



# Up and Running

14<sup>th</sup> October 2021 Issue 11

## London Marathon 2021

Huge congratulations to everyone who took part in the London Marathon on 3<sup>rd</sup> October 2021 and also to those who ran the Virtual London Marathon on the same day.



Richard Joy at the end of the London Marathon

Our finishers included:

Danny Winn	2:53:35	Mark Tinkler	4:13:30
Mark Raddan	3:09:02	Ray Cooke	4:20:24
Jon Clark	3:18:51	Karen White	4:24:11
Abigail Turner	3:25:51	Sean Lester	4:54:28
Claire Marie Rulton	3:26:17	Elaine Fullard	5:00:02
Paul Sheard	3:42:44	Justin Parker	5:17:29
John Elworthy	3:46:39	Martine Moon	6:01:00
David Sheffield	3:51:17	Alison Butcher	6:23:19
Renette Wolvaardt	4:06:45	Richard Joy	6:46:42

## Dates for the diary

22<sup>nd</sup> January - Awards Night

11<sup>th</sup> June - Bedford Harriers Anniversary Ball

20<sup>th</sup> July - Doug Anderson 5K

## Club Championship Races

17<sup>th</sup> October - XC - Amphill Trophy

7<sup>th</sup> November - Half - Hertfordshire Half (Stevenage)

Marathon - your choice!



Rebecca Baxter & Shane Fereday at the end of their Virtual London Marathon

## Your Runners Page

As many of you are aware, all Club members have a Runners Page on the Club website. This page is where your individual results can be viewed, as well as a record of your Personal Best times for various distances, the Club Standard Awards you have earned and a photo of you (if you have submitted one). The results that appear on this page are the results that are used for the Club Awards.

Neil Loader kindly updates this information for the Club. However, whilst he picks up data from many popular events (including Club Championship races), he cannot check every event that takes place.

If he doesn't know that you took part in an event, then your results will not appear on your Runners Page and hence will not be taken into account for the Club Awards.

It is your responsibility to check your Runners Page to check that all your events are included. If something is missing, please let Neil know by emailing him at [hello@bedfordharriers.co.uk](mailto:hello@bedfordharriers.co.uk), with a link to the official results.

When you enter a race, please ensure you enter yourself as a Bedford Harriers Athletics Club runner, as this makes it a lot easier for Neil to find you in the results.

Awards Night is approaching, so please check your Runners Page now!

## Cross-Country Season

With XC season around the corner, just a quick update to remind you of the Amphill Trophy 10k on 17<sup>th</sup> October 2021 - this is a Club Championship race and there are still plenty of places available.

Sadly, the 3 Counties XC races will not be running this year, but as a Club we will have our own Virtual XC Series similar, but not exactly the same as last year – four courses in total - hopefully this season will not be as wet, so the courses won't be flooded and fingers crossed we don't get locked down again, so we can all get out there and enjoy them.

## How should we remember Iva as a Club?

The Committee would like members to send in suggestions about how we should remember Iva as a Club. Please send your suggestions to [hello@bedfordharriers.co.uk](mailto:hello@bedfordharriers.co.uk).

## Greensands Ridge Relay race - Jutta Crane

The conversation started harmlessly enough. He: "I'm part of a relay team but now I'm injured and can't run, can you run my leg for me?" Me: "How far is it and where is it?" He: "It's only 5, that's well within your capabilities and the start is at Dead Man's Cross, not far to travel." Me: "Only 5? That sounds like something I can do. Okay."

As it turned out, I had been given very few bits of information. It wasn't 5k, it was nearer to 5 miles (actually 4.87 miles), it was cross-country, there would be no marshals or arrows to show the way (because orienteering is considered fun by some people...) and my start time was at 4pm. Women are not equipped for orienteering runs. When humans were cave people the women stayed behind and tended the fire and looked after the little cave offspring (who were allowed to draw on the walls, apparently). The men hunted mammoths and had to find their way back to the cave. Hence women did not need a sense of direction and some of us have never developed one.

