



kirkstall harriers

Running Club

Welcome to June Edition



Summer is Here Folks!

The 1970's what a time to be alive and running! I'll let you decide who is who from the club but remember too 'Slip slop slap' that sunscreen on before you head out on a glorious summer run - Ed



This month's newsletter is brought to you by Matt Sykes-Hooban

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News in Brief:

The Summer Run

with Horsforth Harriers, will take place on Tuesday 27 June. If anyone wishes to join in with the fun please let Sam Broome know as Horsforth will be doing a BBQ afterwards. Please also let Sam know if you are vegetarian or have any food allergies. More details regarding time and place will be shared with the club and put on the website shortly.

Yorkshire Veterans Athletic Association YVAA

Nothing much to report this month, it is too early to give a report for our race on the 30th May, and probably too late to tell you how good the race at Lythe will be for everyone on 4th June. Albeit for me to say on the assumption our race at Kirkstall goes okay, a huge thank you to everyone who helped make it a success.

A big thank you to Jemma Roe for marshalling the marshals, and no matter how big or small a role you had to play – the fact that we can get so many to volunteer makes the whole task that bit easier. If you are 35 or over and have never done one of these – please give them a go – really good value for money with lots of friendly competition for everyone. If you have done these before but have overlooked them this year – please come out and play and support your club. If you have been doing them – great – all your points are needed for the club overall performance. If you have doubts about getting to a race – just ask around and wherever possible we will share transport.

Full details are on their web site yvaa.org

The remaining list of races are;

Lythe (nr Whitby) – Sunday 4th June

Halifax – Wed 9th August

Meanwood – tbc

Knavesmire – tbc

Stainland – tbc

Horsforth – Now Sunday 1st October

Spen – Sunday 12th November.

New crew joining the Kirkstall Harriers

Andrew Goldman Emily Thompson-Bell Stephen Corcoran

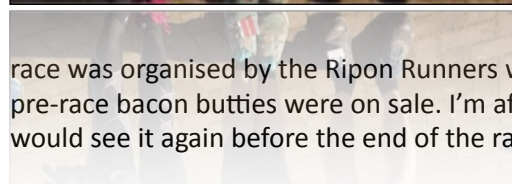
And Welcome back to returning former member Peter Marshall



The Ripon Ten Mile as told by Anne Akers

We weren't really meant to be running this race, we'd booked the inaugural Sherwood Pines Trail Half Marathon, organised by Marathon Trails, which looked lovely, promising stunning scenery and a mere ten metres of total climb. It was a bit dearer than we'd usually pay, round about £28 (pauses to wait for Jill Buckley's sharp intake of breath), but we allow ourselves one expensive run a year.

The training had been done so we were ready to run, but six days before we were due to hit those trails, an email told us it had been postponed, though with no date, because they didn't have enough volunteers. Alarm bells started to ring, since when does such an expensive race rely on volunteers? There was no way to reply to them, which put the alarms into overdrive, but we did need to run, and found the Ripon Ten, which looked very nice indeed, and so it turned out to be.



Ten miles is a lovely distance, just long enough in my book. The race was organised by the Ripon Runners who had the good sense to put the HQ in the rugby club where pre-race bacon butties were on sale. I'm afraid I had to turn them down, as there was a high probability I would see it again before the end of the race.

There were a couple of hundred runners setting off from a field across the road and over the river from the rugby club. The course went uphill, before going uphill again, then that final long haul up the approach to Studley Royal before a bit of downhill. Then some more uphill, for heaven's sake.

It wasn't an easy race, with rather more road than I would have liked, but the scenery was stunning, the marshals friendly and helpful and the organisation excellent. I'd do it again, but in road shoes if it was as warm and dry as that day. There was chip timing and a splendid goody bag with a Ripon Runners buff, a Mars Bar, a bottle of water, banana and packet of Yorkshire Tea and all for less than half the price of the Sherwood Pines.

Incidentally, the saga continued with Sherwood Pines, less than 24 hours after the postponement, they said it was on again, but there was no way of contacting Marathon Trails to insist on a refund. We're promised a place in their 2018 race, but we have little confidence that it will happen. And the moral of the story is, never book an inaugural race with an outfit that doesn't give a UKAE discount – stay with the tried and tested Yorkshire runs and the clubs who organise them.

I am assuming that the pic above was taken before the race and judging by the expression on Noel's face I'd say he's just found out about the amount of Hill running he has signed up for! -Ed



Age: 35 (ouch)

Job: Child Mental Health Practitioner

Born: High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire

Joined: I think it was 2007

When did you start running and why?

My mum began running when I was 16. She only had plimsoles to wear and started doing laps of the local park. She joined Handy Cross runners and soon began racing and doing marathons. I would run at their club when home from University. I really enjoyed the social aspect of running. It made the runs seem longer and loved that a run was already planned and usually somewhere I had not run before.

Motivations?

Well I think (hope) like most of us runners I do like my food! It helps the guilt when tucking into biscuits.

On a more serious note I find it gives me an inner peace like nothing else. A run whether it be 5k or much further allows me to switch off. With a little one now to keep me on my toes it's a great stress relief for the more challenging days.

Greatest running achievements?

I still remember my first race, I can't actually recall the name but

there was a very steep hill at the end. It took me 1hr.10mins to complete.

Since then I've done a few half marathons, Liversedge, Sydney and Harwood half! Harewood half nearly finished me off!

Running memories?

