

# The Strider



November  
2010

Newsletter of the Goyt Valley Striders

**The Bullock Smithy Hike**  
**50@50 Bob Graham Round**  
**Nine go Mad on Snowdon**



**Also:**

**Stephen meets Eddie**  
**Championship Standings**  
**Farm of Terror**  
**F is for Friends**



# Editor's Waffle

MORE trials and tribulations this issue, mainly from Striders on long-distance challenges.



The Bullock Smithy and Bob Graham Rounds both feature prominently along with some Striders having a run up a big hill in Wales.

Shorter races can be very eventful too so I look forward to receiving articles from our "speedier" members who are a bit under-represented at the moment.

Shaun's slow slide into madness continues this issue with his take on the Country Code and what may happen if you break it. Not that any of us ever do. Ever.

With articles from our regular contributors, Jackie Tomney, Will Meredith and Stephen Sanders, plus new contributors Carolyn Whittle, Mark Richards and Sally Hunter there's something of interest for everyone. Thank you and well done to everyone who has contributed.

A big well-done also to our top 3 finishers in Terry's Race.

A very respectable 23 Striders and Strollers took part this year in near-perfect conditions (well, it could have been a bit boggier if you ask me) with Mark and Phil both working hard at Mission Control and each managing to get a run in themselves.

**The 3 top positions were:**

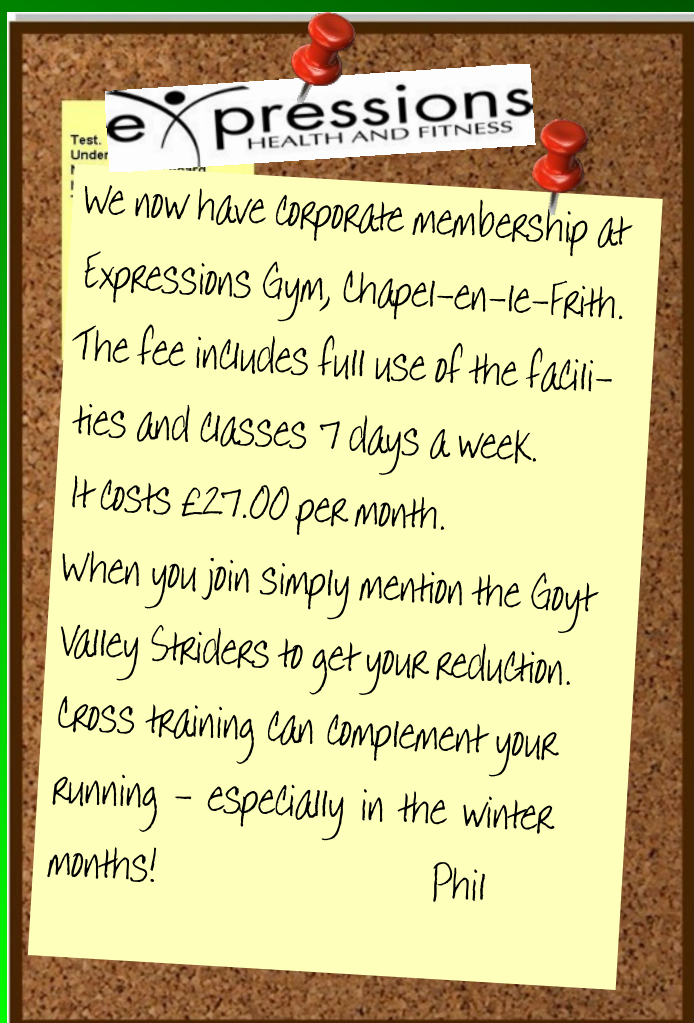
**First: Ralph Longden Est. 01:30:00  
Actual 01:29:58**

**Second: Sally Smith Est. 01:15:00  
Actual 01:14:56**

**Third: Tracy Vernon Est. 01:20:25  
Actual 01:20:15**

**Congratulations to all three.**

**Now - BRING ON THE CHRISTMAS PARTY!**



**Test. Under**

**expressions**  
HEALTH AND FITNESS

We now have corporate membership at Expressions Gym, Chapel-en-le-Frith. The fee includes full use of the facilities and classes 7 days a week. It costs £27.00 per month. When you join simply mention the Goyt Valley Striders to get your reduction. Cross training can complement your running - especially in the winter months!

Phil

Pic: Bullock Smithy 2010

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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](mailto:steve@steveberry.co.uk)**

**Subject: GVS Newsletter**



# Where have all The Oyster Catchers Gone?

By Stephen Sanders

**I** have recently had over a week of memorable activity on two continents and in three countries.

The family holidays were taken in the U.S. this year; a couple of weeks in Greenwich, Connecticut. Temperature in New York City was over 100 degrees Fahrenheit, hottest July for nearly thirty years.

Went for final run around the mansions of Greenwich with my son. He is getting fit for going back to a new school where he starts his rugby training. We ran in 85 degrees even at eight o'clock in the morning. Super area but no pavements or sidewalks, so have to run in the roads. Beads of perspiration were clustered on his puce face when we returned.

Saw a red cardinal bird and a couple of chipmunks but not too much else. We did see the tail of a deer, though. The family went back and I stayed on to work in Manhattan and moved into a hotel near work on 44th and 6th Avenue.

Early morning run from the sleepy hotel up to Central Park, looking up at the skyscrapers and coordinating my timing to hit the "walk" signs on the cross walks. Central Park was, however, a hive of energy-expendng New

Yorkers, runners, cyclists, roller-bladers and one man riding a bike that was powered by him "running" on a cross trainer.

During my early morning run which encompassed circling the Central Park reservoir, I saw a runner with a thin-soled shoe that looked like a glove; all toes were in separate toe pouches. They did look strange. Saw a couple of squirrels, which our dogs would have loved to have given chase and eight Canadian geese on the reservoir.

Later that evening, after a pasta meal near 42nd, I walked past the stage door of a play called "RACE" in which Eddie Izzard was performing. I waited for no more than a few minutes and out came Eddie to talk to the twenty or so fans where we were looking for autographs or photos. I did manage to have a conversation with him and commented on his achievement of running 42 marathons



back to back. We talked about that and what he was going to attempt next and mentioned that he had purchased a pair of the Vibram five fingers (see pic, below). He was keen on seeing if bare foot running, or close to that sensation, using these shoes, would improve his posture while running. He mentioned where to try them on and wrote down the address. Nice man.

Lunch time next day, I was in the running shop along with a number of other road runners all looking very self-conscious as we tested out these gloves. The following day, after seeing if they were available in the UK, I had acquired a pair.

Arrived back in Manchester on Saturday morning and as soon as I could put these shoes on. However they took a minute each foot; it is difficult to get each individual toe in its pouch. Ran up Black Hill on a drizzly day, soaked when I arrived back home and I had picked up some clover stalks between the toes of these shoes. There was a white one on the left foot and purple on the right. Children were rolling around laughing as they thought I looked like King Kong or Bigfoot with these brown shoes on.

Heard a skylark on the top of the hill and saw a few scrapes, hollows in the soil and fresh badger dung in the "lavatory holes".

Friday morning - I ran up Bredon Hill in Gloucestershire. Erica was playing cricket for Cheshire against Worcestershire at Pershore. The groundsman said that they had not seen rain for a month; the wicket was dry and devoid of grass. Such a difference to the weather we had experienced back home in the North West.

My run was great, a bright sunny morning, saw a large barn owl near to an old barn near the top of the hill at the eastern end looked out towards Evesham and saw two hot air balloons drifting northwards. Below me on the plain were six deer, three with antlers scampering in single file below me, lots of rabbits with their splash of white fluff on their tails when they run away from me panting towards them.

Travelled up to the Llyn peninsular in North Wales to meet up with my family; along the back roads and through torrential rain clouds in the Snowdonia Mountains around Porthmadog.

Saturday morning woke up, in Morfa Nefyn and went for a run, out along the golf club to the point. Ran up the steps, a couple of times, to the Coastguards new lookout on the headland. I was watched by a grey seal from the coal black waters, bobbing up and down and staring at me with its jet black eyes. Cormorants, with their wings spread out on an island just off the mainland.

Weather was poor, once again, as we arrived back home, with Mop and Glwdys our Flat coat retriever and Labrador soaked.

The shoes, having gone through their paces over the rocks, sand beach and through the waves too, so far, so good. Although I saw black-backed gulls and terns, I did not see an Oyster Catcher. They are normally on one of the headland fairways of the golf course and if not there, then shuffling back and forward in and out with the tide along with their near neighbours, the Sandlings.

It is nice to be back in the Land of my Fathers - good old wet Welsh Wales - but where are the Oyster catchers? Following day did see a flock of eight on the wing.

*P.S. Couple of weeks later I ran the Eccles Pike in the gloves and although it was a little slippery coming down off the top at least they were on securely as, unlike a lady runner I followed back to the canal basin, I did not lose my footwear in the bog. Mark has lent me the book "Born to Run" and that has an interesting section on barefoot running and its benefits.*





# Two and a Bit Marathons . . .



**Bullock Smithy  
Report**  
By Mick Wren



**A**lmost recovered now from running (and a smidgen of walking) the Bullock Smithy Hike. This is officially a long distance hike (over 56 miles and 8,000ft ascent) but like most such events the runners have taken it up as a challenge.

This year it was a qualifying race in the Goyt Valley Striders club championship so we had a good club turnout of 16. Thanks for this goes largely to the tireless Philomena who organised numerous recces of the course to make sure we didn't get lost.

I've always fancied a go at these long events so dutifully volunteered myself. What I then forgot to do was actually train for it. With working away from home I didn't manage to get any long weekend runs in so I was relying on a couple of club runs a week (less than 20 miles/week). Not ideal but I still reckon that with reasonable fitness, lack of a fear of distance (acquired due to lots of long distance cycling in my youth) and the right nutrition/hydration it should be possible to put in a reasonable performance.

