

August 17/165

Editor - Simon Smith

KIRKSTALL HARRIERS



CONTENTS

<i>Intro</i>	3
<i>Yvaa update</i>	4
<i>5 days & 2 PB's</i>	5
<i>Picture of the Month</i>	7
<i>Collette's 50th Park Run</i>	8
<i>Show Me the Muddy</i>	10
<i>PB's & Bdays</i>	13
<i>Member Profile</i>	14
<i>Outlaw-Iron Distance</i>	16
<i>From the Injury Bench</i>	18
<i>Burn Valley Half Marathon</i>	20

August sees the newsletter sending you off on your summer break with a feast of quality holiday reading. If you are packing your running shoes, what better way to kick back and relax than with a glass of something cold and tales of a purple hue?

Marvel at how Louise managed to bag 2 PB's in less than a week whilst admiring a rare picture of her appearing to enjoy running. Allow Collette to regale you with what a special morning her 50th Parkrun was. Share Hannah's bittersweet injury experiences and admire her determination as she continues on the recovery road. Elsewhere, I pen thoughts on my first fell run for 5 years, a harrowing story that features beer, cheese and sheep. Did McFly have Cat James in mind when they wrote "Five Colours in her Hair"? Well, actually....they didn't, but turn to our "Member Profile" to learn more about this popular recent addition to the purple posse. Feel the "Burn" with Jacqui as she tackles a tough North Yorkshire Half. Last but not least, apply some cream to all parts likely to chafe as you eat your way around the Outlaw Tri in the company of Kirkstall Ironman, Adam Moger.

Wherever the summer takes you, enjoy your running. Please keep your white bits covered when you report back for duty. They'll be as unwelcome in the KLC as a pair of muddy shoes.

Simon

YVAA UPDATE

Words: Peter Hay

No races have been ran since the last one which was at Lythe near Whitby on Sunday 4th June – so no changes to the scores and positions last reported in the July newsletter. There have been changes to the race diary though – The Meanwood race has been deleted and the Stainland race cannot find a suitable date. With the resurgence of running and all the races to choose from these days, this is no surprise. The other problem is that, believe it or not, the nights are slowly drawing in, thereby reducing the option of evening races. There is the Knavesmire race with a tbc, but the yvaa have a statement on their website indicating the organisers of races with “tbc” are NOT going to confirm any race dates. Therefore if this race series remains the same with only 6 races, it will be the best 5 races that count for prizes at the end.

The next race is on Wed 9th August at Halifax. The start time is 7.30 but the start is a 5 minute walk away from registration which is the Spring Hall Athletics track HX3 0AA. This is about 5 minutes away from the centre of

Halifax near the Eureka museum, on the west side of town. It appears to be the same rural course as last year, and is described as relatively flat along the river and canal – which seems quite extraordinary for a race in Halifax. Anyone wishing to go but needs or wants to share transport please let me (Peter Hey) know. jap.no26@ntlworld.com or phone or text

07708562593 I can probably arrange to meet somewhere around the Bramley area and will be looking to leave about 5.45pm Full race details are on the yvaa website yvaa.org

We could do with as many “vets” as possible (35 years young or more) running as the club is only a few points behind some other clubs in some of the competitions, so we can pick up a place or two – or worse, we do have some clubs breathing down our necks too – so we don’t want to slip further down the ladder if we can help it.

All you have to do is, like me; finish the race to pick up some points for the club!

To be eligible to enter these great value for money races, (only £5.00) you have to be 35 or over, but it is good friendly competitive runs over different types of interesting terrain. If you have never done one before, or have been missing out recently for whatever reason – please try to turn out for as many as possible of the remaining races.

Remaining Races

Halifax – Wed 9th August

Meanwood – tbc

Knavesmire – tbc

Stainland – tbc

Horsforth – Now Sunday 1st October

Spen – Sunday 12th November.

