



# Kirkstall Harriers

## Newsletter

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### Hello Harriers!

Welcome to the sizzling August newsletter. This month's issue is packed with interesting reading and there should be more than enough to see you through your 6 weeks out of school.

With the summer race calendar in full swing, it's no surprise that your monthly chronicle of purpleness is awash with reports from near and far. Experience the visceral thrill of running up a Lakeland peak with Randolph, and join him on his helter-skelter descent. Cool down with Rose as her day ends with an ice cream and a cuddle with Adam. Follow Jemma round a Spa Town. Most memorably of all, apply ointment to all parts likely to chafe as you swim, bike and run your way around the Ironman UK in the company of the incredible and inspirational Adam Moger.

Elsewhere, strike a pose with Anne as she throws Yoga shapes in an alpine setting. Then book an appointment with a chiropractor. Learn all the latest news from the Yorkshire Vets League. Take a trip into the tortured mind of Matt, knowing you'll be able to make it all better with one of Marion's coconut slices.

Thanks to all the contributors. Happy reading!



### Picture of the Month

Life's a Beach! Smiles and sand on the Northumberland Coastal Run for Sandra, Vicki, Bethan and Laura.

## Yorkshire Vets Athletic Association (YVAA) by Peter Hey

Despite only having 8 ladies and 7 men running at the St Theresa's race, they did the club proud, with plenty of points up for grabs. As well as some Harriers missing, presumably due to the 32 degree temperature (in the evening), lots of other runners from other clubs must have avoided this one too, only 170 runners finished. Niamh was second lady overall and first in her age group. Emma Lavelle-Wood was 9<sup>th</sup> overall but just missed out on an age prize, finishing 4<sup>th</sup> in her group.

Our runners managed to keep the club in the top end of the leagues with the ladies performing the best (as usual?). They are now 4<sup>th</sup>, 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> out of the 3 competitions. All to count, 1<sup>st</sup> 4 to count and Rest to count, out of 24 clubs.

The men are now 5<sup>th</sup> 6<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> respectively out of 33 clubs.

Individually, we have quite a few runners in the top 10 or close to the top 10, with only 2 runners to date having done all 5 races. Sadly Adam Moger had to miss this race due to feeling slightly tired after his 12 hour Iron Man Triathlon effort at the weekend (poor excuse if you ask me) For the ladies Niamh is 7<sup>th</sup> having done 3 races, Emma L-W 1<sup>st</sup> from 5 races, Shevonne 11<sup>th</sup> from 3, Collette 13<sup>th</sup> from 3 Rose 14<sup>th</sup> from only 2, Vikki 4<sup>th</sup> from 5, Sheila 9<sup>th</sup> from 3, Alyson 10<sup>th</sup> from 3 and Carol 12<sup>th</sup> from 3. For the men we have Adam Moger 4<sup>th</sup> from 4 races, Andy Carter 11<sup>th</sup> from 3, Gary Carlisle 12<sup>th</sup> from 4, Chris Glover 10<sup>th</sup> from 3, Paul Glover 3<sup>rd</sup> from 4 and Ian Brown 6<sup>th</sup> from only 1. So come on everyone, let's push the club up higher and score more points for yourselves.

The next race is on Wednesday evening 10<sup>th</sup> August 7.30 from Spring Hall Athletics Track Halifax HX3 OAA, and is supposedly a flat race which seems unusual for a race in Halifax. Runners will be walked to the start at 7.15 so please try to arrive early. This should be another opportunity to score well for those that can turn up, and assuming we are still not basking or baking in the hot weather. With only 3 more races for definite. and possibly one still at Alwoodley. time is running out – or the end is nigh.

The remaining races are:-

Alwoodly Still tbc  
Halifax Wed 10<sup>th</sup> Aug 7.30pm  
Pudsey Sun 16<sup>th</sup> Oct  
Spen Sun 13th Nov 11.02am

# Monthly Competition by Sam Broome

Due to an error last month, 2 photos were omitted in the previous newsletter so to give everyone a chance we are extending the competition another month.

To remind everyone, the questions are.

- 1) Name 3 people out of the group photo of 6, who are still members. Those of that era/century have to name all 6 people
- 2) Name the world famous long distance runner in orange who asked to pose with us each individually.
- 3) Name the city the 3 photos were taken in.

Tiebreaker is Name the year – there is a clue in the Kirkstall Abbey 10k cotton T-shirt, some of the people are wearing

You can either send your answers to me via email - [samanthabroome@googlemail.com](mailto:samanthabroome@googlemail.com). facebook message or if you want to be old fashioned, using the traditional method of handing me the answer on a piece on a paper.

Good Luck all!



## Race Report – Skiddaw Fell by Randolph Haggerty



**Man vs. Mountain. Man wins!**



**Keswick as seen from Skiddaw descent**

My niche is fell running. I just love being off road and often off path in stunning scenery, running up the biggest hills around. The Skiddaw fell race in the northern Lakes, just outside of Keswick hits the spot with a challenging 14.5 km (9 miles) route with 823m (2700ft) of climb up the 3rd highest peak in England. The course follows a track all the way to the summit which becomes painfully bruising on the way down with little proper off-road running to soften the pounding on legs and feet. It's like a trail run on steroids. The race also has history as one of the Lakes premier straight up and down races. The record was set way back in 1984 at 1hour; 2mins by the legend, Kenny Stewart. I did the race last year and despite having a lot of fell race experience and feeling pretty fit, it was a real toughie. This year I was more prepared and wanted to do it in style.