This was a trail run with a few other harriers about 2 years ago. Lucy Churm, Allan, Mark to name a few. Laura Davies was due to navigate but I think had a terrible hangover so we headed off without her. Terrible mistake. It literally took us hours to meet at Apperley Bridge. When we finally began running I seem to recall Allan telling us to keep left on the route! Until Lucy and I pointed out at some point we needed to turn right as we would never get home! It was much longer than expected and involved a few detours to say the least! It was of course a lot of fun!

Best running related memories?

Pause, to gather thoughts! Tom begins staring at me and shouts "Ah hello" as I write this! So of course that would be meeting Tom at Kirkstall Harriers many years ago! Probably don't need to point out we are now married and have our daughter Amelia.

I remember running the Kirkstall xmas run many moons ago. We were not an item at this point but Tom in his smooth way spent the whole race taking the mick out of me as I was wearing one of Mario (former harrier) xmas outfits which involved me wearing a Santa cape. When

did Santa ever wear I cape....Tom however ended up losing part of his outfit half way round as his top came undone. I ran off leaving him to sort it out.

Worst running related memories?

Sydney half should have been amazing. A very early start however meant it's the worst race I have done which resulted in me having stitch for 10 of the 13 miles! My time was awful and I was not impressed.

Words of wisdom?

Think it should be them giving me advice! If in doubt always run! Don't ignore the little niggles they ended up biting you in the arse (sometimes literally).

Interesting fact?

I began swimming aged 3, did all my badges and started synchronised swimming! My biggest regret is not pursuing this.



*Pics:
Above left: 'The Keebers'
Above: Kim and Aly finishing
a leg of the LCW!*

A Mind to Run – Matt Sykes-Hooban

The week of the 8 -14 May was Mental Health Awareness Week 2017 with the theme of Surviving or Thriving. The Surviving or Thriving theme was chosen to highlight that good mental health is more than just the absence of a mental health problem and is designed to make us think about why too few of us are living with good mental health.

The awareness week raised a discussion in the national media and on many of the social media platforms about the various causes and effects that mental health disorders can have on a person. And the Harriers Facebook group was no exception, with articles being posted and websites links offered. It has long been known, after all, that running can be used as a tool to combat the debilitating effects of depression, anxiety and stress to name but three. Doctors are increasingly prescribing exercise as way to help alleviate some symptoms and causes such as depression, panic attacks and low self-esteem and so on.

The powerful effect running has on emotions was very well documented in the BBC programme 'Mind over Marathon' which followed the stories of 10 people dealing with different stresses. It was broadcast over two weeks either side of the Virgin London Marathon 2017. The programme was very informative and put running right at the forefront of ways to tackle mental health issues.

I certainly use running to combat stress. I have a busy career as a freelancer and I am often juggling several projects at any time. But as I am currently stuck on the subs bench with back problems I am having to work very hard to keep myself sane. When running is not an option for me, I am drawn back to old bad lifestyle habits: eating too much, drinking too much and even smoking. I am working hard to get the back problem fixed with physio, pilates and also trying to adopt new mindfulness techniques I have been learning, to help with the absence of running and getting me to live a bit healthier too. I am hoping to be back at the club running by the end of the summer.

I am far from the only club member who needs running to help balance their life. One club member recently wrote in with their story of dealing with depression;

"I know I'm not alone in the club when I admit that I've got mental health issues, specifically depression, though I hope the extent that I'm affected isn't shared by anyone else. There's a few things going on in my life today and some that have happened in the past that I really, struggle to deal with, and honestly I can't see it ever getting better. Sometimes I can ignore it all, and sometimes I manage that for quite a while, but it's always there in the back of my mind and every so often it gets the better of me and I just break down and cry. I've never trusted therapists enough for them to be able to help, and drugs don't work at all, while running helps a lot.

I would just like to say thank you to the club members that I see each week, everyone on the committee who makes it all work and those who lead the training nights and organise the races that we do. It's a great way for me to escape how I feel, even if just for a couple of hours a week. To anyone else who suffers, I hope that you find some way to help you cope."

If you are suffering in silence and don't feel you can talk to anyone, please do try. Friends and family and club-mates, but also if you prefer anonymity try many of the great charities doing fantastic work such as the www.samaritans.org and www.mind.org.uk. If you can bear to get to the GP, they will advise you on local opportunities and good online resources too. Depression and other disorders are illnesses like any other: you wouldn't feel ashamed of a broken leg, so there's no need to be ashamed about being depressed or needing help.

The media is full of stories on how beneficial running can be for a variety of mental and physical health issues but then as runners we already know this. That's why we are out on Mondays and Wednesdays come rain or shine year round. It's why many of us are racing in events up down the country every weekend too because we know it's good for both body and soul and even allows for the odd restrained pint or too.