5 DAYS & 2 PB's – ECCUP 10k/ EAST LEEDS 10k

Words: Louise O'Brien

It was a bit of a strange week but I actually blame the Summer mile the week before. I thought "it can't be that bad ... it's just a mile, I can do that". In reality it was hours of hanging around in the damp as it poured it down, Summer mile? Someone forgot to order the Summer bit. It was an enjoyable evening though, as all events with lots of purple people always are but the damage had been done. The damp soggy night coupled with trying to run fast seemed to have given me the lurgy.

By Sunday I really wasn't feeling good at all but having missed Eccup 10 the year before due to IT band problems, I was determined I was still going to do it. Me and Rachael Kearns travelled there together, she also had a sore throat (again blaming that Summer mile!) so we were both a bit anxious about how it was going to go but we'd give it our best shot.

As we arrived and collected our numbers I opened my envelope to be greeted with the number of 666. I had to laugh, what could possibly go wrong? Chris Hudson turned up also feeling under the weather but saved the day with a packet of Halls Mentholypus. The start line was smelling very menthol but at least we could all breathe. I don't actually remember a lot about the race at all (some race report this is!) it was a lovely sunny day, I remember the marshals being fab, I remember my throat being so dry I was desperate for water at each water station. I really like this race, especially the bits off road around the reservoir, but I honestly don't remember much about it at all, I was just trying to get round. I remember the finish and seeing Hikari and Chris, being desperate for water and glad it was over and genuinely surprised that I had finished it faster than before – a massive 12 minutes off my previous time from 2015.

Next up on the Tuesday was Danefield relay. I'm new

to the Summer relays having never done them before, but had heard the stories about the hill at the end that everyone hated but I think it has to be experienced first-hand. I had to walk up most of it but the support half way up had me running again. I absolutely loved this event; the atmosphere was great, it was such a good fun evening hanging out with the purples supporting each other. Note to self - take bug spray next year, Marion

Muir probably saved us all from being eaten alive by bringing insect repellent!

By the Friday I was feeling a lot better so couldn't really blame illness for any poor performance, this was East Leeds 10k and another first time for me. A lovely place to host a race at St Aidans Country Park, with the race starting at the RSPB Nature Reserve, again a lot of purples turned out for this as it





is another CC race. It was quite a warm evening, cloudy but not bad race conditions all in all. I had been looking forward to this, but boy did I change my mind. Within the first 3 miles I had severely fallen out with this race, as lovely as the scenery was, it was up there with one of my worst race experiences. It was so relentlessly flat that trying to maintain the same pace I found incredibly difficult and my breathing was all over the place. I did manage a PB knocking a small amount of time off my previous 10k but I'm not sure it was worth it. (All PB's are worth it – Ed). Lessons learnt for next time, sometimes chasing PBs isn't worth having such a bad race experience.

The picnic afterwards made up for it, a lovely evening was had and the bottle of beer from Whitby Brewery and the medal soon made me forget how bad I had felt during the race. Some may say I am easily pleased!



*Harriers cloning experiment goes badly wrong as hideous purple mutation is
abandoned to roam Golden Acre Park*



COLLETTE'S 50th PARK RUN

Words: Collette Spencer



I was quite excited about my 50th Park run, which isn't really that impressive considering my first park run was back in 2011. I wasn't really as keen on those early Saturday mornings back then, but look forward to them much more now. It's probably the Costa coffee that entices me more to meet a friend for our regular Saturday morning catch up! Thought I'd round up the purple posse to see who fancied joining me and, lo and behold, had quite a good uptake. I felt quite popular! Thought I'd support my regular local park run and do it at Bramley, which I do most Saturdays now. They're such a lovely bunch there, especially Reg who marshals every week without fail at the bottom of the hill.

It's definitely his friendly face and great cheering that gets me up it. I even got to wear a bib which was about 10 sizes too big that said 'it's my 50th Park run'. I felt like a celebrity on the way round with everyone congratulating me. Had a fab run with the amazing purples, the sun was shining and we finished it off at Wetherspoon's with a very well deserved breakfast. Thank you to everyone who joined me whether it was to run or support, you made it even more worthwhile. It makes me realise what special people you are and proud to be a part of this amazing club.