The event rules require everyone to take a minimum kit list consisting largely of water-

proofs, warm clothing, maps, spare food etc. I decided to use my new Haglof Intense rucksack. At 20 litres the walkers were thinking "How do you get all your stuff in there?" and the runners were thinking "Are you going for a week?". Compared to everyone else's bags in the club mine was heavy. This was due to me taking lots of energy foods (energy bars, Kendal mint cake, 50g energy drink powder, 2x50g recovery drink powder, stock cubes, dried banana chips, a freeze dried meal(!), nuun isotonic drink tablets and other bits and bobs) . Most



*Here are 13 of the 16: Pete, Jo, Paul, Neil, Mat, Sarah, me, Steve B, Philomena, Tracey, Steve H and Karl with Clare kneeling next to Alistair Fitz's minime. Missing are Stephen and Alistair Watts and Julian. (photo: Alistair F)*



*This is Mat and me in a Persil ad. I spent the rest of the run drooling tea down that nice white shirt. (photo: Stu)*

others were relying on the food provided at the checkpoints but I'm glad that I didn't as, whilst it might be OK for hikers, you need high carb/calorie fodder when running as the appetite is suppressed so you have to maximise your intake. It's a difficult balancing act getting enough food and fluids on board to keep you going but not so much that you throw it all back up again. I was also very conscious that I had to keep my one working kidney properly hydrated so made sure that I always had fluid in my camelbak drinks bladder (plus nu-nun tablets).

So, race day arrived with some serious nerves by us Bullock Smithy virgins. I was a little excited to be finally doing a decent distance. I really do believe that the 'magical' distance of 26.2 miles has been burnt into the public's psyche by the media making anything beyond seem out of reach, but people all over are quietly ignoring that and running enormous distances and we were about to join them.

### Leg 1 - Hazel Grove to Bowstones

The event starts in a playing field in Hazel Grove and the start is announced with the striking of an anvil (hence the Smithy). The field (that's people not grassy area) immediately split as some

went down the side streets and across the golf course whilst the rest of us took off down the main road (at much too fast a pace in the excitement) and then alongside the golf course before cutting off the corner. Both groups met up coming off the golf course and headed off towards and over Lyme Park to the first control at the Bowstones.

My basic strategy was to keep things comfortable which meant walking up the hills. (Not that there was any other option in the latter half). The downhills however were there to be taken advantage of (rocks permitting) so after topping up my camelbak I took off down towards Moorside. Immediately I could feel drops of water on the back of my legs. I'm not sure how but my camelbak was leaking and the bottom of my rucksack was full of water. My backside was soon soaking. Fortunately I'd invested in a drysac so the contents of my rucksack were still dry.

### Leg 2 - Bowstones to Chinley Churn

Leg 2 was very familiar as it went through our club run territory up to Chinley Churn. I opted for the suggested route down through Furness Vale rather than my alternate via Buxworth which is a bit more fiddly. Pete W was very kindly dispensing jelly beans near the top and Stu was there again with his camera on the Big Rock.

### Leg 3 - Chinley Churn to Edale Cross

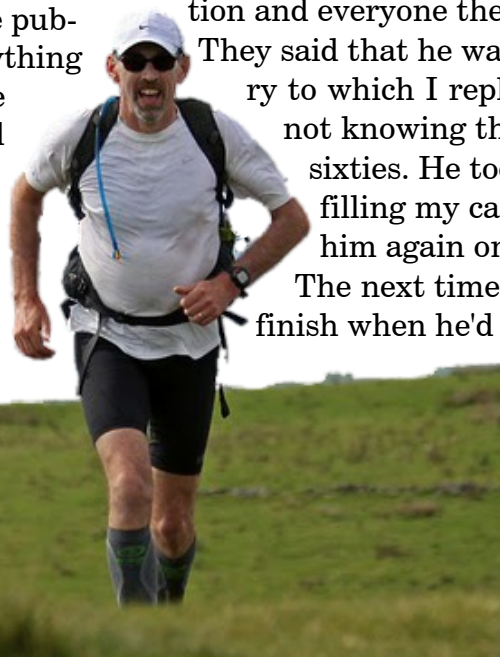
This leg included a drinks station immediately after Chinley Churn at Peep O' Day. I passed a runner approaching the drinks station and everyone there seemed to know him.

They said that he was first in his age category to which I replied "What about me?"

not knowing this guy was in his late sixties. He took off before me as I was filling my camelback and I passed him again on the way to Edale Cross.

The next time I saw him was at the finish when he'd beaten me by a few minutes. I've no idea where he passed me.

From Peep O' Day it was a drop down to a stream then a real drag over a rocky path up to Edale Cross (where apparently a competitor





spent nine and half hours wandering round lost until the mountain rescue found him).

#### Leg 4 - Edale Cross to Edale

From Edale Cross it was down Jacob's Ladder where I passed Jo (Julian's partner) in her bright pink top, then along past Barber Booth to Edale. Steve H was leaving just as I approached the checkpoint. As I turned in to the checkpoint Julian was stood there. My immediate thought was "Wow, I must be doing better than I thought" (Julian was last year's winner), then "He must take it easy in the first half then burn them off in the second". No such luck. Apparently they had done a hundred mile event in the Pyrenees the previous weekend and were just treating this as a steady jog (only to beat me by half an hour). I spent the next 15 miles watching that pink top disappearing over the hill in front of me.

It was at Edale that I started taking my hot drink down the road rather than waiting to drink it at the checkpoint. (This was after taking a rice pudding and fruit salad at the checkpoint). Whilst this obviously saved time compared to waiting, it cost me time in that all the checkpoints were before very runnable flat or downhill sections which I ended up walking. I'm now on the lookout for a lightweight cup with a top so I can run with it. I found that sweet tea was eventually the only thing that I didn't mind drinking in the latter stages of the run.

#### Leg 5 - Edale to Castleton

This leg was quite poignant for me as it was the route of my first walk in the hills (albeit in reverse) as a kid from the flatlands of Doncaster. It left a big impression on me and was probably the beginning of my love affair with hills and mountains.

Anyway, after walking along the road with my hot stock cube drink (another five minutes lost) it was up the path to Hollins Cross then down the other side to Castleton. As I approached Castleton both my calf muscles started cramping badly so I had to stop. I walked ten yards then started running again. The cramp had disappeared and didn't reappear the whole way round. Maybe the stock cube worked. I arrived at the Castleton checkpoint in time to see Julian and Jo leave.

#### Leg 6 - Castleton to Peak Forest

A quick jog through the tourists in Castleton and it was up Cave Dale (which appeared to be full of Polish people for some reason). Past a few frisky cows then it was over the top (after a much needed pitstop) and down to Peak Forest. The field was very thinly spread out by now. I could occasionally see someone in front of me and someone was chasing me a couple of minutes behind. Once again the two J's were leaving as I approached the checkpoint.

#### Leg 7 - Peak Forest to Millers Dale

A cup of tea and a banana later and I was on the (not completely safe) walk up the A623 road to the bend where the path took off towards Wheston. The pink top disappeared over the top stile. As I reached the high point I could see the runner ahead of me being held up by a road full of sheep. I've since found out who it was as he mentioned it in his blog. Over half a dozen stiles later I was onto the road to Wheston.

The next few miles were probably the lowest for me as I began to feel a bit woozy. It had me worried for a while. I'm very conscious of my dodgy kidney and am always on the lookout for any 'episodes' which might indicate it going bad. So, I did a systems check to see what was up. Pulse OK, still breathing, temperature OK, no trembling. Can't be too serious so I put it down to having just done 25 miles. I was then at the Millers Dale checkpoint.



*Phil, on her way to an excellent 12:04 finish*





*Paul and Clare - pre "Cherry-through-the-nose" incident.*

I was looking forward to the soup at Millers Dale, expecting a nice thick minestrone with lots of noodles, but was presented with a very incipid looking sample. The tea was nice though. After my funny spell I decided to take my time over this stop so I took a seat. As I sat down in popped Philomena. "Paul's right behind and Clare's going to pack in as she's been vomiting", says Phil. Sure enough Paul came in, took a drink then was off. Phil soon followed him after offering to wait for me but I still had my lovely soup to drink so I told her to get going. I spent the next ten miles watching Phil's white top disappearing into the distance (the pink top had long since gone).

Miller's Dale was the half way point. I reached it in 6 hours so I reckoned I'd be pushed to break 12 hours.

#### **Leg 8 - Millers Dale to (near) Chelmorton**

After a quick drop down into the bottom of Millers Dale (cup of tea in hand) it was a long walk up the road (ignoring the suggested route which goes off up a track). Straight over the A6, a couple of fields then it was along a fairly straight set of green tracks and lanes, part way along which was the Chelmorton checkpoint (a trailer and tent).

#### **Leg 9 - Chelmorton to Earl Sterndale**

Continuing along the green tracks I had to step aside for a landrover coming the other way. It wasn't until it was past that I realised it was Rick, Clare's partner. I kicked myself for not recognising him earlier so I could tell him

Clare has packed at Miller's Dale. As it turned out Clare continued to Chelmorton having phoned Rick to meet her there. She'd run from Edale vomiting and feeling crap all the way to Chelmorton. At one point the fruit salad from Edale made a reappearance with a cherry coming out through her nostril!

Over the A515 then up over the ridge towards Earl Sterndale. At the end of the lane there was a path across a field which cut off a large corner but I'd been warned by Phil that the cows were especially frisky and could be dangerous. So, I went the long way round only to learn later that Phil had been running with a dairy farmer who took her over the field.

The route was then along a set of lanes to Earl Sterndale. Halfway along here I had my only navigational doubt. I suddenly got the feeling that I'd bypassed Earl Sterndale and was heading back towards the main road. I had to drag my memory of the map of this area and reasoned that there wasn't such a road so I kept going and eventually came to Earl Sterndale to see Phil leaving the checkpoint with a stranger. This turned out to be Mark, the club secretary, who had come to help pace some of the members. He ended up running the next 20 miles to the finish.