No surprise but I arrived at registration just 10 minutes before the start and it was all a rush to pay my £7, get a number, have my kit checked and get to the start in Fitz Park. I checked out my fellow runners and it was a pretty elite crowd of hardened out and out fell runners including current man to beat, Ricky Lightfoot. I positioned myself towards the back.

From the off, the race was intense, with a climb out of the park, through the woods on Latrigg, to the Gayle Road car park. I felt much fitter this year and didn't feel the need to walk despite climbing 1000ft in the first mile and a half. Past the car park, things levelled out a bit, allowing everyone to speed up, before the path steepened drastically and I finally conceded to a mix of walking and jogging. This slog lasted for another mile and a half and involved 1500ft of climb. My spirits were lifted by taking a few places but as I am not the fastest on the way down, feared these places might be given back later.

Finally, things levelled out and it was a runnable mile and a half, skirting around Little Man summit to the top of Skiddaw. I zipped round the trig point and the fast descent began. I put my all in and held my position despite my lungs feeling they would burst and my skeleton screaming from the pounding. The route back is all runnable but only just in places and it was quite exhilarating running flat out for 4½ miles. Back into the woods and I felt good and to my surprise, I took a few places in the last kilometer as others tired. Finally, I got back to the park and it was all over. My time was 1:35.49, a mid-table position and 6 minutes faster than last year.

Once I had recovered, I enjoyed the post-race food put on by Keswick AC as the prizes were given out. The drive back to Leeds was made easier in the knowledge that I was faster than last year and ready for my next big Lakeland challenge, Borrowdale on the 6th August. At 17 miles and 6500ft of climb over the 1st and 4th highest peaks in England, it is going to be much tougher!



## Race Report – Beamsley Beacon by Rose George

There's not much room for pride in running, and certainly not in off-road running. You have to be ready to drop your pants for an emergency toilet stop; dribble at speed; sweat like a stuck pig. All of which is fine (though I've yet to dribble). But though I try very hard to be modest and aware of my limitations - I'm a back-third-of-the-pack novice fell-runner, and nowt more - I have one Achilles heel. I don't want to be last. Please don't let me come in last.

It's stupid, this. When the race is tough and you're running up and down several thousand feet of climb, there is no shame in coming last. Part of the pleasure of fell running is that - aye, get the violins out - the participation is the important bit. It shouldn't matter where I come, not least being a 46-year-old runner who only started running five years ago. I should be delighted I can run at all, and deeply thankful that I can run in such beautiful countryside as we have in Yorkshire. Yeah, yeah. I still don't want to be last.

However, my legs had other ideas at Beamsley Beacon. In April, I did the Three Peaks, as you know from my embarrassingly long race report about it, I'd got round and through the cut-offs. I'd trained very hard for it, and by the time race day came, I could tell that my legs were much better at hills than before, and I was really pleased not only with how I'd done on race day, but at my level of fitness and endurance.

Then I went to India for three weeks in a heatwave. Delhi is hot in summer, but this year it decided to turn the temperature up. Some days were 50C. I tried running outside at 7am and I was pouring sweat. I transferred to an indoor treadmill and tried to keep my fitness going, not least because I'd decided to run a 20km trail race before I left. But three weeks of not doing hills was not going to help me when I did the next fell race. I came back to the UK for ten days, ran the Wharfedale Half and did OK (no, I didn't run all the way up the evil Mastiles Lane, but I'm not Jasmine Paris), then departed for a cruise with my mother around the Aegean. Again, I tried to keep fit. I ran on the deck jogging track, which was just under a tenth of a mile circuit. Twice, I managed to run 60 times around it. The blue Aegean and stunning views helped. I planned carefully to do a trail run around Santorini when we docked there, buying a backpack, sunglasses and a cap. But on the day, we anchored offshore, and only people with organised trips were allowed on the first boats. The first chance to go ashore was at 9.30, and it was already 30 degrees, and I was planning a twelve-mile run along the ridgeline of the island, from Fira to Oia. I nixed that and ran around the jogging track again.

So I kept as fit as I could. But there are no hills on ships. The day after I got back, I decided to do the Beamsley Beacon. It's a short up and down fell race that leaves from and arrives back at a pub in Addingham. There were only about 100 runners, and as soon as we set off, I thought, oh shit. Most of the field zoomed off, and within 200 metres I knew I was going to be in the last ten or so. The route went down a lane, over fields, along tracks in woodland, then up, up and up. I knew I was in trouble when I started walking an incline that I'd have demolished a month earlier with ease. I was exhausted. I felt as energetic as a pregnant elephant. Lumber, thump, lumber. Even so, I thought I could get some places back on the downhill, but I'd forgotten a small point. The race route up is easy enough, but the one back down is self-navigated. I'd not even looked at a map, assuming that, as is usually the case, there are lots of people around me who know what they are doing. In fact, I could only see one man running off down the rocky path, so I followed him, and kept following him, right into the private garden of a very large and beautiful house. There were three of us by then, and we all stood for a minute looking very puzzled, when a man came out of the house and said, very nicely, that we had gone wrong, and needed to reverse and go through the farm.