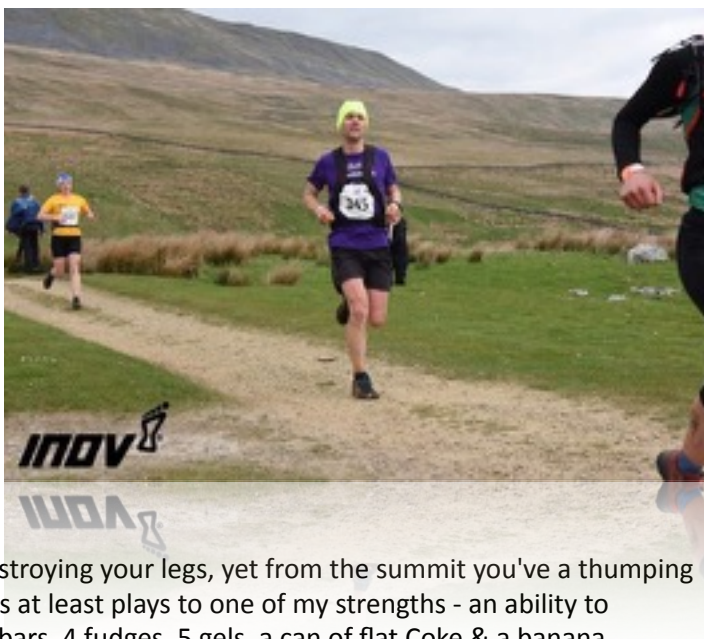
The Yorkshire Three Peaks As told by Adam Moger

Another year, another epic 3 Peaks, and the best conditions yet - warm early on, but fabulously dry, particularly on Whernside.

I avoided a mistake of previous years by not running a marathon close to race day - only to wreck the hard work by fatiguing calves at the Chairman's Chase a few days before. With the Vets race too, the 3 Peaks was my 3rd race in a week, and I really should know better.

It's impossible to race up Pen-Y-Gent without destroying your legs, yet from the summit you've a thumping downhill, with 18 miles/2 mountains ahead. This at least plays to one of my strengths - an ability to consume excessive quantities of sugar. 3 cereal bars, 4 fudges, 5 gels, a can of flat Coke & a banana powered me round, with jelly babies & water from spectators. But my legs had never hurt so much (I may say this every year), and for days afterward you feel like you've been hit by a truck.

In 4 goes, this was my 3rd time finishing in 4.15. Consistent, even if consistently stupid in the build-up. It's a race I think everyone should try to do - harder than any marathon but shorter, and like nothing else. Next year, I'm going to get it right - run faster and hurt less.



Along with Adam, Rose George, Andy Carter and Adam Nodwell had a crack at conquering the Yorkshire 3 Peaks,

Rose got round the course in 5.23

Andy got round the course in 4.33

Sadly for Adam N, he was timed out at Hill Inn.

Better luck next year Nodders! - Ed



A Marathon, not a Sprint. A tale by Simon Smith

If you'd told me when I started running in 2003 that I'd run a marathon, I'd have looked at you askance. If you'd told me I'd end up running 14, I would have suggested that you go and have a quiet word with yourself by taking a long lie down in a darkened room. However, some 14 years later (rather neat symmetry) that is exactly what I've done. All things are relative. I know plenty of runners who have ran many, many more than 14 marathons. I know plenty of wonderful runners who have never ran one and have no great desire to. Equally, I know those who, having ran the distance once, have well and truly scratched the itch and would only be dragged to the start line of 26.2 miles again by the very wildest horses. All of these are equally valid. This is simply the story of my own personal marathon journey across those years and events; what it meant to me, why I did it and the things I experienced and learned along the way.

To help me share my story, I thought I'd write a brief vignette of each of my marathon runs. I'm not a great one for keeping records and things in chronological order. Some of the years I quote may be out slightly either side. Likewise, after being a time keeping obsessive when I first started running, hoarding results, race numbers, medals and such, I haven't bothered much in that regard for a number of years now. The experience I save in my memory and take away with me is what I keep. So here goes.....

Blackpool – June 2005

My debut at the distance. A broiling hot day on the Lancashire coast. I can't remember why I started here. I think I saw it in the race listings in "Runner's World" and thought "why not"? The heat is what I remember most. Running down the Golden Mile out to Lytham St. Annes (about as different to Blackpool as chalk is to cheese). Realising something had gone very wrong when I ran past non-existent water stations that were not being manned. Empty or near empty water bottles strewn on the road. Learning afterwards that the water stations had been vandalised in the small hours (apparently). So why did we not get a warning at the start? Why didn't the organisers do something about it? They were very lucky that there wasn't a fatality that day. It remains the most horrendous race experience over any distance of my life. I'll never know how I got round, but I'll say thanks again to the lady who realised something had gone badly amiss, and ended up dispensing cups of coke she'd begged from McDonald's from a child's inflatable paddling pool. The kindness of strangers. Yes, this really did happen. My mind-set after this jape was "if you can get round and survive that, things can never be that worse again".

Loch Ness Marathon – Oct 2005 & Oct 2015

The only marathon I ran twice. We went up there on a club trip (I was a Nidd Valley Road Runner for 10 years) to celebrate a good friend's 40th Birthday. Yours truly then thought it would be a good idea to reunite 10 years later for the same person's 50th Birthday. Time and tide waits for no man, but I ran like a drain on both occasions. Truly spectacular scenery. Wonderful atmosphere. It is a long trek to get up there, but boy, is it worth it. I'd recommend this one very highly. Failed to spot "Nessie" on either occasion. I'm beginning to think it could all just be an elaborate hoax.

Edinburgh – June 2006

Whilst visiting Edinburgh (easily my favourite British city) is always a joy, I remember very little about the race itself. Another scorching hot day, the memories that stay with me are running through a sun-drenched Portobello and thinking I was on the Cote d'Azur and the finish at Holyrood Park in the shadow of Arthur's Seat. A man who'd ran with artificial legs removed both of them about 30 yards from the finish line and went across the line on his hands. That really did happen.