#### **Leg 10 - Earl Sterndale to Brand Top**

I'd been carrying a freeze-dried meal (Fish with potatoes and parsley sauce) with me. I decided to have it at Earl Sterndale so I opened it up, put in the required amount of boiling water in then sealed it up to let it rehydrate. I took it up the road with me intending to eat it on the uphill section below Chrome Hill. I tried but I don't think I'd put enough water in it. The fish pieces were very chewy so I ended up spitting them out as I walked along. I decided to seal it up again and add more water at the next checkpoint.



*Steve H achieved a P.B. Of 11:38*



*Last year's winner Julian leads the way with Neil and Pete in pursuit.*

The rest of this leg was through hill billy country. The farms look very poor, all littered with broken down vehicles and in desperate need of repair. Not one of the better cared for areas of the Peak District. Going past one such place, which the owner had apparently been renovating for 10 years although it looked as if he'd just started, the dog was barking madly. The owner must have wondered what was going on as runners and hikers kept his dog barking for the next 20 hours. It was at this point that it started getting dark. I got to Brand Top before getting out my head torch.

#### **Leg 11 - Brand Top to Cumberland Cottage**

At the checkpoint I topped up my freeze-dried meal hoping to resurrect it after the failed attempt at Earl Sterndale. I grabbed the usual cup of sweet tea and wandered off, headtorch on, down the track towards the Dove Head road while the meal hydrated. Once onto the lane I stayed on the tarmac choosing the road rather than the faint path up to Hilltop.

The meal was now more like a soup and the fish hadn't improved. I eventually gave it up as a bad job and dumped the contents on the side of the road, no doubt making some fox or other critter happy, then dropped the packet in the bin next to the bus shelter on the Axe Edge road (A53).

As I dropped down towards Knotbury a police car came towards me clearly checking me out but it didn't stop. Five minutes later I saw it go up the turning before the Knotbury turning with its blue lights flashing. I soon find out where it was possibly heading. Dropping down the track after Knotbury towards the Three

Shire Heads I could see some very bright lights in a field and hear what sounded like a drunken party going on. According to a write up by one of the Stockport Harriers they got lost here and ended up talking to these revellers.

So, past the Three Shire Heads then a jog/walk up to the steel steps onto the A54. No navigational problems thanks to Philomena's recce.

Over the road then onto the rocky path down and a careful trot down to Cumberland Cottage. I found a fleece hat on this track (which I later found out belonged to our club secretary Mark!). Paul H fell here a few minutes in front of me thankfully without too much damage.

#### **Leg 12 - Cumberland Cottage to Walker Barn**

As fascinating as the deep discussion over the merits of various heavy metal bands by the scouts in Cumberland Cottage was (to me a Northern Soul fan) I'd rather they devoted more than a grunt or two to helping me with refreshments.

Helping myself to a cup of tea I departed to find a pair of runners entering the cottage. They must have found the cottage just as welcoming as they came right back out and passed me as I drank my cup of tea. I finished my tea as we hit the road. They were just in front of me. One was clearly struggling and the other



*Easy does it - Tracy finds time for a snooze during her 15:06 "jog".*



was obviously keen to get going. It's a sign of the great distance involved that I thought with only a half marathon left to go I'd cracked it. I got my head down and passed them as I took the road route round to Walker Barn. This was proven to be faster than the lane over the top by Paul H on one of our recces. It's also mentally a lot easier at this stage in the race.



*Karl - still smiling*

Walker Barn proved to be my only navigational error. I hadn't noticed that there were two lanes off the main road and, attracted by a very brightly lit house down the first one, I headed for that. It didn't look right when I reached it and, on looking across a field, I saw the real control.

### Leg 13 - Walker Barn to Whitely Green

Another cup of tea and banana later I was off down the road. It's almost all downhill from here I told myself. Another runner entered as I left and he was on my heels as we went down the main road towards Rainow. Off the main road I managed to lose him on entering the field that cut off the corner in Rainow.

Over the last real hill to speak of it was down into Bollington. At this point my headtorch started flashing which is the low battery indication. I used some new Kodak heavy duty batteries but these proved to be very short lived. I'll not be using those again. Fortunately I'd brought along a spare Petzl Zipka headtorch so I was OK.

Expecting to get hassle from revellers leaving the pub in Bollington, as Al did one year, I was relieved to have a very quiet run through the village. Onto the canal it was heads down until the Whitely Green control. I somehow caught them by surprise. At first they thought I was two runners then they hadn't got the kettle on. I ended up taking their cup of tea.

### Leg 14 - Whitely Green

How many bridges do they want to build over the bloody Middlewood Way? Rather than count the bridges to the point where I needed

to abandon the Way, I'd memorised the exit point ('Miners Arms' sign post and steps after the bridge). There seemed to be dozens of bridges and I ended up thinking I was going to find myself at the A6 road but eventually the right bridge turned up and I was off onto the last few roads to the finish.

Thank goodness I'd recced this section. A steady shuffle saw me through to Towers Road. Was it only 12 hours ago that we were here rushing away from the start? Towers Road is endless but it helped that I could see another runner in front of me. As I approached I could see that he was running backwards. "I'm knackered" he declared as I passed him. "Me too" I thought although I was getting a bit of a second wind at this point.

The run up Macclesfield Road felt good. As I reached the finish there was a group of blokes on the roadside. They clapped as I approached and formed a tunnel for me to run through. "What service" I thought but it appears that they were a group of drunks on their way home.

I bumped into Mark W and Pete D just outside the Scout HQ gates. They were on their way home. Pete had finished in just over 11 hours and Mark had supported other runners from the club for over 20 miles. I waltzed into the finish, feeling like I'd got loads more miles in my legs, in a time of 12:37. (Those legs refused to work the next day!)

All in all I'd really enjoyed the run. I'd learnt a lot both about myself and about how to tackle a really long run. So, next year a sub 12 is on the cards. Just got to get the knee sorted out and find a giant feeder cup so that I can run with my cup of tea.

M.W.



*Phil, Paul, Pete, Steve H and Neil wonder what all the fuss was about . . .*



# 2011 Championship Races

**PLEASE NOTE: All dates are provisional - 2011 dates have not yet been released**

## 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 (dates for guidance only):

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

## Summer Series (dates for guidance only):

1	<b>Herod Farm</b>	April 13	Fell
2	<b>Rainow</b>	May 11	Fell
3	<b>Goyt's Moss</b>	May 18	Fell
4	<b>Tideswell</b>	June 24	Fell
5	<b>Sheldon</b>	July 21	Fell
6	<b>Teggs Nose</b>	August 6	Fell
7	<b>Chunal</b>	August 24	Fell

**RED** - Pre-entry only

**Blue** - Pre-entry advised

**Black** - Entries on the day



## 2010 CHAMPIONSHIP STANDINGS

		RACES																
Pos.	Name	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	Total
1	Neil Pettie	40	40	-	40	40	-	40	39	39	39	40	40	40	40	40	-	400
2	Julian Brown	-	39	39	39	-	39	39	38	-	37	33	39	38	39	37	-	386
3	Peter Davis	38	36	20	35	36	36	35	36	-	36	40	-	35	-	38	-	366
4	Lee Grant	39	-	34	33	35	35	32	34	36	32	-	-	-	-	36	-	346
5	Paul Hunt	34	30	35	26	29	23	-	26	30	-	34	-	21	32	32	-	305
6	Clare Barstow	33	28	30	27	-	-	29	-	29	-	-	32	23	36	33	-	300
7	Katy Thornhill	-	31	-	30	30	-	-	-	31	26	-	35	28	38	34	-	283
8	Jo Miles	-	33	33	-	-	-	30	29	-	25	33	34	27	33	-	-	277
9	Steve Berry	32	21	22	24	27	21	27	-	26	24	27	31	-	31	-	-	271
10	Alistair Fitzgerald	-	-	-	37	-	-	37	-	37	38	-	38	39	-	39	-	265
11	Tracy Vernon	29	18	25	21	20	19	23	22	24	22	30	29	22	28	30	-	262
12	Chris Harding	-	37	-	-	38	37	38	37	-	34	-	-	37	-	-	-	258
13	Carolyn Whittle	-	32	-	28	28	-	28	28	34	28	-	-	25	25	-	-	256
14	Matthew Day	-	24	-	29	15	24	31	33	-	-	28	36	32	-	-	-	252
15	Brian Holland	-	38	36	36	37	30	-	-	35	30	-	-	-	-	-	-	242
16	Karl Smith	31	20	23	25	24	22	-	23	-	-	27	-	-	-	29	-	224
17	Andy Pead	-	-	40	-	-	40	-	40	40	40	-	-	-	-	-	-	200
18	Sarah Bull	-	27	30	-	-	-	25	25	27	-	30	-	24	-	-	-	188
19	Mary Jones	30	23	26	-	22	-	24	-	23	21	-	-	-	-	-	-	169
20	Philomena Smith	-	-	20	-	-	-	26	25	28	-	35	-	-	-	31	-	165
21	Steve Hennessey	-	34	-	-	33	28	-	-	-	-	38	-	31	-	-	-	164
26	Clare Griffin	-	-	-	-	-	25	-	31	-	29	-	-	-	37	35	-	157
22	Mark Whelan	-	-	20	-	-	-	-	27	-	-	-	33	30	35	-	-	145
23	Ian Waddell	37	-	37	-	34	-	-	30	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	138
24	Mick Wren	-	-	38	-	-	31	34	-	-	-	31	-	-	-	-	-	134
25	John Brough	-	-	-	-	-	29	-	-	32	33	-	-	33	-	-	-	127
27	Jonathan Hull	-	-	-	38	39	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	36	-	-	-	113
28	Trevor Hindle	-	-	-	-	-	33	36	35	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	104
29	David Guy	36	35	-	-	32	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	103
30	Ken Woodcock	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	32	34	31	-	-	-	-	-	-	97
31	Moiria Hunt	28	-	25	-	23	20	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	96
32	Stuart Shaw	-	-	-	32	31	27	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	90
33	Will Meredith	-	22	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	26	34	-	-	82
34	Sue Holland	-	26	32	23	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	81
35	Sally Smith	-	25	-	-	26	-	22	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	73
36	Pete Woodhead	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	38	-	-	-	34	-	-	-	72
37	Christine Bowen	-	19	28	22	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	69
38	Stephen Bull	-	-	-	34	-	34	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	68
39	Stephen Day	-	-	-	-	-	-	33	-	-	35	-	-	-	-	-	-	68
40	Kelly Dyson	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	37	29	-	-	-	66