So we did, and then hesitated again, unsure of the route. At that point a blonde woman came out of her farm and started yelling at us. She was apoplectic. I'll sum it up: the previous year, runners had scared her cattle herd, and one cow had lost its calf, and the race organiser hadn't compensated her, and what the bloody hell did we think we were going, running through the farm and scaring livestock. The other runner I was with tried to placate her, saying "oh, I'm so sorry." I did too for a while, but hang on: we were on a permissive path, there were no cattle anywhere and why was she yelling at us? I lost my temper and it's a good job the other runner set off on the right path, so I could follow her and not start yelling back. I was really upset. It's not nice to be yelled at with total raging fury, however legitimate her complaint was. And things didn't improve, because getting lost meant I had lost all the six places I'd gained. I was now last, and there was no chance of changing that because being last meant I had to close all the gates. It was only when one man, taking pity on me, closed one of the gates that I could nip up a place, and I kept it. By now my mood was terrible. I generally love off-road running, no matter what the weather throws at me. But the farmer had upset me, I was last, and then suddenly we had to run through an absurdly narrow ginnel filled with nettles. I don't think I'll ever say this again, but I suddenly realised: I hate this race.

I carried on, coming in second last of all runners, and last woman. I was so upset, I sneaked off to my car to calm down. Later, I realised that everything is relative: Joe Baxter of Pudsey & Bramley had been leading the race before getting lost (at the same bit) and coming in 16th. But perspective took a while to come. Then I realised that exorcism was the best policy, so I went back and ran the route again, or a near version of it, at the Addingham Gala fell race, and I didn't come last, and nobody yelled at me, and afterwards there was ice-cream.



Cheers from Rose & Adam

## Member Profile: Catherine Barrett



**Name:** Catherine Barrett

**Age:** 37

**Occupation:** Physiotherapist (unfortunately not the type that will be of any use to you and your running injuries) Sorry.

**Originally From:** Essex (accent now only detectable after a few G&T's)

**Time as a Kirkstall Harrier:** 3 years

**When did you start running and why?** I had wanted to run for a long time but never got very far before giving up and claiming I was just not built to run. About 5 years ago a friend encouraged me to go with her and stick with it. I started going to park runs and training for a 10k before joining Kirkstall. I was a committed road runner and hated mud and hills but soon discovered that I couldn't avoid either so I decided to embrace them and now prefer trail running to the road.

**How did you end up joining Kirkstall?** I joined Kirkstall with a friend because we wanted to progress and discover new routes and the training nights suited us. I thought we were just joining a running club but it turned out to also be a dancing, drinking and eating club:)

**What are your motivations for running?** I generally answer this with Cake. Whilst this is true it is also because for me running is the best way to de-stress and clear my head. I don't always enjoy running, but I always feel better afterwards. Helen calls this Type B fun.

**What are your greatest running achievements?** I am never going to win a race but improving on my PB's is always great. Oh and coming third in this year's winter time trial was pretty great. The trophy (the only one I have) sits proudly on my mantelpiece. Maybe one day the club championship trophy will join it.



**What are your best running related memories?** They are all associated with being a member of Kirkstall Harriers. Even on a bad run there is always someone to cheer you on and give you advice and support. The purple posse is definitely the friendliest and the loudest club around, even without Eric's bells.

**What are your worst running related memories?** Failing to get to the start line of my first Marathon and then not being able to run. I was training for Manchester this year and doing really well. I was increasing my mileage steadily and on for a good time. Apart from a few tough runs I was enjoying the training, especially eating as much cake as I wanted. However it all fell apart after doing Spen 20 and Hull 20 a week apart. I am just getting back to running now but it's been a slow process.

**Any words of wisdom for your fellow Harriers?** When Marathon training don't do Spen AND Hull. See above for why!

Always do what your physio tells you, we know best.

Finally go on the next weekend away, it's always a great weekend and a good opportunity to get to know your fellow harriers.

## Race Report – Cross Gates YVAA by Niamh Jackson

Tuesday 19th July brought the hottest day of the summer so far. 30 degrees Celsius the thermometers said and boy, were they right!

That self-same day, I'd worked on a stiflingly hot ward high up in a tower block in the Dewsbury heavens, where the only air circulating is warm and weary and NHS-uniformed workers wilt and sigh.

As I drove home from work and I passed children joyously splashing around in paddling pools, I could only look on in envy. Haven't the children got the right idea? Surely, this is how evenings should be spent? But no, not mine. My evening would not be one of lolling, lazing, bathing, basking. Oh no. For I had a date with the Vets and nothing breaks that appointment, well, aside from my niece and her birthday (still bitter about missing Whitby).

As I ate my (cold) pasta at home and got ready, I thought to myself, Barnbow sounds like rainbow and I like my club mates an awful lot and it'll be a glorious run out in the countryside with the sun smiling down on us, and it finishes at a social club. How could this set-up be any less perfect...?