I've lived in Bedfordshire for over 25 years and still get lost if I stray too far from home, so we did a recce on foot, that took an hour and 45 minutes. My coach (aka the trainer/Satan/lots of other words I'm not allowed to use here) pointed out various landmarks and I had to try and remember them. I then ran the route on my own whilst he waited at the finish. I had downloaded the "What 3 words" app so should I get lost I could call him and tell him "I'm at Green Sky Soup" and hope he'd find me. I consulted my mental notes. "There are the two giant Lego pieces, got to go through them. There are the large black plastic balls, need to go past them. Look out for the tree with red paint, go right there. Go past the horse paddock and into the field. Avoid angry-looking farmer and try not to get too close to the sheep."

Race day came, 24 Degrees C! Oh, deep joy. Not only did I have to run in the heat, I also had people waiting for me at the end of my leg so I couldn't take my time. As I was running the last leg, into the finish, there would also be lots of people there to see me looking very hot.

The handover went smoothly enough. Instead of a baton, I was handed a sweaty piece of plastic (blurghh) and clutched that as if my life depended on it. The first mile wasn't bad, I saw all the markers I had remembered, and it was overcast. Then the sun came out and it got really hot. It also got hilly! Part of the route is also a bridle path and had obviously been used when it was raining. The hoof marks had now been baked by the sun into a rutted set of moon craters. Running was almost impossible if you didn't want to sprain an ankle or go arm over elbow. I saw another female runner who was running the wrong way, she had turned right too soon. Remember what I told you about sense of direction? I called her back and she continued on the right route. Trying to catch her proved impossible so I stuck to my pace.

Finally, about half a mile from the finish, there was a yellow Harriers shirt and someone to cheer me on. Thanks, Simon. Thankfully the last bit to the finish was downhill so I didn't have to cross the finish line puffing like a steam train, I tried to look like a runner who had enjoyed the route, lol. The marshals did not wear hi-viz jackets and were impossible to make out in a crowd of runners/onlookers. Luckily my trusted coach was there, waving his Harriers towel to show me where to hand over the piece of plastic. Done. Slower than my predicted time but I wasn't last and there was still some daylight left.

We all gathered on the green (in the shade!) and had some very welcome drinks and nibbles, thoughtfully provided by fellow Harriers. Thank you to my fellow Harriers for letting me take part (I kind of gathered they were not hoping to win a prize for the fastest team hence I was allowed to join) and for cheering me on. My first relay race, first 5-mile cross-country race, first time running a race in 24 Degrees. But - I didn't get lost, I didn't lose the timing chip and I kind of enjoyed it. Well, a little bit. I may be called upon to run part of the Round Norfolk Relay race. Bring it on. Better do a recce first though...



## Tri 255 - Allegedly the World's Longest Single Day Tri – Gill Fullen

Goodwood holds many happy memories for me, so it seemed like fate when this longer than Iron Distance Tri was to be held there. Coach was on board and so the training shifted from concentrating on building my run for ultras to picking up the swim and bike again to a point where they could be competitive.

Even before the race I was frustrated by my own incompetence ... having carefully put all my race essentials along with race helmet into my hat-bag, I then unwittingly shipped this to New Zealand and was left without my helmet or bike spares etc. Idiot! Luckily for me at a very early stage I was offered race helmets by many friends (particular thanks to Melly Burrell) and was even bought a replacement as a leaving present, which completely bowled me over and I shall make very good use of in NZ I promise! However, with the weather forecast in mind it was Tim Lewington of Speedhub, The Triathlon Store, who very generously came up with a fantastic helmet for me to use at Goodwood. Many thanks Tim, I'm afraid it got a bit wet.

The last time I stood on the start line for a triathlon was at Kona in 2019 so I was seriously rusty, but I'm guessing I wasn't alone in that. Even getting my kit together was a challenge, as I had completely forgotten all the paraphernalia I need and in fact turned up in Chichester after a 5-hour drive from Bedford to find that I had helpfully left my wetsuit at home. Doh! After trying a couple of more local options, I managed to persuade a very good friend to pick it up and meet me halfway. Wetsuit exchange happened just off the M25 in Staines and saved me 3 extra hours of driving. I am forever grateful Charlotte. A pretty dreadful meal locally followed by getting to bed after 11pm was not what I had planned as pre-race prep, but I have no-one to blame but myself!