Budapest – Oct 2006

My first running foray into Europe. Budapest was a spectacular city, quite breath-taking. I'd love to go back one day. I can remember the Danube glittering in the sun. The beauty of the Hungarian Parliament building (I bet much uglier stuff goes on inside). Criss-crossing the river several times on the run. Vivid green vomit after drinking Gatorade, the isotonic drink Satan instructs his demons to issue to participants in the annual Hell marathon. Enjoying a soak in one of the beautiful outdoor thermal spa's afterwards. A little Baroque gem, that place was. Cheap as chips trams that ran to time and took you everywhere. What short-sighted idiocy removing the trams from our own towns and cities. The trip gave me a desire to run more on the continent, or as I have always described it, "take an enjoyable city break that you ruin by running a marathon in the middle of it".

Connemara – April 2007

The one where I finally dipped in under 4 hours at the 5th time of asking (but by the skin of my teeth – I only had 11 seconds to play with). It was a real thrill banking a finish time that started with a "3" rather than a "4". That target remains the only one I ever really set myself when running this distance. This race was a scenically gorgeous, rugged mountainous expanse on Ireland's awesome west coast. Galway was the base for this one. Loch Ness is the only one that runs it close for natural beauty, but it is hilly. When I tell you that 2 of the hills you stagger up are called "The Hell of the West" and "The Devil's Mother", you'll no doubt catch my drift. Mercifully, there is no "Devil's Mother in Law" – that really would be harsh.

Anglesey – Sep 2007

A really bucolic, homespun feel to this race. North Wales is lovely. Colin Jackson handed out the medals at the end. A group of us stayed in a bunk barn. We drank rather a lot.

Amsterdam – Oct 2008

I like the Dutch, like us they have a history as a proud, seafaring race. Despite an atmospheric start and finish in the arena they constructed for the 1924 Olympic Games, I found the course largely unremarkable. A good one for the PB hunter though – I achieved my best time over the distance up to this point (about 3:49 I think). A city with a dreadful graffiti problem, there are still plenty of interesting things to see and do. All tastes catered for.....

Berlin – Sep 2009

Probably my favourite of the 14. A beguiling city with a beautiful but tragic history. We went for Michelle's 40th Birthday. The crowd support was the best I've ever encountered, and that includes London. I can recall noise and colour. The race concludes with a long run down famous thoroughfare Unter den Linden, and you run through the Brandenburg Gate to finish. I found this emotionally overwhelming, thinking about how the Gate had marked the barrier between East and West. The families split in two, the people who'd lost their lives, the mad stand-off between 2 ideologies that came crashing down with the Wall. Newsreel of JFK claiming "ich bin ein Berliner". All those thoughts and more crashed in on me. After collecting my medal and my bottle of beer, I sat on a bench with a bloke called Gunther and we talked. A lady runner in her early 60's stripped off completely in front of us to get changed, without shame or compunction. Gunther didn't bat an eyelid. I don't know.....these continentals!

If I was compelled to pick one of my 14 marathons to run again before I die, it would be this one.

Vienna – May 2012

Majestic city. Architecturally stunning. Seat of power of the Hapsburg Empire. Schonbrunn Palace. The Kunsthistorische Museum (careful how you say that after a few pints). The Army Museum where we saw the

car in which Franz Ferdinand and his wife were assassinated in 1914. Wonderful coffee houses where you really could sit all day with one drink if you'd wanted. Cake to die for.

Crap race.

Chester – Sep 2012

My PB course. 3:44:45. Cramped up very badly in the last mile and probably lost about 2 mins stopping to stretch. Crikey, the agony of bad cramp! Don't know where this performance came from. I've never got anywhere near it before or since. I remain very proud of the achievement. Not bad for a fat lad. The novel conceit of this course is that you run in both England and Wales. Not a lot of crowd support, but what there is was highly enthusiastic. A lovely finish on the racecourse, where I breasted the tape with all the grace and power of a thoroughbred, having "jockeyed" (see what I did there) my way through the field.

Munich – Oct 2014

My longest gap between marathons and my first as a Kirkstall Harrier. Runs Berlin a close 2nd as my favourite – clearly something about Germany that appeals to me. Both were slickly well organised with the Teutonic efficiency for which the country is famous. Absolutely no need to mention the War. The race starts and finish in the 1972 Olympic Stadium, which doubled as the home of Bayern Munich until they moved out. Other than that, the race route itself takes you round a lot of the city's more interesting sights, something that can't be said for many other marathon routes. Munich is a fabulous city. You probably wouldn't name it in your "Top 10" European city breaks, but believe me, it is stunning with so much on offer. Quite marvellous beer, as well.



York – Oct 2016

Ouch! Painfully recent memories of this one. Blew up inexplicably after 10 miles. Never recovered. Wanted me Mam. Did at least finish. Vowed it was all for the last time.....

But the pic opposite clearly shows you smiling Si... That is a smile right? - ED

London – April 2017

The Big One. Realising that York was too big a downer to call time on my marathon "career", I wanted to go out on a high. What better stage than London? An experience I was thrilled to be a part of, and I will always be so thankful to the club for making it all happen for me. Hopes of something approaching a PB were ultimately not to be, but I wasn't really bothered by the end. This one was genuinely all about "being there". The biggest kick I got on this one was knowing several Harriers were also running it. Perhaps all running clubs have something similar, but I believe we Harriers have a

special bond. There is something higher and nobler that unites us more than just that purple vest. It's very hard to explain or define, but there is a sense of kinship, almost family, that I find very powerful and so much enjoy being a part of. Thanks to all of you.