Enter reality...

As Rose and I arrived outside the Race HQ (Barnbow social club) and parked up, I could see other fellow runners stepping out onto the turf and getting ready for battle. There were the usual pre-race questions being exchanged over trainers and which type to wear (Bal), the location of toilets (Rose and me), the distance of the route (I've been spoiled by the recent summer relays and thought it would be shorter). One Valley Strider male runner acknowledged my arrival and I could feel my competitive juices starting to flow.

But then registration and waiting in-line for the sole female toilet drained more of my battery reserve than normal, and when I stepped back out in the sun and observed Tanya Seager (super speedy super woman, Stainland) warm up on the pitch in front of us, lethargy grabbed me and almost didn't let go. Gary was sprawled out on the grass and clearly, he had the same problem too.

Fast forward to the start and we were herded into a field and downhill to the start. Which meant one thing: we had to run back up this field. I searched around for my pacers and tried to calibrate myself. It was a smaller field than normal, only 112 turned out and 15 of those were hardy Harriers. Peter Hey was there in body but not in purple running vest. A lot of the other usual suspects were missing, as well. No AdMo (he was in recovery from IM), no Chris or Alyson (who in their own words, had ducked out of the race due to the heat), no marathon Marion, no Laura "warrior" Davies, no Simon "editor" Smith, no Jill Camm. I spotted Rob Dixon (Pudsey Pacers, we had a battle at the finish at West Park, he won) and Andy "smiley" Carter and positioned myself in front of them. I'm never completely sure which gear to start a race in, but because I'm not always reliable at picking the pace up at the end, I always try and start as near the front as I dare.

As the 7:30pm start sounded, I hared off with Tanya Seager within calling out distance. This was unheard of! Super speedy super woman within my sights! An opportunity which had to be grabbed, for who knew when it would next arise? I swapped pleasantries with her whilst trying to sound as nonchalant as possible. Tanya told me she's been injured and only run a couple of times over the last 12 weeks, and how she just wants to get round tonight. I doubted the truth of this, and had a sudden flashback to school before exams when someone tells you they haven't revised and you know they're lying.



Anyway, back to the race... I find that after a race, my brain kindly edits my memory so I have difficulty with accurately recalling all the details. Usually, this means as soon as a race finishes, I've forgotten the pain and this misremembrance means I recommend the race to others, forgetting details like hills or distance. This race though has stayed with me. All in all, it wasn't too hilly or too technical, it involved an undulating run along farmers' fields and tracks rather than having any big hills or much uneven ground. And definitely not much squelch factor. 5.5 miles, with the same uphill finish further along from where the race started.

But the other variable which played a part in the evening's show was so overpowering (take a bow, sun) meant that the race became more about endurance rather than enjoyment. Unfortunately there was a casualty from the sun and a Horsforth runner became unwell before the finish and collapsed along the way.

At half-way, I felt like my cheeks were on fire. I tried to practice principles recently taught in my roga session (by Valley Strider Liz Woods) and find my inner calm and focus on my breathing (this was easier in the cooler wooded areas), but it didn't come easily. Luckily, there was water on hand which I poured directly over my head. Instantly, I felt my internal thermometer lower and this gave me the energy to fight on. Round about this point, Rob (male competition) admitted that he wasn't feeling his best and he might not be able to keep the pace up. I offered some words of sympathy, and overtook him, for I know we'll meet again, and next time, the roles might be reversed. By now, I had long since lost sight of super speedy super woman, but I knew I was second lady. This knowledge was great motivation, reinforced when the marshalls called out to me, "well done Kirkstall, you're second lady". When my ears caught a second "well done Kirkstall" cheer, I knew this meant one thing: Andy "smiley" Carter was hot on my heels. I might have cried if Andy was female and in my age category, but because he's so lovely, it was nice to see him (although I did mind slightly when he overtook me to win the first Kirkstall home title).

I tried to speed up at the finish but I was wilting and close to feeling as rubbish as I've ever felt after a race. My fellow Harriers did the club proud. (Emma Lavelle-Wood finished looking fresh as a daisy, and Sheila looked strong in her final strides. But also a special mention to Patrick who was characteristically solid in his performance.) For me, that's what makes these races special, feeling a part of something, and having that tribal bond with my fellow purples, but I won't lie, winning is always very nice too!



Niamh running Northumberland

## “Eeh Bah Gum”! Race Report – Yorkshire 10k by Jemma Roe

The Great Yorkshire Run is a 10k organised by Great Run (funnily the people behind the Great North Run). The event has been running since 2007 although previously around The steel city of Sheffield (which happens to be one of my favourite places), but this year saw change and the event was moved to the much cleaner and unfortunately much less industrial (the heart wants what it wants) spa town of Harrogate. But that's ok! I mean you can't get more Yorkshire than Harrogate right? Yorkshire Tea comes from there! I think there were about 2000 entrants so a big race, I haven't entered such a large race since Leeds Half, and generally don't, a tell tale sign of that is that George was confused when I didn't need to queue up at a little tent by surname to pick up a number... BUT I needed something in the pipeline that would make me get my training runs back up over the 6k mark I seemed stuck at.

