

Ultrarunning World

ROAD, TRACK & ULTRA DISTANCE NEWS
ISSUE 14



SNOWDONIA SLATE TRAIL ULTRA

89 MILE ULTRA AROUND SNOWDONIA 22ND FEBRUARY 2019

An 89 mile circular ultra marathon around Snowdonias historic slate industry past. Starting and finishing in Bangor, on the North Wales Coast, it takes you through many well-known places such as Llanberis, Betws-Y-coed and Beddgelert as well as some lesser known places.



FOR MORE DETAILS VISIT: WWW.UPHILLDOWNDALE.COM

Editorial

This month's cover features Vasu Duzhiy moments after he crossed the finish line to win this year's Self-Transcendence 3100 mile race for the third time, capturing joy and gratitude as he shakes hands with his helper.

Perfection is a goal we all strive for. This summer Killian Jornet produced an astonishing performance to take an hour off the Bob Graham Round - a record set by Billy Bland back in 1982. Killian said he was inspired by the runners of that era and wanted to run in the footsteps of those legends. Inspiration is the road we all take to reach our perfection and once we reach that goal we are able to set new, higher goals. It may not be us that reaches that goal first - it may be others inspired by our efforts and achievements.

This striving for progress is what sport is all about and is founded on our self-confidence and self-belief - belief in what we are, our achievements, goals and belief in our capacity to realise our hopes and dreams. The power of this striving touches everyone - volunteers, runners, organisers and whoever comes into contact with it sees transcendence in action and perfection being born.

The House:

Editor - Abichal Sherrington

- Staff - [Marcella Dragan](#) - Graphic Designer
- Helen Hayes - Copy Editor

• Correspondents

- Maria Bellini
- Sarah Cameron
- John Parkin

• Photos

Front cover: Vasu Duzhiy by [Srichinmoyultraphoto.com](#)

Back cover: Ilvaka Nemcova and Petra Kasperova winners of the Sri Chinmoy 10 & 6 Day Races 2018. Photo by [Pranjal Milovnik](#)

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Address: 38 Shadwell Rd,
Bristol BS7 8EP
Phone Number:
07923833719

Website:

[Ultrarunningworld.co.uk](#)
E-mail: mail@ultrarunningworld.co.uk
Facebook & Twitter

We are very pleased to share this issue with the community and to bring these reports and updates on international and British events. We are very grateful to all the people who have kindly contributed their experience, time and energy to make this edition a reality.



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Changan Ford Ultra Challenge 2018

50km and 100km

Kiren Sports announces with great pleasure the Changan Ford Ultra Challenge 2018 will take place in October 26th at Zishan Lake Xianning City Hubei Province, China. It is an IAU bronze labelled race consisting of 50km and 100km distances.

The LOC are welcoming CVs of interest from international athletes and if invited will pay for accommodation and meals for 3 days and provide a travel grant based on where you live. The deadline for submission of CVs is September 15th, 2018.

This is not an IAU international championship but rather an opportunity for international racing and an opportunity to travel to an amazing part of the world and appreciate the hospitality of the LOC.

Further details regarding the race and conditions can be found on the GIS that is posted on the IAU website.

The 24H World Championships at Irdning, Austria for 2019 have been cancelled. The IAU reported that the “LOC decided that they were unable to continue with preparations for the event due to financial constraints and have withdrawn from the contract.” Alternative venues are being investigated.

2018 IAU 100K World Championship pre-race report

We are approaching the third major IAU event for this year. The International Association of Ultrarunners (IAU), the Croatian

Athletics Federation (CAF) and the Local Organization Committee (LOC) represented by LifeClass Terme Sveti Martin and Mayor of Sveti Martin na Muri are proud to organize the 2018 IAU 100 km World Championship on September 8th in Sveti Martin na Muri, Croatia.

The registration for the event is completed. Based on provided data we are delighted to let you know that we will have the highest number of enrolled countries and athletes in the history of the IAU 100 km World Championship. This year is fantastic as we reach a record for IAU Trail World Championship and IAU 24H European Championship as well. At the same event we will have WMA 100km World Championships and

Croatian National 100 km Championships. It will be an exciting time for all of us.

We are expecting athletes from 42 countries with 115 women and 168 men participating individually. Following the last 2016 World Championship in Los Alcazares, Spain, we will have three medalists from that event. Defending Champion Hideaki Yamauchi (JPN), second woman Nikolina Sustic (CRO) and second placed man Bongmusa Mthembu (RSA). In the Team competition we have 31 countries represented by men and 22 countries by women with at least three runners from each country. One of the favourites for the Men's Team competition is Japan having very strong runners with PB's from 6:09

to 6:22h. Teams from USA and Italy look strong as well. In the Women's Team competition Japan, Croatia, Germany look strong.

More details and the latest news on the [IAU website](#)

Other News

28 Aug 2018 - 2021 will be a major milestone year for the sports of trail and mountain running with the inauguration of the IAAF World Trail and Mountain Running Championships, a result of a unique partnership between the IAAF, ITRA and WMRA.

At a joint press conference today ahead of the Ultra Trail du Mont Blanc (UTMB) in Chamonix, France, the International Trail Running Association (ITRA) headed by President Michel Poletti and President Jonathan Wyatt of the World Mountain Running Association (WMRA) announced that they would join athletics global governing body, marking the beginning of a new era for two of the largest running communities in the world.

Under the new agreement, the two organisations are officially becoming technical partners of the IAAF, and will work alongside the International Association of Ultrarunning (IAU), a consultancy partner, with the goal to develop, expand, promote and take trail and mountain running to another level across the world.

This is a unique partnership, bringing all the forms of running, one

of the key elements of the sport of athletics, under one umbrella. The pinnacle of this partnership will be the new biennial IAAF World Trail and Mountain Running Championships which will be introduced in 2021. Currently both World Championships in trail and mountain running are held on an annual basis and organised by ITRA and WMRA. [Read the full story.](#)

The 2019 edition of the **Jackpot Ultra Festival** will serve as the 2019 USATF 100 Mile National Road Championship on February 15-17, 2019.

North Coast 24 Hour Endurance Run is the USATF 24 Hour National



CRO 100

**30. IAU Svjetsko prvenstvo
na 100 km**

Championship Event for 2018 and will start on September 22, 2018 at 9:00am.

A team of six spearhead the British challenge at the **IAU 100km World Championships** in Sveti Martin na Muri, Croatia which takes place September 8th. The top two from this year's British championships, Robert Turner (Edinburgh) and Anthony Clark (Bournemouth) lead the line-up in the men's race. The previous British champion Lee Grantham (East Cheshire) – recording a time of 6:42.25 on his way to that win – completes the line-up in the men's squad. Carla Molinaro (Clapham

Chasers) secured her place on the plane to Croatia with her performance in South Africa, having crossed the finish line as the ninth fastest woman at the Comrades Marathon in June, setting a personal best in her third appearance at the race. Joining her on the women's start line will be 2013 European bronze medallist and 2017 British 100km champion Sue Harrison (Leamington, Les Barnett) and Samantha Amend (Belgrave, Norman Wilson) who recorded the fastest ever Anglo Celtic Plate time of 7:53:57 by winning this year's British Championships. Source: [British Athletics](#) ■UW■

The Journey Runners



Beyond stage races and multiday there lies a final realm that is not defined by time or distance.

Runners who reach this zone are few and far between and for the most part appear unremarkable. They are exploring their personal limits and setting goals that identify those boundaries. Pioneers and leaders encouraging those following behind showing in concrete ways what is possible, what can be achieved and what we are indeed capable of.

Fastest Known Time's (FKT)¹ provide a great arena to set goals that allow us the opportunity to stretch ourselves. Trans-national walks, runs provide enriching experiences that bring us closer to the roots of our being. Challenges that encircle or cross continents and finally trans-global journeys that take years to realise – years in planning and years in execution.

There have probably been undocumented circumnavigations of the world and perhaps the first we know of, today, was Romanian Dumitru Dan² who set off in 1910 with three friends.

Dave Kunst³ is the first person verified to have completed circling the entire land mass of the earth (with exception of the oceans) on foot.

Dave set off in 1970 from Waseca, Minnesota.

More recently we have the controversial round the world efforts of Robert Garside⁴ who with David Blaikie brought the attempt under scrutiny and recently redeemed in the eyes of Dan Koeppel⁵.

Beyond all this discussion of who did what is the desire to run brought to a point of it becoming a way of life, a state of mind that is now represented in part, by the World Runners Association (WRA)⁶.

Whether it be for peace, freedom, the joy of travel, the adventure the challenge, Journey Running involves enormous resources activated over long periods of time and this column will bring news of some of the adventures ongoing today.

References:

¹ [Fastest Known Time's \(FKT\) Fastest Known Times.com](#)

² [Romanian Dumitru Dan: Meet the first man to walk around the world](#)

³ [World Walk Travel Adventure Dave Kunst](#)

⁴ [Robert Garside, Wikipedia](#)

⁵ [Redemption of the Runningman – Dan Koeppel](#)

⁶ [World Runners Association \(WRA\)](#)

Photo: Jesper Olsen in New Jersey
Courtesy of Sri Chinmoy Marathon Team

We start this feature with **Lazcon**, Laz's trans-American dream that saw him start his journey on May 10th at Newport, Rhode Island on the East coast of America. Laz, the RD of the Barkley 100 mile marathon and Vol-State amongst others is walking across the USA covering about a marathon a day.

Laz posts every day on his blog and welcomes people to come and walk with him. You can find his route and his approximate whereabouts on his website. He currently is in Oregon, has 230 miles to go and has a projected finish date of September 13th. Checkout his daily posts on his website [Vacation Without a Car](#)

Brendan Rendall is running 4000 km across Africa. He started on 1st June from Walvis Bay, Namibia and aims to finish on the Coast of Mozambique – 92 marathons in 92 days and should be finishing around September 8th. Brendan is hoping to raise £75,000 to build a school hostel for Friends of Mulanje Orphans (FOMO), an orphan care programme that supports 3,500 orphans. Brendan Rendall is on [Facebook](#) and this is his [Justgiving page](#).

Pete Kostelnick is attempting to run self supported from Anchor Point on the Kenai Peninsula in Alaska to Key West, Florida. This would be the first time anyone has ever run self supported from Alaska to Florida. He started at the westernmost point on American highways and will end at the southernmost point of the United States. The total miles will be roughly 5,300. Pete aims to average approximately 50 miles per day. Website: [Pete's Feet Across America](#) and Live tracking will be on [share.garmin.com/peterkostelnick](#) and on [Instagram](#).

Phil McCarthy is attempting to break the world record for fastest crossing



“Laz Lake (right) photo courtesy Vacation Without A Car

of the U.S. on foot His journey began August 21, 2018 at City Hall in San Francisco and will finish at City Hall in New York City. To break the record, set by Pete Kostelnick in 2016, he has to finish in less than 42 days, 6 1/2 hours.

Website: <https://www.mccarthyrunningexperience.com/phil-s-run-across-the-usa>
His tracker: share.findmespot.com

Tish Joyce has just run across Western Europe in 45 days covering over 2085km, with 377 km completed prior to this trip. Starting in the far west



of Netherlands the route passed into Germany and up to the Baltic Sea to reach Poland. She took a ferry to Sweden and ran across the south and east of Sweden, caught the ferry back to Lithuania and ran through Latvia before finally reaching Estonia and her destination on September 3rd 2018.

Website: Runtheworld.live
Facebook: [GrannyrunstheWorld](https://www.facebook.com/GrannyrunstheWorld)

British 24 hour international, **Dan Lawson** set off from John ‘O’ Groats on August 13th at 6:00 am and stopped just short of Burnham-on-Sea. His crew had posted that morning that Dan had 198 miles to go with just over two days to arrive at Lands End to break the current official Fastest Known Time (FKT) set by Andrew Rivett in 2002 in 9 days 2 hours and 26 minutes.

Website: [Dan Lawson](http://DanLawson)
Dan’s Tracker: live.opentracking.co.uk/fktdanlawson

Rosie Swale-Pope MBE, FRSGS (born 2 October 1946) (pictured below left) British author, adventurer and marathon runner who successfully completed a five-year around-the-world run, raising £250,000 for a charity that supports orphaned

children in Russia and to highlight the importance of early diagnosis of prostate cancer. Rosie lives in her cart, Ice Chick that she pulls behind her. Rosie is almost constantly on the road and is currently running from Ghent in Belgium 473 miles to Berlin. Her website currently has a problem but usually can be found at: www.rosiearoundtheworld.co.uk and posts frequently on [Facebook](https://www.facebook.com/roziearoundtheworld).

Karel Sabbe has set a new Appalachian Trail speed record ! The Belgian endurance athlete began his record attempt in Georgia’s Blue Ridge Mountains in July, following the Appalachian Trail (northbound) to the finish line in Baxter State Park in Maine, near the Canadian Border. He covered 3500km in 41:07:39 surpassing the previous record set by Joe “Stringbean” McConaughy’s time with four days to spare on 28 August 2018. Karel averaged more than 80km per day and has become the first ultrarunner to hold both the Pacific Crest Trail (PCT) and AT records at the same time. Photo (below) courtesy Karel Sabbe. Facebook page: Karel Sabbe Ultrarunning
Website: karelsabbe.com

■UW■



Vasu And Surasa Triumph At 3100

Sopan Tsekov by
Perfection-Journey.org



The 22nd Sri Chinmoy Self-Transcendence 3100 Mile Race drew to a close on 7 August with three finishers reaching the finish line within the 52 day timeframe. 59 year old Surasa Mairer won the women's race for the third time. In an interview with [Utpal Marshall on Day 50](#) she said that the biggest challenge this year was the weather which was very hot and humid again in the final three days.

Week three saw the temperatures climb into the mid 30's and by the end of June were just short of 100 degrees (F). Overall there were 18 days over 30° and with humidity made several periods of the race very difficult for the runners. Maintaining hydration levels in high heat and humidity puts extra strain on the body as extra fluid interferes with the digestion and absorption of nutrients. The longer the heat wave the greater the effects. Day 23, the day Yolanda withdrew was the start of another heatwave. That was a killer week for William too as he was about 25 miles adrift at the beginning of the week and whilst he hung in there as the heatwave hit on days 23 and 24 with 53 and 58 miles

respectively, day 25 yielded 47.7 miles. That slower day allowed William to run 63.1 on day 26 but he again dipped below 50 on day 27 – the yoyo. By the start of week 5 William was now 51 miles adrift. William remarked after the race that he hadn't been able to train in similar weather for the fairly typical New York summer conditions and this was it seems, his weakest link.

Each runner has his own set of challenges and Smarana after amassing a 50 mile cushion by the end of week 2 was also 50+ miles down at the end of week 4.

In contrast, that was the week that saw Kaneenika begin her turnaround from a 46 mile deficit on day 23. From then on, for 26 days straight, she covered 60+ miles a day to finish with just under 7 hours to spare.

Videographer from Perfection-Journey, [Utpal Marshall](#), spoke with Sopan several times throughout the race and there were two great (for me) quotes from one conversation. Utpal said that "Ushika had said that the lunar eclipse had

been a very bad time for everybody and they had to push harder and stronger. Sopan replied "Even on the worst days everything just worked out. That is the whole magic about the race. It feels as though there is always a guiding and protecting force". Later in the same interview Utpal asks if Sopan thought "that anyone could absorb something from watching the videos of the race". He replied "You cannot get the experience unless you do the race but you touch something".

So, checkout all the daily videos from the race, get inspired, sign up for the 6 or 10 day next year and then get your application in for 2020. That's what I'm talking about.

Self-Transcendence 3100 Mile Race 2018 Results

1. **Vasu Duzhiy**, 52, St Petersburg Russia 44 days+16:03:53
 2. **Kobi Oren**, 46, Kiryat Tivon Israel 46 days+03:24:48
 3. **Ushika Muckenhumer**, 50, Salzburg Austria - 50 days+07:34:46
 4. **Surasa Mairer**, 59, Vienna Austria - 51 days+12:47:37
 5. **Sopan Tsevtan Tsekov**, 37, Sofia Bulgaria - 51 days+16:46:38
 6. **Kaneenika Janakova**, 48, Bratislava Slovakia - 51 days+17:06:59
- William Sichel**, 64, Sanday, Orkney Isles Scotland - 2904.2496 miles
Smarana Puntigam, 47, Vienna Austria - 2886.6880 miles
Ananda-lahari Zuscin, 43, Kosice Slovakia - 2874.0656 miles
Yolanda Holder, 60, Corona, CA USA - 1210.6528 miles

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Recent Races International



Photo courtesy Last Annual Vol-State Ru

01.-06.07.2018 Trans Korea 537K South to North

It's not easy to find information about Korean events as Berit Jessen's article in the last issue of the magazine mentioned. But there is something on the [KUMF site](#). There are three Trans-Korea races, two south to north events - 622 km and 537 km and a 308 km West to East race. This year's Trans Korea 537K was won by Jong-Hui Hong in 104:52:00 out of 23 runners, no women. [Full results](#).

06.-08.07.2018 Merrill's Mile 48 hour run (USA)

Merrill's Mile offers 48/24/12 and 6 hour races on a .9902 mile paved loop in Dahlonga, GA. Of the 27 finishers in the 48 hour, Joe Fejes was first man with 305.965 km and first lady was Kelley Fejes with 227.880 km, third overall. In the 24 hour Blain Reeves took first place with 108.922 km, Emily Bello was first woman second overall with 103.971 km. [Full results](#).

12.-22.07.2018 Last Annual Vol-State 500K Endurance Run (USA)

This year's Vol-State took place without Laz who finally got to fulfill his dream by walking across America (see Journey Runners section). Carl Laniak took the helm of this ship that continues to grow along with Sandra Cantrell, Mike Dobies and Jan Redmond Walker. The 500 km race has a 10 day time limit for the runners to travel from Dorena Landing on the Missouri border, across Tennessee to finish at 'The Rock' just across the Georgia border.

114 runners got on the ferry and 80 reached the rock. King of the Road this year is Grant Maughan who finished in 94:02:59 and second overall, first lady was Rhoda Smoker in 108:05:35 and second lady, third to reach the rock was Andrea Kooiman in 110:40:59. [Full results](#)

20.-21.07.2018 Hardrock Hundred Endurance Run (USA)

One of the iconic US 100 mile races, the **Hardrock Hundred Endurance Run** had a bunch of drops before the race began including Kilian Jornet, Mike Foote and Adam Campbell. Jeff Browning was declared winner after the DQ of race leader Xavier Thevenard for accepting aid outside of the aid station. Browning won in 26:20:21. Ladies winner Sabrina Stanley finished a couple of hours ahead of second placed woman Nikki Kimball in 30:23:36, 12th overall. 114 starters. [Full results](#).

21.-22.07.2018 Vermont 100 Mile Endurance Race (USA)

The **Vermont 100 Mile Endurance Run** is a 100-mile held at Silver Hill Meadow in West Windsor, Vermont. It is one of the five 100 mile races that comprise the Grand Slam of Ultrarunning. It also features 100km/50 km/50 mile races. Jason Lantz was first home for the men in 15:36:49 almost an hour ahead of second place Ryan Witko. First woman was Lindsay Simpson in 18:02:21. 277 finishers. [Full results](#).

23.-25.07.2018 Badwater Ultramarathon (USA)

One of the most famous ultras in the world, Badwater 135 features extreme temperatures running across Death Valley in California from Badwater Basin, the lowest elevation in North America at 280' (85m) below sea level. The race

finishes at Whitney Portal at 8,300' (2530m), which is the trailhead to the Mt. Whitney summit, the highest point in the contiguous United States. This year's winner of the 41st edition of the race was Michele Graglia in 24:51:47. First lady was Brenda Guajardo in 28:23:10. [Full results](#).

28.-29.07.2018 Self-Transcendence 24 Hour Race Ottawa (CAN)

The **Self-Transcendence 24 Hour Race Ottawa** is thought to be the longest running 24 hour race in the world. Founded by the Sri Chinmoy Marathon Team in Canada the event has a colourful history and has witnessed many impressive performances at the various locations where the event has been held. Along with the 24 hour there were 12/6 hour, 50k, 50mi, 100k, 100mi and 200k distances to choose from. Since 2017, the event has taken place at the Asticou Centre in Gatineau, Quebec, on a 1.8 km loop. This year the 24 hour was won by Sebastien Roulier with 219.878 km. First woman was Charlotte Vasarhelyi with 163.499 km. [Full results](#).

14.-15.07.2018 Adelaide 24 hour race (AUS)

The Adelaide 24 hour race took place at the University of Adelaide on a 2,200 m loop with 46 runners. Felix Weber won the event with 260.017 km and first woman was Heather Hawkins with 171.615 km. [Full results](#).



Recent Races

21.-22.07.2018 You Yangs 100 Mile (AUS)

The You Yangs event takes place in the You Yangs Regional park, located about 55km south-west of Melbourne, just west of the township of Little River. The course takes a series of loops from the start area out into different regions of the park, returning to the start. The race features a 100 m/km and a marathon. Malcolm Gamble was first man home in the 100 mile event in 18:34:17 and Cheryl Symons was first woman in 25:48:59. 33 starters, 20 finishers. [Full results](#).

04.-08.07.2018 Andorra Ultra Trail - Eufòria dels cims

The **Adorra Ultra Trail** event features four ultra races plus some shorter events. Eufòria is the longest event at 233 km, Ronda Del Cims is 170 km, Mitic is 112 km and Celestrail is 83 km.