SHOW ME THE MUDDY!

BINGLEY SHOW RACE REPORT

Words: Simon Smith

I'll let you into a secret. Off road running of the trail and fell variety terrifies me. A moderately tricky PECO course is enough to make my brow bear the sweaty sheen of cold fear, but I can just about cope with that. No, the blind panic the thought of fell running induces in me is enough to see me heading for the hills (no pun intended).

I know my fear is completely irrational, and it wasn't always so. Not so very long ago, I used to be quite an avid devotee of this form of running - precious little talent for the craft, but bags of enthusiasm. But then I started to trip and fall. More than once. Sometimes twice in the same event. The painful pull of gravity came to a head at the James Herriot Trail Race in 2012, where a particularly nasty fall on a rocky downhill section saw me badly dislocate my right thumb and pretty much rip most of the skin off my knees, shoulders and back. Confidence shattered, I decided to call it a day and stick to the roads.

Until Saturday July 22nd. For reasons unknown, when Adam Nodwell posted about the Bingley Show race, I thought "why not give it a go"? It seemed to be badged as more "trail" than "fell", and there was also the lure of it taking place as part of the annual town agricultural show. "Bound to be a beer tent", I thought. Heart usually rules head for most of my decisions in life (with mixed results), so pretty much on a whim I entered, and even egged a couple of other Harriers on to do the same. Oddly, I even found myself looking forwards to it. The early part of race day saw us battered with the sort of rain that would have had Noah brushing up on his carpentry skills. Proper cats and dogs, it was. Things eased as the morning progressed, but it was still clear that conditions underfoot would be somewhat slippery. Meeting up with the rest of the Purple Army at the show following the usual LPSA car share rendezvous, we all had time to take in a sheep show after we'd registered. I thought this may have been "woolly" thinking on the part of the organisers, but learning about the different breeds of sheep was fascinating, and helped make the combined £9 entry to the race and the show even more of a baaargain. (Sorry, I can't help it).



We set off from the main showground at about 11:45 to almost total indifference from the showgoers, despite the best efforts of the tannoy announcer to whip the throng into a frenzy of excitement. This involved us running round the Show jumping field like we were doing a re-make of “National Velvet”. No gates were disturbed, though I very nearly incurred a 10 second penalty for a refusal at the water jump. We were soon heading up what you might call a “steep” uphill section (see the course profile), initially on gravel but then giving way to proper trail with tree roots hiding under a thin layer of slimy mud. Hard work but exhilarating, the route eventually levelled off and on reaching the top, I took an opportunity to admire the view across Airedale. The sun had come out strongly by this point, and it felt good being there in that moment, all senses sharpened and very much feeling elation at the fact I was alive.

The route narrowed to single file traffic for the next mile or so, which meant passing other runners was nigh on impossible. This wasn't a big deal for me, as I already realised I was towards the back of the pack, just as I expected and I cared very little. I was simply enjoying being there. My new Salomon shoes (little canary yellow beauties) were holding up nicely and I felt very confident in putting my feet down (the fear of falling had been very much there in the recesses of my mind). I decided to try and lose that fear and just embrace the occasion. I normally hold back on the downhill sections, but threw myself into them this time with something approaching boyish abandon. I think I passed 4 or 5 runners who had earlier left me comfortably in their wake on the long uphill pull. I exchanged some laughs and banter with a lady I think from Idle AC (I may be wrong) and we both agreed that what we were doing was all faintly bonkers, but that we wouldn't be missing it for the world. How do non-runners spend their spare time? What do they find to do with themselves? Don't they realise what they are missing out on? About time they stopped enjoying themselves and started running, I reckon!