The race is predominantly on road and the route starts right in the heart of Harrogate on Montpellier Hill, there's a loop round the centre towards the Stray and then back down the hill, through Valley Gardens and eventually picking up a bridle path out to Harlow Carr, turning at the Betty's tea room there and running back through the woods to Harrogate Centre again joining the loop and finishing back where you started.

The day for me didn't start great for me. Firstly, Martha has learnt to roll over, a joyous occasion of course, but she had chosen to start practicing this in her sleep at 4am.... So therefore one tired mama. Secondly I woke up with butterflies in my stomach... nerves? Surely not how silly! I tried to laugh it all off in the car journey, and assumed it would be fine as I started running.

After a mass warm up (joy) the race started in waves as most of the larger runs do. I was in the last wave to start so had quite a wait from the first wave which went at 9.30, mine was due to go at 9.48. This meant that we got to see the fastest of the runners come past on their second run down Montpellier Hill before starting. Eventually we were off, there was a lot of crowd support which was nice, because there was a gap in the waves starting of around 6 mins, the runners spread out quite quickly and easily so there wasn't any bottlenecks at the start as there often is, I did about the first mile no problems and then the butterflies returned, but worse....As I came down the hill for the second times, I had some stomach cramps, and was very close to making a snap decision to just not carry on in case it was something worse than a few butterflies but I decided to soldier on. It was very warm but not unpleasant.



Jemma's in there somewhere

The course was fairly undulating with some long inclines but nothing unmanageable. There was some kind of food based event setting up in Valley Gardens and Baltzersens had a stall so I spent some time thinking about the fact that I could have a very pleasant brunch when I had finished. At about the 4k mark I realized that my stomach was now really hurting it just really felt BAD. BAD BAD BAD. I was almost half way though, so like martyr to the cause I carried on..... I had to slow down, and indeed at some points I had to walk. It definitely took away my enjoyment of the scenery at Harlow Carr, in fact I didn't really notice much. I was infinitely glad to rejoin the route at a bit I knew was near to the finish, and when it came to crossing the finish line, just glad it was all over and done with.

It's probably the worst race I have ran, purely just because I felt awful the entire way round as my time I wasn't bothered about anyway. Not much fun for me but actually a nice run for others I imagine. Good marshals, enthusiastic and supportive which they sometimes aren't at the larger events, and if you were ever disposed to pay that amount to do a 10k road race one to consider (still cheaper than all the run for all events and doesn't feature Kirkstall Road). One thing I will mention that I found odd and I imagine they may have had some slightly negative feedback on, is that the faster runners would have rejoined the route at 8km whilst the last two waves were on their first lap. Runners were told once briefly at the start to keep to the left, but as always this wasn't the case and the marshals would have struggled to be heard. I envisage the front runners would have had to pick their way through the slower crowds...which I think would not have ben to everyone's liking! I was fortunate not to be lapped but I imagine that it was a bit of organizational chaos as they came through as it only split off towards the finish ...Oh! and the goody bag was rather good. T-shirts good quality, there was tea, and the nicest thing was actually some flower seeds, I found that an unusual but nice touch! There were many moaning about a lack of medal though.

The sofa and the Tour de France have remedied my ill feeling slightly, George now tells me he's felt poorly for a few days (cheers) – but I didn't get my Baltzersens brunch as it was packed – so I still have reason to sulk....

Now to plan what's next – maybe some cycling....



What a lot she got!

# Alpine Yoga – A Special Feature by Anne Akers

A little goes a long way.

Who'd have thought that such a little movement could go such a long way? I've been going to Yoga for Athletes <snigger> at the Om Yoga Works, Farsley, for a while now and find it's one of the best ways to loosen up and get a bit of flexibility back after clocking up a few kilometres.

We all know the benefit of training, most of us actually have some kind of programme and I have it on good authority that a number of hardy souls actually do it. Included in my programme is 'not running stuff', which I like to think of as rest days, but no, it means I have to actually do something if I want to improve and get those illusive PBs. Yoga is definitely a valuable part of my programme, all that stretching and getting my breathing right, not to mention core strength and balance.

If you've never tried it, Yoga can seem a bit sedate. The movements can seem slight and there's a lot of controlled breathing, which made me a bit dizzy to begin with, but once I got the hang of it, it really improves flexibility and stability.

I'm certainly no expert, but these moves definitely help! Give it a go!

The photos were taken on holiday in Chamonix. I got some funny looks..... (surely not, Anne. Ed).



Twister's a breeze



Anne at 12:40pm



They went that way!



Reach for the Sky



# Reasons Not To Run? Top Excuses by Matt Sykes-Hooban

You may have noticed my terribly sporadic attendance at club training nights and also my continued absence from club events and Parkrun, so I thought I would comply my Top Ten List of feeble excuses for not going for a run... How many have you used? I promise that all of the following reasons are genuine...

## **Matt's Top Ten Countdown Feeble Excuses for not going out for a Run**

10: Spent the day tramping around the Great Yorkshire Show and then went to a friend's house for homemade pizza and lots of lovely wine (And on a school night as well!)