Eufòria is a two person team event which was won by Imanol Aleson Orbegozo and Julian Morcillo Garcia in 67:13:35 and first woman was Nerea Martinez Urruzola running with Nahuel Passerat in 75:57:46. 76 finishers.

Ronda Del Cims was won by Albert Herrero Casas in 31:45:41 (ESP) and first woman was Darcy Piceu (USA) in 36:14:02. 83 finishers. [Full results](#) on the website.

05.-12.07.2018 Trans Sweden 2018 (SWE)

The **Trans Sweden** race was a 545 km self-sufficient run across Sweden from Stockholm to Strömstad mostly on roads and with a 168 hour time limit.

There were 9 starters 8 men and one woman, Mia Thomsen who finished in 156:52:00. First man was Christian Ritella who crossed the line in 116:59:00. [Full results](#).

27.-29.07.2018 Skövde Ultrafestival 48h (SWE)

The **Skövde Ultrafestival** saw a 48 hour race along with a 24/12/6/3/1 hour races plus a Backyard Ultra, a last man standing type of event which was won outright by a woman, Nina Eibring with 73.755 km and Jerry Jansson was first man with 67.050 km. In the 48 hour Lars Lindblom cracked 200.006 km while Britt Sulonen was the only woman contestant finishing with 113.205 km. [Full results](#).

28.-29.07.2018 The Gax 100 miles (SWE)

The winner of the men's category of this year's **The Gax 100 miles** was Peter Thorvaldsson who ran it in 19:30. In the women's race a new course record was set by Petra Hurtig who finished the race in 20:04, second overall. [Full results](#).

06.-08.07.2018 Kauhajoki Ultra Running Festival (FIN)

The first **Kauhajoki Ultra Running Festival** featured Finland's first 6 day race, and 72/48/24/12/6 hour options. The event took place at Virkku sports centre, Kauhajoki on a 1500m loop. Jean-Louis Vidal (FRA) who was the first

ever finisher in the Monarch Way earlier in the summer, won the 6 day with 778.022 km. Minna Hänninen (FIN) was the first woman with 517.699 km. 15 runners. Adrian MacDermott (GBR) 217.081km was the only entrant in the 72 hour. In the 48 hour Kari Ranta (FIN) won with 321.195 km and in the more popular 24 hour which was the Finnish national championships, Timo Tuominen (FIN) was first man with 206.193 km. First woman was Marianne Kankaanmäki (FIN) with 200.194 km, third overall. [Full results](#).

4.-15.07.2018 24 uur van Aalter (BEL)

The **24 uur van Aalter** race saw 36 runners take on a .852m road loop. Chris Dhooge was the men's winner with 223.601 km and women's winner was Patricia Verschuere, fourth overall with 189.973 km. [Results](#)

20.-22.07.2018 Self-Transcendence Race 48h Kladno (CZE)

The course of the **Self-Transcendence Race 48 hour in Kladno** is a shaded 1 km long asphalt-covered loop near the Sletišťe Stadium in Kladno. In the 48 hour event Tomasz Waszkiewicz (POL) was top man with 347.00 km and Joanna Biała (POL) was first woman with 284.00 km. 41 runners. There were 66 runners in the 24 hour, first of whom was Petr Válek (CZE) 234.00 km and first woman was Michaela Dimitriadu (CZE) with 204.00 km. [Full results](#).

22.-24.06.2018 2018 TNF Lavaredo Ultra Trail (ITA)

The 12th edition of the **Lavaredo Ultra Trail**, a 120 km trail race that starts and finishes in Cortina d'Ampezzo, was won by Hayden Hawks (USA) in 12:16:20 and Kelly Wolf (USA) in 14:37:00. The event also features the 48 km Cortina Trail and the 20 km Cortina Skyrace. [Full results](#).

26.-29.07.2018 PT 281+ Ultramarathon (POR)

The PT281 + ultramarathon is a 281 km trail race that takes place over three days. The route is a non-stop run starting from Penamacor and finishing in Castelo Branco. The extreme conditions make this a very challenging event with temperatures often exceeding 40° and humidity levels in excess of 95%. This years winners were João Oliveira who finished in 39:41 and Maria Challiol crossing the finish line in 64:15. 30 finishers. [Full results](#).

27.-28.07.2018 Washie 100 Miler (Cathcart route) (RSA)

The **Washie 100 Miler** was first run from Port Alfred (Cathcart in 2018) to East London on July 12, 1977 on the rugged coastline road between Port Alfred and East London. This years event saw 138 starters and 123 finishers led by Lucky Maahlo in 14:10:07. The women's race was won by Yvette Watson in 18:26:35. [Full results](#). ■UW■

Sri Chinmoy 10 & 6 Day Race 2018

by Abichal Sherrington



A cold but dry day saw the runners set off on the 23rd Sri Chinmoy 10 day race on April 17th 2018 at its home in Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens, New York. The 2017 winner, Mongolian Budjargal Byambaa, returned after setting a raft of national records no doubt believing there was more in the tank. This year however it was unlikely to be a one horse race as serious competition was back in town in the form of Finnish multiday expert Ashprihanal Pekka Aalto, winner of the 10 day in 2014 and the current record holder of the Self-Transcendence 3100 mile race. In the women's race Susan Marshall, former winner Nataliya Hlushchuk and Ilvaka Nemcova, in her eighth 10 day race, were the event favourites. 51 starters.

Taking advantage of the dry conditions Ashprihanal and Budjargal set the pace on the 1.3 km loop with the Finn reaching 115 miles to lead and Budjargal on his shoulder with 109 and Nicolae Buceanu (ROM) in third with 105.6 miles. Susan Marshall led Ilvaka by a nose – 85.6 to 84.8 after day 1 with Elena Kareva in third on 72 miles.

The weather turned on Day 2 with long periods of rain and high winds

through the night yet Ashprihanal broke 200 miles to build a 12 mile lead over Budjargal (195 miles) who pulled away from Nicolae to finish with 175 miles for the 48 hours. In the women's race Susan stretched her lead to 153 miles, 13 clear of Ilvaka while Nataliya moved into third place on 132 miles. Day 3 ended with Ashprihanal setting a new Finnish record for 300 miles and reaching 304 for the 72 hours. Many people who were waiting for the daily results began to get excited at the consistent running of the race leader. However the fourth day saw him struggling with some kind of breathing problem only reaching 56 miles and Budjargal seeing his opportunity, slammed out an amazing 98 mile day to take the lead with 377 miles and a 17 mile cushion.

Day 3 in the women's race saw Susan continue to build her lead but things changed on day 4 when she could only manage 45 miles. Ilvaka closed the gap to 5 miles and Nataliya took the days honours finishing a mile behind Ilvaka for third place. Day 5 was Budjargals turn to have a downer and only managed 53 miles while Ashprihanal roared back into the lead with 86 miles and a total of 446 to 431 while Nicolae held third place with 389.

Day 5 saw the start of the 6 day race, again in sunny and dry conditions though still breezy and cold.

Canadienne Sylvie Boisvert ran 92 miles to lead the 6 day overall after 24 hours while seasoned campaigner John Geesler led the men. Day 2 saw Vera Kalishmanova consolidate her second placing with a bunch of runners debating third place. In the men's race John settled in with a 72 mile effort followed by Mahasatya Janczak and Priyavadin Reisecker a mile or so apart. These became the final placings – unusual for a 6 day race to be decided so early.

Day 3 in the women's race saw the leaders positions maintained too but on Day 4 Sylvie and Vera struggled. Petra Kasperova in her second 6 day race moved into second place with the days honours of 55.2 miles to close the gap on the leader to 15 miles. Day 5 Petra ran 59.2 miles to increase her lead over Vera to 12 miles while Sylvie resumed her lead with a 63 mile day and a 19 mile cushion over Petra going in to the final day.

Amazingly Petra pulled out a 77 mile final day to blast into first place as Sylvie was only able to manage 43 miles and finished with 370.4 miles. [Full results.](#) ■UW■

8th EMU 6 Day Race World Trophy

by Abichal Sherrington



Kristina Palten Photo
courtesy Szilvia Ószi

If it hadn't of been for Wendy and Alan, I wouldn't have gone to Balatofured. Uncertain and vacillating, the 11th hour came and went before Wendy persuaded me to go. Finding a flight took all evening and by the time it was sorted and I knew what the plan was, it was too late to sleep. I had to catch a 2.30 am bus to get to Stanstead in time for the next flight to Budapest. Having to learn a lesson on navigating my way through London in the middle of the night, I now know where to catch a taxi to get from Paddington to St. Pancras. After a little panic and some prayers, I arrived at the airport in time. The rest of the journey was uneventful however this post last-minute decision meant I wouldn't get to the race until about 5 pm five hours late...

On arrival, it wasn't really a surprise that the organisers hadn't seen my email and they agreed to let me enter when I said I wanted to run. Recent performances haven't been anything other than poor, I wasn't going to have an impact on the sharp end of proceedings.

It was six o'clock by the time I took to the track just as it was cooling down. It had been seriously hot all afternoon and many runners got fried in the heat. Laura Schwerk said that it had

been -1 in Germany before they had left and though not quite that cold in the UK, the long winter had dragged on far too long, delaying the onset of Spring considerably. The contrast was shocking. It's the kind of scenario that often takes place in the Sri Chinmoy 10 day race in New York – one day it's freezing and the next it's roasting.

I had decided on a walk strategy but intoxicated by the sunshine I started running - another occasion when my pre-race plan went out the window before I had even really started.

One of the consequences of my post last-minute decision was that I had no time to pack and the route I had chosen meant a 7 kg limit on my carry-on bags. I had two pairs of shoes, three pairs of shorts, three shirts, five pairs of socks. The list of things I hadn't brought was extensive - no vitamins, pills or cornstarch, not even a hat and, most importantly, no Y Ddraig Goch! Unbelievable. Hardly any food either but that's not really a problem as the race caters for vegetarians and vegans though often the vegan dishes weren't that exciting by some accounts. Again I was fortunate but ignorant of who my room mate was, the awesome Alex Bellini who is also vegan. He mentioned he was using Huel,

something I'd never heard of but after I returned home it's in my Facebook feed everyday. Alex rowed across the Atlantic solo in 2006 and in February 2008, he all but crossed the Pacific Ocean alone, from Peru to Australia, some 17,000 km.

On the track there was a good supply of living legends passing my chalet day and night including Bill Heldenbrand, Wolfgang Schwerk and Don Winkley who has been threatening to retire for a long time now and I have to admit that I had finally given in and believed that this was indeed his last throw of the dice. Don set a new American age-group 48 hour record and then decided that was enough for one race and disappeared for a few days. Less than a month later, Joe Fejes announces a re-Dome and lo and behold, Don's signed up. There's a good chance Don will leave this world in his running shoes and a Transe-Gaule t-shirt.

Bill Heldenbrand, another vegan, was making a concerted attack on an age group record and I was fortunate to be moving at a pace that meant we could discuss life, the universe and everything, for a while.

As well as reconnecting with old friends there's new friendships formed as we share stories and experiences and it was great to meet Berit Jessen who wrote about her Trans-Korea race in this issue.

The setup at the race is top quality. The scoreboard tent is situated right next to the track and whenever I went in I was unfazed to see my name anchored to the bottom of the list of 94 runners. There were a family present and the son was having his first taste of multiday running. The first multiday is a steep learning curve, as are most things, and without significant preparation, there's almost guaranteed to be challenges so my slow accumulation of miles surpassed the youngster after a few days

At the front of the race, a young Japanese contender Tatsumaro Hori put the hammer down that first day coming up with 150km in the heat as did American Bob Hearn and things began to look exciting when Aussie Mick Thwaite began to stretch his legs. Charlotte Vasarhelyi had a strong start to the race setting a national 48 hour Canadian record but there was a lot of competition from Sumie Inagaki (JPN), Lena Jensson and Kristina Paltén both from Sweden and both aiming at the same record.

My own modest goal of 50k a day was going to plan. Until the end of day three. My knee problem, diagnosed as a tendonopathy, returned with a vengeance and I took a lot of rest during which time Sylvie, the photographer, dragged me up to medical to see the doctor who rubbed some magic cream into the swollen area and told me to ice it and rest with it elevated which I did. When I returned to the course I was still able to walk, though took it easy. After sleeping for a few extra hours while my knee was healing itself, I managed to publish issue 12 of the magazine and keep up with the news on Facebook. I learned Lorna Maclean and Bob Hearn both ahead of me on the scoreboard were injured through social media during the race. Times have changed.

Madhupran Wolfgang Schwerk though hampered by a pronounced lean was close to the lead and held it on and off in the early stages until Mick took control when Bob Hearn pulled out. Once Mick got comfortable the battle was on for second place with Didier Sessegolo in good shape and the surprise of the race, to some at least, was the walker Ivo Majetic who was putting in the hours and deserving of his proximity to the leader. The French were after the team trophy though and the vastly experienced Didier eventually surpassed the American.

The women's race was a lot closer with Lena, a walker taking the top spot before Kristina assumed the lead with Sumie having to settle, in the end, for

third place.

An amazing performance by Mick Thwaite on his debut at this distance and its clear there's more in the tank. With expert guidance from his coach Martin Fryer the 6 Days in the Dome next year is looking like the race of the year.

There was a great energy at the race as it unfolded, the internationality of the gathering creates a unique atmosphere and the quality of the field produced some impressive results and performances with some 42 National and age group records set. The top 30 runners went over 600 km, the top 16 runners went over 675 km (70 miles a day) and the top 3 ran over 772 km (80 miles a day).

The Emu 6 day race is a premium event on the multiday calendar with good onsite facilities and nearby shopping. Accommodation is in shared chalets which have AC, fridges, toilet and shower. This year the runner's meals

Top finishers

Pos	Name	Country	Km
Men			
1	Mick Thwaite	AUS	837.605
2	Didier Sessegolo	FRA	802.119
3	Ivo Majetic	USA	786.744
Women			
1	Kristina Paltén	SWE	721.79
2	Lena Jensen	SWE	706.237
3	Sumie Inagaki	JPN	699.447

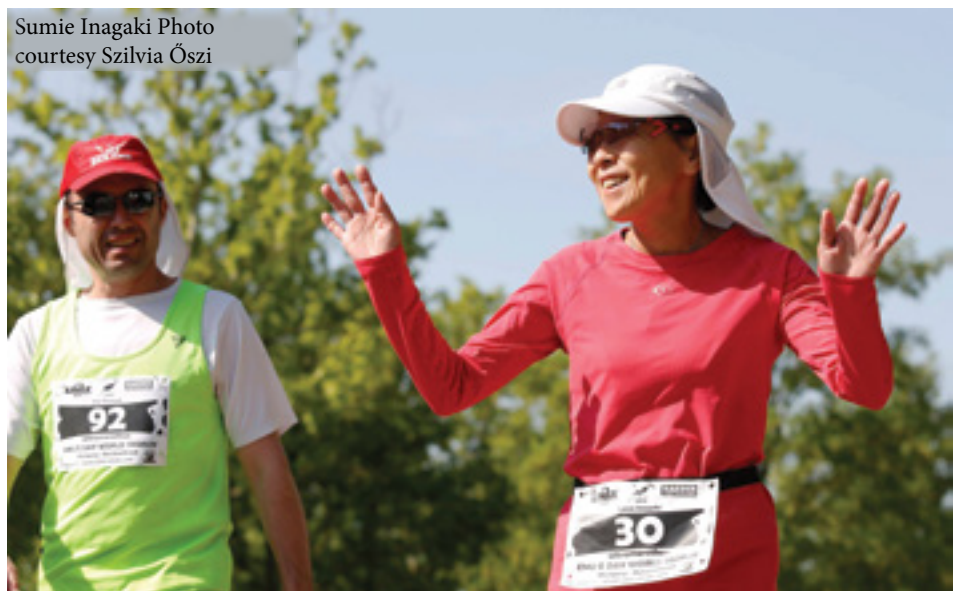
were delivered to the door and the aid station on the 926.82 m asphalt loop was fully stocked round the clock. With a well staffed medical tent, chip timing by EMU-HUNRUN.COM this really is one of the best organised events of its type in the world.

Full results on the race website: www.emusport.hu

And the World Trophy Top Team results:

Pos	Country	Team	Laps	Km
1	FRA	(48)Didier Sessegolo (29)Coindeau Pascal (9)Orsini Denis	2445	2266.494
2	SWE	(86)Kristina Paltén (20)Lena Jensen (84)Jan-Erik Ramström	2298	2130.478
3	ITA	(71)Alex Bellini (74)Michele Notarangelo (73)Claudio Vettorello	2250	2086.03

■UW■



Sumie Inagaki Photo courtesy Szilvia Őszi

SNOWDROP 55

Bob Hearn

part 2



Day One – Night

At 7 pm, 12 hours in, we switched directions. I stopped briefly to record my weight. Still Sean was my anchor, but now I would start walking at his photo, rather than start running. As the evening wore on and things quieted down I pulled out the big guns: i.e., my iPod shuffle. OK, Liz's iPod shuffle. I never run with music. I'd tried a couple of years ago at Desert Solstice, but it was too annoying, as I couldn't hear anyone, especially my crew. But this loop was much longer, and I could just hit pause whenever I came by my crew. It reenergized me, and worked well. I should say there was also loud, energizing music at the timing mats, still a lively scene. We had been spared rain so far, at least anything worse than light

drizzle, but throughout most of the night the drizzle / mist made vision challenging on the dirt, especially heading into the glare of some of the brighter lamps on the far turn. My rain hat helped little, and I had to wipe my glasses frequently. I'd ordered a fancy new headlamp, the Black Diamond ReVolt, based on an Ultrarunning Mag review that said it would last 30 hours on full power, 300 lumens. Shipped straight to the hotel. Imagine my annoyance when it began to fade after a few hours, when the misting was bad. I could tell everyone else's headlamps were much brighter. Argh. I switched batteries, but had not brought enough to get me through the race at this rate. Somewhere in here I decided I was spending too long stopped. Too many potty stops, too

much overhead around the nap, whatever. But it looked like I'd go over my allotted stopped time the first day, meaning I'd be short on mileage. What to do? I changed my accounting procedure, and started charging potty stops to moving time instead of stopped time. So I did have a little time to make up for each stop, but with such long walk breaks it was easy to just walk a little less. The next race milestone would

be the 100-mile mark. I'd said I would not sacrifice my 48-hour pacing for it, but naturally I was curious how we stood. It might be worth just a little surge! The closer we got, the more Adrian's lead shrank. By this point, the only runners who ever passed me were relayers. I passed Adrian repeatedly as he walked, which I hadn't seen him do earlier. Kevin kept a whiteboard updated with distances. But Adrian wisely stayed just far enough ahead to make it never worth my while to try to catch him. Later he thanked me for pushing him to 100. Maybe from his point of view! I was still bang on 7:30 laps. He hit it around 18:10, I think, two miles ahead of me. And then went down for a loooooong nap, which I didn't realize for a while. After this it was not long 'til 20 hours, 3 am, and my second nap. Woohoo! I was trepidatious about how I would feel afterward, given how stiff I'd been after the 10-hour nap. But this time somehow I was less stiff, and got right back to it. Over the next hour, though,



the right foot got worse. The pain moved from the top towards the lateral side, and was very sensitive to any unevenness, anything that made the peroneal tendons work. Eventually it reached the point where I thought I'd better have medical look at it. I wasn't sure what they could do, but with my background of torn tendons and ligament, I did not want to be heading towards a rupture. I hoped my race was not over. I was out of stopped time to spare, but so be it. Chris took a look, and a feel, and mostly noted that my foot was super tight. After a good massage and loosening, he sent me on my way. Not much concern about the tendons. Well, OK then. And indeed, after a lap or so, it was much better. Thank you Chris! Kelley caught up to me, wanting help with a math problem: how fast did she have to run to claim the women's \$500 prize for first to 100? She was a few miles behind the leader. Alas, by this point, it was mathematically impossible. I reminded her that she was here for 55 hours; that should be the goal. But she'd wanted both prizes.

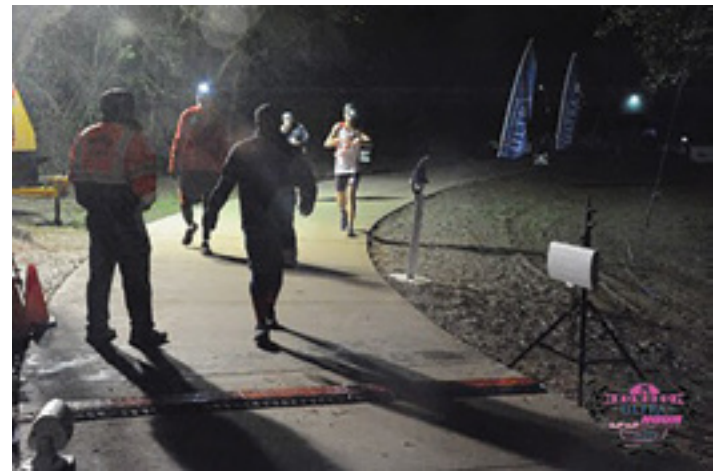
As dawn, and the 24-hour mark, approached, I was short on laps due to the extra stopped time. I was still going to have to decide whether to speed

up and try to run 7:10s for the second day for the American Record. I thought at this point that was pretty unlikely, given that I was already behind, and I'd get 45 seconds less of walking every lap (what the math required to keep the running pace constant), or I'd have to run faster. Well, I might as well speed up a little early, see what it felt like, and try to squeeze in one more lap in the first 24. I closed out the first day with a 6:48 and a 6:23. Felt fine. Wow. This put me at 185 laps, just one short of my planned 186. I wasn't paying attention, but I'd now pulled to 13 miles ahead of Joe, 15 ahead of Scott, and 25 ahead of Adrian, who had I think just started running again.