So, that's it. That's what it was. 14 very different experiences that had 26.2 miles in common. 14 times where I experienced a range of emotions, some of them shattering, some of them incredibly uplifting, all of them utterly memorable. I have never felt more alive than when I've ran a marathon, even at the times when I felt like I wanted to die (if that doesn't sound silly). Each one in their own way was an achievement that can't be measured in terms of clock speed, something I know I will look back on with pride and satisfaction. I scratch my head often wondering how I was able to run that far; it is rather a long way, after all. I ran them because I wanted to. To prove to myself that I could. Because the scale of the challenge asked a lot of me each time, and each time I was able to answer the challenge by finding something in me that I didn't know I had; something that everyday life and the mundane routine doesn't often compel you to draw on.

I wouldn't have missed any of them for the world.

Club Championship Update – Q2 2017

So as the first half of the year is nearing its completion, with a month to go, it's time for a Club Championship update from yours truly. We are 8 races into our 20-race season, and everything is still up for grabs. So far, this year, Kirkstall Harriers have completed local races that are diverse in their elevation, scenery and distance; with a lot more to come!

In recent memory, there has been: two 20 mile "warm up" races for Bonus Point Marathon season in Spen and East Hull, Vale of York 10 mile, Guiseley Gallop, John Carr 5k series and Leeds Half Marathon. A lot to get stuck in too!

The top 3 as it stands is as follows:

Pos Name Points Total Races

1 Lee HARDY 228 5

2 Louise O'BRIEN 216 5

3 Chris HUDSON 208 4

Remember it is still not over, if you can complete any 6 of the next races and improve your times in the process you could be in with a chance of winning the coveted trophy!

Don't forget, if you volunteer twice at club events you get 10 points - if you have helped at PECO and Vets race you have guaranteed that and your points will be added in due course – there are still opportunities in Parkrun Takeovers and Kirkstall Abbey 7 to come! Fancy organising something? Get in touch with the club's committee. - **Malcolm Your friendly Championship coordinator**

Members getting another Year wiser during June

Emma Ballantyne Simon Boardman Emma Briggshaw Graham Fisher

Andrea Fox Peter Hey Julie Hustwit Burjor Langdana

Hannah Lee Richard Thomas

Congratulations to you all, you lucky summer babes - Ed

The North Lincolnshire half marathon (posh wording for Scunthorpe) by Neil Marshal

Is a quick, flat PB course. Now normally I wouldn't have paid to run around Scunthorpe, for some reason it doesn't appeal to me, but as it was a freebie courtesy of winning a competition on the book of face then what the heck, why not!

As all runners are aware we all have our little rituals before a race so that we feel more positive. I like to have no alcohol the day before, get to sleep early so I can wake early to eat a decent breakfast, (always scrambled eggs on toast, sometimes bacon). This gives me plenty of time for toilet stops before setting off etc etc. So drinking for a few hours the afternoon before, not getting a lot of sleep due to a drunk (but beautiful wife) and being woken up at 4am by a cat that isn't ours walking on me because drunken friends left the back door open meant it didn't bode well from the outset.

Cadging a lift of the accommodating Adam Rhodes, setting the world to rights on the way there and enjoying music not put together by either Liz or Samantha was quite nice. Plus there wasn't a queue for the toilets when we got there which was a bonus.

Anyway, the run. Adam left me after about 10 seconds although I could still see him for a further minute as sped off into the distance. There are some photos of us running in the same shot but they all seem to be blocked by a random woman in a fetching green hat but that's a moot point.



See the pic above of the a-mooted green hat wearing photo bomber, If you look very closely you can see our plucky reporter Neil M in the back of the shot trying to keep up with Adam... That probably explains why he is so blurry! - Ed

So it is flat, it is fast. The pacers were good at encouraging everyone. Whilst the head wind wasn't the nicest to run into it did mean that all the Rapeseed didn't affect my asthma. So an out and back, you could hear the finish line over a mile before the end, there was the glorious feeling of seeing people already finished doing a cool down run past you but those are minor matters which mean nothing.

There was a lovely sprint finish on an athletics track, I managed to beat one of the Hyde Park Harriers who were always running just ahead of me, I did get a PB so it means some rituals may mean jack all and there was cake at the end.

Oh, and Adam did a 1 hour 30 something time but that's freakishly fast so I don't pay attention to that. So to sum up, like the Vale of York half marathon it is fast, it's well organised but I don't think I'd do it every year. Not bad for Scunthorpe.

Windermere marathon, described by Rowan Temple

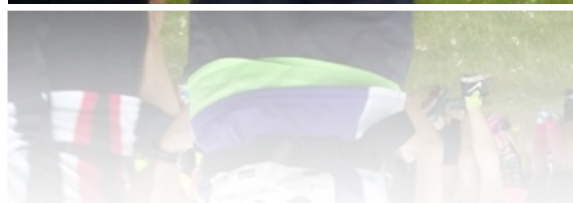
I thought I was the only Kirkstall Harrier there but it turns out one of us was also going for the 10 marathons in 10 days challenge, which is such a huge challenge it doesn't really fit in my head! It was my first marathon, so I was a bit nervous going into it on the day.

However the beautiful views down the lake were calming and the friendly crowds at the old stone Brathay house were friendly and also a bit tense so I wasn't alone. A full drum band were there to parade us runners the 5 minute walk to the start line in style and there was no messing about with a starting pistol, it was a farmer with a shotgun. Lots of noise and fun made for an exciting start.