**Continued over the page . .**

## 2010 LADIES CHAMPIONSHIP STANDINGS

[illegible]



## 2010 LADIES CHAMPIONSHIP STANDINGS (cont.)

16	Helen Stockton	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	37	-	36	-	-	73
17	Emma-Jane Eaton	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	35	-	34	-	-	69
18	Helen Gray	-	-	-	-	32	-	32	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	64
19	Helen Smith	-	-	-	-	29	-	30	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	59
20	Melaine Watts	-	-	31	-	27	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	58
21	Kath Ward	-	-	39	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	39
22	Sally Hunter	-	-	-	-	34	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	34
23	Lesley Sutton	-	-	-	-	33	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	33
24	Carole Hill	-	-	-	-	31	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	31
25	Janet Davis	-	-	30	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	30
26	Jenny Danson	-	-	-	-	30	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	30

## 2010 SUMMER FELL SERIES FINAL RESULTS

Pos.	Name	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Total
1	Peter Davis	35	39	39	36	-	40	36	190
2	Julian Brown	39	-	38	38	37	-	37	189
3	Chris Harding	-	40	37	37	36	-	34	184
4	Lee Grant	33	38	36	35	-	39	32	181
5	John Brough	-	-	35	29	35	38	33	170
6	Katy Thornhill	30	35	-	-	30	37	26	158
7	Stuart Shaw	32	37	32	27	-	-	-	128
8	Matthew Day	29	36	-	24	31	-	-	120
9	Andy Pead	-	-	-	40	40	-	40	120
10	Neil Pettie	40	-	-	-	38	-	39	117
11	Karl Smith	25	32	27	22	-	-	-	106
12	Steven Berry	24	-	-	21	27	-	24	96
13	Brian Holland	36	-	-	30	-	-	30	96
14	Tracy Vernon	21	31	-	19	-	-	22	93
15	Clare Barstow	27	-	29	-	-	36	-	92
16	Kevin Day	31	-	31	26	-	-	-	88
17	Carolyn Whittle	28	-	-	-	28	-	28	84
18	Clare Griffin	-	-	30	25	-	-	29	84
19	Mark Richards	-	-	-	39	39	-	-	78
20	Jonathan Hull	38	-	40	-	-	-	-	78
21	Paul Hunt	26	-	28	23	-	-	-	77
22	Alistair Fitzgerald	37	-	-	-	-	-	38	75
23	Emma-Jane Eaton	-	-	24	20	26	-	-	70
24	Stephen Day	-	-	-	-	34	-	35	69
25	Dave Bowen	-	-	34	32	-	-	-	66
26	Mick Wren	-	-	33	31	-	-	-	64
27	Shaun Coram	-	-	-	-	33	-	23	56
28	Chris Bowen	22	-	25	-	-	-	-	47
29	Mary Jones	-	-	26	-	-	-	21	47
30	Stephen Bull	34	-	-	-	-	-	-	34
31	Philomena Smith	-	34	-	-	-	-	-	34
32	Trevor Hindle	-	-	-	33	-	-	-	33
33	Sarah Bull	-	33	-	-	-	-	-	33
34	Mike Buckernham	-	-	-	32	-	-	-	32
35	Ken Woodcock							31	31
36	Alice Duncan	-	-	-	-	29	-	-	29
37	Steve Hennessey	-	-	-	28	-	-	-	28
38	Stephen Sanders							27	27
39	Jo Miles							25	25
40	Susan Holland	23	-	-	-	-	-	-	23

## Secretary's Corner

### 2011 Membership

At the last committee meeting it was decided unanimously to increase membership fees next year. They will increase £2.00 to £12.00 and £4.00 for a family membership to £24.00. There will be a decrease for 2nd claim members who will pay £7.00 per year. Unfortunately the increase is unavoidable as increased membership has, ironically, increased the overall outgoings of the club. I hope you'll agree that your membership fee does offer great value for money and is considerably cheaper than other clubs in the surrounding area.

On another note, there seems to be some confusion about when memberships are due. Therefore for clarity this is the situation. Annual membership becomes due on 1st January each year and is for 12 months. Please note that all members must complete a membership form; this is particularly relevant to family memberships where in some cases I have only received one form; without a form for everyone you can not be correctly registered as a member. For new members that join between January and August the same fees apply and provides membership up to the end of December.

New member joining between September and December have their membership carried over to the following year. Please note that for first claim members £5.00 of your membership fee is paid out directly to UK Athletics, the remainder helps towards covering administration costs such as the website hosting fee, stationery, and promotional material, we also subsidise and hold a stock of club kit, provide trophies, prizes and subsidise the AGM; we also rely on the additional income from our races to help with this. Please note that the earlier you pay your membership in 2011 the better as this helps the cash flow within the club.

### UK Athletics

From April 2011 UK Athletics will no longer issue members with a physical membership card. They will instead move to an e-system where your membership card is emailed to you. To enable this, members will be required to let me know their email address so, I in turn, can forward this to UK Athletics. The reason behind the change is to cut costs and apparently improve the service. For those people who do not have an email address (or do not give me an email) the e-card will be delivered to me and I will have to print off and hand-deliver (less admin for UK Athletics!) Therefore, can all members forward me (even if you think I already have it) your email address to

enquiries@goytvalleystriders.org.uk so I can progress.

### London Marathon

The club has been awarded 3 guaranteed places in the 2011 Virgin London Marathon. The process for allocation of these was decided at a club meeting.

1. In the first instance 2 places will be ring fenced for those members that have applied through the London Marathon ballot process and have been rejected. If there are more than two members then the names will be put in the hat and drawn out.

2. One place, plus the balance of any remaining places unallocated from the above, will be available for all club members to apply for. If there are more members than places then the names will go in to a hat and winners drawn out.

3. In all the above cases, members are only eligible for the places if they were a fully paid up members as at 1st April in the preceding year. Therefore, allocation of places for 2011 means you must have been a fully paid up member on 1st April 2010.

If you are interested in your name being put forward for a place then please let me know...either via this post, via the contact us form on the website, or you can email/phone me (details on Page 3). The draws, if required, will take place at the Xmas Party night in December.

### AGM

Saturday February 12th 2010 is the date for the AGM and prize giving next year. Once again it will be held at the Moorside Hotel, Disley and there will be a hot food buffet with a disco to end the evening. The total cost for the evening is £13.50; there will be a reduced charge for junior members qualifying under the family membership arrangements. Book it out in your diary and make preparations to come and celebrate our new club champions! To provisionally book your tickets email the secretary or Philomena or watch out for updates on the club message board.

### 2011 Championship Races

Thank you for all the feedback and suggestions for championship races next year. After much discussion (and there was a lot) at the last meeting we have chosen the races. We had to make a few last minute adjustments as there were some date clashes and we wanted to spread races out as best we can.

We have taken people's views on board and introduced as many of the suggestions as we can, whilst at the same time being mindful of the need



to balance races in terms of distance, terrain etc. I hope you'll agree that there is a good mix and something for everyone.

Please note that a number of the races are pre-entry and you are advised to get your entry in early to avoid disappointment.

Details of the races can be found on Page 12 with provisional dates based on this year's equivalent. You'll need to check these nearer the time when 2011 race dates are released.

### YHA Away Weekends

The recent away weekend in Wales was a success and from the feedback on the user forum it sounds like everyone enjoyed themselves. The club has splashed out on a YHA group membership and so if you're thinking of going youth hostelling let me know and you may get a bit of a discount. We're now talking about the next trip and are thinking of a weekend away in March. Further details to follow - any ideas?

### Sunday Training Runs

Sunday training runs are still taking place and the consensus from those that turn up is that the 8:00am start is best. It was originally thought that a 9:00am start in winter would be preferred, but this seems not the case. Therefore, we can officially say that Sunday runs now take place at 8:00am all year round.

### Xmas Drinks Night

Fancy a Christmas drink this year with fellow Striders? Well, if you do turn up at the Goyt Inn, Whaley Bridge at 7:30pm on Friday 17th July 2010. If you can't make it for the start we'll be somewhere in the village...just listen out for Tracy's singing and you won't have to look too far!

### Xmas Run

We're having an Xmas run this year on Tuesday 28th December 2010. Meet at the football field sport pavilion at 9:30am...fancy dress optional, but preferred! Approx 10miles (about 2hrs).

### The Shirt on Your Back!

It's a subject that has been debated on numerous occasions over the years and once again cropped up at the last committee meeting. It is of course, the wearing of club vests/shirts during club championship races.

Over recent months there have been several people passing comment that some members do not wear their vests and this gives them an advantage (through, I suppose, camouflage) during races. I've always taken the view that people wear what they feel is comfortable and the emphasis should be on getting people to the race, rather than policing what they wear when they get there! However, I do see others point of view and appreciate how wearing a club vest can create more competition in races; a little like hunting down the prey.

Following lengthy discussion the committee held up the previous views that it should not enforce the wearing of the club vest (for example, by not rewarding championship points to those that don't wear them). However, it did agree that we should encourage members wherever possible to wear their club colours as this does help with general competitiveness, helps promote the club and provides individuals with a sense of belonging.