*Day one stats: Laps: 185
Miles: 127.7 Time napping: 36:03 (counting overhead)
Time in medical: 8:09 Other time stopped: 9:02 Total time stopped: 53:14 Average moving pace: 10:52 / mile*

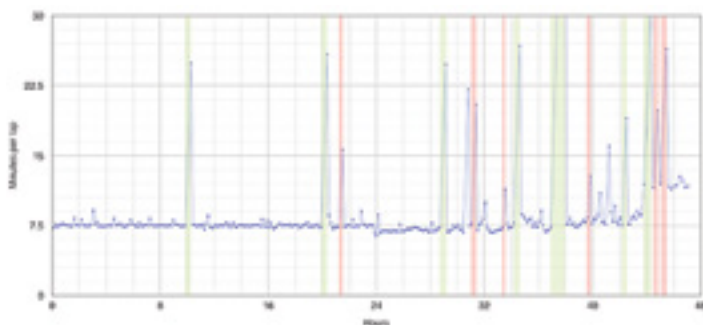
Day Two – Day

24 hours, turn around again, record my weight. And... boom. The Garmin battery died. What??? I had GPS and Bluetooth turned off. It was just a dumb running watch with lap-split history. It should have lasted forever. Well, this threw a wrench into my accounting. So much



for stopping my Garmin when I wasn't moving. I had no choice now but to do all the accounting in my head. And 7:10 laps aren't as easy to add as 7:30 laps, exactly 8 per hour. You get distracted, it's harder to remember where you were supposed to be, as the numbers don't repeat. And by now my brain was getting pretty fuzzy. Not the time you want your support tools to fail, when you haven't thought about backup. So... I picked a reference time on the race clock, started adding 7:10s to it every lap, and tracked my progress. I was careful at first to walk less. But the clock time kept drifting earlier and earlier relative to my reference time. Meaning I was running too fast. I walked more... and more... and finally got it to stabilize. A few minutes cumulative ahead. But looking back at the official splits now, for the first two hours they were all sub-7. Too fast. And I was walking little if any less than I'd been walking on day one! This means I was somehow running around 8:30 / mile pace instead of the 9:10ish from day one. Way too fast. Why, how? But as the hours

ticked off and I was holding faster than my reference 7:10s with not a lot of effort, I began to get drunk with excitement. Or maybe it was the real food, bacon and eggs, for breakfast. I was on the path to an American Record! Yes, it was still a long way away, but I was doing it! It was possible! This still felt easy. I thought ahead to what it would mean, redemption not just from Desert Solstice but from EVERYTHING, from missing the team, from my lousy performance at Worlds. An overall AR, at age 52... but whoa now, let's not get ahead of ourselves. Gradually the excitement was replaced by intimidation at the time remaining, and especially the feeling that I had no margin for error, that I was now on the razor's edge and would stay that way for as long as I could hold it. After a few hours I asked Nicole to walk with me, tried to fill her in on the situation. I had an American Record at risk here! I needed help! But I had neglected to share my pacing spreadsheet with my crew, as I generally try to do. Well, she could access it on my phone. I began to tell her what I needed...



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then slowly realized that it was just too complicated to try to explain midrace. Especially since this pacing spreadsheet actually had four separate sections, for day one and three possible day twos, all with parameters that had to be set right for anything to make sense. It was disorienting and a little terrifying for a while to be running in such an out-of-control fashion, with so much of the race left. I couldn't keep exact track of where I was supposed to be, and worse, as I thought ahead to my next nap, I couldn't figure out how to deal with the time I was now ahead of reference time after the nap... simple math, but beginning to be beyond me. It was like when I'd learn a new programming language in college, then enter very weird mental states when trying to sleep, being unable to without solving some simple yet impossible problem using the new language concepts. Very gradually I came to accept my new mental state and not be intimidated by it. It didn't matter if I couldn't figure out the new accounting. I knew



that I was running at least as fast as I needed to, and that every hour that passed put me that much closer to the end. So I would just ride this wave. I could take my phone and enter the parameters into my spreadsheet myself later

if need be and recalibrate. I'd been gripped by the fear that I just didn't have the couple of minutes that would take to spare, thus my thought to get Nicole managing the spreadsheet. If you don't jealously guard your minutes of stopped time, they will add up quickly. But here it would be worth it.

As the day wore on I began to realize I was tired. I decided to take my 30-hour nap an hour early. How would I make up for that down the road? I didn't know. But I needed sleep. I was afraid that after the nap I'd have lost my mojo, and all of a sudden it would take a lot of effort to run 7:10s instead of being easy. But I needed that nap NOW.

Maybe this is a problem with having a heated tent with cot and gravity chair available every lap? It's just too tempting. Somewhere in here Traci Duck seemed to take over for Nicole as my primary crewperson, though I was seeing both of them throughout (as Nicole also ran some relay legs). Their service was incredible and invaluable; I would have been adrift, not just logistically but psychologically, without their steady support. Never a hint of tiredness or any need on their part, though they must have been very tired.

After the nap, it was around noon. I ran 7:10s for another hour and a half, but I was beginning to get incredibly intimidated by the sheer weight of remaining time. It was all too clear to me now how multi-day differs from 24-hour. It's all about ability to suffer endlessly with not enough sleep. Screw that. This was not for me. Now I knew. I would get my result, whatever it was, and never do this again. Or maybe it would cap my career and I could call myself done with running. I'd have moved up to my limit and found it, nothing left to do. I couldn't take it anymore. I pulled into the crew tent planning to go down for a much longer nap, recalibrate afterwards, and run what I could from there. I was going to give up on 262. But as I explained myself to Traci I was clearly in agony about the decision. Was I giving up because I was mentally weak? Physically I was still pretty good,



though my foot was hurting again. Or was I being rational? Time to ditch the unreasonable goal and save the very good goal? It was just too hard to know. It wasn't the goal itself that mattered most to me; it was doing my best, not giving up when I was capable of actually reaching my goal. I would hate myself afterward for that; it would make the entire endeavor pointless. Traci handed me her phone. Connie was on the other end. Uh oh. I was not going to get off easy. I don't usually swear, but I explained to Connie that 24-hour was one thing, but 48-hour was some bullshit (sorry Mom). There was simply no way I could hold this for the rest of the race. Yes, you can, and WILL. My foot still hurts. Well get it looked at. But that takes more time that I don't have! Am I getting enough calories? I think so... It took about 15 minutes (that's the one big spike on the pace chart that's not pink or green), but she talked me down from immediately giving up on 262 and taking a long nap. Which of course meant that now, it would be 15 minutes harder. We reached a compromise. I would run a few laps now

on pace for a backup goal, see how it felt. If it felt good, keep going, maybe speed up. Just think about now, not the long night ahead. Mental skills I am supposed to be good at, but that had gotten much harder to execute on day two. I handed the phone back to Traci and headed out. I ran three more laps at an easy pace, then decided to let medical have another go at my foot. Another 13 minutes spent, but it was worth it; it felt better again. After another hour of uncalibrated running I grabbed my phone and stopped at the timing stand to enter my elapsed laps and elapsed time into my spreadsheet, making the appropriate corrections for expected stopped time. That was the part that would have been too hard to communicate to someone else. The verdict was that even now, 262 was still possible, but I would have to run 7:00s, not 7:10s. Ha! OK whatever. Let's do it. I ran another hour and a half of sub-7s. Then Traci flagged me down. I was leaning left. Oh crap. Well, Doc Lovy said he knew how to fix it, so back to the medical tent. You realize, Traci, this means the end



of any chance at 262, right? Yeah right, let's just fix this. OK. Paige, I think, with Doc Lovy's commentary, fixed it with a skilled application of elbow to right glutes, plus some stretching. Doc asked how I was doing... stupidly I replied that I was on the edge of the American Record for 48-hour, but didn't think I could hold it. Not only can you hold it, you WILL hold it, he said. There are 212 people out there, and 211 of them are running for YOU. You are #212. Don't you let them all down. Well crap. What can you say to that?

Oh, and Doc was getting his laps in too. 48.3 miles over the course of the race. Yes, at 82. While spending most of his time in the med tent helping runners. Did I mention that he also has a Purple Heart? Amazingly

this trip to the med tent only cost 4 minutes. Back out there, keep running, can't let Connie and Doc Lovy down. And indeed the lean was gone. However, just 6 laps later, I was no longer holding sub-7s. As I came into the crew tent, tired, Adrian and Traci suggested maybe it was time for a nap. At 34 hours, it was much too early for my 40-hour nap. I tried to explain to Adrian that I didn't have time if I wanted to hit the AR... he seemed shocked that I was still considering it. Why would you sacrifice a potential 250+ 48-hour for an unreasonable goal? I did not protest. In fact I was gratified that I'd essentially been given permission, via an outside voice of reason, to step back, regroup, and refocus on something more reachable. But as I went

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down for the nap I was thinking “Traci is going to be pissed at Adrian for messing up Connie’s motivation”. After the nap it took me a while to get back into a good groove. But over the next two-and-a-half hours I gradually sped up, until I was running sub-7s again.

Day Two – Night At 36 hours (7 pm) we turned around again, and it got dark. I pulled out the iPod, but it seemed to be stuck on one playlist, 3/4 of which was not good for running, and the rest I’d already heard. I gave up and took it off. Not long after I was at a sufficiently low point (no Garmin, no iPod, no specific pace plan, getting cold and windy, still very tired, speakers out at the timing mat so no music there) that I felt completely unable to face the long night. I decided I could not continue without a much longer nap. By this point the race had completely broken me down. So I went down

for a full hour. It felt like 10 minutes, and was filled with very strange dreams, and pulsing pain in my soles from relentless pounding. When I woke, Brian Anderson checked in with me, “so your goal now is the age-group record, right?” Uh... I guess so, right. That was my minimum goal. I hadn’t figured what it would take for any intermediate goals since abandoning 262. But clearly the extra hour of sleep had cost a lot. At this point I would just run until I hit the age-group record, and then see what else I could do. At 48 hours I’d take another hour nap, then walk it in, if need be, to 250 miles in 55 hours, for the exclusive 250-mile buckle (of which Joe Fejes had the only one to date). Brian did some math and told me I needed 52 more laps. It was now very cold and windy, sub-freezing. As I headed out I had on my warmup pants, two shirts, three jackets, hat, and gloves. Oh, and a magically revitalized ReVolt headlamp. Turns out



with only the main light on, and not the secondary one as well, it did last essentially forever on three batteries. And without the mist, vision was much better the second night. OK then. 52 laps, 10 hours left... nothing to it. I’d have plenty of time to pad the record. Let’s count them off in chunks of 10. Before the first 10 I hit

200 miles, to much fanfare, at 38:50 on the clock. The hour nap seemed to have done the trick. I was no longer daunted, and felt I could last through the night. During the next chunk of 10 Traci stopped me... leaning left again. OK, back to medical. Fixed again. And on.

Approaching 41 hours, during the third chunk, there were lots of fireworks. Slowly my tired brain made a connection. Oh right. It was New Year’s Eve, and almost midnight. Huh! I stopped and sat in the crew tent for a few minutes as midnight struck to drink Champagne with Traci and Cindy Waylon, assistant executive director of Snowdrop. At 42 hours I was at 214 miles, to Joe’s 175. Scott Rabb was at 160, working towards that 200. And Adrian had stopped at 151 (for the 150 buckle), but he stuck around to cheer on the other runners. In my mind, and I think



everyone else's, I had long since taken over this race... that's a dangerous attitude, when you think it's a done deal. You have to have a challenge to motivate you. I lacked a concrete goal beyond the age-group record plus whatever I could run, and had already "won the race" – at least I'd come away with that \$500 overall prize. Totally the wrong mindset to perform well. You want running to be a positive, rather than lack of running being a negative. A little later I decided I had plenty of cushion for another 10-minute nap. After that I double checked my spreadsheet. I actually wanted to beat Roy Pirrung's 231.44 track record, not just Joe's 230.41 road record. Why? This would after all be a road record. But I wanted to have the best overall 48-hour by anyone over 50. That extra mile meant two more laps. OK, no big deal. Reset the count... 22 laps to go. As I counted down, I looked forward to taking another nap with 10 laps to go. Plenty of time! But then wham, with 14 laps left, all of a sudden I could not run. The left leg had pain in the tib. anterior or maybe extensor digitorum longus, the right in the peroneal muscles. I walked a lap. Man, that lap took forever, with no running. Here I decided I'd better take that nap early, and hope my legs would recover a bit. But, no such luck. I just could not run. I needed to go back to medical, but if I might to have to walk the rest of the way, I wasn't sure I could afford the time and

still hit even the age-group record. So I took an Advil instead. But the next lap I paid attention to the time: 12 minutes. Wow, felt more like half an hour. But that meant I had plenty of time for medical. Paige took a look, tried some things, asked how many laps I needed, sent me back out with instructions to come back if it wasn't better. And, it wasn't better. Even walking I was afraid I was doing some permanent damage. The cold and wind were really no fun at all when I couldn't even run. Joe was now powering through, running strong, lapping me as I limped along. I was pretty sure he was just trying to hit 200, to get the buckle, since obviously I could not be caught. Two laps later, back to medical, Chris was there and tried some different stuff. But again no dice. I was just going to have to grit this out and walk it in. Nine more slow laps, and I'd done it: I was at 231.9912 miles, with 47:03 on the clock. Brian announced that I'd set the record, asked if I was ready for my buckle – uh, yeah – and led me to the big banner and handed me my 200-mile buckle. Which by the way is the most beautiful, and rare, buckle I've ever received. Only a handful of these have ever been issued. Patty took my timing chip. Kelley came through just then and gave me a big hug and congratulated me. Traci had packed up all my stuff, so I was ready to go. In the back of my mind I had wondered whether if Joe really, really wanted it, and was willing to work hard for another 8



hours, he might catch me within the overall 55 hours. It kind of didn't matter, because my legs were shot.

But as Patty and Brian helped me to her car, I asked Brian if he thought Joe would keep going once he hit 200. "Oh yes, he's going to keep going." I should have asked for my chip back, and announced that I was going down for a nap and would continue later. But I didn't. I could probably have limped in a few more laps if need be, and surely motivation for Joe would have been tougher in the first place without the knowledge that I was done. But it felt more honest, not to mention a hell of a lot easier, to call it a race. Joe kept going, all morning and into the afternoon, and eventually

hit 236 miles to take the overall win and the \$500 prize. And Scott stuck it out for his 200 mile buckle. Once again we see why Joe is the master of multi-day. Congratulations, Joe. And also congratulations Kelley, who did hold on to take the overall women's win. *Day two stats (through 47:03): Laps: 151 Miles: 104.26 Time napping: 2:00:52 Time in medical: 0:44:35 Other time stopped: 0:34:10 Total time stopped: 3:19:37 Average moving pace: 11:21 / mile Total stats (through 47:03): Laps: 336 Miles: 231.9912 Time napping: 2:36:55 Time in medical: 0:52:44 Other time stopped: 0:46:30 Total time stopped: 4:16:09 Average moving pace: 11:04 / mile* **Aftermath** I'd left myself a day to recover before flying home, but come Tuesday

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morning, the leg pain was so severe I needed help packing and getting to the airport, and had to take wheelchairs through the airports. That's a first on both counts. Thank you Traci for dealing with my call for help, and Mark and Becky Cunningham and Cynthia Lowery for all the assistance. My legs were already turning interesting colors. Definitely some tearing in the left anterior compartment. I'd had that before, but only on the right. And only after running longer (first 24 hour) or faster (best 24 hour) than ever before. It should be no surprise I was so beat up here, after my first 48.

Recovery was far worse than I'd ever had before. I couldn't make it through the night without Advil for a solid week. Finally the DOMS and swelling faded, eventually the left anterior and Achilles pain went away, and it was down to the right extensor digitorum longus tendons, where I'd had pain on top of my foot the whole race, and the peroneals. Which after all I had been told would need surgery. Now, two weeks later, it's still hard to evaluate the damage. It will take another week or two. If it doesn't resolve it's probably time for another MRI, and maybe I will have to bite the bullet with that surgery. We'll see. **Takeaway** So – wow. What an experience. Overall I achieved my primary goal of breaking the over-50 American Record for 48-hour, and I have to be happy with my planning and

execution for my first multi-day. My 232 also earns me #7 on the All-Time North American Top-10 List for 48-hour; I had wanted to make one of these lists for a long time. I'm not sure how to feel about the mental struggles I went through deciding whether to try to hang on for the overall American Record. Clearly it was in fact well beyond my physical capabilities, at least on this weekend, as I was reduced to a walk at the end even after falling far behind that goal. Still, it's not clear whether there was a proximal mental failure, or whether I was accurately gauging my inability to hang on. I get the sense that this is a harder thing to know in a multi-day than it is in shorter races. I was convinced during the race, and for a while afterwards, that I'd satisfied my curiosity about multi-day, and had no need to try again. Now I am not so sure. Joe says I can challenge his 6-day overall American Record of 606 miles and even potentially Kouros' World Record of 644 miles. On the one hand this sounds crazy, especially as I feel I need more sleep than most successful multiday runners. On the other hand, I showed that I can hang with Joe at multi-day, and I think I have the edge on pace management. So... I'm going to have to think about this. Anyway it's very flattering to hear. But then Joe and Connie are crazy enablers! On the other side of this equation is the cost not just during the event, but after it. I'm not comfortable being an invalid for a week, and

it's not fair to my wife. Is it really worth what we do to our bodies and our lives? Not to mention, for multi-day, the cumulative damage to our brains of sleep deprivation, which in recent years has been shown to be a far more serious health issue than previously recognized. All that said, I did learn a lot that I could carry forward to improve next time, at 48-hour and more broadly. Most obviously, I need to sleep more. This means I have to run faster (or walk less) to compensate, but I did not really feel physically challenged, as opposed to mentally tired, until very late in the race. And I think there I have specific issues to work on with my physical therapist. More focused glute med. work for the lean (plus, per Doc Lovy, pre-race potassium supplements). The lower-leg issues I think ultimately are down to poor ankle flexibility and Achilles tightness; this forces the anterior muscles to work harder. Again, stuff I can work on. Remove a roadblock, and who knows how much farther you can go. Certainly I was nowhere near aerobically challenged at any point, nor did I ever have anything like the massive whole-body fatigue one gets by the end of a 24-hour, which I must say surprised me. So it seems possible to sleep more and run faster. Much of that is relevant for 24-hour as well. Which is what I wanted: a broader perspective on my physical hindrances. I think I got that. So I can now move forward again there as well. **Thank You** Beyond

the race itself as such, the Snowdrop experience as a whole was incredible, from the much larger purpose of the event, to the way I was so warmly welcomed into the Snowdrop family and supported in my effort. I'm sure Joe and Adrian feel the same way. Enormous thanks are due to Kevin Kline for the invitation and handling as an elite, and to Traci Duck and Nicole Berglund for invaluable primary crew support, and Bob Mulligan, Stefanie Benjamin, Julie Stoffel, Autumn Farmer, and Marcus Benjamin for additional crew support – and I regret that I am likely missing some names there. Huge thanks also to Patty Godfrey for directing the race, to Brian Anderson for all of the many hats he wore before, during, and after the race, and to everyone else involved with the Snowdrop Foundation that I've left out, and to all the volunteers. Finally Doc Lovy, Paige, Chris, and the rest of his team definitely saved my race several times as it veered off course. I'm not sure how I would cope at a multiday without them there. Thank you for reading! I hope you found something useful to take away, or were at least more entertained than not.

THE END

Don Davis photos

<https://bit.ly/2xjxsID>

■UW■

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Shishaldin Hanlen



A 100-mile race is tautologically, 100 miles long. Beyond beyond being arduous and lengthy, exhausting, at times harrowing, ultimately it is rewarding and enriching. I cannot even begin to document my experience with TGNY without thinking of the community of runners, race directors Phil McCarthy & Trishul Cherns and the overwhelming kindness and support of my crew which made this great race possible.

Race preparation is usually somewhat haphazard for me. Despite best intentions, I am inevitably ill-prepared on race day and planning to simply gut it out if anything goes awry. My 100th marathon distance (or further) was approaching. Phil convinced me to attempt TGNY to commemorate this momentous occasion. I have conquered the 100-kilometer course twice previously, but this would be my first attempt at the 100-mile course.

The course itself has varied terrain



End of race with Phil and Trishul

the first 40 miles or so, compounded with a lot of directions (4 pages of an Excel document in 8 pt font). Making the opening miles a bit complicated (think of a Pac Man video game). Race veterans would have you believe that part of the charm is in the getting lost. I have added several hours to my own previous 100k attempts via various missed turns and other geographical mishaps. My prior personal pathetic nadir was in the 2013 edition of the 100k which culminated with getting lost a mere half mile from the finish line, adding a full 30 minutes to my final time. Phil offers preparatory training runs but they conflicted with my work schedule. I strongly recommend taking advantage of any opportunity to familiarize yourself with the course in advance before tackling this run.