The first half was on undulating quiet roads down the side of Esthwaite through bluebell woods and small villages with lines of spectators. At one point an entire team of cub scouts were looking to high 5 as many runners as possible, I think they got the full collection from the runners around me and seemed delighted with this. At mile 15 I started getting tired and was beginning to realise I may have gone a wee bit fast at the start, what with all the excitement. It turned out I was right about that at mile 20 when I stopped and threw up breakfast (apologies if you're reading this over breakfast).

On the plus side I was now being overtaken by many sensible runners behind me who were being very nice and offering me water, sugar and assistance. I also got a boost from my wife who was waiting at mile 21 with water and encouragement and who crucially took my pack. It took some mental and physical exertions but I hauled myself to the end for a final time of 4:31, I was relieved not to start my marathon career with a DNF!

Windermere is an incredibly beautiful and wonderful geographic feature of England but I have decided it is perhaps a bit too big. Overall though it was a fantastically organised and supported race and I would highly recommend it to anyone looking for a marathon that is in the challenging category! Thank you so much to all of you who've given me encouragement, advice, inspiration and donations through the process, I couldn't have done it without you!



I have been doing triathlons for a couple of years now after a drunken conversation with some friends 4 years ago. I did my first sprint triathlon at Tadcaster in 2014 followed by my first Olympic in September 2014. I really enjoy both but when Steve Webb mentioned about a middle distance afterwards I just laughed.

In July conversations soon started to focus on middle distance and full distance triathlons. I had come to realise that having trained with these people and having done my own swimming, cycling and running events that a middle distance didn't seem as unrealistic as it did a few years ago. So with that one early morning in August I sat at my computer and entered myself into Outlaw Half – I think I may have then panic messaged Adam Moger about it!

[illegible]

fairly decent swimmer. Having swam events open water and also in Nottingham I was pretty confident with this discipline.

Alarm goes off and Malcolm wakes me at 4am!!! All my kit is laid out in the order that I will be wearing them. Tattoos are applied (I love it when a triathlon gives you tattoos to wear) porridge was going down slowly and the nerves were relatively ok. Bike and kit packed and off we went following all the other cars which were packed with bikes and kit.

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gone into a faster area) each wave had just under 400 people in them so you can imagine what the start was like. I had managed to place myself just on the outside of the pack and got off to a fairly good start and was soon overtaking people in both my wave and the one before us. This did though mean that I ended up getting locked in with a bunch of ladies similar pace to me and I found it hard to move away – one woman also had the biggest kick ever and was constantly splashing me which made spotting a bit difficult. I exited the water in about 36 mins a bit slower than I had hoped but under the 40 mins max that I had planned for myself.



I am not going to win any prizes so when it came to transition I took my time, making sure my shoes and kit were on correctly. The sun had come out, so all the additional kit I had purchased 'just in case it rained' was left to one side, 4 mins later and I was out on the bike course.

The bike course starting off with a 2.5 mile loop around the lake then onto the main road. The course was not fully closed off and did involve a lot of back country roads so British Triathlon rules and the highway code was very much in force. The bike section of a triathlon is where you tend to see the most people given penalties or even disqualified. The route was so nice, the warm weather and cheers from other cyclists and supports was brilliant. There is one climb within the course and a few up and downs but apart from that it is mainly flat. I came back into transition about 3:52 which was under the 4 hours I had predicted for myself. As I came into transition I was greeted by WTC and Malcolm sat on a wall shouting at me – my response was 'I really need the toilet'. Again not rushing transition I racked my bike swapped kit and off I went.

The run was always going to be the hardest for me and the fact that I was running at 11/12 noon meant the sun was well and truly out. I told myself I was going to enjoy this run and made sure I did, smiling and waving at everyone who cheered me on (I am pretty sure I smiled throughout the whole of the run). The course was an out and back along the canal and then a lap of the lake, this needed to be completed twice, so mentally it was easy to break down. The out and back was brilliant as I was able to high 5 other members of Wakefield and Kieran, the encouragement and support was second to none. Wakefield are just as loud as Kirkstall that when I was coming on to the lake I could hear the guys cheering on the otherside. I did end up using the toilet and in the process managed to break my zip when doing myself back up. Passing the feed stations was like having a picnic, a glass of coke and some jaffa cakes -perfect. When I was on my way round the for last time it started to hit me what I was doing and what I had done. At this point there were not as many people along the canal as there was on my first lap but I was surround by enough people to keep the momentum going.

The lake there it was -in my head just a lap of this its less than a parkrun, I'm nearly there. I could see Malcom on the other side sat waiting for me. As I made my way round the top loop and on to what was the finishers straight (though still about a mile) I knew I had done it! Malcolm started running with me and like any event I suddenly started speeding up, I could hear and see my friends and the emotions started to come. Within minutes (though realistically it was more like 15) there was the red carpet and my name was being shouted and congratulated by the person on the microphone – I had done it! I had just completed a middle distance triathlon!

All I can add to this is that the Outlaw event was absolutely amazing the experience was brilliant. The organisers, volunteers and support was next to none, even the other competitors were encouraging. At no point throughout the day did I think I am not going to be able to do this. Looking back I would have liked my swim to have been quicker as I know I am capable of going quicker and my run was a bit longer than I was

hoping for but never the less I felt brilliant, super human like. Massive thank you to Malcolm who was put up with my training for the past 10 months, to my wingman Kieran, Lucy and Adam for the training tips and to everyone who wished me good luck on the day- I would defiantly do it again!