As much as I was enjoying the event, I did find myself flagging badly towards the end. The “approx.” bit of “approx. 10k” suddenly started to feel very long indeed. My legs didn't have much left to give, and I started to feel like one of the old vintage cars we'd seen in the showground earlier - clapped out and running on empty. After a wicked late uphill pull, I found myself saying out loud “make it stop, make it stop”. I often use this to keep myself going mentally in the late stages of a race, as I'm telling myself that the only way I can “make it



stop” is to get my finger out and run as fast I can until I hit the finish line. Pulling out or stopping are never options you want to give into, no matter how alluring they can appear to a tired mind trying to will tired legs to keep doing the job you need them to. Just when I thought the race would never end, I emerged from the woods into the bright sunlight and green fields of the showground. I was welcomed immediately by the shouts of encouragement from my fellow Harriers. There they all were - doing what Harriers do, standing together and providing very vocal support. There are many things that I love about being in this club, but that is the one that always means the most to me. The Purple’s are always around when you need them most, always there at the end. Nobody crosses any finish line alone or ignored. No other club does this like we do. It makes me proud, humble and emotional. I clapped my hands briefly to acknowledge the support, but I could just as easily have burst into tears, to be honest.

And that was that. A slurp of water, a biscuit and a piece of cake and then joining the posse to shout Alyson over the line. I did enjoy it, despite saying to Chris that “fell running reminds me what I love about road running so much”. You also have to love deeply a Chairman who made it very clear that, as soon as we’d all finished,



Bingley Show Race Elevation

the only immediate and sensible destination was the beer tent, which we duly located. We seem to have a nose for that kind of thing. Two pints of very well kept Chinook blonde didn’t touch the sides, and I enjoyed them so much I didn’t even begrudge paying £5 for a burger. The sun might have got to me. A few of us found a cheese stall. Running, sunshine, beer, cheese.....if Heaven looks something like that, I will embrace eternity with gusto.

All in all, a cracking race and the perfect day out. Huge thanks to my fellow Harriers for making it such a joy; Kieran, Adam, Chris & Alyson, Chris & Jill (brilliant support Jill, ta muchly), Collette and Louise. Their company made the day what it was. I’d go back and do this race again without hesitation. It was organised extremely well by Bingley Harriers, one of whom (I think it was Phil Hawkswell) was really grateful that we’d entered as a group when we chatted to him as we were leaving. Phil kindly gave us all a buff each, and was very interested in adding the KA7 to the Bingley Club Champs next year - here’s hoping. What a wonderful community the running family is.

Will I do another trail/fell after ending my self-imposed 5 year exile? You know what.....I think I just might.



PERSONAL BESTS & BIRTHDAYS

MARCH 2017

<i>Distance</i>		<i>Name</i>	<i>Time</i>
10m	First Race	John Durkan	1:22:09
10m	PB	Jackie Elmer	1:40:55
10m	PB	Paul Grist	1:12:45
10m	First Race	Matt Kasperek	1:22:08
10m	PB	Rachael Kearns	1:21:50
10m	PB	Louise O'Brien	1:19:43
10m	First Race	Rowan Temple	1:06:19
10k	PB	Paul Chapman	0:48:55
10k	PB	Martin Frazer	0:42:06
10k	PB	Giedrius Geisleris	0:43:51
10k	PB	Lee Hardy	0:38:33
10k	PB	Chris Hudson	0:44:36
10k	PB	Matt Kasperek	0:47:46
10k	PB	Rachael Kearns	0:49:21
10k	PB	Louise O'Brien	0:47:46
10k	PB	Rowan Temple	0:38:39
10k	PB	Yekanth Venkiteela	0:49:02
10k	PB	Isobel Webster	0:47:17
5k	PB	Rowan Temple	0:19:05
Mile	PB	Anne Akers	0:09:08
Mile	PB	Timothy Dixon	0:05:28
Mile	First Race	Martin Frazer	0:06:17
Mile	First Race	Lee Hardy	0:05:31
Mile	First Race	Catherine James	0:07:26
Mile	First Race	Rachael Kearns	0:06:57
Mile	First Race	Emma Lavelle-Wood	0:06:26
Mile	First Race	Louise O'Brien	0:06:48
Mile	First Race	Alexandra Potts	0:07:23
Mile	First Race	Hal Roberts	0:05:29
Mile	First Race	Sean Scanlon	0:06:46
Mile	First Race	Rowan Temple	0:05:45
Mile	First Race	Isobel Webster	0:06:44