My normal weekly training plan consists of six days a week of strength training and seven of cardio, but I had been somewhat lax with my running in the lead up to the race. I was running maybe twice per



Frank at Ted Corbitt Way



Mike 70: Alexa, me, Elvia

week and I registered for a 12-hour race three weeks ahead of TGNV as a training session. The race was precipitously cancelled and, as TGNV neared, I felt decidedly underprepared for the 100 mile distance. I didn't want to make excuses; this was my 100th marathon so I was determined to finish it no matter what happened.

Weather is normally an afterthought to my run preparation, but the misplaced anxiety over training deficiencies manifested itself in obsessive weather monitoring. I went from someone who could care less about conditions on race day to downloading the app Dark Sky and refreshing it constantly. Thunderstorms and rain were predicted and not just an hour of the day — all day. I packed all my stuff a week in advance in ziplock bags. I decided to put my drop bag at the 100k marker in a large waterproof bag, clothes carefully wrapped in plastic.

My initial plan was to run with

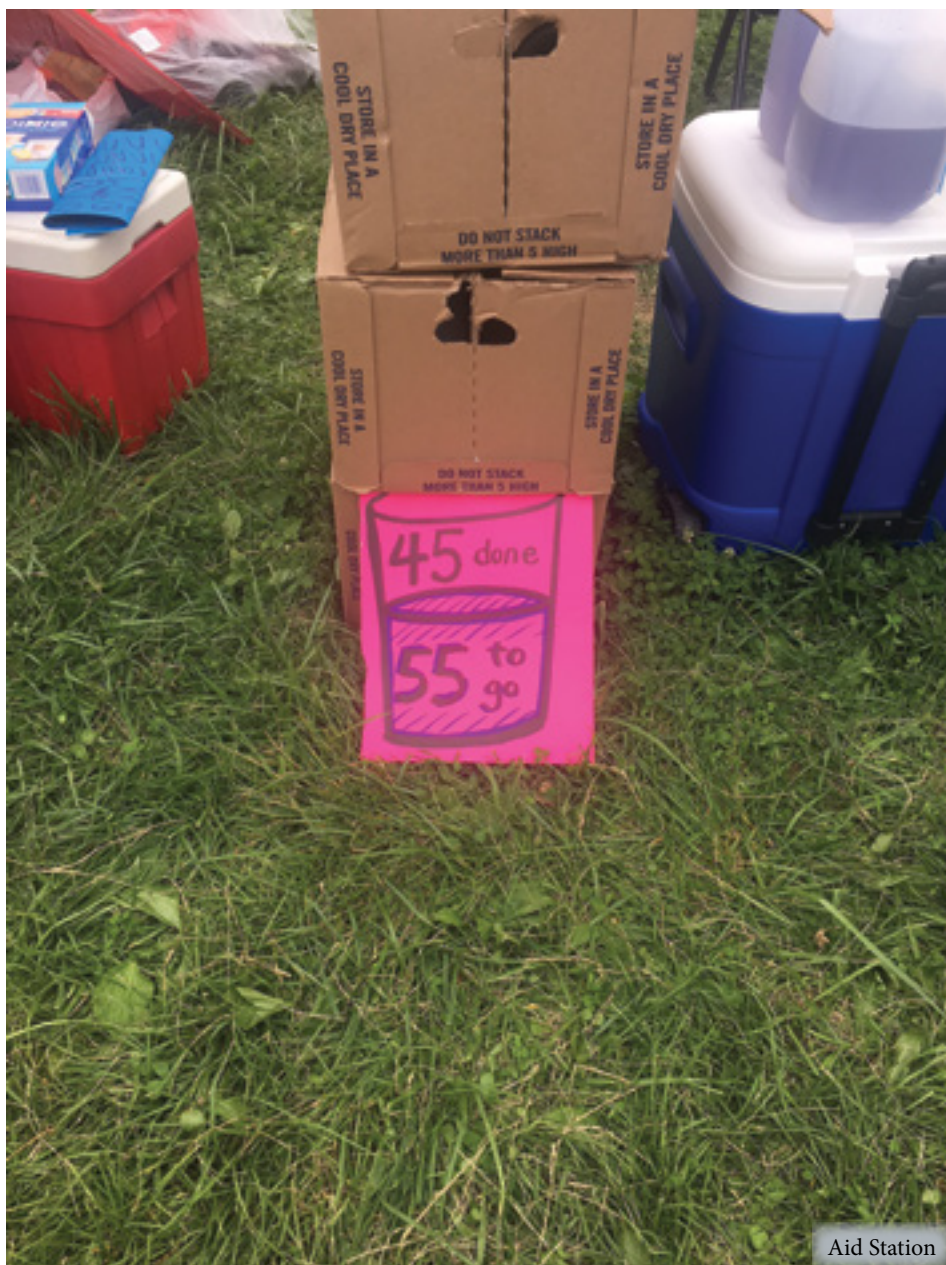
Race Reports

ultrarunner extraordinaire Ray Krolewicz. He was a multi-year finisher of the 100-mile course. We'd stick together so I'd have a buddy through the night and hopefully with both our brains semi-functioning we wouldn't get lost (although he was with me in that 2013 debacle). Pacers were allowed after mile 37 and because I was planning on having my experienced friend with me, I didn't worry too much about lining any up. Two days before I asked if anyone was around over the weekend and I had a few running friends who had helped me before that were willing to assist. First was a bike pacer, Elvia Negron Perez, set to do miles 60-80. Lisa McGarry who would offer car support 80-90. Jess Movold a fellow runner who had also completed the 100k before, and a trainer from my gym who would finish that last ten with me.

Knowing Ray's propensity for turning up exactly on time with no margin for error, I had him stay over the night before to eliminate anxiety about getting to the race start. We headed to Times Square the next morning at 4:20 with a light rain pelting us and had ample time to check our bags and prepare for the adventure starting at 5 am.

The rain was ephemeral and Ray and I got separated within the first few miles of Central Park. I hit my first low early, around mile 17. Although the temperature was perfect, in the low 70's, the humidity was high and taking more out of me than I was fueling for. At this point I sent a message out to my pacers saying I was going to quit at 100k. I should know after all these years of running that the bad feelings will pass and I should ignore it, but I still warned everyone of my impending stop.

By the time I left Orchard Beach at mile 23 I hit a groove. I ran much of the first part of the race with Frank Colella, a seasoned runner who I see in all the New York races, and he gave me frequent reminders about hydration and not to run so fast. I wasn't running fast! I wasn't even



keeping my target pace of ten minute miles. By 50k my bad feelings had largely passed. The rain held off and I took that as a sign that I was meant to keep going. I already committed the time, the weather was perfect, when would I have another chance like this? A phone pep talk from Ray convinced me to not stop at the 100k aid stop, powering through so as to not even to be tempted to quit.

I got a surprise phone call from my friend Cerrene who originally didn't think she could make it out to the course. We were going to meet in Astoria but because of a delayed subway she missed me so she had an adventure herself. She had to find a cab to get to World's Fair Marina at

mile 40 and she only had 6% battery on her cell phone. Luckily she made it and was holding a 20 ounce Coke for me, my favorite running fuel, and it was a great feeling to get a hug from her at that point. She ran about 3 miles along with me and another runner from Chicago, Nadine, but it got my mind off running for awhile.

My first official pacer Elvia was waiting for me at mile 60 and she planned to stay with me until 80 where I would be meeting up with Lisa. She lives in The Bronx so she took the train with her husband Pedro to Grand Central Parkway in Queens. He had come with his bike planning to pace me too! I was so relieved when I saw her, I

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Elvia and Pedro

in, I was able to run with no pain. It was like an epiphany... the body is an amazing thing. This positive realization completely displaced the darker thoughts and hopelessness that can creep in under such adverse circumstances.

True darkness came at mile 70 when night began to fall. My friend Alexa was waiting at the aid station, playing catch with her son. She gave me another bottle of Coke, as well as much needed antacid given the eggplant parm. I carried on after a few photos turning my headlamp on. I cruised the boardwalk through the Rockaways, grateful for the flat terrain. Sheepshead Bay loomed ahead where my former roommate and fellow runner Lisa waited at Mile 80 with boiled potatoes coated in extra salt and butter. Lisa had paced me in the 100k twice before and I appreciated seeing her face in the middle of the night. At this point, despite my insistence that I was doing

had horrible neck chafing from a CamelBak I don't normally wear. My neck was completely raw on the right side and I didn't have a shirt with enough coverage to cover my neck. I threw off the CamelBak and put it in her bike basket. I didn't make the mistake of any wrong turns near the 100k checkpoint this time around. I felt relief rushing down the downhill toward the oasis of the 100k stop. Trishul took note of my time and threw me a whole eggplant parmesan sandwich that was at least 14" long. Taking Ray's advice I only stopped briefly to change my socks and continued on the course, walking and wolfing down half my eggplant hero.

A Starbucks appeared like a mirage a few miles ahead on Cross Bay Boulevard so I placed a mobile order for myself and similarly paced fellow runner Nadine. Elvia picked up and delivered our order, a powerful reinforcement of some much needed heavy duty caffeine! As we continued on down to Rockaway Beach I had the realization that, nearly 70 miles



Me and Cerrene around mile 41

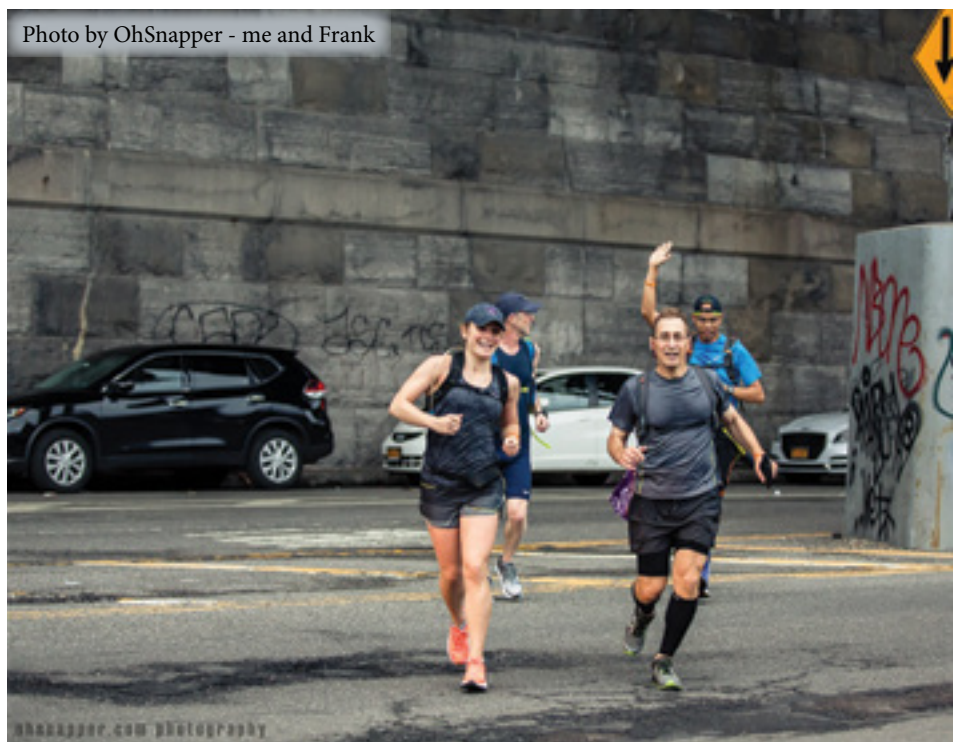
Race Reports

ok if she left, Elvia and Pedro said they wanted to see me through the finish line.

Shore Road was a five-mile stretch along the water from Sheepshead Bay curving northwest under the Verrazano Bridge and up to Bay Ridge. Being past mile 80 made this a bit of a blur because at this point I was beginning to tire. I watched people fish off the bike path which was surreal in the middle of the night. I checked my gps a few times to confirm I was doing at least 4 miles an hour performing my ultra shuffle. The GPS showed I was doing 16 minute miles, close enough. I was dragging, my pace so slow I told my pacers to just nap on a bench and catch up with me in a few miles. They didn't listen. I watched them ride in front of me, weaving and tilting because it was hard to stay upright.

The final ten miles were the roughest part of the race. Severe heartburn kicked in and couldn't get any food down without significant pain. I tried eating the bread from the second half of my eggplant parm and swallowing was agony. I was out of caloric beverages but I felt that my stomach could not handle any food or drinks anyway. I had slowed down to a near crawl and my body desperately needed some sort of fuel to even keep going but I physically couldn't stand swallowing.

At mile 95 I was walking up the Brooklyn Bridge... staggering is the more appropriate verb. Three fast moving men passed me and I wondered how they could still be running. About halfway over the bridge a helicopter hovered above. I wondered why was it there, did something terrible happen? Was someone threatening to jump off the bridge? It was noisy, whirling, it seemed to be flying so low that I imagined the blades clipping the bridge, sending the copter crashing down atop of me. It was 3:30 am, I was at mile 96, NOT TODAY WHIRLYBIRD, I am finishing this race before I die.



I indeed survived the bridge but I was at a slow walking pace and the chills began to set in. I still couldn't stomach eating but needed to fuel so badly. I was began shaking and Elvia gave me her coat for the home stretch. It was just a few more miles down Broadway. Somehow it took me 120 minutes to get from the Bridge up to 42nd Street when on a normal day at a leisurely pace it would have taken me 30.

The sun was coming up, the rain that had been promised never materialized. I knew all I had to do was move forward. I walked through Union Square Park passing the playground I take my son to after school. I continued north past 21st Street where I would normally turn left and continue to my gym. All of these positive associations with my location weren't easing my utter exhaustion.

Dawn was breaking as I neared Times Square. The city was just waking up. In a few hours it would be full of tourists and bright flashing lights but for now there was little traffic and few people wandering the streets.

I crossed the finish line at 5:53 am with a finish time of 24:53. I didn't meet my goal of being under 24 hours for the 100 miles but the last

ten miles had taken everything out of me. I was so exhausted I could barely force a smile. I had done it. I was exhausted, shaky, and depleted, but not in any real physical pain. I didn't really bask in the accomplishment, I love the process of marathons so much that the finish line is always a bit anticlimactic. My mind was already moving ahead to my next long race, what challenge could I explore next?

TGNY was an incredible experience and I am so thankful for all the support and inspiration I received from my fellow runners, my pacers and support crew, including and especially Elvia and Pedro who ignored my assurances and tracked that last 40 miles with me, it was above and beyond and very much needed.

The planning and daunting logistics involved in threading a hundred mile race through a major metropolitan area cannot go unacknowledged. A hearty thank you goes out to everyone involved including Phil, Trishul, my pacers and but also all of the volunteers who made it possible. Perhaps I will reconsider eggplant parm, boiled potatoes and Coke as my ideal cuisine on my next ultra-marathon foray. ■UW■

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Mil'Kil 2018 by JB Jaouen

Translated by Sarah Cameron

To All Mil'Kil-ers; Participants and Friends of the Mil'Kil Event...
MiL'Killeuses, MiL'Killeurs, Amis et sympathisants de la MiL'KiL



2008 – 2009 – 2012 – 2014 – 2015 – 2018

The Mil'Kil (short for milles kilometres, or 1,000 kilometres) is a road race held in France every two years. The course is almost exactly 1,000 kilometres and follows a logical route from Saint Malo on the north coast, to the town of Sète on the south coast. Although the best performances are recognised, the race is touted as being non-competitive, with the goal just to enable as many people as possible to complete this epic journey. The time limit is 12 days and first finisher normally completes the course in around 8 days. Entrants can take part either supported or self-supported and there are no aid stations, no official rest areas, no check points. Runners find their own food and accommodation as needed. The course is marked, however, all 1,000 kilometres of it. Participants carry GPS trackers which update every 15 minutes and give live timings which can be seen online. They are free to leave the course if they wish in their support vehicle or otherwise and are given a cone to mark the place where they left the route, which they return to when they are ready to continue. There is a 'gentleman's agreement' that there will be no cheating because it would be almost impossible to police.

The route and other information about the race can be found here:

<http://www.la-transegaule.fr/parcours-mil-kil/>

After this open-air escapade, this orgy of kilometres and a fair bit of tarmac you have undoubtedly rediscovered your home, your sleep and a way of life that is a little bit more normal. Thank you to everyone, runners and supporters, for having taken part in this great traverse and we give thanks most of all that we didn't have any incidents during the twelve days of the race. The most important thing was to get everyone back home in one piece and in good health. To the runner who was wise enough to switch on the hazard lights at Sète, 1,000 kilometres into the event, you shortened your race and got home prematurely but without having put yourself in danger. Thank you for your participation.

It was a race-walker who won this sixth edition and tenth anniversary of the Mil'Kil in a new course record, nearly two hours quicker than the last fastest time despite the course being slightly longer. Due to a road closure between Palisse and Neuvic, the course was 3.5k longer, making it a total of 1004k as opposed to 1000.5k. It made no difference to this walker as he has previously podiumed three times at the legendary Paris-Alsace walking race. Dominique Bunel estimates that he ran about 10% of the distance during his battle with Stéphane Mathieu, who won the event in 2015 and who would have been panting hard for five days to stay ahead of Bunel until the two men finally made contact after 630k on the climb up to Mauriac, just after the border of the Dordogne region. Winner of three previous editions, Alexander Forestieri spent a very difficult first

Rank	Name	Age	Time	Notes
1	Dominique Bunel	7 jours	20 heures 47' 00"	- 5' 40"
2	Stéphane Mathieu	8 jours	08h 09' 45"	- 7' 45"
3	Alexander Forestieri	8 jours	19 h 05' 04"	- 7' 45"
4	Markus Jörg (su)	9 jours	07 h 56' 56"	- 1' V3
5	Louis Fougnet	9 jours	11 h 16' 55"	
6	Mimi Chevillon	9 jours	12 h 15' 10"	
7	Gérard Hébaque	9 jours	19h 29' 10"	
8	Philippe Moisan	10 jours	00h 07' 55"	(< 10 jours)
9	Florent Jousan	10 jours	05h 13' 06"	- 01' 50"
10	Annie Paringaux	10 jours	06h 55' 40"	
11	Denizis Pachogom	10 jours	08h 16' 31"	(su)
12	Jean-Louis Valdezama	10 jours	10h 05' 01"	- 2' 30"
13	Jean-Michel Dolan	10 jours	23h 45' 56"	
14	Roger Lucchini	11 jours	03h 35' 48"	
15	Christophe Héline	11 jours	08h 01' 45"	
16	Marie-Jeanne Simons	11 jours	10 h 31' 20"	
17	David Habbau	11 jours	11h 23' 05"	
18	David Cholat	11 jours	14h 27' 40"	
19	Dario Della Paol	11 jours	12h 00' 35"	
20	Clémentine Biscuit	11 jours	13h 47' 11"	
21	Serge Girard	11 jours	14h 28' 40"	
22	Bernard Vichard	11 jours	22h 40' 00"	- 1' V4



night experiencing stomach issues that didn't allow him to maintain his usual pace and to stick with the guys at the front. He fought to rise up the rankings and eventually he took third place on this sixth attempt, his ninth in less than 9 days and his fifth podium at the Mil'Kil. 'Forrest' is also known as 'Monsieur Mil'Kil' and he showed once again that he is worthy of the title. He's going to dedicate his next season to the event once again, with Paris-Alsace being his secondary race.

Mimi Chevillon let her feet do the talking, coupled with her experience of 6-day racing, to take the win in the ladies race (and 6th overall) in 9 days and 12 hours and she became the second woman to have succeeded in completing the course in less than 10 days, 12 hours off the female course record and only 3 hours off the fastest time her husband, a fellow Mil'Kil-er has achieved. The battle for first place was no less uncertain than in the men's race, with Annie Paringaux taking second, beautifully framed by her two henchmen from PGAG (Presqu'île Guérandaise Athletic Club) for the first part of the course. The two ladies were still side by side in the streets of Rodez and were only separated by three hours with just 120k left from the finish line. Marie-Jeanne Simons completed the podium and finally knocked the Mil'Kil on the head on her fourth attempt, which also signifies her fourth crossing of France on foot, with slightly fewer blisters on her feet than normal.

Race Reports

In fourth place, Claudine Pascal, who is more of a trail expert than a road runner, took a really good crack at the race and became the world's darling of Mil'Kil-ers. Respect to everyone!

In the race for self-supported competitors, in other words, those runners who are looking to make it even harder for themselves, we have to highlight the impressive ninth place overall taken by Pierre-Henri Jouneau in 10 days and 5 hours (a new self-supported record), accompanied by his 'Jouanette' - a homemade trailer. Jean-Louis Valderrama (12th) and Serge Girard (21st) also overcame their lonely moments to solve the problem in 12 days, having worked together for part of the race.

Amongst the re-offenders, the 'eternal' Swiss man Markus Jörg (4th) beat the time of his first attempt by 25 hours, while Gérard Habasque (7th) lost 12 hours on his previous best time but still finished in under 10 days, experiencing an incredible family adventure in the company of his two children who were there to support him.

The Prize for Consistency was returned to Daniel Mazeau, who snatched 17th place by a whisker in the 999th kilometre to complete a remarkable triple: three finishes at the event in 11 days and 9 hours, 11 days and 11 hours, and 11 days and... 11 hours! He is as regular as clockwork.

And then there is the ever-present Bernard Deborde, 1st in the Masters 4 category (born between 1938 to 1948) who took off at the Pierres Blanches at dawn on the second day and finished in 11 days and 22 hours, looking extremely fresh and with his hair as perfect as it had been at the start. Before Mont Saint Michel he mentioned that the race wasn't going very well because he was having a flare-up from his sciatica, but 950 kilometres further on he crossed the line at Mont St-Clair for the second time.

