best Bits:

Snack; Rice crispy cake

on day 1 at the Slate Mine Visitors Centre.

Meal: Breakfast at Willance House, Richmond.

Pub: Crown and Mitre, Bampton.

The laughter that got us through when so many may have given up. Especially on day 4 at mile 22 and 12 left to go.

Struggling to walk when I got out of bed and being able to run 30 mins later.

I have been adopted by Mr Housley (Sarah's Dad)

A friendship that's close and a bond that will never be broken with my best friend Sarah.

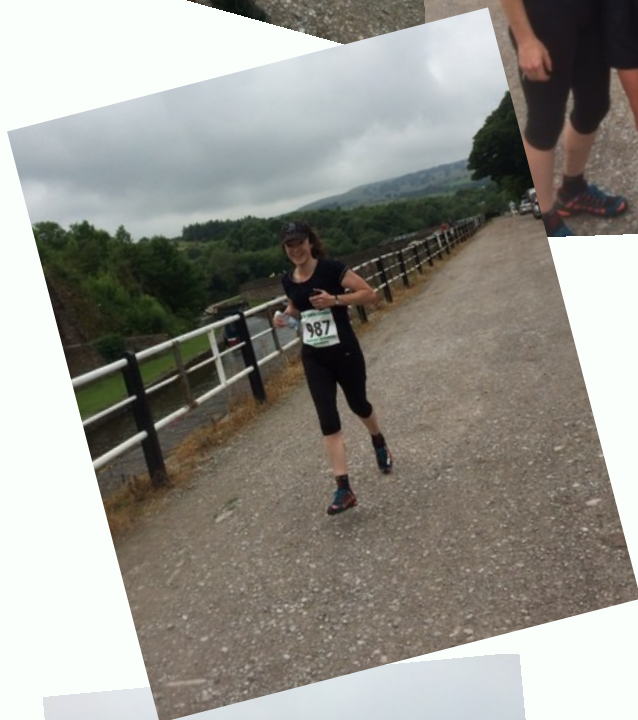
I have Osteoarthritis in my knees and initially it was a final adventure to end the long distance running in order to delay any knee replacements I may need in the future, and at the ripe old age of 47 I am not getting any younger. However this is something I enjoy. My Mum and Amanda died far too young - should I give up something I enjoy because you never know what tomorrow brings.

I am surprised I have finished and can still walk, this is a memory that will be with me forever and I know my Mum and Amanda were looking out for us in our times of need and I am sure we will have done them proud x

GVS Half Marathon -



Sunday July 20th



Results:

Pos	Name	Time
1	Pete Woodhead	1.39.14
2	Matthew Sperrin	1.43.50
3	Mark Rushton	1.44.55
4	Paul Oakley	1.50.27
5	Jonathan Hull	1.54.34
6	Ada West-Samual	1.55.40
7	Raj Maharjan	1.57.39
8	Gregg Avery	2.00.15
9	Dez Mitchel	2.00.35
10	Roy Whittle	2.00.53
11	Peter Davis	2.13.58
12	Rebecca Glen	2.14.02
13	Tracy Vernon	2.14.55
14	Vicky Heathcote	2.21.57
15	Chris Bowen	2.22.58
16	Stephen Sanders	2.33.08
17	Karen Duddridge	2.49.58
18	Steve Berry (Sweeper)	2.52.00

Hathersage Hilly Triathlon 2014

I started off New Year's Day 2014 with the customary hangover plus the thought that this year I will turn 40!

Feeling a bit depressed I began to make a mental note of what I have and haven't done and started a bit of a bucket list (everyone says life begins at 40 but I'm not taking any chances!) One of the things on the wish list was to complete a triathlon. I had seen so many on television over the years but never imagined I could be fit enough to attempt one myself.

I'd heard about the Hathersage Hilly from Lucas & Mary and decided that could be the one to aim for.

One problem, (well, two actually)

I could not swim (not strictly true, I could only do breaststroke)

I did not have a bike (not strictly true either, I had a mountain bike)

In February I started the swim technique lessons that ran from New Mills pool. Work and home commitments meant that I could only make the late night, mid week session but I had enough time to learn. The instructors start everyone as a complete beginner, breaking all the moves down into simple steps and over the next couple of months I went from looking like I was drowning to being able to swim up and down the lane reasonably well.

I was going to use my mountain bike on the day and just fit some road tyres but managed to borrow a road bike from a work colleague who had a spare bike and was happy for me to use it.

The first time out on a road bike (or 'racer' as I had always known them) was, to be honest, a little scary but as I started to put the miles in I began to enjoy it; I even got the occasional 'nod' from other cyclists while out and about so maybe I even looked the part.

Race day: It was an early start; my start time was 08:15 for the swim. It was a cool, overcast morning with a threat of drizzle later on. The parking was well organised and was set about half way between the pool (transition 1) and the bike drop-off (transition 2). It was a staggered start - presumably so they could get the 150+ competitors in and out of the pool.