I suppose the message is: "Please make the effort if you can". If you want new kit then you can obtain this from the Road and Fell shop in Stockport ([www.roadandfellrunning.co.uk/home.php](http://www.roadandfellrunning.co.uk/home.php)) or alternatively from Philomena.

Coming soon will be the new GVS technical training T-Shirts - watch this space!

### Goyt Valley Striders Tea Party.

This year was a great success, raising over £200 for the club. We have decided to do it again next year. The earliest date I could get was Saturday, September 10th. So put this date in next year's diary!

I will be collecting anything you may not want or need (that Christmas pressie

you were not keen on) in the new year, ready for the Tombola. I will also be looking for cake-bakers and help in the kitchen. More info nearer the time. . . Phil



# **F** is for Friends and Ever Felt Like Giving Up Running?



## **A Stroller's ABC**

**By Jackie Tomney**

**I**n a previous article, I did touch upon the subject of friends at GVS and how much people's encouragement and support has helped me, for the most basic of reasons - turning up on a regular basis to meet up with others and run.

In fact, I can share a small, previously-confidential fact with you at this point: I only became Stroller of the Year because I kept turning up and they didn't know what else to do with me.

That's a little tip for all you aspiring trophy-gatherers out there, regular appearances seem to be the key to receiving awards. Well, it worked for me.

This may sound strange but, Striders, do you find you are all past the stage of needing people around you to give you encouraging words and comments about your running? Strollers, how about you? Or am I the only one who still seems to need others' affirmation to keep me going? And if I do, what's wrong with that? It's a bit like being at work – all any of us wants is to be told we're doing a good job and that they know we're trying our best. So, keep

up your encouraging words, to myself and others – they really make a difference.

Sometimes on Tuesday nights, I look around the car park as people gather and think, "I wonder who'll be here tonight? Has Clare remembered the jelly babies? Think it's going to pour down," and other such pearls of wisdom. ("I'm giving you pearls here, boy, pearls." Can you name the film and actor who said the line?)

The weeks pass, the months pass and then the years pass. And still people meet, pretty much every week to run together. Commitment? Committed? Waiting to be committed? Perhaps. But it's that feeling of being part of something, that social grouping characteristic that draws us together, to keep on turning up.

Our running club has received many comments from new or visiting runners about how friendly and welcoming people are and that a great compliment to all of the members.

Ever felt like giving up running? You could take up a little hobby that's not:

- a) so time-consuming
- b) so expensive
- c) so exhausting.



Consider:

*Crochet or Knitting* – gentle, relaxing, sticking needles into things (very therapeutic, in my opinion). And you have a lovely little mat or cover for your sugar bowl at the end of it

*Tiddleywinks* – gives an element of competition or just challenge yourself (very similar to running in that respect). Also involves lots of stretching and leaning over, so good exercise too

*Dominoes* – matching, counting and strategy. Keep the old brain cells busy and working.

*Bird watching* – very intense activity, this one and requiring a lot of patience. But it will allow you to talk with great authority on a subject that not everyone may know much about (Peter “I couldn’t possibly comment” Hill). Name that programme and actor.

*Stamp collecting* – although this can be expensive, it needn’t be. Simply tell people you’re collecting stamps for charity and you will soon have thousands of them . . . albeit exactly the same. Still, you could have many hours of pleasure cataloguing them and sticking them into albums.

Well, those are just a few ideas of mine and I’m sure you could quite easily come up with several of your own.

If anyone is thinking about giving up running and would like to start up one of the above (or other) clubs, I’m sure there would be many takers. After all, we none of us are so much into our running that we couldn’t give it up at the drop of a hat, now, are we?

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## Jackie’s Races Update

Nottingham Mini Marathon 2¼ mile race – 26:56

They are definitely two words no person would ever associate with me – mini and marathon – who comes up with these titles? It’s also a new race distance for me. What’s next? The 400 metre fun run? Once round the athletics track and it’s all over. Oh well, I suppose I could have a go. I shouldn’t complain, at least I have the chance to enter these not-so-competitive races and have a go at my own pace and speed.

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“House of Cards,” Ian Richardson

“Secret of a Woman,” Al Pacino

Quotes Answers



**WHEN** an attractive young man tells you that there is a danger your bottom will start to flop, believe me you do something about it.

Perhaps I should take you back a step or two. The young man was a physio whose hands I found myself in when my lower back went into meltdown.

Okay, so he didn’t quite say it in that way; what he said was that my problems were being caused because my “glutes are not firing”.

“How can they not be firing? I run, I walk - all the good things”.

“Yes, but it’s your front muscles doing all the work, your backside is just tagging along for the ride”.

“Oh . . .”

He gave me exercises to get them fired up, including the “Marilyn Munroe”, but not being the most self-disciplined person I realised I needed to find some sort of class and found local opportunities for yoga and pilates.

I found yoga hugely frustrating. Most things I’d done in the past were achievable as long as you put in the required effort. With yoga, if your core strength isn’t quite what it should be and your leg muscles have got tighter and tighter over the years, it ain’t gonna’ happen.

A year on and I’m loving it. I will never be the most flexible person in the world, but I feel ridiculously happy when I manage something I thought previously impossible.

Pilates is great. More accessible in that you can choose a level to work at and deceptive. Looking into the room you could think there’s not much to it, but do it properly and you soon start sweating.

I’m sure it’s helped my running and my skiing.

And the on- set of posterious floppiness? I’d like to think it’s been delayed for the moment.



# The Long-Haul

## Long Distance Round-Up

By Will Meredith

**A**fter Nik Cook's great result in the 6633 Ultra we have plenty more long distance antics from 2010 to report.

In June Mark Richards and Andy Pead both completed Bob Graham Rounds – each very impressive in its own way. Mark Richards completed an extended 50 peak BG and Andy Pead completed the standard 42 peak Bob Graham in a very impressive time of 21.27. Read all about it in Mark's article "In Safe Hands".

The inclusion of the Bullock Smithy Hike in this year's club champs drew an impressive 16 striders to step up to the start line on the day. This was an excellent turnout for such a long and arduous event and we should give ourselves a collective pat on the back. Well done all who took part: Especially the first timers. Neil Pettie and Peter Davis were first Striders home in a very quick 11.01 and there were many other notable performances including a great time from Philomena Smith who trained hard and came through in 12.04 (sub 12 next year please Phil) and a second great performance on the Bullock from Alistair Watts who dragged his Dad round again in 11.54.

The 2011 Club Champs long distance epic is the High Peak 40. A great local ultra: The High Peak 40 starts and finishes in Buxton and is an altogether different beast to the Bul-

lock Smithy (and only 2 weeks apart – so why not train up and do both!). The HP40 traverses high ground over to Castleton via Taxal, Chapel, and Rushup Edge. Then includes fast trail running followed by a few miles of road back via Deepdale to Bucko. It's different to the Bullock, being a generally quicker course: One to train for if you've already got the speed, to boost the endurance. Equally, it's a really good one to try if you've not done a longer one before as there's plenty of support, a large field of mixed ability entrants, and always a friendly person at each checkpoint who's willing to arrange a lift back to the start in the 'bus of shame' should you decide to give up (as I did in 2010). The 2010 HP40 saw plenty of Striders having a go so there should be a decent turnout 2011.



*Peter Davis at Tideswell. High Peak 40.*

I know that several Striders have already entered the 2011 Lakeland 100. Anyone interested in his one should check out (<http://www.lakeland100.com/>). Don't forget; it's cheaper if you enter sooner. There's a 50ml option too. We can expect plenty of tales post L100 2011.

There's also been plenty of antics from Club Members Julian Brown and Steven Watts who completed impressive challenges sur le continent with the completion of Le Grand Raid des Pyrenees 100ml mountain race by Julian, and Steven Watts making up one third of the winning team with Digby Harris and Spyke on the Petit Trot a Leon – a 240k event run in conjunction with the Tour de Mont Blanc 100 as seen in the Autumn edition of 'The Fellrunner'.

Well done to both Julian and Steven!



## LONG DISTANCE ROUND-UP

# In Safe Hands . . .

## My 50 at 50 Bob Graham Round

28th May 2010

by Mark Richards

THE Bob Graham Round is one of the classic tough fell running challenges, established in 1932 when Bob Graham completed 42 Lakeland summits in under 24 hours.

The allure of the BG and of joining the 24 hour club drives many people every year to Keswick to attempt their 42. For a few of us, 42 isn't enough and a nice big round number looked like a great way of celebrating my 50th year. Months of preparation, a great support team in place, and I was ready.

Woke with the birds at 03:50, couldn't sleep, mind whirring with so much to do before the start at 17:30; last minute shopping (mittens and water container), food supplies, lunchtime Keswick fish and chips, and in the afternoon carload by carload the friends (organised by Al) who would help us round arrived at our HQ camping barn.

Rick Houghton, Andy Pead and I had agreed to do our BGs at the same time to share support and logistics. The plan was I'd set off 20 minutes before them for my first two (Lonscale Fell and Skiddaw Little Man) and the 3 of us meet up at the top of Skiddaw; after that we'd stay together as far as possible, and if still together I'd leave them at the top of Robinson for my final six (Whiteless Pike and then along the ridge to Causey Pike). At a steady pace my schedule would allow me 23hrs46mins to complete the round.



*Looking good at Moot Hall. Andy on the left, Rick in middle, and me exactly 24 hours before returning.*

Set off with Alan and Michael, on a clear and warm evening. Michael didn't let on he was in a lot of pain – he'd cracked a rib a few days before, but didn't want to let me down. We gained time on the first two summits,

noted at one stage I was climbing too fast (21m in a minute) and so settled to a relaxed walk up the final ascent of Skiddaw ahead of Andy and Rick.

Regrouped, descended faster than I would have liked, made up more time and reached Blencathra and Yiannis who took us straight down the Parachute Descent, saving us lots more time.