Congratulations to Demitrios Kechagioglou, a vegan runner from Greece who has started to get to know France very well and to Dario Deal Pace from Italy who also succeeded in the challenge. Hats off to Chris Man from Hong Kong who would have also run for the entire 12 days but who had to stop at the entrance to the Hérault region at kilometre 904 because his return flight wouldn't have waited for him...

Participants, we hope you enjoyed the final ascent of Mont Saint Clair, with its switchbacks at a 20% gradient that allegedly dwarf all the summits of France and the Navarre region of Spain. Sadly we lost the timings from last year's edition, but this year it was Louis Fouquet coming 5th who had the strongest finish and 'took the pompom' by running the last 3k in 23'35, which was faster than the time of the winner.

And a word to all the other new Mil'Kil-ers who we haven't yet mentioned: Philippe Moreau who was 8th in less than 10 days, Jean Michel Dréan who was 13th, Roger Luccioni 14th, Christophe Hillaire 15th and David Cholez 18th;

they have all planted their feet firmly into the legend. A thousand times congratulations! You dared to take on the ups and downs of the challenge, day after day, to reach the final goal and to get your reward of the view from Sète. In ten years and after six editions, 102 runners have now taken part in the Mil'Kil and 76 have finished it. Bring on the next edition in 2020 if everything goes to plan!

Thank you to all the supporters, veritable guardian angels, for their participation and their good humour -we know that their role is pivotal in this type of race. Thank you to the town of Lignac and to the Mayoress of the town who provided us with croissants and to Gilles, Jeanine and Charles who looked after the timing for four days (there was a new record for the 431kms between St Malo and Lignac of 2 days, 17 hours and 50 minutes, set by Stéphane Mathieu).

Thank you to all the team at SOLUSTOP who were on hand 24 hours a day, for 12 days. The app for Apple and Android was downloaded nearly 500 times and allowed the whole planet to follow the course. They encountered and dealt with some unexpected problems such as having to recharge the batteries of some of the markers. The graphs of participants progress are still online, permitting anyone to analyse their different strategies. <https://sw3.solustop.com/courses/suivi-milkil2018-graphe>

Thank you to our loyal illustrator (graphic design and T shirts); coincidentally he lives on the course at kilometre 455.

Thank you to everyone who opened their door to us at any time of day or night for a coffee, a beer, even a meal or a shower. They will not be forgotten.

The results and rankings are attached and there are several photos by Thierry on this link: <https://photos.app.goo.gl/Y56SD8G1B3QXmwuU8>

If you have any other photos to share then please send them to Xavier on xavier.servel@fre.fr and he will share them.

So all went well and the sky didn't fall down so we have the pleasure to announce the second edition of the MiMil'Kil in June 2019. From Lignac to Lodève via the Col de Legal (without having to go via Loudun with its lorry fumes) you'll experience the best of France if you haven't already had enough!

Happy holidays, recover well and hope to see you soon.

Jean-Benoît, Thierry & Xavier

Some more visuals:

Video Team Cholez (images Barbara R.) : <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=myW2HPEil3k&feature=youtu.be>

Video Team Queant (images David A.) : <https://vimeo.com/276433607> (too short!)

Après cette escapade au grand air et l'orgie de kilomètres et de bitume, vous avez sans doute retrouvé vos pénates, le sommeil aussi, et le cours un peu plus normal de la vie. Merci à tous, coureurs et suiveurs, d'avoir participé à cette traversée et merci avant tout d'avoir fait en sorte qu'il n'y ait eu aucun incident de parcours à déplorer durant ces 12 jours. Le plus important était bien sûr de rentrer entier et en bonne santé à la maison. Alors, que vous soyez passés par Sète au Km 1000 ou que vous ayez eu la sagesse ou l'obligation de mettre le clignotant pour raccourcir le parcours et rentrer prématurément à la maison sans vous mettre en danger, merci pour votre participation.

C'est donc un marcheur qui a remporté cette 6ème édition et 10ème anniversaire de la MiLKil en améliorant le record du parcours de pratiquement 2 heures (en tenant compte du détournement entre PALISSE et NEUVIC pour cause de route fermée qui aura rallongé le tracé de 3,5 km - soit 1004 km de traversée par rapport aux 1000,5 km théoriques). Pas n'importe quel marcheur puisque celui-ci est déjà monté à 3 reprises sur le podium du Paris-Alsace, légendaire épreuve de marche. **Dominique Bunel!** estime donc avoir couru à peine 10% de la distance et sa lutte avec **Stéphane Mathieu!**, précédent vainqueur en 2015, aura été haletante pendant 5 jours puisque les deux hommes étaient encore au contact après 630 km, dans la montée vers Mauriac après le franchissement de la Dordogne. Vainqueur des 3 premières éditions, après une première nuit difficile (estomac en vrac) qui ne lui permettra pas de tenir son allure habituelle et de coller à la tête de course, **Alexandre Forestier!!!!** aura ensuite bataillé pour remonter dans le classement et terminer à la 3ème place pour sa 6ème traversée, la 5ème en moins de 9 jours et son 5ème podium sur la MiLKil. « Forrest » consolide s'il en était besoin son titre de « Monsieur MiLKil » et devrait consacrer sa prochaine saison à la marche et à son second Paris-Alsace.

MiMi Chevillon!** a fait parler la poudre et son expérience du 6 Jours pour l'emporter chez les dames en 9 jours 12 heures (6ème au scratch) et devenir ainsi la deuxième d'entre elles à réussir la traversée en moins de 10 jours, à 12 heures du record féminin (et à seulement 3 heures du meilleur chrono de son MiLKilleur de mari). La lutte pour la première place n'aura pas été moins incertaine que chez les hommes avec **Annie Paringaux!**, 2e et superbement encadrée par ses deux acolytes du PGAC (Presqu'île Guérandaïse Athletic Club) pendant toute la première partie du parcours. Les deux filles se côtoyaient encore dans les rues de Rodez et n'étaient séparées que de 3 heures de temps à 120 km de l'arrivée. **Marie-Jeanne Simons*****&&!;** complète le podium et tord enfin le coup à la MiLKil à sa 4ème tentative, en signant sa 9ème traversée de la France à pied (avec à peine moins d'ampoules aux pieds que d'habitude). A la 4ème place, **Claudine Pascal!**, bien que plus traileuse que routarde, réussit un joli coup d'essai et devient la doyenne mondiale des MiLKilleuses. Respect à toutes !

Dans la course à handicap engagée par les coureurs SOLO, autrement dit ceux qui recherchent les ennuis, il y a eu de la casse mais il faut souligner la belle 9ème place de **Pierre-Henri Jouneau!** en 10 jours 05 heures (record solo) accompagné de sa Jouannette à roulettes de sa propre fabrication. **Jean-Louis Valderrama**&!;** (12ème) et **Serge Girard\$*!** (21ème) ont également géré leurs grands moments de solitude pour rentrer sans problème dans les 12 jours, en s'accordant toutefois une assistance bienvenue sur une partie de la traversée.

Chez les récidivistes, le toujours Suisse **Markus Jörg!;** (4ème) améliore le temps de sa première traversée de 25 heures tandis que **Gérard Habasque*!** (7ème) en perd 12 mais passe pour la seconde fois sous les 10 jours, en vivant une belle aventure familiale en compagnie de ses deux enfants qui ont assuré son assistance.

Le Prix de la Régularité revient à **Daniel Mazeau!!!;** (il arrache la 17ème place au forceps dans le 999ème km) avec un remarquable triplé, 3 traversées bouclées en 11j09h, 11j11h et 11j11h, c'est réglé comme du papier à musique !

Et puis l'éternel **Bernard Debordel!&;** 1er V4 à atterrir aux Pierres Blanches au lever du dernier jour, en 11 jours 22 heures, aussi bien coiffé qu'au départ et dans un bel état de fraîcheur. Avant le Mont St-Michel il

déclarait que l'affaire était mal engagée à cause de sa vieille sciatique qui se réveillait mais 950 km plus loin il se payait pourtant le Mont St-Clair pour la 2ème fois.

Congrats to **Demitrios Kechagioglou*!**; vegan runner from GREECE qui commence à bien connaître la France and to **Dario Dela Pace!** from ITALY for succeeding in the crossing et coup de chapeau (hats off) to **Chris Mak** from HONG-KONG qui aura lui aussi couru jusqu'au terme des 12 jours, arrêté aux portes de l'Hérault au Km 904 car l'avion du retour n'attend pas...

En espérant que vous avez aimé l'ascension finale et les lacets à 20% du Mont Saint-Clair *qui rend nain tous les sommets de France et de Navarre...* Les chronos des précédentes éditions ont été égarés mais cette année c'est **Louis Fouquet!** (grosse fin de course pour terminer 5ème) qui décroche le ponpon avec un chrono de 23'35", en plein cagnard, pour les 3 derniers kilomètres, mieux que le temps du vainqueur.

A tous les autres nouveaux MiLKilleurs non encore cités, **Philippe Moreau!** (8ème en moins de 10 jours aux 1000 km), **Jean-Michel Dréan!** (13ème), **Roger Luccioni!** (14ème), **Christophe Hillaire!** (15ème) et **David Cholez!** (18ème) qui sont rentrés de plain-pied dans la légende, mille bravos : il fallait pour commencer oser s'y frotter et puis ensuite enfilez les journées, les hauts et les bas, pour aller au bout et profiter de la vue sur Sète... En 10 ans et après 6 éditions, 102 coureurs ont maintenant participé à la MiLKil et 76 l'ont terminée. La suite au prochain numéro ...2020 si tout va bien !

Merci à tous les accompagnateurs, véritables anges-gardiens, pour leur implication et leur bonne humeur, on sait que leur rôle est primordial sur ce type de course.

Merci à la ville de LIGNAC et à Madame le Maire qui a offert les croissants, à Gilles, Jeanine et Charles qui ont tenu le CP pendant 4 jours (nouveau record pour les 431 km de St-Malo à Lignac = 2j 17h 50, **Stéphane Mathieu!;**).

Merci à toute l'équipe SOLUSTOP, sur le pont 24h/24 pendant 12 jours. L'application Android/Apple a été téléchargée près de 500 fois et a permis à la planète entière de suivre la course. Il a fallu recharger les batteries d'une partie des balises, ce qui n'était pas prévu, mais le support Solustop a su anticiper cet aléa. Les graphes de progression restent en ligne et permettent de revenir analyser les différentes stratégies de course : <https://sw3.solustop.com/courses/suivi-milkil2018-graphe>

Merci au fidèle illustre illustrateur (graphisme et tee-shirts) : coïncidence, il habite sur le parcours au km 455.

Merci à tous ceux qui ont ouvert leur porte à pas d'heure à la MiLKil pour un café, une bière ou même un repas ou une douche, ils se reconnaîtront.

Classement et Bilan sont en pièces jointes et sur ce lien quelques photos signées Thierry : <https://photos.app.goo.gl/Y56SD8G1B3QXmwuU8>

Si vous avez d'autres photos à partager, envoyez-les à Xavier (xavier.serveil@fre.fr) qui organisera le partage.

Le bilan étant positif et le ciel ne nous étant pas tombé sur la tête, nous sommes heureux de pouvoir annoncer la **2e édition de la MiMiLKil** en juin 2019. De Lignac à Lodève via le Col de Legal (sans passer par Loudun et sans le souffle des camions), le meilleur de la Gaule si vous n'en avez pas eu assez !

Bonnes vacances, bonne récupération et à bientôt sur les ondes.

Jean-Benoît, Thierry & Xavier

P.S. quelques images :

vidéo Team Cholez! (images Barbara R.) : <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=myW2HPEil3k&feature=youtu.be>

vidéo Team Queant****!§ (images David A.) : <https://vimeo.com/276433607> (trop court !)

■UW■

The Gobi March 2018

Wong Ho Chung and Angela Zaeh Win The Gobi March 2018



Hong Kong ultrarunner Wong Ho Chung, 31, has won the Gobi March 2018 in Mongolia, crossing the finish line of the 250-km multi-stage race in 20 hours and 34 minutes. Wong took pole position from Stage 4 after the controversial withdrawal of the Spanish athlete who was leading at that time.

Japan's Wataru Iino, 38, came in 2nd place. Fellow Japanese competitor Takuya Wakaoka, 34, was the third fastest runner in this year's 15th edition of the Gobi March. This is the first time for an all-Asian podium at a RacingThePlanet / 4 Deserts Race.

San Francisco-based German runner Angela Zaeh, 38, was the fastest of the female competitors, finishing in a time of 25 hours and 10 minutes which gave her an overall finishing position of fifth. Second in the ladies' competition was Canadian Isabelle

Text & Photo Credits: RacingThePlanet Limited 2018



Race Reports



Sauve, 42, with Japan's Chizuru Inoue, 45, finishing third. The Gobi March (Mongolia) was notable for a third of the field being women which is particularly high in this sport.

First held in 2003, the annual Gobi March celebrated its 15th edition by heading to Mongolia. The six-stage race began on 29 July and over the past week more than 200 competitors from 50 countries followed the footsteps of Genghis Khan in the beautiful Mongolian wilderness. The finale, Stage 6, saw competitors finish the race in Karakorum, the 13th and 14th century capital of Genghis Khan's empire and now a UNESCO World Heritage Site.



In addition to the overall and women's race, the Gobi March (Mongolia) also hosted a team competition. Hong Kong's Never Give Up Team comprised of Chan Chung-Yin (Edward), Alice Lee and Lee's 19-year-old autistic son Calvin Tsang took home team honours, impressing the entire camp with their teamwork and tenacity. Tsang was also the youngest competitor in the Gobi March, while the race also featured two competitors who were in their 70s: 73-year-old Yoshiaki Ishihara of Japan, an original member of the 4 Deserts Club who completed his 16th RacingThePlanet / 4 Deserts Race at the Gobi March 2018, and 75-year-old Lee Moo Woong of South Korea who, like Ishihara, is a member of the 4 Deserts Club and in Mongolia completed his 11th RacingThePlanet / 4 Deserts Race.



Combined with his second-place finish in the Namib Race in Namibia earlier this year, Wong's Gobi March victory puts him in strong contention to become the 4 Deserts Champion for 2018 - although Iino and Wakaoka will also be in Antarctica for The Last Desert vying for a chance at the title. Wong is also one of 14 competitors attempting the 4 Deserts Grand Slam - completing the Namib Race, the Gobi March, the Atacama Crossing in Chile and The Last Desert in Antarctica within the same calendar year - and

Race Reports

is sure to be among the favourites for September's Atacama Crossing.

During the Gobi March (Mongolia) 2018, competitors were challenged on a course that took them from the race start in the ruins of Khar Bukhiin Balgas Palace through Mongolia's vast and varying terrain, traversing grassland, fields, sand dunes, rocky mountains, gravel tracks, river crossings, climbs and descents. A self-supported race where competitors carry or wear everything they need with the exception of water and a place in a tent or traditional Mongolian Ger, competitors also encountered weather challenges throughout the race, as well as The Long March, the much-anticipated 70-km / 50 mile journey from the Mongolian steppe to the UNESCO-listed Orkhon Valley area.

"This week has been the perfect celebration of the past 15 years of the Gobi March," said Mary Gadams, Founder of RacingThePlanet.

"When the Gobi March first began in 2003, the spirit of the race was immediately clear and the passion for the Gobi March remains today. We are delighted to have been able to host this year's edition in Mongolia and would like to congratulate all of our winners, finishers and participants on a competitive and challenging week."

The Gobi March is part of RacingThePlanet's 4 Deserts Ultramarathon Series. Each multi-stage race takes place over seven days in remote, harsh and stunning locations which are rich in culture.

Links

Website: www.4deserts.com/gobimarch/live

Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/racingtheplanet>

Instagram: <https://www.instagram.com/racingtheplanet/>

Twitter: <https://twitter.com/racingtheplanet>

YouTube: <https://www.youtube.com/user/4desertsraceseries>

■UW■



REFLECTIONS FROM THE WORLD'S LONGEST ULTRA-MARATHON

AT REI ENCINITAS (FREE ADMISSION)

6:30 PM – 8:00 PM

TUESDAY

SEPT

11TH, 2018

Hear and see stunning, inspirational stories told first-hand by finishers of the Sri Chinmoy Self-Transcendence 3100-Mile Race—the world's longest sanctioned footrace.

Fewer than 100 athletes have ever completed this grueling challenge that the New York Times called "The Mount Everest of Ultramarathons." An utterly unique event, the race is known for its non-traditional format (half-mile course on a bustling city block) and the humble attitude of its athletes who embrace the event as a spiritual experience as much as a physical challenge.

The multi-media session is suitable for fitness enthusiasts at any level. The session will feature:

- Uniquely inspiring and helpful insights about endurance running
- Simple meditation techniques that any athlete can use to enhance performance
- An advance trailer of the upcoming feature film 3100: Run and Become
- Questions and answers with the athletes

FEATURED SPEAKERS



**Yolanda
Holder**

Yolanda Holder holds multiple Guinness world records and is the fastest female pedestrian ultramarathoner in the world. In 2017, she completed the 3100-Mile Race in 51 days, becoming only the second American woman ever to complete the challenge.



**Sopan
Tsekov**

Sopan has participated in the 3100-Mile Race multiple times and has the distinction of being the youngest finisher (in 2005) at the age of 24. He holds multiple records in his native Bulgaria and regularly speaks his running experiences.

Register @ <https://www.rei.com/event/reflections-from-the-worlds-longest-ultra-marathon/encinitas/215019>

Ultrarunning World correspondent Maria Bellini describes how she discovered trail running.

The Unknown Trail Runner



Italy 2007

What lay ahead of me was impassable. Frustrated, I realised that there was no way that I'd be able to get through the tangled thicket that lay ahead. It was just too dense and appeared to be endless. I'd purposefully gone off track quite a while back - having been forced to leave the path and cut across fields in order to keep moving in what I was certain was the right direction. The area was, after all, relatively open, and I knew my surroundings pretty well. I wasn't lost. Not at all. Just at a dead end.

Italy 1948

A fine cloud of dust rises up from the stony trail as a young boy kicks a small rock to the side, watching with satisfaction as it disappears into the tall grass that flanks the route. Liberating the trail from errant rocks and larger stones injects an element of play into an otherwise strenuous run. The boy is making his way towards

the market town of Bettola, some 15 kilometres away from home, as he regularly does on Mondays. He'd set out early that same morning. The sky had still been dark as he'd filled up his leather water pouch and set off along the way.

He chuckles to himself, thinking that instead of water, there would probably have been wine in the pouch, had his elder brother accompanied him that morning.

Most of the time he's by himself, without the jesting of an elder brother to entertain him. It's Piero's 'job' to go to the Monday market. And what a task it is, one that carries responsibility and a certain level of prestige. At least that's what his old man tells him, when Piero has to report on the day's 'business activities' back home later in the evening. There's livestock prices to monitor, people to talk to, deals to be cultivated and nurtured. Even though he's only 15, he strives to prove his worth. And that starts with the strenuous task of *getting* to market town in the first place.

He alternates running with walking. It's a route he knows well. Thick woodland, hilly climbs and sharp descents, with secret shortcuts through brambly hedgerows and a few stream crossings that come in handy when it's hot. There's the odd human here or there busy in their stone farmsteads, where Piero may stop for a few minutes to catch up on local news. It only takes a couple of hours in the summer to get from home to Market town, but agonizingly longer in winter. With only the sound of birdsong or the rustle of leaves to keep him company. Unless his elder brother is with him, of course.

High up in Emilia-Romagna, in Italy's northern Apennines is the tiny village where Piero lives, together with his parents, six brothers and two sisters. The second world war had ended just several years ago having left a terrific impact not only on village life but also across the whole region. There's hardship for everyone and slowly but surely, the younger generations are leaving. The mountains offer little hope of work and families can barely survive on rural activities. With their sights set on the USA, France and England, many twenty year olds are planning on joining the other Italians who'd already made the move. Piero, though, is too young to go and still has to serve his military service.

Yet every Monday, for some time now, as he quickened or eased his pace on the trails, always eager to reach the market town and refine his bargaining techniques, Piero repeats the solemn promise to himself, that one day his path will lead him beyond the town of Bettola, far across the Apennines, over the Alps, all the way through France and into England.

He was set on going to London.

It would take Piero another seven years before he achieved his goal. Which he did in the 1950's. The 'finishers medal' was a job washing dishes in Knightsbridge's Spaghetti House.

He had started to live his dream. And throughout the 1960's and 1970's through sheer perseverance he strove to put to good use the only higher education he'd received - the skills he'd learnt on the trails and in the market. Observation, planning, strategy, negotiation and resilience.

London 2000

After having moved from London to Italy in 1990 as a twenty year old in search of a night sky where you could actually see the stars, the arrival of the millennium coincided with one of my less fortunate ideas, that of moving back 'home' to London.

I was 32. And after several years spent studying and working in Milan, I'd been living, at the time, up in the Apennines, in that very *same village* where Piero, as a boy, had set off along the trails towards the market town of Bettola. I'm pretty sure that things hadn't changed much in the village since then. Except that most of the trails had been asphalted over and people would take the car to the market town.

Back to London I went. A new century, a new start... although the move, would prove to be unsuccessful as some 24 months later, I'd return to Italy once more.