9: Afraid I can't make Parkrun this weekend I am in, London... Again... Yeah with Work!

8: I thought you would have gone to training tonight? No I didn't fancy it I am feeling a bit bloaty, I need to lose some weight first so I don't jiggle so much when I run.

7: Are you running tonight? Well I would have liked to but I have got that weird Hip niggle thingy again... It's not feeling right, Might do some Bendy-Stretchy\* instead.

\*Bendy-Stretchy is the family term for Pilates in our house

6: Are you going to the club tonight? Nah well I am not really up for running 7 miles lets go for a shorter run instead. When? Tomorrow maybe?

5: You should go back to club training, I would but I need to do some short runs first to build up my fitness, as it's been a while since I went to training.

4: Are you running tonight? Heck no it's Post Hill on the training schedule again!!

3: Looks Like rain

2: Its Hot! Damn hot, fool where you born on the Sun? It's that Hot! (Paraphrased from the great Robin Williams film Good Moring Vietnam).

1: Standing on an upturned Crow bar in bare feet in my lounge! Resulting in removing a significant piece of skin from the arch of my foot, and yes it hurt like hell!

Please feel free to use any of the above excuses for blobbing on a club run over the summer. Or you could do as the wife instructed and that was to zip up the man suit and get out for a sodding run.

# Coconut Slice Delight – Bake with Marion Muir

I know I keep it quiet, but I am Scottish. An observation I have made over the years is that you can find a better variety of coconut based cakes and treats in Scotland than in England. To help redress the balance, here is a recipe which is inspired by a cake I had while on holiday in Tobermory this year. They are extremely easy to make, they are delicious and they are jam-packed full of lovely energy to help you run really far.

**Coconut Slice Delights** (creative title courtesy of Victoria Daniel)

## **The Base**

90g butter - melted  
200g dark chocolate digestives – crushed (put in a large freezer bag, tie a knot in it, then bash with a rolling pin.)

## **The filling**

397g tin condensed milk  
200g desiccated coconut  
150g glace cherries – halved  
A few drops of pink food colouring (optional)

## **The topping**

200g milk or dark chocolate – your choice (tip: Aldi Choceur milk chocolate is really good, and cheap)  
10g butter

Lightly grease a 7" x 11" tin then line with greaseproof paper (tin size is approximate, it doesn't really matter but you probably don't want one much bigger or the layers will be a bit thin).

**The Base:** Mix the melted butter and crushed digestives together until well mixed. Press into the tin to form an even layer. Put in the fridge to firm up.

**The Filling:** Mix all of the filling ingredients together in a bowl until combined. Spoon on top of the biscuit layer and smooth over. Return to the fridge.

**The Topping:** Melt the chocolate and butter together in a microwave (doesn't take long) or in a bowl over a pan of boiling water. Spread evenly over the coconut layer. Return to the fridge to set. Cut into squares. Eat.

**(Ed – Having sampled Marion's coconut slices at the Washburn Relay, I can vouch for them 100%)!**



**Run like Marion. Eat coconut!**

# Race Report – Ironman UK by Adam Moger

Ironman, a 2.4 mile swim, 112 mile bike & 26.2 mile run, began in Hawaii in 1978, when Naval Officer John Collins had the idea to combine 3 sporting events - Waikiki Roughwater Swim, around-Oahu Bike Race and Honolulu Marathon - into a single event. Having debated whether swimmers or runners were fitter, he added cycling when a newspaper report said Belgian bike God & Tour de France star Eddy Merckx had the highest VO2 ever recorded.

"...Of the fifteen men to start off in the early morning on February 18, 1978, twelve completed the race. Gordon Haller, a US Navy Communications Specialist, was the first to earn the title Ironman by completing the course with a time of 11 hours, 46 minutes, 58 seconds. The runner-up John Dunbar, a US Navy Seal, led after the second transition and had a chance to win but ran out of water on the marathon course; his support crew resorted to giving him beer instead."

## Stats

The average age at Ironman UK is 40 - I was in good company! Youngest 18, oldest 71, with more than half of entrants first-timers. The briefing was packed with "bullet heads" without an ounce of fat on them, but also a fair smattering of more normal-looking people. Gender split a surprising 87:13 - but some of the ladies who race are really good. Defending champion Lucy Gossage, the fastest woman you've never heard of, finished in a stunning 9.26.05, beating all but 9 of the men. I was gunning for 12 hours and felt confident I could do that on a flat course, but wasn't so sure with the hills of Bolton.



## Advice & Training

"Train for the bike - if you blow up on the run, you can always walk. If you blow up on the bike, you fall off." Taking the most time of the 3 disciplines, it's also where the biggest gains are made. Saying that, I swim-trained extensively with 15 weekly trips to The Edge and half a dozen Mondays at a Masters class run by an LBT swim coach - swimming twice a week some weeks, nothing for KH swim pros like Lucy & Helen but a lot for me! A 3k event and the swims at the ITU and Ripon triathlons got me into open water. What I did the least was running - Manchester Marathon & 3 Peaks in April in the build-up, but not a single weekly mileage total over 25 miles beyond that. A 20 mile plod a fortnight before the race at least told me I could get round a marathon.