So why choose these extra 8 summits? The final 6 along the Grasmoor ridge would add another big climb to the standard 42, making it more of a personal challenge, with (in all seriousness) a significant risk of failure. The first two summits were worked in so that I could go round as far as possible with Andy and Rick, and were also reasonably good climbs in their own right. Another early decision was that I would complete the 50, even if it meant taking longer than 24 hours, and I made sure everyone in the team knew this. It saved a lot of discussion later on when things got tough.

Half an hour up, Leg 2 started before darkness. I'd eaten well at the handover, but on the move it was taking me a long time to finish the food I brought with me. This was not a good sign, as I always tend to lose my appetite in long events, but I hoped that constant snacking would get me round. Alan stayed on and I was joined by Mark whose inch-perfect navigation brought us through the night-time.

Rick had the most energy and he was leading most of the leg, but we all stayed in one group throughout. I was running cautiously, to avoid falls and also to save my legs, which were not mountain hardened, for later. Gained more time on leg 2, but moved at a pace that made it hard for me to eat.

I'd not managed much training on the fells – only 4 visits to the Lakes in the previous 6 months – and so I'd adapted my training to strengthen my legs as much as possible in the gym. My training buddy, the indefatigable Charlie pulled me along (on his hands-free leash) for most of my steady running training sessions.

For leg 3 I was joined by Bob, and Mark stayed on. We all left Dunmail together in a

## LONG DISTANCE ROUND-UP

big group, still half an hour up, and climbed fast up Steel Fell, but I was not keeping pace. Big effort to catch the others at the summit. Trying to stay in touch with the group. Needing to eat, but no appetite. Can't chew anything solid. Only stuff that would go down was gels – I'd had 2 towards the end of leg 2, and had more now. This was not good. I should be



*Happy after Dale Head. Feeling strong, eating again and gaining time.*

keeping gels for emergencies. Stomach was in pain - tight and uncomfortable. Knew that I couldn't go on much longer without fuel.

Struggling hard to keep up at Sergeant Man. Conscious that I

wasn't in the mood to chat, that Al was running alongside to keep me company with Mark behind to make sure I wasn't last. The signs weren't good. By High Raise breathing laboured, I sensed that I badly needed a rest but I couldn't decide where, and thought I could rest at Wasdale – as this was 4½ hours away I'd clearly lost the power of thinking straight.

Resting was not unusual for me: I'd slept for 90 mins in the previous year's Lakeland 100, and for 60 mins in the Ridgeway race, and gone on to finish both. To my relief the decision was taken for me at Thunacar Knott – I was slurring my words by then. Andy, Rick and the others had waited for me, but would go on, I would walk from here with Mark and Bob until I'd eaten and regained strength. I'd been going only 10 hours. . . .

A common question is: "How do you train for these events?"

You don't need to be fast. Mental stamina is the key. I think this is probably more important than physical. After several hours on the go it is harder to take rational decisions and it's easy to get confused by emotion, fatigue, pain, delusions, and 'why on earth am I doing this to myself' thoughts. For the previous 6 months I'd rehearsed this mental state, and my response to it was always the same – just keep going.

It was essential that I had a simple plan: stripped down to its essence, it was to take no decisions on the day, make no changes, and keep going to the end, so that (as I joked in the months leading up) they would have to peel me off the mountain if I didn't make it. This meant that on the day I wouldn't need to summon up new mental energy when it got hard – hard was part of the plan; it was never going to be easy, but I wasn't going out there to make excuses.

Walked, threw up, walked some more, drank, ate a bit, drank, ate, jogged, and with Bob and Mark's patience after 2½ hours started to find the right pace again. Sorry about there being no pretty sunrise photos here: I was grim, and so were the conditions, getting windy, with rain showers. The forecast was right, but this was normal weather for the Lakes. Bowfell at last, now in the rocky (and wet) section, lost a bit more time to Scafell, rapid descent to Wasdale down the screes, and in the car park 18 minutes behind schedule.

Complete change of support here – joined by Sarah, Peter and Paul for leg 4. My brother Julian had driven supporters and supplies here; he'd been told by mum not to let me get too tired! Thankfully he chose to disregard this piece of parental advice.

By taking only half the planned break, we left Wasdale only 10 mins down on schedule, thinking that it would be tough, but achievable as long as I got to Honister in good shape. While Leg 3 may be the longest, leg 4 is tougher with the big climb coming straight after the 900m descent from Scafell.

Started climbing Yewbarrow too fast (altimeter read 15m/min), was sweating, reduced pace, and ascent was exactly on pace. Morale good. Sarah reminding me to eat. For me leg 4 was about damage limitation, I soon gave up caring about the schedule and found a pace that was comfortable.



*Up on schedule, and up on Robinson. Rick finished in 20:34 – arrival 14:24 – about the time this photo was taken*



## LONG DISTANCE ROUND-UP

Along the way Paul pointed out a few extra summits that would involve a small detour. Not interested. My route was planned, and I



*Climbing Whiteless Pike from Sail Beck. Andy finished in 21:27 – arrival 15:17 – about the time this photo was taken*

was sticking to it. Pace dropped at Kirk Fell and Great Gable, causing a bit of worry in the team; I didn't know at the time, but they were seeing my 24 hours slipping out of reach again. Paul navi-

gating up front, Sarah doing a great job sticking close and keeping me focused. Green Gable done, picking up a bit of speed on the grass, stumbled, tripped, fell headlong, avoided most of the rocks, supporters worried, checked for injury (a few weeks earlier I'd stumbled while training – a rock by the path broke my fall, and a rib), no damage apart from torn altimeter strap but a whole minute lost. I was more worried about being told off by Sarah for not concentrating than by the fall itself.

Underway again. Last summit of this leg was Grey Knotts. Paul, "It's 14 minutes to Honister from here, 12 if you push it"; checked watch, it said 13:11. I'm still in with a chance of the 24 hours. Damage was limited, now let's go: we came down in 12 minutes.

Flying into Honister we picked up Wendy, Mandy, Roy and Pete(W) for Leg 5; leaving behind Paul, and with only 5 mins rest we left 9 mins behind schedule. I describe leg 5 as a 4 hour adrenaline rush. I was on my second wind; we hurtled up Dale Head in 30 minutes.

I was now eating jelly and rice pudding on the go; they were the only things that slipped down easily.

Ahead of schedule at Robinson and Neil joined us again – he'd joined us earlier from the top of Blencathra to Dunmail.

Folk who hear me talking about this ask Why? I know why – it's about having great people helping you achieve your dream, and being totally in their hands. Throughout the round everyone had been so positive, and now

gaining time and sensing success, the whole team got infected with tremendous energy. It was a great feeling.

From Robinson, we dropped down as quickly as possible; folk not keen on the kamikaze waterfall descent I'd planned, so we went slightly longer; no matter, we're still good for 24 hours. Now for the final climb up Whiteless Pike. These final additional 6 summits added over 800m ascent, and about 2.5 extra miles, but with the benefit of only 3 miles on roads. We climbed well, and kept moving ahead of my schedule, then relaxing, laughing and joking about having enough time to stop at the pub at Swinside before Keswick.

Final summit, Causey Pike – we thought. Pete wrote "Except a minute later we realised that not



only was this photo taken on a false summit but the schedule 'skipped' half an hour and we were now out of time. That was an amazing last 40 mins to get back to Keswick with a couple of minutes to go!"

The error when later corrected gave a schedule time of 24:05.

In an instant our comfortable time cushion and easy pace evaporated. We switched from steady to race mode. From the top of Causey Pike we had 50 minutes to get to Keswick. Achievable, but we would have to work hard.

In a hurry, every minute counting – about to hit the road at Stair, with less than 30 mins to go. Meanwhile in Keswick increasingly anxious friends watching the minutes tick by; wanting to do everything possible for me, they cleared a path through the Saturday afternoon Keswick market shoppers. Three miles away I must have been mentally attuned to their willing me to succeed, and I was flying.

Paul ready by the car at Stair to guide us in: What pace do you want? As fast as possible. 8 minute miles? Yes, sounds good. Fast pace for

## LONG DISTANCE ROUND-UP

first section, but slowed to a walk on the first hill. Paul getting worried: You'll have to really run now.

Picked up speed on the descents, and through Port-inscale with 10 minutes left - should be just



enough. Along the Keswick streets dodging shoppers and cars. My team were stopping cars and moving people for a clear run. Final push to the Moot Hall. Touched. Stopped watch – it read 23:56.59. Too exhausted to celebrate. Flooded with relief, emotion and pride in the team.

Later that evening, final act of the day was a couple of important pints with everyone who made it possible. Making the most of the occasion. And why not?

Scarcely had the sweat dried, and I was being asked what's your next big event? No hesitation, I said, "Nothing", it'll take 3 months to recover from this. The BG affects people in different ways, some can't run for months afterwards. Well, 11 days later I found myself on the start line of the Boars Head fell race. Why not? Andy was there too; he won V40 and I won V50 – a boosted training effect, I understand.

### Fred Rogerson.

It's with the great achievements of Mark and Andy in mind that I feel I have to mention the sad passing of Fred Rogerson.

Fred was one of the 2 founding members of the Bob Graham 24 hour club and a universally admired man who got a standing ovation at the 2009 Bob Graham dinner as a mark of respect from all there. Mark



Hartell (BG club president) wrote this about Fred on the FRA forum:

'I spoke at the last dinner about achievements made by standing on the shoulders of giants.

Fred was truly one of those giants and all of us who have had the privilege of running the BG have benefitted in some sense from his presence.

His heart was as big and strong as his hands (and if you ever shook his hand you know what I mean!!) and the world of fell running will miss Fred profoundly and forever.

Fred instinctively understood how a passion, a desire and a lot of hard work could bring special things from people and he cultivated that in hundreds or thousands of us - quietly and non-judgmentally.

For anyone who didn't really know the measure of the man, consider this. Three times Fred turned out of bed at what must have been about 3.30am - to drive up to Braithwaite and see me off on Lake District 24 hour attempts. On the third time I think he apologised to some of the road support that he might miss Wasdale but he was there at all the other road crossings - no fanfare but making a huge difference by his presence.