I set my bike up in T1 and my running shoes at T2 then waited for my turn to swim. There were 4 people to each wave; we were each given a coloured swimming cap and then counted down to a start. My swim started off well and the swim lessons I felt were really paying off. The outdoor pool is quite short so I was counting up the lengths quickly, each lane was quite congested with 3 or 4 swimmers in at any time so there were arms and legs everywhere. By length 8 or 9 my goggles ended up being kicked off by the swimmer in front which was frustrating and slowed me down a little.

I finished the swim and ran through to Transition 1 where I spent far too long drying my feet before putting my socks and bike shoes on (I wouldn't bother with socks next time); this was a learning experience as I could have so easily been disqualified for moving my bike without putting my helmet on first if the marshal hadn't given me a friendly warning.

Off I went on my bike, beginning a short but fast downhill start then a long, long, gradual climb. I managed to overtake several bikes on the hill which gave me the confidence to push as hard as I could. Unfortunately the drizzle started to come in as the road levelled out and we began to descend back into Hathersage. This made the bike even more twitchy than usual because of the slick tyres (no grips) that it had - how I didn't fall off is a miracle.

I made it into Transition 3 and parked the bike, had a gel then swapped the bike shoes for the fell shoes. I now felt more at ease as the last stage was a 7K but hilly trail run.

The first mile was uncomfortable; my legs didn't seem to want to work properly so the run began as more of a hobble until they remembered what to do again. The climbs were a real challenge so the 'hands on knees' approach was needed to get me up to the top; the downhill was long but fast through wet and slippery grass making my fell shoe a good choice.

I finished with a time of 1hr 43 mins and a smile on my face! I'll try again next year and hopefully learn from some of my mistakes.

That's one more thing crossed off the bucket list - next stop, The Bullock Smithy. **ROY**

Sedbergh Fell Race Saturday May 17th 2014

or when Stephen Sanders (76th) beat Iwan Thomas (90th)

Sun Shines on Opening Race of 2014 BOFRA Championship Season 100 seniors and 103 juniors basked in the Spring sunshine at the opening race of the 2014 BOFRA Championship season, at Sedbergh Gala on Saturday.

The race was over 2.6 miles, but it is mainly about the 1,200 foot climb, apparently this is the feature of the BOFRA circuit.

Sedbergh Gala bathes in freakishly hot sun and the smell of frying hot dogs. People everywhere. Kids have ice cream tantrums, beered-up blokes queue for the portaloos. The show-ground is a school playing-field, all freshly-cut grass and rugby pitch markings. Look around and it's one more early-summer country fair; but look up, to the north, and you see the looming grassy behemoth of Winder, a mountain that seems to erupt from the village and reach up to the heavens. Big and green and as steep as... well, in Iwan's case, probably as steep a learning curve as he'll ever have.

We are called to the start line. Precisely 100 runners of all shapes and sizes, male and female, young and old, all now aware (the tannoy has been working overtime) that they're toeing the line with a champion athlete. A real runner. An Olympian. Three, two, one, a blast of a whistle, and we're off out of the show-ground and heading up a winding, stony track leading to the foot of the mountain. The elite runners sprint off ahead. Iwan, competitive blood surging through his veins, goes with them. I'm about twenty metres behind, struggling for breath, I can't keep up. He's too good. He's a bona fide athlete, and he has thighs the shape and power of motor pistons. He's off and away and I'll never see him again.

We reach the foot of the fell. We haven't started the real climb yet. Suddenly, I picked out Iwan with his black top and Welsh red socks - Iwan is in front of me, gasping. Iwan isn't built to run fell races. He's a huge man, trained over a lifetime to be a thoroughbred sprinter, a powerhouse. Not someone who

strides up hillsides, hands-on-knees, who delights in scrambling over rough earth towards horizons and summits.

Thing is, I don't think Iwan quite knew this, either. He's gobsmacked by his own utter knackeredness. As if he can't quite understand how, despite his general athletic fitness coupled with a fierce competitive drive, he's now towards the back of the field and in absolute pain. This is when I catch up with him, we crab our way up towards the summit. There is a cameraman with a portable camera trying his best to scramble backwards up the hillside. We have a quick chat, he pants that the hills test whether you're first home by a clear margin in the senior race was Robb Jebb (Bingley Harriers) in 19.44 mins, followed by 2013 BOFRA Champ, Shaun Godsman (Calder Valley Fell Runners) 40 secs later. The race was not without celebrity either as Iwan Thomas, Olympic 400m gold medallist, took part in the race while filming for the BBCs "One Show." He ran well and came in 90th position.

You are fit or not but to be honest, I am able to go a little faster and so I do. I get to the top in 23 and a half minutes and then head down the steep and, in places scree sides.

I was expecting the Welshman to be flying down behind me but I managed to keep ahead of him based on the self-preservation method, I normally prefer the ups to the downs. It was a great relief to be back into the show grounds and receive the support of the runners and spectators. I did not hang around too long as I wanted to see Chris in Under 15 Cricket action against Shrewsbury School, he was batting and I did arrive just in time to see him hit the ball out of the ground and ultimately a win for Sedbergh.

I have taken some of the above from a blog written by Boff Whalley, as he accompanied Iwan on his Fell experience and I would recommend a trip to Sedbergh to experience Winder and the Howgills - much less populated and certainly a challenge.

S.S.