Likewise my "Bricks" (cycle then run) were short & sweet - a competitor I met on a bike course recce was in the midst of a 100 mile ride followed by 20 mile run, a fairly typical longest training session, whereas my main bricks were the ITU & Ripon with their 10k finishes, albeit at race pace. It isn't just time that's the problem, but exhaustion - training intensively for all 3 disciplines would be counter-productive.

But I did do a lot on the bike, including starting riding much earlier in the year than usual (tackling saddle soreness early). Big rides included 134 miles of the TdF Stage 1 route (with a stop in Hawes for chips), 123 miles racing the White Rose Classic (only meant to be 114 miles - I got lost near the end and was DQ'd), and numerous rides of 50-70 miles, including an invaluable recce of a lap of Bolton to see the hills. I never got over sore neck/shoulders on the bike despite having had a pro bike fit (where they charge you £120 to move the saddle 3mm), but thankfully didn't seize up on the day as badly as on some training rides.

My cycle policy at triathlons is to hammer it - most say you should save something for the run, I say you've got to boss the bike, then eat enough to get your legs back. I love the way you can destroy yourself going up a hill, then have a nice rest (sitting down!) on the descent.

### Race Day, swim & bike

To have enough daylight for the 17 hour cut-off (17 hours being the time of the slowest finisher at the inaugural event, hence now the time limit), IM has a very early start - 6am, but "get there at least 90 minutes early". I'd booked 2 nights in the Holiday Inn Express near the lake (normal price £35/night. IM weekend price £85/night) so at least wasn't having to get up before 4am like some (although the hotel breakfast began at 2am for anyone up that early). Setting up the split transitions, registration, and hour-long briefing all happen the day before, where they lay down the law on drafting, outside assistance (can't even take a jellybean from a spectator), littering, nudity, and did I mention drafting? A card system operates via motorbike marshals - yellow means stop at the penalty tent at T2 and sign your name. Blue is a 5 minute stand in the tent, and it really is a stand - no sitting, no eating, no stretching, no talking, no playing with your Garmin. Red is straight DQ, your race over. All scary stuff, until the effect of 2,000 athletes on the course becomes apparent - I'd say by mile 50 it was still difficult not to be within 12 metres of another cyclist. Littering consisted of unopened gels on the road, clearly dropped by accident, and nudity was visible immediately after the swim (sadly from the 87%, not the 13%). I didn't see a single person carded, though the results do show some DQs.

Race day weather was near-perfect, just a few gusts on the bike and a little too much sun on the run. The next few days saw temperatures soar to 30 degrees, which would have made the marathon unbearable, inevitably being run at the hottest part of the day. Probably my only criticism of the race is the T1 field next to the lake, which was a quagmire - everything covered in mud & I even got the car stuck in the overflow (no pun intended) car park when setting up. To get 2,000 people into the water, there's a "rolling start" where you go and stand at your predicted swim time, as you would in a road race, crossing a timing mat as you get in. From 6am (elites start 5.55am) you file into the water and immediately set off swimming, with AC/DC's Thunderstruck still ringing in your ears from the build-up. It was busy throughout the 2.4 miles so the days of mass start must have been horrendous. We also had an "Aussie exit" at halfway - clamber out, jog about 70m, clamber back in for the 2nd lap, which worked surprisingly well & broke it up nicely - I even gained a few places! Swimming being my worst discipline (transition best), it's nice to get it done first.

Swim time turned out to be 1.17.41 when aiming for 1.15, well within the margin of error over 12 hours, in 781st position out of approx. 2,000. A dicky adductor the previous week meant I went a little easy on kicking, just in case.



The bike course is a mixture of everything - two notable hills, ridden twice, some housing estate & industrial, but also many country lanes, rolling hills and even some nice scenery. A few bad corners & road surfaces but roads mainly closed to traffic, at least early on. Feed zones had sounded good - water in bike bottles, isotonic in same, half bananas, ready-cut PowerBars - the reality was you cruised through with one hand on the handlebars steering the bike, and hence were only able to grab one thing, with little opportunity to stop. This cost me just before the 2nd ascent of Sheep House Lane (the most famous hill and the big one on the map profile) when I greedily grabbed half a PowerBar but was out the other side before getting any fluid. 25 miles and a giant hill before another drink. My legs went within minutes, too soon to blame the lack of water but maybe psychological. 5 miles of easy cycling off the top and thankfully the legs returned - a good job since I'd been in my highest gear on the two biggest hills on the first lap, let alone the second. I didn't see anyone get off and push but it happens.

So much can go wrong on IM, from mechanicals to crashes to dodgy stomachs. Yet I saw no one needing treatment, even on the run, in stark contrast to most marathons - although plenty were walking. Blackfriars tunnel at VLM is reminiscent of the opening scenes of Saving Private Ryan, but perhaps you don't make the start of the marathon at IM if you're underprepared. The worst I saw was people fixing punctures at the side of the road on the bike leg, including some poor soul at mile 110 - think I'd have wheeled it the final 2 miles.