So there I was in London, at the start of century. Sat across the table from Piero. My father.

He was relating the Bettola Market story to me - for about the hundred and thirtieth time. Or so it seemed. I wondered why he felt the need to rabbit on about it? Was it to stress that perhaps I might be in need of undertaking some sort of physical activity? Hmph. Or was he suggesting



I hone up on my business skills?

Overweight and unfit, I didn't really feel confident in *either* area. The last time I'd engaged in sports had been attempting to outplay the dog at frisbee. And career wise... the word "shambles" fit like a glove, having spent the past few years as a struggling illustrator, where work had come along in tiny, almost inaudible hiccups.

My father droned on and on and on. Still about his running episodes along the trails. Something about winter time, and not having proper shoes for the snow...

...Mentally I slipped back to the 1970's. I was a kid and had been on holiday

with Mum and Dad back in the village in the Italian Apennines. One Monday morning Dad had packed me in the car and taken me to the actual market in Bettola. It had taken us just over forty minutes to get there on quiet winding mountain roads.

On the way there, for the very first time Dad had told me about his regular Monday journeys across the trails from home to the market. I was just a child myself, and not too sure what he was going on about. All I understood was that we were on our way to a market that sold animals as well as clothes, fruit and veg.

Once there, Dad had gripped my hand tightly and deftly slalomed us through



the busy arteries of the market.

Hordes of Italian women were packed in the narrow lanes between the stalls. Brightly coloured dresses brushed my cheeks. It was like a flower print dress jungle. Now and again I crossed paths with other children, and we'd stare at each other exchanging looks of curiosity. Finally Dad pulled me towards a clearing. A large open green which was filled with trucks, animals and men. There were no more women! To one side, many different animals were standing in the shade under trees and beside trucks. I recognised ponies, goats, cows and donkeys. Even several large brown horses! In front of smaller trucks were large wooden crates filled with birds - chickens, ducks and chicks. Standing around were men with straw hats that didn't really seem to be doing anything in particular, just chatting amongst themselves and looking at the animals.

Dad exchanged a few words in Italian with one of these men, and before I knew it Dad was lifting me off the ground and maneuvering me onto a fat pony. It felt so soft and warm. Somehow hugely comforting. I wondered if we were going to buy the pony. And how we'd manage to take it back home to England?

That didn't happen. And after a while, he'd set me down and I'd bid farewell, looking back sadly, wondering where I'd ever find such comforting softness ever again.

In the car, on the way back to the village, I'd asked Dad why we couldn't have run to the market like he

did when he was a boy. "You're much too young to do that now!" He'd said laughing. "Wait till you grow older." And wiser?

Italy 2007

A complete dead end. That was what I was looking at. Though I suspected that at the end of the brambly thicket there'd probably be a stream. With an eventual crossing that would lead to *another* long stretch of unkempt underbrush. In front of me there was no path whatsoever. Unless you counted a small clearing about two and a half feet wide that gave way to a messy trampled thorny undergrowth. Hmm. That was an animal superhighway that I didn't really fancy taking.

There was just no point carrying on. I gave up. It was time to turn around and go back uphill again. Over the past few years once in a while I'd run around this area, verging off the trails, checking the position of the sun, and studying a mental map, wondering where exactly Dad had run as a boy all those years ago.

But the paths and tracks that he'd told me about over the years just weren't

there anymore. Times had changed. I wouldn't be able to get to the Monday market via my Dad's old route.

I look up at the sky, silently calling out to Dad, spurring him on to give me a sign. Mystical instant way-markings would have been helpful. But of course that doesn't happen.

Finding my way back to the trails, *his trails*, I jog on slowly. And on the dreaded uphill's, I perceive a gentle, imaginary fatherly nudge.

I often wonder what Dad would have said, had he lived to witness his unfit, sports-shy daughter strangely land on the island of running. I'd found my haven in this sport. Like a helmsman of a rusty old steamer, docking into port and then deciding to stay.

But he didn't get to see his daughter transform into a runner. He died in 2003, after a ruptured abdominal aortic aneurysm. He was in London. It was late at night in August.

2003 was one of the hottest summers that Italy had seen in decades. A relentless oppressive heat that the country will never forget. I'm glad I wasn't a runner back then. The heat would have been unsustainable.

Eventually I reach the road. It feels slightly springy. As if it's melted slightly. It's not that hot today. But the tarmac sometimes seems to respond to the climate in an intimate way. I shrug my shoulders and push on. Scrutinising the next uphill and wondering if there's a possibility that I'll get another 'fatherly shove'. Oh the mind!

In the years that followed I became more involved with running. It gave me purpose and direction. However I never managed to find Dad's trail. The one that led from his home in the village all the way to the market town of Bettola. And at some point I gave up looking. It was *his* special trail. One that led him to freedom and growth. An adventure that lasted him a lifetime. And more. ■UW■

SUMMER REBELLION

135 MILE MULTI DAY ULTRA
16TH MAY 2019 - SOLO & TEAMS

The summer version of the popular winter Rebellion.

The route is along the full length of Glyndŵr's Way National Trail. The route takes you through some of the most beautiful and remote parts of Mid Wales. Starting in Knighton looping through Machynlleth and then finishing in Welshpool - the route is one of the most picturesque and challenging in the UK.



UP HILL
DOWN DALE

FOR MORE DETAILS VISIT: WWW.UPHILLDOWNDALE.COM

Ham to Lyme 100km/50km 2018

Debbie Bidmead



The Ham to Lyme 100km/50km took place on Sunday 8th July with blistering temperatures - it was going to be a long day. The 100km athletes started in Lyme Regis at 7.00am to run out to Ham Hill, where the 50km started and back again. The temperatures may have soared but the 100km winner, Spencer Bunn, broke the 10 hour course record in 9:55.

The organiser of the event,

Albion Running, gave written instructions to follow which were excellent indeed as the marking of the route at times was sporadic but using the instructions and the foot path trail signs nobody lost their way. The route, mainly beautiful trails and shaded woodlands, had to be diverted on to tarmac lanes due to overhead pylon works on the footpaths.

David Irwin and his supportive team organised

excellent aid stations along the way with plenty of food and water including two extra watering holes added which were needed. The event took in some beautiful countryside with some lovely remote and picturesque villages with stunning views as we approached Lyme Regis. The finish line was on the seafront in Lyme Regis with a huge supportive crowd and uplifting cheers,

England had just won the football as we approached!

As always Albion Running handed out sensational bling to reward us at the end. The medals large, colourful and shaped like fossils.

As we waited for our organised bus to pick us up and back to our cars at the start, we had time for fish & chips. What a perfect day indeed.

■UW■

CHORLEY 6 HOUR ROAD RACE



WHEN
October 6th, 2018
10am - 4pm

WHERE
Astley Park,
CHORLEY

www.chorley6hourroadrace.wordpress.com
www.facebook.com/chorley6hour/

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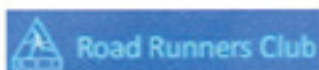
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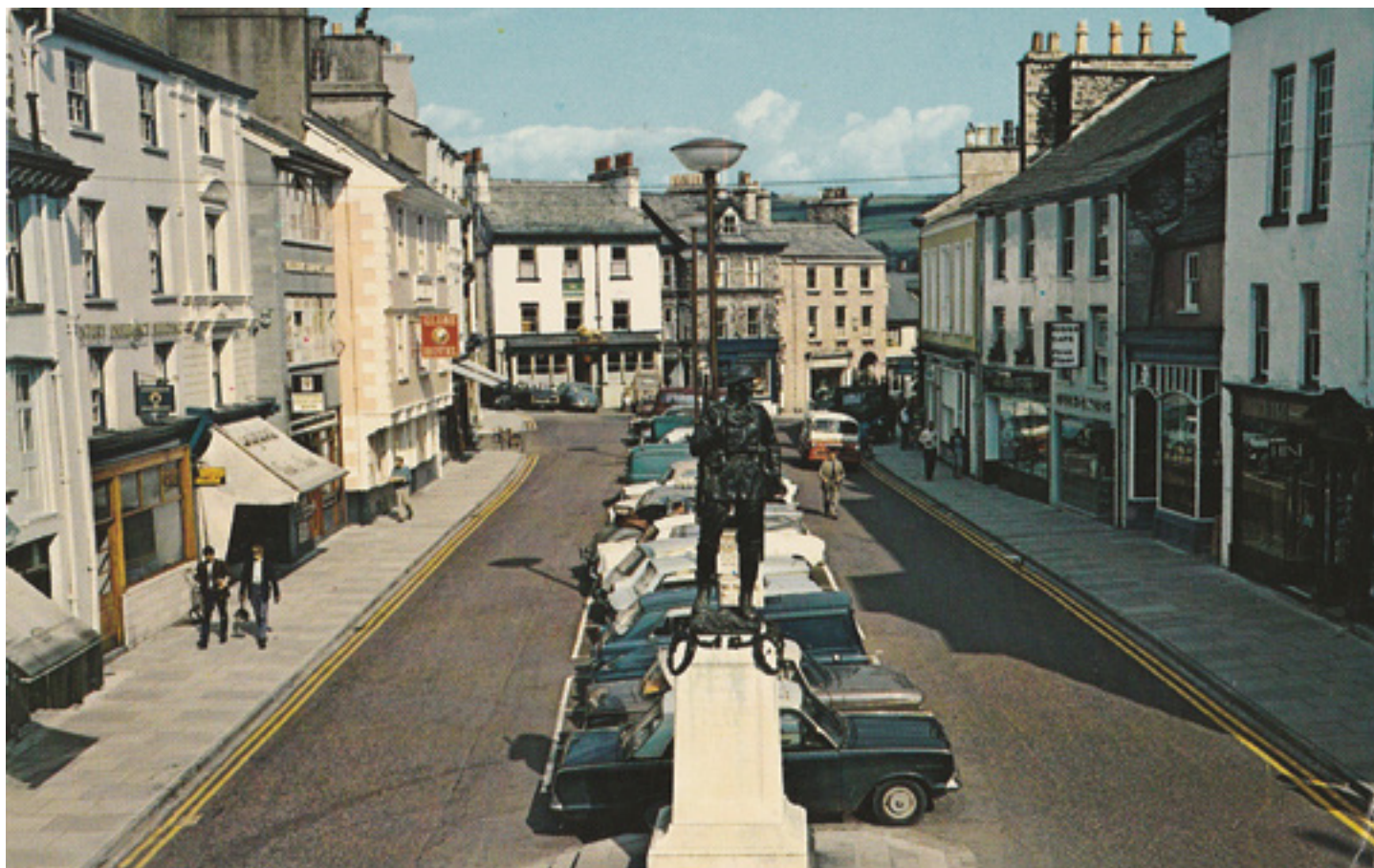


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RULES

STAN JEWELL'S - 1960 JOGLE

Part 3



I began to see if my rhythm was intact, run/jog/walk, not too bad at all, so onto and through Taunton. Now I was feeling better, the West Country lanes were covered with yellow flowers, very colourful in the March sunshine. "Hello", a voice hailed out, Ernest the soldier from way back on the walk. I returned his greeting and together we chatted going along country lanes at a good walk. Company and feeling well, altogether things were much easier. Leaving Taunton behind, Tiverton was the next stop. Ernest still liked his beer at night and I would carry on through. Rest up in a barn,

bus shelter, or factory foyer. Many times I had used this method, chiefly it was available, second my money situation was low to say the least, not able to afford the luxury of a B&B, nor a hotel or such. Early morning Ernest would appear from nowhere, with a cheery greeting. How he rested I do not know, I never asked. On through Tiverton, onto Crediton. Same daytime walking with his normal stop for a pint or two at night.

At Crediton the weather turned cold and wet, so I joined Ernest in the public hotel, The Barley Sheaf. Soon he was the life and

soul of the pub. I sat down on my own listening to his tales he was banging out, with a glass of warm orange. At the bar stood a frail looking man with a long grey gaberdine, and a trilby on his head. After a while I said goodnight. Going on my way the man at the bar also followed me outside, "Which way you going son", "South", I said, "towards Lifton". "Mind if I join you", he said "No not at all". Darkness and quietness, with cats-eyes in the road sparkling, mile after mile, not a word was said until coming to a small junction in the road he asked, "Are you religious son?", "I have faith", I

replied. He removed a torch from his gaberdine mac pocket, giving it to me he switched the torch on. What happened next scared the life out of me. I was asked to shine the torch on his forehead on which was like a tattoo, but not a tattoo, a figure of a burnt cross in the centre of his forehead. I switched the torch off, hurriedly gave it him back. He said in a meaningful and distinct voice "Him upstairs put that cross there". He was gone the other way at the junction, leaving me in solitude in the dark Devon lanes. Scared I was. I ran and ran, more than I ever did on the whole event. Cats-eyes on the middle of



the road kept revealing his face, a ghastly vision with a tale to back it up, most vivid at the time. Approaching lights, I began to walk. The Lifton Ambrosia Cream Rice factory had a foyer with a doormat saying welcome. I stayed the night on it. I stayed till daylight, most disturbed.

Sure, enough Ernest came shortly after, in his usual cheery manner, with his talk of the night before. We walked along. Noticing my silence he enquired *“Not too good son, not feeling well”*. It all came out, all of it from the Barley Sheaf to the small junction. He paused for what seemed a long time, *“Gosh”* he said,

“you had a close call, some of those trustees from the Mental Hospital are right nutters, they can go anytime, they let them out for good behaviour, not concerned about the general public. I paid him no heed in the pub at all, but obviously he did a job on you alright”. I felt better for talking about my scrape.

We set our direction towards Okehampton and Launceston. Cornwall beckoned us, the last county to conquer. We ate well in a roadside café. Again, Ernest showed his charm, and no charge was made. Proceeding on until darkness, strange, Ernest did not stop for drink,

instead he broke into a farm shed on the roadside, forcing the lock in his able way. *“I will take three hours, and then you take three hours”*. Snoring like a pig he was asleep. To my concern vermin roamed the shed floor. Arranging myself near the shed door, pushing it ajar, I rested fitfully. Ernest yawned out of his sleep, *“OK son”*. I told him I was ready for off. *“Good let’s go”*, putting the lock back in an artful way. Leaving through the farm gate *“Hey hey”*, it was the farmer’s wife, spotting us. I walked towards her to apologise for our intrusion. *“Have you stayed all night in that shed?”*, *“Yes Mam, not very welcoming I can tell you.”* She knew full well what I had experienced. Ernest was not a bit concerned. *“You better have a bit of breakfast, ‘tis ready on the table should you wish”*. Ernest was inside and sat down in a flash. Porridge and tea, followed by a fry-up with pancakes, a tremendous meal served by two young daughters. Sheep and lambs shared the room, with a dog, a cat and broody old hens. A fine meal Ernest told the farmer’s wife. I sensed a note of familiarity in his voice. She busied herself with extra chores. Not concerned about his well-meaning words, Ernest was re-buffed and he knew it. He made for away. Meanwhile one of the daughters fed all the animals in the house, giving them all names as she went along. The other daughter asked me where I came from, was I local. *“No around 400 miles away”*, *“Never left Okehampton”*, she confessed. Admitting I

had never travelled much put her at ease as I made for away. Both daughters saw us off and asked me to call in anytime when in the area. Ernest winked, waved and we were on the road again.

Towards Launceston, strangely, the first pub we came to, early doors, Ernest was in at only 11:30am in the morning. I never saw him again. Back to solitude but only 150 miles from the finish. I could manage that. My final random checkpoint at Bolventor. Gus Britton checked my cards, *“Well done. See you at Lands’ End. Only less than 120 to finish, over 1,100 fell by the wayside, a fine effort Laddie, you may be the youngest man to finish, don’t know for sure, though, you are 101 at the moment. I had gone from under 20 to 101, and remained mobile most of the event. I had confidence in road checks but was aware of failings that could happen in a system for a one-off event of this size.”*

Crashing on, I deliberately made a concerted effort to improve my placing. Through Jamaica Inn on Bodmin Moor onto the Cornish lanes pushing on, nobody in front, nobody behind, it was rather strange, to be all alone for such periods. Lanivet, Cambourne, Redruth, all came and yet no one, not a single person on the road. It was uncanny, my legs although tired kept in good condition, no swelling, no blisters, just a dull aching and soreness from repetitive days on the road, covering miles and miles of

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uncharted distance. Spying a sign that informed me of Penzance I knew this was close, putting myself whole heartedly to cover the ground as quickly as I possibly could.

I made Penzance overnight. Around 10:00am, busy, busy, busy was the place, cafés galore, hotels, tourists, boats in the scenic harbour. Although tired by my determined effort to get here, I relaxed and enjoyed the company and bustle. Looking in the quaint shops along the way out of Penzance a mirror showed me having the need for a shave and haircut. One barber was close and I settled in the chair. The conversation was all about the event. When he had finished, *“Well done number 7, no charge, you are a true End to Ender, some have been in my shop, large bellies on them, giving it some welly, hard to believe they could last a day never mind 24”*. *“That’s life”*, I said, and waved him goodbye. Feeling clean and tidy I

set about Lands’ End with relish.

Penzance to Land’s End was good, people in gardens wished me well and well done. I ran along easily arriving at Hotel Land’s End at around 4:15 in the afternoon. Gus Britton was ready to welcome me with a smart military salute. Booking in, he told me, *“Congratulations, you must be very proud of what you*

done, for tonight you will have a sleeping bag in the hotel ballroom. Breakfast is at 6am, shuttle bus leaves at 6:30am for Penzance Railway Station, your train is at 7am on the dot. You all will get an early morning call.” A mug of tea, a look around the hotel, into bed, sound asleep.

Call at 5:30am, up and at them, porridge and tea, onto the bus, late risers were

left for the next shuttle. Penzance Station, goodbyes done. Ticket office, scary moment, how much single to Manchester please, three pounds, phew!! Two pounds seven shillings left. Boarding the train, it was packed solid. Finding a seat was very hard. Still wearing my number 7 Butlin Walk, a lady allowed me to sit down by moving her luggage to another location on the train and not on the seat beside her. I nodded sat near the window and dozed off. At Exeter St David’s I awoke with severe cramp in my right leg. *“Ouch, ouch,”* I said loudly. Getting to my feet, *“So sorry, I have seized up, must move”*. Staring at me dubiously, I was allowed in the isle. Eventually it passed, to my relief. Coming into Bristol Temple Meads, many people got off and lots of seats were vacant, I was pleased. However many people replaced the ones that got off. Packed situation all over again. I returned to my original



seat. The lady beside me knew I was returning from the 1,000 miles trek. She was also aware I was very uncomfortable in the squashed circumstances. Onwards the steam train sped. Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Crewe. A space became vacant. Lady looked at me, *“Put your feet up laddie, while you can”*. Oh, the joy. Not long now, pulling into Manchester, I shuffled off the steam train “City of York”. Through the barrier for a connection. No waiting, excellent, soon be home for tea-time. Going to get a local bus, I just missed one. So, four miles was nothing, off I set. About one hour later, I was home, how would it be?

I walked straight in *“Made it, made it”*, I said. To my surprise, a wedding was being arranged tomorrow, all were next door preparing for it. I was on my own. Do I make an entrance, with so many ladies? NO CHANCE !!! The men would be in the pub having a session. I decided to stay put and rest in peace against the fireside. A knock on the front door disturbed my peace. The local press just to see if I was home, *“Yes sir, just having a break before it all goes manic, thank you. If you need anything, give me some time, please”*. They moved off, saying they would return tomorrow. Just the job, back to the fireside, dozing off, the back door opened. They needed more cake decorations. We had some in the kitchen. A quick rummage and they left. *“Must be lucky”*, I said and reclined to sleep, again poking the fire first.



Well over three hours later they converged home, cakes completed for the wedding tomorrow. *“Look who’s home, look who’s home!! Congratulations son, well done, well done, when did you get home?”* *“Oh just now, have you been busy?”* *“Getting ready for wedding, doing all the baking and stuff”*.

“Do you mind if I go to bed? I am shattered”. *“OK, son, off you go”*. In my own single bed, I curled up and away I went to “Sandman Land”. Daylight woke me up, feeling queer, no road to cover and no destination to make. I dressed in track-suit and trainers and went out for a small run over my usual routes. It was nice, very nice, thinking I did this run as a small build up for my 1,000 miles event. It had helped me.

I had to cut my run short as I had to attend the wedding. Dressing up in my best suit, clean shirt, tie and shiny shoes I felt wonderful.

After the wedding, I

returned to work first thing Monday morning. I had to visit the Manager to see if I still had my job. Knocking on the door, I was greeted with *“Come in”*, I stood still, *“Well son, you have been on a long journey”*. The Manager looked at me sternly, *“Are you ready for work?”*, *“Yes sir”*, I said. *“OK, light duties for a week, then back to normal”*, Manager instructed. *“Will your feet stand up to regular work”*, *“Yes sir”*, I replied, although I knew they were in no fit state for manual employment. *“Good morning”*, the manager said *“report to the timber*

gang for the first week”. I was relieved, really happy. I feared for my job and what would have happened at home if I had lost my job.

Questions, questions for a full week at home, at work, local newspapers, shopkeepers, letters from interested people I had met on the 1,000 miles trek. It was a busy period. Mum had all my county postcards all in order from North to South. Many, many times I read them, looking at the scenery with my new memories.

After a week normal service resumed!!!!!!!