And so, with all kit now present and correct, a 3.55am alarm woke me and Marianne, who had been doing a sterling job of controlling the pressure valve on my nerves, to a grey and windy, but so far dry day. We parked up at the Goodwood Motor Circuit and having left a mahoosive bag of edible goodies along with run gear in T2, I cycled down to get a first view of the swim lake. Actually, pretty nice! Four laps of 1.25k with an Australian exit between each didn't seem too much of a stretch.

As I racked my bike in T1 my coach, Perry Agass, was the ever-calm voice of reassurance in stark contrast to my tense as a bow-string nerves. The final member of my support triumvirate, Louella O'Herlihy, arrived just in time for the swim start and provided an exuberant send off into the water.

The water was quite pleasantly warm, and it was fantastic to be in a mass swim start again, which was surprisingly uncrowded. We set off at 6am sharp and the day began in earnest.

I'd been panicking about the swim as for IM I'd been regularly swimming sessions of 5 to 6k but the restricted pool and lake times brought about by Covid had meant that once swimming started again sessions were only an hour long and I could only fit about 3k into that time. Torrential rain had put me off getting into the river as I had the previous year so swimming 5k was going to be a stretch.

As it turned out I didn't have a problem with the swim itself. I found a super pair of feet to follow and was making pretty good time and feeling good about the whole swim malarkey when the zip of my much-travelled wetsuit decided to

spontaneously unzip itself and my streamlined neoprene turned into a water-logged sumo suit! Bulging with water I attempted to re-zip and re-velcro but by the time I had done myself up the super feet were surging away towards the next buoy, and I was on my own. Darn it to heck. The zip kept slipping all the way in but thanks to the Aussie exit I could have a better go at sorting the problem on dry land. Coach had spotted me stopping through his binoculars and was probably relieved that it was just a zip malfunction and was a voice of calm through my frenetic zip-related struggles. It held up for half of the last lap before I felt my sleeves fill and more action was needed but I made it to the end and was relieved to be on dry land, not that it was dry for long!

Onto the bike and I took time to put on a gilet and arm warmers as the forecast predicted heavy and prolonged rain. It wasn't wrong. It was just a short ride from the lake to the track and once there I rode the first lap marvelling at the smooth road surface and despite having to battle into the wind on the first half, enjoying the speedy wind-assist on the far side of the course. I settled in for 52 laps. The plan had been to gradually build bike effort, so it was a moderate start with a definite resistance to trying to go out too hard too early. I was gradually picking up a bit of pace when I was told the lady in 1st place was less than a lap ahead. I was catching her gradually, but I put in some extra effort with a rabbit to chase down and soon passed her into the lead. I kept pushing, as that's what you do in a race and was putting more distance between me and the other ladies, but was told to "calm down", presumably something to do with having a teeny 50k run to do after the bike? I wasn't after a specific time goal, so I tapped out the bike laps towards the 200k goal.

With the laps being relatively short the course very soon became familiar, as were the other competitors. There were some I passed regularly and others passing me with annoying frequency. It was a slightly surreal experience, a bit akin to sitting on the turbo on Zwift and just riding without regard to hills or bends or other cyclists as there was plenty of room on the wide track for everyone and easy overtaking, making drafting a complete non-issue. You'd really have had to try hard to draft as there was so much room to pass.



Not long into the bike the rain started; it started gently despite the wind, which varied throughout from strong to blimey-o-reilly-hang-on-tight-to-your-handlebars. Then it set in, torrential rivers flooding from the massed dark grey skies and battering lowly cyclists with icy rain-bullets powered by the gusting winds. I wasn't particularly bothered by the rain; I knew it was coming and had prepared for it and I quite enjoy the challenge of riding fast in the rain when other riders are backing off. There was one decidedly dodgy corner where, coming from a strong tailwind you turned back on yourself into a major headwind and the power of the gusting side-wind on the turn combined with a slick, rain-soaked surface required some serious cyclo-cross type bike handling skills to stay upright. Some didn't manage this turn.