Above Left: Sam 'This Girl Can' Broome certain can as she finishes her first 70.3. Above Right: A proper pair of Outlaws, you have been warned these guys are encourgable! - Ed

On Page 12: Thats a lot of gear for one little race?

On Page 13; A jolly nice day for a dip in the lake.

Monthly Boasts

Half Marathon:

First timers: *Giedrius Geisleris 1:40.43 Michael McGill 1:54.53 Sean Scanlon 1:52.14
Leann Sykes-Hooban 2:13.05*

PBs: *Chris Hudson 1:45.49 Emma Lavelle-Wood 1:39:15 Neil Marshall 1:44.08
Louise O'Brien 1:42.44 Alistair O'Donnell 1:32.52*

5K:

PBs: *Paul Chapman 0:23.39 Timothy Dixon 0:18.27 Martin Frazer 0:20.26 Lee Hardy 0:18.46
David Hodkin 0:17.36 Catherine James 0:25.20 Rachael Kearns 0:23.48
Louise O'Brien 0:22.17 Isobel Webster 0:21.48*

Well done everyone on your fantastic times! - Ed

The Calderdale Relay by Rose George

In April, I ran the Three Peaks race. I got through the cut-offs, and I was pleased, though a one minute PB means there is definitely room for improvement. Plan: maybe next time I won't get through Hill Inn and decide to stroll all the way to Ingleborough? Anyway, after that, and all the intensive Three Peaks training, I lost interest in running. For the first week after the Peaks, I had no choice about it: my legs, having severely cramped during the race, gave me a powerful case of DOMS (that's Delayed Onset Muscle Soreness for those who are lucky enough never to have had it). It was painful, and only wore off late in the week. I had no races planned for a while, and I just took my eyes off the prize, foot off the pedal, whichever metaphor for thinking about running and going "meh" you want to use.

I just couldn't be bothered. I was bored of all my local routes, I'm on a tight deadline (I'm writing my fourth book) which didn't leave me much time to travel up to the moors or somewhere different, or even to training. These are all excuses transparent enough that you should be able to see straight through them. The point is, I didn't run, much. I did do a recce of my Calderdale Relay leg, on the Sunday after the Peaks, with the human sat-nav that is Neil Wallace. He said, "you will be fine for six miles and then your legs will remember you ran the Peaks last week." He was right. At six miles, I suddenly felt like I was 102 and my legs were even older. I shuffled along for the next few miles and spent the rest of the day in total exhaustion.

So when Niamh kindly offered to be my Calderdale partner for Leg 6, I was a) delighted, because she is ace company and b) alarmed, because I felt like I would be even slower than usual. I knew she would have to run at least a couple of minutes per mile slower than her usual pace, and that isn't an easy thing to do. I didn't want to feel guilty for ten miles for holding her back. Also, I was pretty sure I'd lost fitness in my few weeks of not-much-running, though I'd been doing spin classes and weightlifting. Oh well.

I packed my race bag, as usual, to run a 30-mile race rather than a ten-mile relay leg: a full bladder of water, a small bottle of coke, a bottle of electrolytes, marzipan balls, first aid kit, full FRA kit. I had plenty of time, because Leg 6 is a civilized start, unlike Leg 1, which requires a Ryanair wake-up time (5am). I even had time to go and water my allotment before Niamh drove to meet me at 11. We drove in two cars over to Heath Rugby Club in Stainland, where we dropped off one car and drove several miles to Shelf, where the Leg 6 start is. This relay business requires you to have a degree in transport logistics as well as running ability. (Not really. You just need two cars and a map.)

We got there in loads of time, registered and had our kit checked, then lounged on the grass and had a sandwich. After a good bit of lounging, we were nearly trampled by two angry looking men in striped vests (the eventual winners from Calder Valley), and realized our picnic spot was right on the most obvious path for runners, and moved accordingly. Jill and Jill were the other team's Leg 6, and they arrived soon enough, along with their support crew of Jason and Chris, who we'd seen at the rugby club having a beer (this was because they had already run their leg, not because they had developed a new pre-race fuelling strategy). In modern-day-miracle news, Jill B. ate her cornflakes and managed to keep them down.

Niamh and I knew we would both be mass-starting. I was worried about being the navigator, as my brain is not good at retaining topographical stuff. Esoteric details about whatever I've just read about: I can remember those. But visual memories of race routes are embedded somewhere in my brain where I can't get at them easily. Some people can run a route once and remember which stiles come in which order: me, I can run a race several times and each time is like the first. Still, I had not only done the recce, but I'd also taken pictures of various junctions and studied them at home. Yes, the life of a writer on deadline is **really** exciting. The problem was that once I geekily sat down and went through them, I couldn't remember where the junctions were.

But in fact, if you mass start, you have too much company, not too little. It was congested for the first couple of miles, and we had company nearly all the way round. We only needed to navigate once, and by "navigate" I mean know which way to go up or down a road. And I did know! All that homework paid off. The weather was lovely, though maybe a little too warm, and though Leg 6 is not a fell leg, it has plenty of woods and trails and fields, and it's pretty.