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AFOOT IN TWO DALES

50 miles with 5,500ft of climbing in the Yorkshire Dales
8:30am start, Harmby Village Hall, 7th – 8th July 2018
Kindly organised by The Irregulars LDWA

Sharon Gayter



This route was originally devised by Jill King, a member of the Cleveland LDWA group. They ran the event three times, in 2004, 2006 and 2008. The Irregulars group resurrected the event this year as there are few 50 mile challenges in the North of England now that several have been discontinued (events such as Cleveland Classic, Crosses and Woldsman that I am aware of), they had a gap in their events calendar due to a discontinued challenge event and the Irregulars are the strongest LDWA group in the North of England. Jill King and the Cleveland LDWA group both gave their permission. A year's careful planning finally became a reality on 7th July 2018, when 216 participants set off on a 50 mile trek in blistering heat.

The Yorkshire Dales are a magnificent area to visit with superb paths that give picturesque views. Although this is a LDWA (Long Distance Walkers Association) event they

allow runners to take part. Cut off times are much more generous than other events allowing greater participation and less pressure on those that do want to walk this more leisurely.

As for the event, the cost was excellent value for money at £20 for LDWA members and £25 for non-members. The event started and finished at Harmby Village Hall, near to Leyburn. Ample parking was available very close to the village hall. I arrived the evening before so that I did not have to do any traveling on the day. There was a large car park at the rear of the village hall and several others taking part also stayed here.

The day of the event was predicted to be hot and sunny, a continuation of the heat wave the UK had been experiencing. I registered shortly after the 7am opening

time. The tally card was brilliant, the shape of a foot with all the official checkpoints and self-clips details and of good quality material. This was again the idea of Jill King back in 2002, who also gave her permission for the Irregulars to use her father's design for the finisher's badge. There was tea, coffee and toast with an array of spreads available to help yourself. Kit required was waterproof top and bottoms, spare warm top, compass, whistle, food, map and cup or bottle. The website provided written route description, GPS points and printable maps.

The briefing began shortly before the 8.30am start and 24 hours were allowed to finish the event. Jill King also did a speech before we were set on our way. On leaving the village hall the small lane led to a narrow footpath that was single file. Having walked this path the night before, I put in an effort to not get backlogged behind the 216 starters. We were soon spaced out and on our way. The path led across fields and a very quiet road to ascend to Leyburn Shawl, a path I have run many times on the Wensleydale Wander event. This is a beautiful elevated soft grassy track with views across the valley and beyond. After descending some fields to a small wood, the twisting path led down to Preston-Under Scar. From here the path continued diagonally across more fields, with red and white tape attached to the stiles to aid taking the correct path. The squeeze stiles are occasionally difficult to pick out and paths often faint to see, but the tape caught my eye easily.

After emerging at Redmire, there was a self-clip right in front of me that was hard to miss and the short climb up to Castle Bolton and the first checkpoint (CP). A gazebo was erected with a vast array of foods that I really didn't feel like eating just 8 miles in to the event. Many smiling faces greeted me to clip my tally, offer to refill drinks bottles and update me that I was 4th overall and 1st lady. There was a short out and back section of a couple of hundred metres here to access the car park. I had seen the 3rd man as I was heading to the carpark and as soon as I turned around to leave the next couple were immediately behind me, they were Lisa and Jared Walbridge.

A steady climb led out to Blackhill with wonderful remote views towards Swaledale. Descending again to Dent's House, the firm gravel track turned left and snaked up to Apedale Head. The sun was pretty intense with no shade as the views opened up again to the river Swale where we were heading. The couple joined me for a while; they were from my birth town of Cambridge, a bit more undulating here! Some fields and steep farm tracks descended to CP2 at Haverdale House, now 15 miles into the event. Some familiar faces greeted me, that of Pat and Vince Thwaites and Jill King from Cleveland LDWA and another vast selection of food. I took a small piece of cheese savoury something and a piece of fruit cake. I left the CP first leaving the 3rd man behind me and was soon overtaken again by the couple from Cambridge. A flat gravel travel

track with occasional shade next to the river took me through to Gunnerside where New Bridge was crossed and a return to a grass track alongside the river Swale and self-clip 2 on one of the many stiles that needed negotiating. The riverside path continued to the next river crossing at Ramps Holme Bridge, with another self-clip, a short distance from Muker and CP3. This busy little village was heaving with people next to the pub and many people were taking the short walk out to the bridge. It was an idyllic spot for a walk and a picnic. The CP as always was loaded with food and friendly faces. This time I recognised David and Lesley Wolsey, apparently they had taken part in the marshal's walk a couple of weeks previous so had volunteered to support the event. The table of food went from sweet to savoury with all you could want. I opted for sandwich and an apple, and made sure I had two full bottles for the next long section. This was now 20 miles into the event and the next CP was 9 miles away with the climb to Great Shunner Fell.

The route continued quite low level to Thwaite, where the Pennine Way was picked up and the long 4.5 mile climb to Great Shunner Fell (716m) began. I had been running for around 5.5 hours by the time I reached the top. I was now in 5th place, the Lisa and Jared pulling away in the distance and the man from CP2 out of sight behind. Half way up was a couple of big containers of water that the ranger had brought up for the organisers. This was a 9 mile stretch with no roads to access the route and the reason for me taking an extra bottle of water for this section. I walked much of the climb, not quite having the legs to run this part dodging the stones, although it wasn't particularly steep. Right on the top a couple were manning the clipping for CP4 with their dog. We passed pleasantries before descending a sometimes grassy, sometimes stony and sometimes paved way down to Hardraw. CP5 here at 29 miles was in the village hall. There was nothing more you could have wanted here, tables of sweet and savoury food in one room and hot food and drinks in another. There was plenty of seating around and shade from the intense sun. I am not the best of eaters on long events and quarter of a jam sandwich and a slice of fruit bread and I was on my way again. At this point the route left the Pennine Way.

A short climb followed to the self-clip and Sedbusk. These self-clips were in place to stop entrants from taking a road or shorter alternative. The route gradually went down to the river and was a level path to Bainbridge. I did a few small navigational slips here, not able to see the stiles ahead and got pricked many times by fields of thistles, just not being observant enough but never far off the route. I was feeling even warmer by the time I reached CP6 at Bainbridge. The small breeze was now behind me instead of heading into it, but Bainbridge was a welcome sight with the familiar gazebo and selection of food and helpers on the village green. I was now some 34 miles into the event and had

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been on my feet for nearly 7.5 hours.

The short climb out of Bainbridge to the top of Brough Scar was slow and laboured for me, but I began to run short sections again on the way through Thornton Rust. The route now undulated across many fields and was often vague to find, but there were always stiles to find your way to the next field. I walked much of the uneven ground and long grass and finally hit the steep descent on a concrete track to Thorably Village Hall CP7 (39 miles) to be greeted by the fact that England had won 2-0 in the world cup to go through to the semi-finals. It was cool in the village hall, but as always I did not linger around for long, a tuna sandwich and I was on my way again.

A short section on a very quiet road went through West Burton where a stony track was picked up. I was getting slower and slower and walked much of this section that seemed to wind uphill forever. It really wasn't that bad, simply my tired state that seemed to make it longer and harder than it really was. Even when the track levelled out and was more gravel than stone I was sure that someone would catch me up but it was a long lonely trek. It was a relief when the tarmac road appeared ahead to take me to the Gallops and the final CP.

The road initially continued uphill and I really could not be bothered to run. I glanced at my watch to check the time and knew at least I would finish in daylight and not have to get the head torch out, some consolation. As the road flattened out again, the tarmac invited me to shuffle along at a slight jog again but was feeling pretty tired and drained and my back was aching, it had been for the last hour or so now and I was longing to finish the event. The road section seemed much shorter than anticipated and the last CP8 (44.5 miles) was again very inviting, but I resisted the urge to take a break and ran all the road section to the grass track of the gallops.

The heat of the day seemed to subside as I ran and walked the uneven long grass along Middleham Low Moor. The road took me down to Middleham and the final couple of miles by the River Ure. I did one last navigational error, not far off route but I could not find a path through long grass and thistles yet again. I reached the river and the notes said the self-clip was by the gate. I could not see the gate but my GPS seemed to say I was right on the point. The notes also said I should be the other side of a wall, so obviously there must be a gate through. I headed to the right to a gate and building in the distance and as if by magic a gate appeared behind me and there was the self-clip.

The route then reached a road, crossed a bridge and the last section was a return up the path we started on, the hedgerows now heavy with bugs and flies. The village hall was a welcome sight and the finishing time of 11 hrs 57 mins meant just before 8.30pm in the evening. I had

finished in 5th place overall, 2nd lady. I had never seen another competitor since Great Shunner Fell at half way.

I could now allow myself a good rest and recovery and a cup of tea. There was a menu of food and pudding. A monstrous size Yorkshire pudding arrived, inside was peas, carrots, sausages and gravy. Showers were available but home was beckoning, that left me to thank the organisers for one superbly organised event, collect a colourful picture for the certificate and badge. As a veteran of over 1600 races there are few races out there that organise events as well as the LDWA. This was one such typical event, extremely good value for money, more food than you could eat with immense selection available, experienced CP personnel, ample facilities and parking. There were feedback sheets for the organisers, I could do nothing but praise them for a wonderful day out in the Yorkshire Dales. They claim they can make it better next time. I am not sure how they can improve on such a great event.

I wore t-shirt and running shorts the whole way and AltraTimp shoes. I had a few dips in the streams to cool myself down. I had the written route description and maps in the front pocket of my bag and carried a handheld GPS device most of the way, which guided me reasonably well. The route was easy to find most of the way and the small errors I made were usually in the fields trying to find my way to the stiles. I finished pretty tired compared to normal and I was half an hour off my written schedule, but knew where I had lost the time walking and so was left content with finishing the event. The self-clips in the event were to ensure the footpaths were taken rather than a road alternative, something I totally agree and support.

Harmby Village Hall	0	miles
CP1 Castle Bolton	8	8 miles
CP2 Haverdale House	7	15 miles
CP3 Muker	5	20 miles
CP4 Great Shunner Fell		
CP5 Hardraw	9	29 miles
CP6 Bainbridge	5	34 miles
CP7 Thoraby	5	39 miles
CP8 Gallops	5	44 miles
Harmby	6	50 miles

Results: https://www.ldwa.org.uk/results/full_results.php?event_id=139

Another race report with photos John Jocys <https://adventures-with-jj.blogspot.com/2018/07/afoot-in-two-dales-event.html>

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HENLEY 24 HOUR ANDREW CITTERN-JONES



Friday June 15th at 5pm myself and crew captain Stu pulled up in his van to get ready for my first 24 hour looped event - the Henley 24 Hour Race. After being directed to our tent area we set up our tent, a gazebo and then got registered. Following dropping of my race number and time chip we went for a wander to see some of the course. After a quick

introduction to some of the loose stones and camouflaged potholes that would go on to claim a twisted ankle or three as the race progressed, we headed back for dinner. Over a big bowl of beans, sausages and a pack of bacon goujons swiftly washed down with a can of cider, we discussed race tactics.

We had an early night after watching some great live entertainment. My night unfortunately was interrupted every two hours with the need to pee. I gave up trying to sleep about 7am and went for a shower while leaving Stu to snooze. Breakfast was the same as the dinner the night before minus the cider of course. I stopped eating around 9am and drinking around 10am to let my bladder and stomach settle.

After a few pleasant exchanges in the start area with fellow competitors the race started promptly at noon. Around 10 people got out in front of me but I judged that by the pace they were going at that they must be part of a relay team, so I stuck at a comfortable pace around 5-5:30 per km and eased around the first lap to meet Stu for an exchange of bottles and to be told I was 4th in my category. The master plan was after each lap I would cool down with a quick sponge down from a bucket of water, consume 2/300ml of water from a pint glass as just easier to drink, a piece of water melon, salt capsule and as the laps went on some brownie or sausage roll to hold and eat as I went. Around each lap I carried 3-400ml of fluid with 45g of carbs and a pick and mix of snacks of trek chunks and flapjacks.

The lap itself started with a couple hundred yards down the Thames towards Henley then a left turn that led away from the river and began a gradual reverse C 1.5km uphill climb to the middle of a corn field. The peak of the climb came in the middle of the field which always felt really humid through the race. Proceeding to the end of the field then turning left and downhill on a country lane for a 2/300 yards to a right turn and the 2km mark and the second of the great marshalling teams. The next 1.5km is undulating trails with a couple of very small but steep downhill sections filled by a small section of country lane to the water stop and another happy marshal. At the water stop I got into the routine of



one cup to cool me down and one to drink and another to top up my bottle. A down-hill lane back to the Thames gets you to 4km and a km run back towards Henley along the tow path and past Hambledon Lock gets you to 5km. 5km - 6.5km are the treacherous stones and pot holes previously mentioned and a slight up-hill climb. The rest of the loop is a nice gentle down-hill return to camp, the last four km always flew by in comparison to the first four.

The first 10 laps went by nice and smoothly and inside my 8 hour target and coincided with a pizza delivery

from my friends and my second crewman for the night shift Ian. Laps 10-15 again felt great and were accomplished in my 12 hour target. Now in a long sleeve top covered in bug spray and wearing my head torch came the tough night leg. My thighs started to tighten up during these laps due to the down hills and having watched a video of an athlete dropped and lifted like puppet doing a deep squat during the euro 24 hour champs Ian performed the same manoeuvre on me and it worked a treat.

Ian accompanied me around lap 20 to get an appreciation for the route. I was having was my first mental low point and so having convinced myself that having finally conquered the 100 mile mark (90 miles at GUCR 2016 being my previous best) I was happy to call it a day. With 6 hours remaining and still holding the lead the boys had other ideas. "You said 105 miles/ 21 laps, four marathons was your minimum" so I grunted in agreement and smashed out another lap. With 21laps in the bag I was happy but no not Stu & Ian they had worked out that I needed at least one more to make the podium so off I went. On my return half anticipating that with 4 hours left I'd be made to death march at least one more, my suspicions were confirmed and once more into the breach I went or so I thought. I said my thanks to all the marshals on the way round and



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headed round to complete lap 23. On reaching the holding area the boys tell me the lads in second and third have had it and a 24th lap would seal the deal, this close to victory what was one more lap with more than two hours to play with I had to get it done. After promising the marshals that this was truly the last they would be seeing of me I got round lap 24 to be told the guy in second was still going and the lad in 4th was having a massive resurgence and, if he chose to, he had time to do 25 laps (which it turns out he did) so I had to do the 25th.

The 25th was a great victory lap as the pressure was off and as long as I finished I had won. So I really enjoyed that lap and got to relax and talk to lots of people still plugging away at their own targets and exchanging our thoughts on the event which as a whole were mightily positive. My crew, friends and family have all commented since on what a great atmosphere there was in the camp and how they really enjoyed it. I'll be back one day to maybe go for 31 laps and that automatic Spartathlon marker as I think on this course it's doable. A massive thanks to the Henley 24 hour team for a great event and my Crew for doing their job and doing it well.

Images courtesy Andrew Cittern-Jones

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Haworth Hobble 2018

10th March Solo, Pairs - 31.7 miles 4,396 feet

Arctic John



John Parkin and Andy Gibbons running as a pair. Photo credit Woodentops.org.uk

Last year I ran the Hobble as a solo competitor and Andy sat on my shoulder giving me abuse all the way round. Had we run together we would have come third pair so at the end of the race we agreed to enter together this year.

I always forget that running with Andy is equal parts abuse and statistics. We have run together many times and he has supported me on all three of my mountain rounds. Usually he makes me laugh and cry while giving updates on progress. In last year's race he helpfully informed me I had run the first half of the race 6 minutes slower than the years

before which meant I could run the second half faster. Which I did, but only by 30 seconds. This confirmed my long held suspicion that I am better going out hard and holding on. Andy on the other hand likes to start slow and get faster. By this reckoning if we both go at our slowest paces I don't fancy our chances much.

Conditions are pretty awful this year, in fact the worst I have run during my four years doing the event. Wet underfoot, muddy, slippery and with deep seams of snow/ice towards the end of the race.

At the start I go off after the lead

group and Andy has to slow me down as we try and work out if there are any pairs ahead of us. This is not easy from behind as pairs have the same numbers, worn on the front. We think there may be a Calder Valley pair ahead but equally there might not be. Either way we dial back the pace and chat to Paul Carmen for a while who is building his own distance running towards summer goals. A marshal confirms we are first pair to the reservoir and as the rain lifts a little Andy suddenly strides ahead. I wonder what the sudden hurry is and then realise – it's now 1-0 to Andy in gates and don't I know it.

There's a short, sharp climb and then a broadly undulating section where we to and fro with other runners. We are running at about the top end of my steady pace and we have to call out directions to a runner ahead who keeps going off route. I know at the climb to Stoodley Pike that I am in for a world of pain and coming down to Hebden Bridge brace myself mentally for the climb to come.

Position wise we are about top ten overall I think and still first pair so there's no respite. I never dreamed I would be in a position to win one of my favourite races and to come so close and throw it away would be unbearable. Luckily I have Andy for motivation, "Don't be shit". This is repeated often and loudly while holding gates open for me. What a team.

The gradual climb up from the Hardcastle checkpoint always gets me. It's runnable. I've run it many times in training but at this stage when I'm holding on it's run-walk at best. If I wasn't in a pair it would be walk-walk. As we reach the final serious climb there are banks of snow. I try and run over a particularly large one and fall straight through it and get an impromptu freezing bath in the process. This both wakes me up and makes me feel foolish and of course there is a small crowd of mountain bikers stopped at this very point to witness my fall.

The runner we have been shouting directions to, Sam, is back now although I'm not really sure where he went and I'm guessing neither is he. One final push to Haworth moor then it's a dash to the finish. There are four of us together and we pip the other two in a sprint to bag tenth overall and first pair – awesome! We were a lot slower than our target time but conditions were hard and the men's winner, Ken Sutor, was also slower than last year. I couldn't ask him much about this at the finish because I was broken. As we were



*John Parkin and Andy Gibbons running as a pair.
Photo credit Keighley and Craven*

having our picture taken the first woman, Lorraine Slater, also crossed the line looking as fresh as I looked knackered.

The pictures from the day show me beaming and running, seemingly without a care in the world. These are misleading to such an extent that I will never trust another race photo as long as I live. The final gate count was 11-0, it was cold, wet and miserable. I started too fast in shoes that were too small (I brought the wrong pair) and had to turn myself inside out to finish

and our winning margin over second pair was just three minutes.

One of the best races on the calendar, it has the best pre-race briefing on the start line, it's friendly, has well stocked checkpoints (hotdogs, dohnuts, whiskey) and is completed by young and old, men and women, solo's, pairs, runners and walkers. It's a proper event deserving of a place at the top table of events. I'm already looking forward to next year. Surely I must be able to manage one gate? I'd best get training!

■UW■

The Great Glen Ultra

7th of July 2018



by Victoria Presly

The start of 2018 marked my third year of entering these crazy, wonderful Ultramarathon events and with my longest race to date being 54 miles, I felt I was ready to step it up in terms of distance. The GGU fitted the requirements perfectly: 71 miles along the Great Glen Way, a geological fault line which runs from Fort William on the shore of Loch Linnhe north-eastwards, following the Great Glen, all the way to Inverness. The Great Glen Way itself offers two route choices: a lower route and a higher level option between Fort Augustus and Drumnadrochit. Guess which one the GGU follows?! The high route offers stunning panoramic views of the surrounding countryside and the length of Loch Ness. The Great Glen Ultra is billed as “one of Scotland’s toughest running challenges.” It really is but it is also hands down one of the most beautiful routes I have had the opportunity to experience.

The route was entirely new to me and prior to starting the race I had been a bit nervous about my unusual lack of recce-ing, but this fear was soon

put to one side once we got going – it was nice not to know what was round the corner for a change and made the views even more spectacular.

GGU was my 3rd BAM Racing event so I knew it would be epic – these guys put on some of the best running events in Scotland – and GGU did not disappoint. The first half of 2018 had gone well in terms of training and completing a couple of ultras but unfortunately I managed to pick up a nasty virus the week before GGU, so let’s just say, I’ve been in a better state before an ultra. Unless my leg had been hanging off, nothing was stopping me from starting this race! The race kicks off at 1am on Saturday morning so feeling a bit under the weather actually had its advantages – had an amazing ‘nap’ (read: 5 hour afternoon sleep) during the day on Friday. Luckily my parents were on holiday in Aviemore so I was able to stay with them during the day on Friday and they kindly shuttled me up to the Inverness Athletics stadium on Friday evening to catch the bus to the start.

The race begins alongside the Caledonian Canal in a little village called Corpach on the outskirts of Fort William. This year was a slightly different starting point due to a change in location of race registration which was at the local community centre. The new start location even gave all the runners a bonus couple of miles (you definitely get your money’s worth with a BAM event!).

Race registration was a bit of blur as I tried to zone out, listen to music and think of whether or not I had got my drop bag contents right. The race briefing was done in typical BAM fashion – “big bits of water on your right hand side / don’t fall in / please don’t swim across the canal if the swing bridge is up at the end” – and then we were all shepherded over to the start line and it was time to go, off along the dark water of the canal. I knew from reading various race reports and from chatting to some ultra-running friends who had previously completed the course that the first 20 miles were relatively flat. I wasn’t entirely looking forward to this (tarmac hurts!) but I actually quite enjoyed the flat miles along the canal. Scotland had been having a great run of weather and it was a crystal clear night. The stars were out in all their glory, being reflected in the water of the canal. It was so beautiful and peaceful. A few bats even made an appearance playing in the trees above the path. I ended up on my own quite quickly along this section which was a strange feeling at first in the dark but I could always see the light of some head torches bobbing along up ahead so I at least knew I was still on the right path! I had a little bit of experience of running through the night having taken part in another legendary BAM event in 2017 (Glenmore 24) and had completed a

rece of the Catheran Trail earlier in the year during the night. Having been ill in the run up to the GGU, I started to feel a bit woozy along the first section and was really regretting not having a pre-race coffee. I reached the first checkpoint at Clunes (10.5 miles) just before 3am, grabbed my drop bag, inhaled a couple of Soreen bars and pushed on in to the next section alongside the lochside.