Fred - you were an inspiration to all of us.'

Mark

*Fancy A Challenge?*



**FELLSMAN**

Held Annually



**2<sup>nd</sup> Weekend in May**

**61 Miles**

**11,000 feet total climb**



A tough endurance event over 61 miles of the very hard rugged moorland of the Yorkshire Dales. Organised by the Keighley Scout Service Team. The Fellsman is one of the country's premier challenges for walkers and fellrunners.

Contact us on any of the addresses below for an entry form:

The Fellsman, P.O. Box 30, Keighley, West Yorkshire, BD21 3HP

Email: [hike@fellsman.org.uk](mailto:hike@fellsman.org.uk)

Website: <http://www.fellsman.org.uk>

**ENTRIES OPEN 1<sup>ST</sup> JANUARY**



# LONG DISTANCE ROUND-UP

## 2011 Events The Three Shires (formerly the Kipling Kaper)

This is a 29ml route organised by Staffs LDWA. This is a local event with a low key relaxed atmosphere, excellent food en route and afterwards, and an altogether grand day out.

If you want to run it quickly it's also a very demanding route and one of its great advantages is that it can be used either as a relaxed day out or a hard race (personally, I like to linger at checkpoints to drink tea and eat cake). Best to post a pre-entry on one of the LDWA standard entry forms from their website to ensure a place.

Sat 2nd Apr 2011

Event Type: Challenge Event

Region / Area: Central England / Staffs, Cheshire, Derbys

Local Group: Staffordshire

Distance / Time Limit: 29, 27, 22 or 20 miles in 11hr

Start Time: Start: walkers 08:00, runners 09.00

Route: From Swythamley and Heaton Centre, SK11 0SJ via Gun Hill, The Roaches, Gradbach, Three Shires Head, Wildboardclough, Shutlingsloe (29 & 22ml routes), Pot Lords (29 & 27ml routes), Danebridge

Cost: Entry: £6 (non-LDWA £9) incl detailed route description, refreshments at Cps, meal at finish, certificate. Event limit 160. Friday night floor space in hall £2

General Notes: Organised by Staffordshire LDWA. SEF with SAE or email accepted

Contact: The Three Shires 95 Folly Lane, Cheddleton, Leek ST13 7DA Tel: 01782 550023

Email: [threeshires@ymail.com](mailto:threeshires@ymail.com)

Web Site:

<http://www.ldwa.org.uk/staffordshire>

Start and Finish: SJ965631

NEXT ISSUE: More about The Fellsman (2nd Weekend in May) and The Leaden Boot Challenge (Sunday, May 22)

## Christmas Party

Christmas is almost upon us. 68 of us are going to descend on the Moorside on December 11th. Hopefully we will enjoy a delicious 3-course meal served at your table followed by an evening of dancing.

Bar Opens at 7pm

Food SERVED 8PM

Bar closes at 12:30am Disco till 1am

Those who have booked rooms and breakfast will need to confirm the time you can book in. You can also use the facilities on the Saturday and Sunday.

There is a choice of menu that you can choose from on the night.

PHIL

## Starters

Traditional prawn cocktail

Trio of seasonal melon with winter berry coulis

## Main courses

Succulent breast of chicken wrapped in bacon served with a chasseur sauce

Sun dried tomato risotto topped with rocket and shaved parmesan (V)

*Accompanied with Chef's selection of winter vegetables and roast potatoes*

## Desserts

Traditional Christmas pudding with lashings of brandy sauce

Chocolate and orange torte



In the meantime, Phil, Karl & Sarah had arrived at the Youth Hostel, Mark and Steve were getting there later in the evening.

Llanberis Youth Hostel (Llwyn-celyn) is a short walk uphill from the town, and is really pretty with a farm next door and piglets in the fields. Phil, Sarah, Katy and I shared a comfortable room with en suite.

After a full English the next morning and a few minutes admiring the pig-

**K**aty and I got a lift to Wales from Neil, arriving in Llanberis just after 5pm on the Friday. Mick had just arrived and we deliberated about going for a run whilst sitting in the car as it started to rain. We decided to do a quick run up the 'Tourist Path' to the Half-way House Café.

Katy as usual was chomping at the bit to do an extra run whereas I was concerned about a sore knee which I was hoping I hadn't made worse running the Windgather race the previous weekend.



I didn't run as far as everyone else, and sheltered under a bridge part way up, feeling a little self conscious

in my Hi-Viz snood! On the way back down we took a different route down the Snowdon Path to a little Tea Rooms run by a rather camp guy called Steven. He is very entertaining which is why Mick, who had been before, wanted us to share in the experience. Steven finds out all about you in five minutes, then gives you advice, but only if you are not a tourist or a Liverpudlian whom he dislikes! He has exceptional hearing, arriving with a free bowl of soup for Neil within minutes of him murmuring he was still hungry after his teacake.



lets, we set off to run up Snowdon via Maesgwm valley, up to Bwlch Maesgwm, the pass at the top of the valley. Then down onto the Snowdon Ranger Path for a hundred yards before dropping down to Rhyd-Ddu (via first quarry and railway line), and up the Rhyd-Ddu path to the crossroads at Pen ar Lon where we turned right up the South Ridge.

We had a lot of laughs along the way! Katy was nearly wiped out by a rather fast sheep, and Phil and Sarah had a scrap in a swamp, both supposing to help each other across, whilst actually pushing each other in! When we crossed the railway line, Steve & Karl couldn't resist posing as Penelope Pitstop and the Hooded Claw!

There's a tunnel in the hillside part way up near the old mine workings, where we had to scramble through in order to stand on a ledge overlooking a dramatic steep drop into a volcano-like quarry.

The last few miles up Rhyd-Ddu path to Bwlch Main (The Saddle) to the summit involved a lot scrambling and climbing, as well as a fairly narrow ridge to get along, with a steep drop either side. At this point I have to say I was glad of walking as I was in agony with a sharp







stabbing pain in my other knee. Turns out I had been overcompensating in my running style which had caused another injury!

Luckily for us the weather was amazing, and we had a pretty good panoramic view of the hills and valleys. Apparently on a clear day you can see the mountains of the Peak District and the South Pennines from the summit,

Once at the top, we stopped at the café for tea and pasties. Outside, there are steep steps up to the trig point. There was a guy struggling to push his bike up the steps as we came down them. His explanation for this was that his bike had never been to the top!

Phil was concerned about stiffening up with stopping for too long at the top, and wow was I stiff! I began my descent virtually kicking my legs out to the side to avoid bending my knees. We met the steam train coming up on the tourist path route down.

Then we went back via the Snowdon Ranger Path and the Maesgwm valley to the youth hostel. In total it was about 16 miles.

There was some good running, even racing at times from some of our group on the way back down, and I would've loved to join in with this. I had to walk some of the way back, especially the last few miles, joined by Karl and Mick which was kind of them to wait for me. The Youth Hostel was certainly a sight for sore eyes (or knees).



That evening we went into the town. This time we visited a working men's club, which was just like the one out of Phoenix Nights! Then onto a curry house for a well deserved meal.

The next morning, Katy and I opted to join Mick in some healthy porridge with soya milk and fruit, though I think I could've eaten a full English as well. Six hours of running (well sort of running), had left me ravenous.

After a look around the visitors' centre, and while Mick and Karl visited the old slate quarry, Katy, Neil, Sarah, Phil and I had another visit to Steven's Camp Café, for Phil to have a turn at being quizzed while we guzzled tea and scones. On the steep road back down, Phil & I had to walk backwards as our knees were so sore! Sarah thought this was hilarious, and filmed us on her phone.

Despite quite a bit of pain, the weekend was such a laugh, and everyone was such good company, I really enjoyed it. I look forward to running Snowdon properly next time. Roll on the next weekend away.

Thanks Mick for the Welsh names. I hope I didn't get them wrong!

### Whaley Waltz Barn Dance

Each year after the WW there is usually a BBQ. Next year I thought it might be fun to do something different.

Clare Barstow has generously offered us her very large garden. The plan is to hire a Band that will instruct/play/cajole us into barn-dancing our socks off. We can take our Gazebos, picnic blankets, food or BBQ food and alcohol, have a shindig and walk home over Windgather after. The debate is still on as to whether we will do this Saturday evening or Sunday afternoon. Keep a look out the next Newsletter for more info.

Donna Knows a band who does this type of thing and I am awaiting feedback. If any of you have any suggestions you know where I usually am on a Tuesday and Thursday night.

PHIL

McPhibe's

# Farm of Terror

By Shaun Coram

**F**armer McPhibe was sitting on his porch looking downhill into the distance when he noticed a group of runners making their way up towards the hill. McPhibe polished his implements; they shone in the fading sun.

The group gradually split up as they approached the start of the hill. McPhibe wondered if they would abide by his statement on the gate at the foot of the hill. The first runner approached the gate and clambered over looking around as they did so to ensure they had not been seen.

The corner of McPhibe's thin and greyish lips curled into a twisted smile; it was his lucky night. They had disregarded his privacy and disrespected his wishes. He polished his implements until they could shine no more. "Pity", he thought, "all this polishing for them to get stained again later. Ah well, time to let out the animals. . ."

The sky was beginning to bruise; the first of the runners was quite a bit ahead of the others. The runner in front had set off early and he knew he had to make some time to keep off the next runners whom he suspected would be

Mike and Steve. They usually ran at level pacing so he knew they would not be far behind. He looked up towards the hill, a glint from the farmhouse caught his eye and he thought he heard an evil cackle coming from the same direction. "Na", he thought, "this is the 21st century . . ."

He pushed forward through another gate into a open field, leaving the gate open for the next runner. He looked around and saw only a few sheep. "They're going nowhere", he thought. He ran through the middle of the sheep, scattering them. It was then he heard "Oi! Shut the bloomin gate fella!" He looked around but could not see where the voice had come from. He continued to run, scratching his head as he did so.