I decided I'd apologise to Niamh once for being slow and then not again. Of course she wasn't having even that one apology: she was going to have a nice day out, she said, and it absolutely didn't matter what pace we ran at. And of course Niamh being Niamh, she was a total delight to run with. I remember when both of us hadn't been in the club very long and Niamh hadn't yet realised how fast she was, and we did one of the paired 5K training runs together. Not only did we go wrong because we were chatting so much, but I got five kilometres' worth of excellent film criticism and conversation.

This was the same, several years on: Niamh was as sunny as the day, and I soon forgot to feel guilty. She said she wasn't bothered, so neither would I be. We didn't get lost, we had lovely scenery, and we also managed to actually follow the race route, unlike many of the faster pairs who managed to ignore or not read an extremely clear and huge sign on a gate that said we had to divert because there were calving cattle in the field. Funny that all us slower lot managed to see the sign quite easily. (There should have been an announcement at the mass start, but even so the sign was large and clear.) There was even a punch-up between two pairs, one of whom had ignored the sign, the other had obeyed it. See, if you don't sign up for countryside relays, you miss all the action.

Niamh and I made it round in under two hours, we had a cracking day out, and afterwards Halifax Harriers had provided pie and mushy peas and, miracle, there were even veggie ones. Not only that, but there were showers! With warm water! This, to a fell runner who is more used to changing rooms that look like the back seat of my car, and a back-seat wet-wipe wash, was pure luxury.

We've only got one team so far for Bradford Millennium Relay. That's a shame. I think maybe some people are intimidated by races that have kit checks or require FRA full kit. Don't be. You need a waterproof with taped seams, a hat, gloves, compass and whistle and map. All of which your club-mates can probably lend you, or can be really cheaply bought: my current waterproof jacket was expensive (and worth it), but the first one I had for kit-checks cost under £20 from the M&M catalogue, and my waterproof trousers are £10 from Regatta and perfectly good. Everything else: Sports Direct or somewhere similar, for not much money. Don't be put off: this is a broad church/club, and anyone who does off-road running regularly will gladly offer advice or kit.

Because you should consider relay running if you haven't already. You get a grand day out: beautiful Yorkshire countryside, excellent company, a hot pie, and maybe some mojo back too



Rhubarb and ginger slice A cheeky little recipe from Rowan Temple

I found this recipe randomly on the internet and made and served it to a number of Kirkstall Harriers. It seemed to go down universally well as some quality run fuelling so I thought I'd share it. Makes enough for 16+ big slices.

Ingredients

For the flapjack bit

100g ground almonds

250g oats

250g flour

250g butter

250g brown sugar

For the filling

300g rhubarb (2 small ones)

50g sugar

2 chunks finely sliced stem ginger (can buy it in jars with syrup, and add a bit of the syrup)

Method

Melt the butter and brown sugar on a low heat. Mix in the dry ingredients. Stew the rhubarb with a splash of water on a low heat and add the sugar. Add the stem ginger to the rhubarb stew (other forms of ginger would probably do). Finally press half the flapjack mix into a 30cm tray, pour the rhubarb on top and top it off with the second half of the flapjack, best added a spoon at a time. Bake 180c for 25-30 mins. Share (or don't) and enjoy!



Pic and recipe stolen from <https://niknoks.wordpress.com/2012/03/09/rhubarb-ginger-flapjack-slice-4/> credit to them for both.

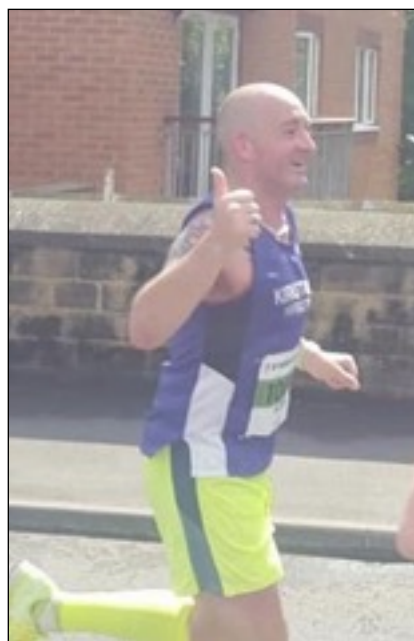
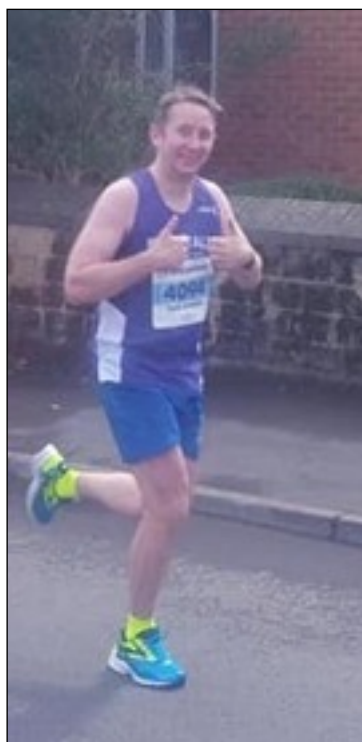
Thats All folks!

So guys how did I do? Can I get a thumbs up?



*Oh shucks guys, thanks
Chris, Issac Paul and
Simon a double thumbs
up.. what a legend!*

*Sorry ladies you where to
focused on prize to give
the camera a cheeky
thumbs up! All pics take
from the 2017 Leeds Half
- ED*



*Kirkstall Harriers meet every Monday and Wednesday at the Kirkstall Leisure Centre at 6.50pm.
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 details at kirkstallharriers.org.uk*

We are also on Facebook and twitter!!!