Sporadic but fantastic support on the course often involved fancy dress and signs - Addlington at the start of a climb was Tour-de-France style, the wall of noise leaving me a bit emotional the first time through it. I was nervous of passing it again at the end of the 2nd lap - would it all be a bit much? - but needn't have worried, half the spectators had gone home by then! It's a long day for us on the bike, even longer for anyone supporting. I was very lucky to have my own support on the run - Eleanor with baby Juliette, my parents, Anna, & my future sister-in-law all had all made the trip to Bolton.

Bike time 6.21.31, up to 390th, and working on the principle of "swim + T1 less than 1.5hrs, bike + T2 less than 6.5hrs", I knew I needed a 4-hour marathon to break 12. Transitions were 6 minutes and 4 minutes but I didn't hang around at either and both involved some distance. Numbered bags on pegs seemed to work well.



### Fuelling & the run

Ironman fuelling is a strange thing - the best way to put it into perspective is to consider that 3 gels or equivalent an hour is probably about right - over 12 hours that's 36 gels. 20 in a box, so imagine sitting down and eating through nearly 2 boxes. The reality is a mix of food, with a Catch-22 of queasiness combined with the need for more calories. I often found myself hungry yet queasy, and dry-mouth thirsty yet needing to pee. With tired legs and some steep downhills on the run I had a footfall like Chris Glover's that wasn't conducive to digestion and all I felt comfortable with was half a cup of Pepsi at each feed station, the caffeine a welcome boost.

This worked until about Mile 18, walking on the steeper parts & plodding the downhills (there wasn't a lot of flat other than a pleasant canal section early on). Then hit that awful marathon feeling of leg fatigue, of desperately trying to keep going but only getting slower and having to walk more and more, a feeling many marathon runners will know. With 8 miles still to do, I could see sub-12 slipping, and eventually made the decision to go "all-in" at the next feed station, having dragged my sorry carcass through a particularly awful uphill 12-minute mile. Time for sh\*t (possibly literally) or bust. I stopped for a pee in a Portalo, then took everything on offer at the next feed station - Isotonic, Pepsi, half a banana, another Isotonic, caffeine gel, water. Walked a bit to let it settle, set off again - only for my left knee to randomly stop flexing. Strewth! Still 2.5 miles to go, sub-4 marathon gone, sub-12 at risk, exhausted, unable to run. I kept trying to half-jog & then hobble, just to keep moving forwards, but after half a k the knee magically fixed (it hadn't been niggling at all before, but was bad the next day) and my energy seemed to return. This then became my favourite part of the race - having thought I'd get my time, then thinking I wouldn't, then knowing I would, made those last 2 miles very special. I didn't know exactly what time I'd started due to the rolling swim start but knew I'd sneaked under 12 hours, and there may have been a few sobs on crossing the line. 4.01.12 for the marathon, finishing in 11.50.46, 304th overall and 56th in the largest age category.



A huge medal, finishers t-shirt, cakes, pizza, tea, a free sports massage, the opportunity to collect the bike the next day, a rather nice IM rucksack - they really do look after you, the £415 cost starting to appear a little more reasonable. Bags were exactly where they said they'd be, when they said there'd be there. Take note, Leeds ITU! Probably the biggest surprise was how doable IM is. 2.4 mile swim, 112 mile bike, marathon - it had seemed inconceivable, but if you can swim then you can train to do 2.4 miles. If you can ride a bike you can train to race 112, and if you've run a marathon before then with enough fitness you can plod round one at the end - no one's expecting a PB. The key question becomes - have you the time to dedicate to training, and can you take on sufficient calories during exercise? Not everyone can stomach eating on the go, but you won't get round without substantial fuel, whether it takes you 9 hours or 17. Yes, there are cut-offs and not everyone makes it - in the briefing they said at the last event the biggest cheer was for the bloke sprinting in just before 11pm. He finished in 17 hours 2 seconds, and didn't get his name in the results. But if you've harboured a secret desire to do an IM, then go for it - if I can do it, so can you. My first, but unlikely my last.

## Member PBs for July

Distance		Name	Time
10m	First Race	Karen Boardman	1:37:48
10m	First Race	Simon Boardman	1:20:33
10m	First Race	Ben Clarke	1:22:23
10m	First Race	Jackie Elmer	1:51:11
10m	PB	Vicki Hipkiss	1:41:22
10m	PB	Chris Hudson	1:18:21
10m	First Race	Jill Hudson	1:54:49
10m	PB	Hannah Newman	1:37:30
10m	PB	Adam Nodwell	1:12:20
10m	First Race	Ceata Rycroft	1:34:26
10m	PB	Yekanth Venkiteela	1:20:50
10m	First Race	Elizabeth Walker	1:35:32

## Member Birthdays for August

Jemma Arfield, Stephen Groves, David Hodkin, Jill Hudson, Chris Hunt, James Meta, Adam Moger, Ashley Russel, Diane Ruth Shaw, Mark Skinner



## New Members joining in July

*Michael McGill, Kelvin Horner, Alexandra Potts*

Come and meet us soon!



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](http://www.kirkstallharriers.org.uk) or follow us on twitter @kharriers  
Please email [kirkstallharriers@googlemail.com](mailto:kirkstallharriers@googlemail.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).