BIRTHDAYS

Stephen Groves
David Hodkin
Jill Hudson
Chris Hunt
James Meta
Adam Moger
Mark Skinner

NEW MEMBERS

Emily Potts
Asta Bevainyte
Jonathan Young



CATHERINE JAMES

Member Profile

Age: 28

Occupation: Chef

Originally from: Born in Beverley, East Yorkshire, grew up in Lincoln.

Time as a Kirkstall Harrier: Since March 2017.

When did you start running and why?

I started officially back in about 2015 but never really kept it up or trained properly until now. My Dad has always been a big runner and I think I wanted to prove to myself I could do it.

How did you end up joining Kirkstall?

I wanted to improve and get help training so a friend suggested I join a running club. He recommended KH as he has friends in the club.

The rest is history!

What are your motivations for running?

It was something I could do for myself, has improved my mental health and has aided with my anxiety no end. I also feel incredibly proud of what I have achieved having been tarnished with the “not the athletic type” brush at school. Running for myself and with other people makes me immensely proud.

What are your greatest running achievements?

I would have to say when I finished The Great North Run for the first time in 2015. I had only ever run 8 miles before, once. Each step I took over 8 miles felt like a huge achievement. Seeing my Mum and Luca on the finishing stretch was very emotional! That and achieving a sub 55 minute 10k for the first time earlier this year which I never thought I would do!

What are your best running related memories?

Crossing over the finish line hand in hand with my Dad at Great North Run! Along with all the wonderful and interesting new races I have had the chance to try with The Harriers.

What are your worst running related memories?

Probably when I did Hell on Humber endurance race and, at about 1am, thought I was probably going to pass out. Walking across the Humber Bridge at 2am sure brings about a whole new level of crazy!

Any words of wisdom for your fellow harriers?

I feel as if I still have so much to learn from my fellow runners, which is precisely why I joined. They have given me no end of wisdom and invaluable advice. If I could offer a recommendation, it would be to try a triathlon. They're great fun.

Can you share an interesting fact about yourself?

I studied Music Technology with Popular Composition at the University of Huddersfield and I am a grade 7 classically trained cellist.



OUTLAW IRON-DISTANCE EAT-A-THON

Words: Adam Moger

Nottingham's non-branded IM features a great course - single lap swim, just one "granny gear" hill in the 3,000ft elevation on the bike, and flat run. The 17 hour cut-off means a 6am start, involving getting up at 3-something - not ideal. What was ideal was the weather - bit warm when the sun came out, but low wind speeds and mostly dry. After hilly Bolton last year I knew I could PB, but could I go from 11.50 to 10-something? Soleus trouble meant just one 17-miler as a long run, so I went all-in on the bike. But first was a crazy 2.4 mile swim of over 1,000 people, hitting as much as getting hit. Then T1 produced a surprise - a randomly missing sock, and only T2 being in the same place saved me from a sockless foot for 112 miles of bike.

Stomach problems 20 miles from the bike finish meant starting the run in not great shape, quickly



compounded by a blister and chafing. Concentrating on slow & steady with plenty of walk breaks through aid stations, up to halfway I thought I was on target - until I realised my maths was wrong. I'd been equating 5 min k's to 8 min miles (correct) and extrapolating to 5.30k's being 8.30 miles, and 6's being 9's (incorrect). Cue a horrible final 3k in order to beat the hilly Bolton marathon time & break 4 hours.