"Didn't you hear me? Shut - the - gate!" He stopped, looked around then he looked up and down the hill. Mike and Steve were still not in sight, it was then he felt a tug at his vest. He spun around to find a sheep tugging away with its teeth at his vest. "What the . . !" The sheep looked him in the eyes, pulled up one of its front legs and pointed towards the gate. "You bloomin' humans think you got the right to just saunter through fields without shutting gates. Were you born on a farm?"

"Err, no" replied a very nervous runner, now getting ready to turn and run very quickly.

"Well I was, so shut the bloomin gate!" The sheep's eyes narrowed, the runners eyes wid-





ened in fear, the runner ran at pace upwards, away from the open gate.

“Right lads”, the sheep baad, “its shearing time”.

The farmer watched with a keen eye as the sheep gave chase. The runner had no chance as the

sheep quickly caught him, held him down then began to shave his head with some nice shiny shears. The runner, now bald, wrestled himself free and continued to run up the hill as fast as he could. The sheep baad in sheepy laughter pointing at the bald runner as he scrambled away in fear.

McPhibe, watching on from his porch, emitted an evil cackle that carried once more through the valley. A spot of rain fell as the clouds descended low, obscuring the pinnacle of the hill. “Ah, good”, he thought. He didn’t want to spoil the surprise.

Mike and Steve were neck and neck. They knew that Jasmine would not be far behind. They ran through an open gate into a field then onwards toward a stone wall. They followed this upwards for a while then Mike broke the silence: “I’m dying for a widdle”, he said.

“Aye me too. Reckon we could squeeze one out before Jasmine catches us up?” said Steve.

“Easy peasy” said Mike. At this they both looked around and crossed through a gap in the wall into another field where they then began to relieve themselves into an old trough. “Ahh, I needed that,” said Mike. As they both finished and tucked-in they both felt a tap on the shoulder. They looked at each other then both slowly turned around to find, standing upright, behind them, two enormous bulls.

“Seems to me these two are peeing in our drinking water Max”, one of the bulls said to his mate.

“It would seem that way Paddy” replied the other bull.

“I think we should teach these young human upstarts a lesson Max, don’t you agree?”

“Indeed Paddy, that we should”. Steve and Mike were staring, agog and silent in their disbelief while at the same time quaking with fear.

Max and Paddy bent down until their flaring nostrils touched Mike and Steve’s noses and simultaneously they shouted “Boo!” Both runners dart off shrieking like little girls at a concert. The bulls gave chase and it isn’t long before Max catches Steve and butts him - sending him flying over the wall “Innnn – one!” shouts Max. Paddy catches Mike and does the same to him shouting; “Innn – two!” and then both bulls are quickly standing menacingly over their victims: “And Bully’s special prize tonight is . . .!”

The farmer was beside himself with laughter, this was the best night he had in a long time. He looked on as Max and Paddy allow the two runners to continue on towards the obscured peak. To their appointment with fear.

Jasmine was going well. She had ran through the gate and closed it, she tutted at the front runners for leaving it open when there is live-stock about. She looked around to check if the fastest two runners were near her yet. They weren’t.

She ran through the fields, she saluted to the bulls as she passed them as a mark of respect then she passed up through the farm house and nodded to the farmer. The farmer nodded back as he chewed on a piece of corn.

She ran through into a field where a horse was grazing. It was a giant of a stallion and Jasmine paused to stroke him gently. The horse turned its head, winked and in a cool, smooth voice said “Who loves ya baby?”

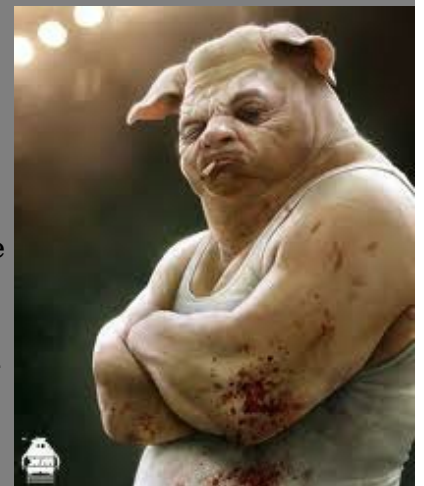
The last two runners were coming through the gate, they also forgot to close it behind them. One of the runners, Scott, turned to his colleague, Warren.

“Did you hear that?” he asked.

“What?”

“Sounded like a tut.”

“Only sheep here mate.” They shrugged their shoulders and continued upwards. They ran past the



sheep. One of the sheep turned to another and whispered, "Leave 'em to the ducks".

Scott cleared his nose of snot by pinching one nostril and blowing out of the other sending a glob of green phlegm into a nearby trough.

"Did you 'humph' at me?" asked Scott.

"Na, not me. Perhaps it was one of those dozy bulls" said Warren.

Max turned to Paddy and whispered, "Leave them to the ducks. They'll be sorry". Both runners passed through the farm house and then into a field and over a tiny wooden bridge towards the final ascent. Suddenly they heard, "Got any bread?" They turned and looked at each other in surprise. Then they heard it again: "Got any bread?" They both turned and looked down at their feet as a group of cute little ducks gathered around them. "Did that duck just ask for bread?" said Scott pointing at a brown duck.

"Do I sound like a female?" said a colourful looking mallard, sarcastically. "It was me and I'll say it again. Got any bread?" At this the rest of the ducks followed suite, all chanting "Got any bread?" whilst slowly circling the runners.

"Where are they all coming from?" shouted Scott in a panicked voice, "There are hundreds of the little gits". The ducks started to peck at the runner's ankles, then jumped on the runner's heads whilst chanting "Got any bread? Got any bread? Got any bread?"

"Noooooooooo!" shouted Warren "We're runners, not bakers, you moronic ducks!" The ducks looked silently at each other. Then the first duck piped up "Then have you got any isotonic energy gel with Guava and caffeine for extra boost and performance?"

"Ermmm, nope", said Warren.

"Right then lads, let 'em have it!" The ducks swooped upon the two runners, flying around them and beating their wings against every part of the runner's bodies . . .

The farmer clapped his hands with glee. It was dark, it was misty, a storm was brewing - and it was Showtime.

The front runner reached the top of the hill. His head was crudely shaved as if by a blunt instrument, leaving tufts of hair sticking up

from an otherwise bald head. The visibility was poor and as he reached the top he fell to the floor, panting and exhausted. Behind him two runners also came puffing and panting to the top. The bald runner noticed an unearthly stench about them "Mike, Steve, why are you so wet?" he asked.

"Don't ask, Pete" they both panted together. "Where's your hair gone?" But before Pete could answer, the other two runners came through the mist, covered in feathers and duck droppings.

As they reached the group Scott asked "I take it we have all been attacked by those speaking creatures down there?" As he finished his sentence, ahead of them at the trig point of the hill a bolt of lightning lit up the sky to reveal a

silhouette of a rather large man holding a pitchfork. Next to him, hung on a large frame, was a beast of gigantic proportions. The sky lit up again to reveal the darkened pink head of a pig, stitched on to a blackened pigs body with giant trotters.

A bolt of lightning struck the frame and the beast shuddered into life, murmuring as it hauled itself off the frame. The group of friends turned to flee but their way was blocked by the sheep,

bulls and ducks that had followed them up the hill.

The farmer looked up at the abomination upon the frame as the creature moved down to stand at his side. "It's alive!" The farmer shrieked then stared down at the group and held his arms in the air and shouted, "Behold my greatest creation! Frankenswine!"

The runners gasped in both amazement and shock. They glanced back down the hill and momentarily thought about chancing the entourage in front of them but were hastily dissuaded by two rather colossal bulls shaking their heads from side to side. It was then the group noticed a stallion making its way through the mist, ducks, sheep and bulls to the summit of the hill.

"Do you have to be so dramatic Frederick McPhibe?" a female voice spoke, softly. The runners turned their heads towards the woman riding the horse. The sudden recognition





shocked them. "Jasmine?", they shouted in unison.

The farmer fell to his knees, a look of total dedication in his eyes. "Mistress!" he implored.

"I think we have pulled in a good harvest this time, don't you Frederick?"

"Yes Mistress. Shall we begin tonight?"

"Begin what?" asked a worried sounding Scott.

Frankenswine approached the group. The ducks, sheep and bulls approached the group. The group emitted much flatulence.

"Well that's just brilliant", remarked Scott, plucking at some corn, "A blooming chicken. I could have been a bull or something".

"Thank your lucky stars you're not a turkey like Steve", remarked Mike the cow. "They are feeding him up. Silly sod doesn't even know it's Christmas in a month."

"Where's Warren and Pete then?"

"Oh, they dropped sooo lucky. Jasmine wanted two budgies so they get to stay inside and get spoilt. They even fed them toast yesterday you know. With jam on."

"Never. Really?"

"Aye, it's so unfair . . . Oh wait. Aye up, Jasmine has just guided a group of walkers up through the gate".

"Have they shut the gate?"

"Nope."

"Then it's fun time . . ."

The End



## water Weekend:

This takes place in the village, usually on the 2nd weekend in June. It's very popular and brings lots of people into Whaley. I am planning to hold a stall this year which will either be a cake stall or a Tombola - depending upon how much stuff we get for the Tea-Party (see other notice). It will probably take place on June 11th and 12th.

Once again I will be looking for volunteers to bake and do short stints on the stall. You never know what else i may think of in the mean time . . .

This will be a good opportunity to promote running and GVS so I do hope you will help.

PHIL

## road and fell

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Thursday	9.30-7.00
Friday	9.30-5.30
Saturday	9.30-5.30
Bank Holiday Monday's	10.00-4.00

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All Members receive a 10% discount

## Application to join the Goyt Valley Striders

If you want to join The Striders or know anybody who wishes to join then complete the attached form and send it to the secretary.

### GOYT VALLEY STRIDERS 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, signature of parent or guardian