At this point all credit to Claire Danson and the other paras, who were literally lying face-up and being pounded in the face by the full force of the weather gods. Kudos unlimited.

All good things come to an end and despite the inconsistencies of the official lap-tracker, my watch was approaching 200km distance as coach confirmed "one more lap". So how would my legs feel after 6 hours on the bike?

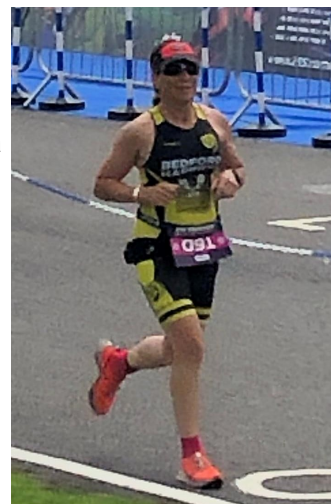
They wobbled a lot. As the bike was taken from me, I struggled to jog to my run-gear and sat down to pull on my socks and trainers, grab my nutrition and set off on 10x 5k loops of the track in the opposite direction to the bike.

The first half of the course was into a horrendous headwind. It never got any better and often felt like it was getting worse. Making it to the top aid station became my goal in life, as after that there was some shelter and on occasion even a tailwind. I settled into a steady rhythm and simply put one foot in front of the other. On the easier running sections I tried to up the pace when I could and after a lap or two my legs felt like they had got over the bike, even if the body was not quite as fresh as it would be if I were simply running an ultra.

Of course, having jumped in to just run the marathon at Outlaw (2-weeks beforehand) where I bounced annoyingly round the course fresh as a daisy, here I soon got my come-uppance. Relay athletes were striding past me and skipping their way round the course, making me feel far more like a slug than even a tortoise to their hares. Davina you truly have your revenge.

The laps ticked by and coach popping up around each corner near transition assured me that I was doing fine and just needed to hold the pace as long as I could. My other support crew members were far more noisily vocal, wildly excitedly bouncing about, waving stuff and shouting at me. I was less than communicative, which amused them a lot and they made sure to stay a safe distance from me; they said this was to avoid risk of injury (to them) but I suspect it may have been because I now smelled worse than a Bolivian unicyclist's jock strap! Even I was gagging when the wind wafted my own less than savoury scent into my nostrils. The aim of the run became far more focused on the shower block than the finish line!

So, the laps kept counting down and after all, 5k isn't far is it? Each lap saw another of the tents on the camp site being mauled into another sad heap of wet nylon by the unforgiving wind and by the time the final lap came I was mainly intent on not ruining my race by falling over my own feet. The blue carpet of the finish was a joy to behold as I finally found some speed and put on a final burst to finish with the pretence of energy to spare. As I waved the finish banner aloft the gantry sign proudly showed my finishing time as 12:34.23 and that I was second lady. Hold on! Second lady? Well, I knew I was in fact first solo lady over the finish line, but my finish photos will forever cast doubt on that fact.



it meant to me to have him on the touchline for this race. I would not be knocking out these mad races without his constant faith in me and the solid training that goes into achieving these results.

And then it was over. Proud coach. Happy, if worn out support team. Very unhappy toes! And finally a shower and clean clothes. Bliss. I waited for the second lady, Alice, to finish to share the podium and finally put to bed the race that had been haunting my dreams for so long. Next year's athletes now have a not too demanding finish time to aim for (sorry all you guys but Dean pushed harder than me to set a stonking male finish time) and I am absolutely certain the course record for this race will keep on dropping every year!

I rarely drink champagne, but my stalwart supporters and I felt we had deserved it that evening to accompany our Chinese takeaway for essential re-fuelling purposes.

Thank you so much for spending an exceedingly long day running about after me and Louella especially for doing that on her birthday! Perry Agass knows what



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