Fuelling consisted of flat Coke, water, Hi-5 energy drink (AKA p*ss water), countless gels (perhaps 15 on the bike, but unable to stomach any on the run), bananas, Jaffa Cakes, cereal bars, nougat, & a weird but overwhelming urge for orange segments, fortunately available at each run feed station. A 2 minute comfort break during the run had me wondering if the flow was ever going to stop.

10.40.58 - delighted with the swim, only the 2nd time in a dozen tri's I've been pleasantly surprised. Delighted with 5.29 for the bike, but tough in the 2nd half with several dark moments. Perhaps 20 minutes to come off the 3.58 marathon with better training, but not sure I want to put myself through that again - was irrationally sobbing uncontrollably 10 minutes after the finish. Maybe it was the early start! Despite that, I still highly recommend IM - nothing quite compares, and whilst you should perhaps do an expensive branded one as your first (in case it's your only), I can recommend Outlaw for organisation, flatness & friendliness.

Next up: my first and only tattoo.

FROM THE INJURY BENCH

Words: Hannah Newman

The change of status from 'runner' to 'injured runner' can happen suddenly and without warning. For me, this shift happened one Friday afternoon in March, at a trampoline park. One wonky jump and I was being carried out and whisked off to minor injuries to begin my story as an injured runner.

Now this in the grand scheme of things is not really that big of a deal. I'm not a professional athlete and don't have to worry about injury impacting upon my professional life, income etc. I will indeed recover and I will run again. However I'm certain that I am not alone in the utter sense of devastation which followed the realisation that I would be comfortably perched upon this injury bench for quite some time.

The thing about 'us runners' is that no matter our level of ability, with commitment to our sport comes, at least in part, our sense of identity. Running is rather like a good friend for me. When I'm feeling stressed I often use running to 're-set', it makes me happier and healthier. I have never come back from a run feeling worse than when I set off. Without this I began to feel a little lost.

Experts have often said that the emotions experienced by the injured runner can be similar to those experienced in time of grief. It is a huge sense of loss. If you've had the bad fortune to experience injury yourself, sadly most runners have or will, then you too have likely stumbled through this process yourself. Here are some of my thoughts and experiences from my journey through this process:

Denial

I know I'm not the first runner to desperately try to run despite my body and head telling me it wasn't a good idea. My heart was not listening to my brain. Consequently I limped around a few short runs and walked as much as I could. I am certain this has led to the frustrating stress fracture which I am now dealing with. Runners often play this game of Russian roulette - limping through runs, disregarding niggles, perhaps taking pain killers when rest would be the better option. Runners in denial know they are injured but won't admit it. This is a dangerous game and as I have learned can exacerbate injury.

Anger

I have lost count of the number of times I have uttered the words 'It's not fair!' Not being able to run is terrible. Each race in my diary that comes and goes without me being able to toe the start line brings a new wave of devastation. The sense of injustice can be overwhelming. In my case the frustration was exacerbated by the cause of the injury itself having nothing to do with running. I felt cheated out

of what I had come to love doing as a result of a silly accident.

Throughout I have tried to remain positive, although I have certainly had my moments where this has not been possible!! I have tried to look forward and tell myself that I will run again! I have also flirted with cycling and swimming. Setting in motion the grand plan to one day complete a triathlon. I have been cycling to and from work with the odd slightly longer ride on a weekend. I've also signed up to 'adult improver' swimming lessons which are fantastic!

Bargaining

Determination is often an attribute found amongst runners. This is true of myself and lead to a somewhat overzealous attitude to rehab at times! I believed that doing more rehab, more sets, more often would lead to a shorter period of time until I could return to running. I have also sought a number of professional opinions. Although I do believe that a second opinion can be valuable, numerous opinion can end up being confusing and exhausting!

Depression

It's hard not to feel down when you can't run. For some people running is an effective tool for maintaining mental health. The loss of this coping mechanism can be devastating. I have had my moments when it's been hard to complete exercise which is accessible to me and I have thought, 'It's not running so what's the point'. What has kept me going when I've felt like this, is knowing that allowing myself to get out of shape is only going to make returning to running even harder. I have focused on strength work, cycling and swimming in the hope that one day these will enable me to be a better runner than I was before.

One of the hardest aspects of injury is the isolation which accompanies it. You can become estranged from the social group from which you receive so much support and encouragement and this can be difficult to remain positive through.

I've tried to maintain some contact with you - my wonderful purple family, by volunteering and supporting at events and indeed writing this very article!

Acceptance

I think I am finally in this stage. Although it has taken 18 long weeks of fighting through all of the above. I am happy that I am being looked after by the correct physicians and I'm hopeful that the road to recovery should be somewhat straighter from here on in. That's not to say I won't have setbacks and have days when I revisit the stages above.

My motivation for writing this piece was not for sympathy. I wanted to share my experience and in a small way reach out to my fellow injured runners. On that note Lucy and I had a discussion recently about the possibility of establishing an injured runners social - perhaps on a Wednesday evening whilst our able members are out on their training run. There was mention of a pub quiz!

Watch this space!

BURN VALLEY HALF MARATHON

Words: Jacqueline Elmer

“Tough half”; “Scenically captivating” were Simon’s words!





I started running about two and a half years ago on a park run trail, and only because my friend who was actually sick on that day insisted she drive me there. She ended up volunteering instead of running because she knew I would take the gap and opt out if she didn't. I think my first park run was something like 57 minutes, but the cheering as I went past and at the end made it totally worthwhile. I became totally hooked and not surprisingly made it a weekly event. For me it was about friends, fresh air, all those good endorphins that come after a run and then the views. Running has taken me to so many places that I would never have experienced otherwise.

Simon's words rang through my head and without any hesitation I entered immediately after seeing his post. Little did I realise that it was a just more than an hour's drive up north. But I was so focused on those views.

On the morning of the race I was completely unprepared, as usual, just hoping to see some familiar faces and enjoy my "tough" run. Meeting Michelle, Simons wife, was so unexpected and refreshing. (They really are a friendly couple aren't they?) Too kind, Jacqui, shucks – Ed Unbeknown to me I ended up being the only Kirkstall Harrier on the day. Sorry I wasn't quite up to it.....next year, definitely! – Ed.

So it was hot (19 degrees), it was hilly (376m of elevation), it was long (13.1 Miles), but it was also beautiful, loads of water tables (one every 3 miles), very well organised and I couldn't help but pull out my phone and take a few pictures along the way. At my pace my runs are usually in solitary so I have the advantage of feeling totally free and can completely clear my mind, yet in a safe and controlled manner so I don't get lost. (Feeling unsafe or lost



is probably my worst fear).

I can't really tell you where I ran however my Garmin mentions Masham, Wathermaske, Fearby and Healy, which I can tell you are all lovely places. The roads were very quiet, I think there were all of about 5 cars the whole way around and that includes two massive animal trucks. It was mostly tarred road with a small section of farm road, over streams, through valleys, even a bit through the Swinton Estate, through farms and then back in to town. There also happened to be a decent amount of shade on route which was hugely welcomed. Some of the residents had their spray guns out which I think everyone took advantage of willingly. With a fair amount of support, bottle of pale ale and banana at the end, plus a running t-shirt, I would say that it was definitely one of my best runs.

It could have been the views, or the many fast downward slopes, or even the cheering at the end, but for someone that rarely enters a race more than once, I can safely say that I will definitely be back there again next year. Hope to see you there!



Kirkstall Harriers meet every Monday and Wednesday at Kirkstall Leisure Centre at 6.50pm for a 7pm start. All standards of runners are welcome to join us. Just turn up and say hello, we are very friendly! Please visit our website for more info: www.kirkstallharriers.org.uk or follow us on twitter @kharriers

Please email kirkstallharriers@goolemail.com if you would like to contribute to the newsletter.

All articles, member profiles etc gratefully received. Or simply email the Editor for that month (rota on Club website).