When ultrarunners tell you parts of a route are 'flat' – never believe them!! The trail after CP1 soon starts to become 'undulating' – another favourite term in the ultrarunning world – as you head on to the trails along the side of Loch Lochy (yes this is a real name and fun fact, Loch

Lochy is said to be the home of Lizzie; Nessie's sister). This was actually a welcome change from the previous tarmac and I just focussed on trying to stay upright as my head tried to tell me "time for bed, Victoria...".

The trail heads upwards, I had to stop and take some pictures of the view of the sun beginning to rise over the loch. I knew at this point that my original race plan of around 15 hours was well out the window. I just didn't have the energy in my legs but seeing the sun rise over some of Scotland's most incredible scenery lifted my spirits and I reset my expectations to just finish in one piece. It would start to heat up soon – the temperature was set to hit the mid 20s during the day

so I made sure I was drinking plenty – not ideal running conditions for me (or any Scottish people I think) but at least I might get a bit of sun(burn)tan. Silver linings!

Down in to CP2 at Laggan Locks for some more food and out again, marching up the hill in to the day light.

This section between Laggan Locks and Fort Augustus (31 miles) was a slog. Before you reach checkpoint 3 at Fort Augustus there is a 5 mile section of canal path to contend with and it seemed to stretch on forever. The sun was also fully out now and the heat was starting to get pretty intense.

The section between Fort Augustus and check point 4 at Invermoriston starts off with one of the first big climbs of the route; high above Loch Ness with some spectacular views over the water before a steep zig zag descent into Invermoriston. There isn't much shade on this section and the sun was really beginning to beat down.

There is a fairly nasty bit of tarmac before you reach the fifth checkpoint at Drumnadrochit. I had heard stories of runners buying ice lollies before the BIG climb out of Drumnadrochit. I was too delirious with the heat to contemplate this – it would have taken far too much effort at this point – so I just focussed on getting to the checkpoint...it felt like it took FOREVER to reach it but eventually it came in to view. Never have I ever been so thankful for some flat coke in my life (even if it was the same temperature as a cup of tea). BAM race director, Bill, was even on hand with a super soaker to cool down the very sweaty/red runners coming through. I didn't want to leave. I knew the next bit held the biggest climb of the route and I was not overjoyed by the thought of dragging my now fairly sunburned legs up it. My parents turned up to cheer me on just after the checkpoint – they told me I was looking strong (lies) and my dad enquired why I hadn't taken a nip of



Race Reports



whisky that was being offered at the checkpoint (because I am not that hard core!). It was good to see them and it gave me the boost I needed to grit my teeth and get going again. I started off again when Bill shouted to me “do you know where you’re going?” – erm, not really, I replied as I kind of swayed about the pavement... he pointed me in the right direction and off I staggered.

I had been on my own for the majority of the last section and I again found myself on my lonesome as I shuffled along the main road out of Drumadrochit towards Inverness searching for the path off to the left that should lead up in to the woodlands high above Loch Ness. I was beginning to get a bit panicky that I had gotten lost when I could see a runner sitting beside a wooden gate which had one of the distinctive Great

Glen Way blue markers (yay I wasn’t lost!!). I checked if the runner was ok (he had been feeling a bit sick so had stopped to try and take on some more fluids before the climb) and offered him some of my warm coke which was, unsurprisingly, politely declined.

This was the last big climb of the route and I knew it would be brutal. Clocking up around 1200 feet of climb in just under 5 miles. My quads were on fire (in hindsight that could have just been the sunburn) and for the very first time during a race, I experienced the joy of dry heaving. What a treat. Up, up, up I went, hands on thighs, heaving away up the hill. Who says ultrarunning isn’t a glamorous sport? Maybe I should have had that nip of whisky at the last checkpoint after all...

The final checkpoint at Loch Laide (62 miles) came in to view at the end

of another forestry track and it was so nice to see the ever smiley faces of the marshals. What made it even better was the array of leftovers on offer (thank you speedy runners). This was however, to lead to my first fully blown tantrum of the race...instead of focusing on my own drop bag I was majorly distracted by all the sweets laid out before me. FRUTELLAS. WINE GUMS. Yes please. It was only when I got about a mile down the road that I realised that I had not picked up my bottle of coke. I cannot emphasise how much I NEEDED that sugary caffeine goodness. And it was all the way back at the checkpoint. The tears came on and my trainers came off (my feet felt beyond mashed). And I just stood at the side of the road bubbling and cursing at my feet for about 5 minutes. I had a strong word with myself, briefly contemplated running the last 10 miles without trainers on and knew it was time to put on my big girl pants and get this race done!

The final section takes you through a short bit of overgrown single track which has lots of weird, colourful signs for some sort of eco café (I thought I was hallucinating at this point as I couldn’t work out why there would be a café in amongst these bushes!) before spitting you out on to a minor road which eventually takes you in to a lovely bit of forest trails; the squishiness was a welcome relief to my battered feet. Also forest equals shade. Glorious shade I contemplated lying down under a tree. The sun couldn’t get me there I thought to



myself. Instead, I popped another wine gum and kept going through the forest.

I could see civilisation now. Inverness was in sight but it still felt like a long way away. Where was the canal? I knew once I could see the swing bridge that it wouldn't be far to go. I tried my hardest to pick up the pace down in to the housing estate on the outskirts of Inverness. A runner passed me here and usually this would have given me an incentive to push a bit harder but I had nothing left to give...until I could finally see the canal crossing and the stadium was upon me. I could hear shouts of "runner!" as I approached the track. Now, if running 72 miles with approximately 9300 feet of ascent isn't enough, you even get (forced) to do a glory lap of the track in the stadium. I loved it. Everyone in the stands was cheering and clapping, I could see my dad behind the finishing line snapping away on his phone and this was it. I had done it. 73.2 miles in 17 and a half hours. 45th place overall and 10th female. Not the time I had secretly hoped for but I was delighted to have finished.

Once again BAM Racing pulled out all the stops to create a wonderful ultra event that reminds you just how lucky you are to get to experience the beautiful trails that Scotland has to offer. The support from the marshals is simply amazing. No matter how down I had been feeling coming in to the checkpoints I always left feeling



boosted by their constant cheeriness and support. Something that makes BAM events even more special are the award ceremonies – everyone gets called up individually to be presented with their medal, which in this case was a bonnie whisky glass complete with a mini bottle of whisky!

My toughest race to date for lots of reasons but regardless of the lows it is always the highs that stay with you. A beautifully brutal course and one I hope to be back on in 2019.

■UW■

“From a diary of a crazy trail runner”

Leila Majewska AKA Lili Insane



So finally today was the day - my first ultra! I was excited and terrified at same time. Perhaps because I had a temperature of 38.2C and had been on antibiotics for four days due to a chest infection. Well regardless how crappy I felt, today was the day! It was a very special day for me as it marked exactly five months since I've run my first mile ever. And let me tell you, I had to stop four times during it to catch breath and walk parts of it! And today five months later I've run my first ultra - Durham Dales. Was it hard? Yes it was, although not as much as I worried about. I arrived a good hour before the start, picked up my number

at registration, carried on chatting with other runners until the start. There were plenty of walkers since it was organised by LDWA which made it harder at the beginning to catch up at my own pace, eventually I did at the end. I walked the uphill parts and ran the flats and downs as much as I could, but due to a rainy nose and coughing it was hard. It was a hot sunny day and with a temperature on top of that, I was sweating like a little piggy. The first 10 miles wasn't that hard. Very remote and narrow paths but views made up for lack of comfort underfoot. Plus the free snacks were flying straight into my mouth begging to be eaten!

Around the 10th mile my left ankle started to ache and at the half way CP for a moment I considered pulling out. It was just a moment, a doubtful thought in my head but I pushed it away and decided to carry on. I reached hill and got lost for a while until I've found some power walkers to tag along with for a bit and carried on with them. My ankle was still aching but not as much, and I started to feel more power in my legs until... boom! I fell into a rabbit hole with my left leg and my foot was in agony! I used the poles to support myself and carried on since I didn't have a choice as we were lost in the remoteness

of the hills. This was the longest two miles of my life! Crossing those grassy fields on top of a hill to find the proper path again with a hurting ankle felt like ages, but we eventually we found a path and at that point we were around mile 19. So only 11 left. Next CP on the road, had three cups of squash with water, a few jelly babies, painkillers and carried on. Around the 21st mile the pain meds started to work and I felt a bit better so carried on running till the next CP, but occasionally stopping to check directions with either the map, gps or people I was passing by. After getting lost five times and over an hour and a half wasted on getting

back on track, I really didn't want to lose more time than I already had!

I reached the last CP and felt quite good but cold. I started to regret leaving my long sleeve base layer and jacket with a friend at the middle CP. This was a "no kit required" event, but I thought it was important to carry some kit with me just in case the weather took a sudden turn for the worse. Around the 27th mile my ankle started hurting again and I just decided it was unwise to run anymore. I paired up with a lovely lady walker and carried on with her those last few miles. I hope she didn't think I was rude, as I was in such pain at this point that couldn't process everything she was saying. I only remember that she had a pigeon in her house named Rose. At this point every single step was painful, I kept looking at my watch which showed 29 miles plus but yet I still



couldn't see the finish. 30 miles and still no finish in sight. Due to the pain it all seemed to take forever. Finally we reached the finish line - just a bit over 31 miles, I guess I forgot to add those miles taking the



wrong paths Result - done 31 miles in 10:30. That's over two hours more than I expected, but I am pretty pleased with that taking into account my chest infection and smashing my ankle. I am happy I finished and hey, still an hour and a half before cut off!

I did it. In five weeks I ran a road half marathon, a 10k trail race, an 8 mile trail race, a trail marathon and my first ultra. I've survived them all proving to myself and some naysayers that you can do whatever you believe you are capable of. What I really wanted was to test my abilities and limits - now I know I can complete a 30 mile race without really training for it. So it's time to push my boundaries a bit more (or a lot actually) and find a more demanding adventure - Lakeland 50 here I come!

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Runners Against Rubbish – The South-West Coastal Path Run by Stuart Walker



After occupying a large part of my brain since sometime in 2017, Pick the Path is over. It was a great success - over three days our 55 runners covered around 600 miles and picked up 90 bags of rubbish. We made friends, planned future events and spread our message far and wide.

The whole thing was Charlie's idea. He contacted me after joining RAR and proposed a continuous litter-picking relay on the South West Coast Path, starting simultaneously at each end and finishing in the middle. Charlie took charge of route planning and breaking the huge distance down into manageable legs, while I worked on recruiting runners and finding the best leg for everyone. On the weekend, Charlie would manage the south coast and I would be on the north. We met for final planning on Thursday afternoon then went our separate ways till Sunday!

At 5am the following morning I left Minehead for the first 30km of the path. Simultaneously, Charlie launched the first Southern side runners and we were underway! It felt great to be going, I enjoyed the first leg despite missing a radio interview,

but we did manage to give loads of interviews over the weekend. Rich and Sally left Lynmouth and I headed to pick up runners for the next leg. The pattern continued all weekend: Leapfrogging runners, drop-offs and pick-ups, sleeping in car parks, seeing as many as possible at the start and end points and running a few legs myself! By Saturday night both northern and southern teams were in Cornwall.

The Sunday morning weather threatened to ruin the whole thing. High winds and torrential rain meant we had to delay our early runners, but their fantastic attitude shone through yet again and everyone agreed to run their legs once the weather

improved. A few had even camped on the route and put up with some terrible weather to get the job done. By Sunday afternoon the sun was out and Charlie joined us on the final leg into Porthallow. We triumphantly descended into the little fishing port - Charlie's wife Debbie had turned the village hall into a superb finish line!

We picked up loads of rubbish, but my enduring memory is the commitment and friendliness of our volunteers - some travelled a long way, some got soaked overnight and all did an amazing job. Thank you.

Really, we couldn't have done it without you (or at least we'd still be going if we'd tried!)

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Going Far As a Vegan: Fuelling An Ultra with Plant-Based Nutrition

Amy Robson



It's a classic sci-fi scene: A broken and bloodied Charlton Heston finds himself carted away while desperately exclaiming the memorable line "Soylent Green is people!"

Although this may be true in the iconic 70's film, the Soylent found in the real world is made with soy protein instead and, if endorsements on the trail are anything to go by, it might just be a hidden gem for the plant-based ultra runner.

Powered by Plants?

There's no denying that among the ultra running community there are an awful lot of individuals who are turning to plant-based diets in order to power some pretty impressive feats of endurance.

Scott Jurek is undoubtedly the most famous of these vegan athletes and his enthusiastic endorsement of vegan living and performance is prevalent in his publications. Jurek, however, isn't alone, with athletes such as Rich Roll, Laura Kline, Damian Stoy and more joining him in the ultra running ranks.

These are the pros, but what options are there for those just starting out with either veganism or ultra running (or both)? Is plant-based nutrition really a viable ultra option? And, if so, what are the options?

Allow us to summarize.

Vegan Gels

Thankfully most runners can take a deep sigh of relief in the knowledge that many gels are already vegan by nature. After all, most gels are essentially liquid sugar, so there's very little concern in terms of living in line with a vegan ethic.

High5, SiS, Huma, GU, and Clif all provide easily accessible vegan gels, which will help runners who prefer to stick to these quick energy fixes for

shorter ultras (or large stints of their run) but, as we all know, gels alone can't fuel an ultra.

This is where more substantial liquid fuels come into play...

The Fluid Vegan

If you've run a substantial ultra alongside a vegan then there's a high likelihood that you've heard the terms 'Tailwind' or 'Huel', both of which are examples of vegan-accessible liquid nutrition designed intentionally to provide substantial, sustainable nutrition for peak performance.

Tailwind, in particular, was designed by Jeff Vierling as a solution to his own nutritional shortcomings during his first Leadville 100. Coming out of that event feeling sick of gels (and sick in general) Jeff and his partner Jenny worked tirelessly to create an alternative fuel specifically for long-distance endurance events, with the result being Tailwind.

This liquid nutrition now works well for many ultra runners (not just the plant-based variety) but many more still turn to Huel - a UK-based company that create a liquid alternative to a balanced and nutritionally complete daily diet.

Whereas Tailwind can keep vegans going 'on the go', Huel is useful both while running and on multi-day events where runners might struggle to stomach solid food sources. Soylent is the US equivalent of Huel, but Soylent uses soy as its protein source as opposed to the pea and brown rice sources used by Huel which athletes might want to consider when making a purchase.

Blocks and Bars

For those who do prefer their food sources to be more solid, vegans have the option of taking on block or bar-based nutrition, with Clif Bars, Huel

Bars, Pulsin, BodyMe, and more all providing plant-based options for protein bars.

Clif Shot Blocks are also completely vegan *and* organic, which is great news for any ethically or environmentally motivated vegan ultra runners, or those who are generally eco-conscious.

Trail Mix on the Trails

Trail mixes, either home-made or pre-packed, are also usually vegan-friendly by default and are a great way to mix in some healthy fat sources alongside sugar for vegans.

If making a home mix, vegan runners also have to opportunity to add in chocolate, dried banana or coconut chips, and other tasty options for variation in their athletic endeavours.

Almost all dark chocolate is vegan by default, though it always pays to check the ingredient list just in case.

More Substantial Meals

For those who thrive on 'real food' on the roads and trails there is also good news too: A lot of tried and tested ultra old reliables are vegan friendly.



Take, for example, the trusted nut butter and jam sandwich - as long as you get the right bread then this is an easy vegan treat to scoff down when you need something substantial.

Beans, burritos, wraps, rice, and oat bars - all of these are either automatically plant-based or easy plant-based options can be found. Then there are some decadent canned delights such as the Suma Baked Beans and Vegan Sausage, Amy's Kitchen range of soups and chilli, and the equally bean and chilli based Geo and Free & Easy Ranges.

For those who prefer to travel light with dry mixtures Natur offers couscous or pasta options to pack on the run, whereas Tilda, Merchant Gourmet, and many other brands are offering ready packed portions or rice, lentils, and quinoa which can easily be left with a crew.

An 'Accidentally Vegan' Ultra

For those who are just transitioning (or just really like 'junkie' options) 'accidentally vegan' options also provide a lot more potential for vegan ultra runners, especially for those 12 hour+ events.

Most bagels are accidentally vegan, as are oreos, biscoff biscuits (and spread), Jelly Tots, most turkish delights, and Mr Kipling's Treacle Tarts,

More of a savoury fan? You've got the option of Kettle Chips, Tyrells, Hula Hoops (original or salt and vinegar), Pringles (original, BBQ, paprika and, yes, even smoky bacon), or Pot Noodles.

Beef & Tomato Pot Noodles are vegan...seriously. As are their Bombay Bad Boy, Sweet & Sour, Brazilian BBQ Steak, Chilli Beef, Chinese Chow Mein, Piri Piri Chicken, and Sticky Rib options.

Now there's a bit of a plot twist for any dedicated omnivorous ultra runners.

Starting Out Ultra

Given the huge variety of vegan ultra nutrition that is out there the real question isn't 'Is vegan ultra running possible?' as much as it is 'which ultra running fuel should I pick?'

The answer here is in keeping with conventional knowledge.

If you're already an ultra runner, you know what works for you nutritionally (and mentally) on events, and you're looking to transition then you're best bet is to find either accidentally vegan or similar plant-based alternatives to what already works for you.

Pay attention to labels - a lot of your running food might already be vegan - and stick to a similar nutritional profile as the one you're already on. If in doubt never be afraid to defer to a web search, contact the company direct, or seek help from one of the many vegan ultra running communities on social media. You will definitely get the help you need.

If, however, you're a vegan transitioning to ultra running then it's time to use your long run training in order to test what nutrition works best for you. Gels and Tailwind might cut it for shorter events but if you've got high-mile goals then you'll want to try more substantial food sources too, just to test the stomach.

As for recovery meals? Keep it simple. Ultimately you'll have an idea of what recovery breakdown works for you in terms of the macro nutritional breakdown. Just stick to food that meets your needs and go nuts.

Alternatively, try to aim for ultras that land you next to some of the best vegan eateries out there. Purezza is a winner for anyone ending up in

Brighton or London if craving a hit of pizza-based recovery. Wagamama and Yo! Sushi offer vegan options, as do most chain restaurants. You certainly won't be stuck for options during your celebratory meal (or the subsequent post-ultra days where hunger strikes).

Race For Success

If in complete and utter doubt when it comes to your plant-based potential as a runner then it's best to test the waters by picking races that have vegan-friendly aid stations in place.

White Star Running, for example, is well known for offering vegan cakes, doughnuts, and savoury options for its runners. Their ultras are usually lap-based with no obligation to tackle ultra distance should a digestion disaster strike, making it the perfect running ground for both experienced and aspiring vegan ultra runners.

Crooked Tracks Wiltshire and Saxon Shore are equally vegan-friendly. Saxon Shore even offers vegan Fudgeathons for those who are interested, though the viability of fuelling an ultra on fudge is not necessarily advisable!

Again, just make sure to ask ahead of time and many races will likely be able to accommodate vegan runners. It is always advisable to keep your own food to hand (or with your crew) though, just in case anything goes wrong.

So There You Have It!

Looking at the vegan ultra running profile it becomes pretty swiftly apparent that the myth of the salad and carrot relegated vegan runner is far from the reality.

Instead vegan ultra runners are faced with a veritable buffet of nutrition sources or all varieties, flavours, and consistencies.

So there you have it. The range of plant-based options is increasing all the time. You're pretty much guaranteed to find something that works for you. Our choices have a real impact and far-reaching benefits for everyone.

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10 RANDOM QUESTIONS FOR HELEN JAMES



1. A crew is useful for four main things

- saving you time by filling bottles, handing food, getting change of kit ready. If you have to stop to do this yourself the time soon mounts up so with crew you can just grab on the run and don't need to stop

- Keeping you informed of your position and if you are ahead/behind target

- Being your brain when you have lost capacity to think for yourself. For example when I kept going to the toilet it never occurred to me to take Imodium. When Phil came back in the morning and I told him my problem he said 'do you want Imodium' obvious but not after you have been running for nearly 100 miles. Also reminding you to eat and drink especially when you don't feel like it. They can keep track of what you have had and if that is enough.

- To keep you focused and offer encouragement when you want to give up or have lost your goal

2. I probably wouldn't pay someone as firstly what would you pay? Minimum wage? For a 24 hour event that ends up being very expensive. I never do the kind of races where you need a crew to get through so if I couldn't get someone I would just manage on my own.

3. The most helpful thing Phil does is have things ready for me when I need them so I don't need to stop.

4. I started running to keep fit but now I run because I enjoy it. I enjoy training for races and the camaraderie of races. I enjoy races the most when I achieve my goals or if I don't achieve my goal (perhaps because the race was harder than expected) but I deal with the difficult circumstances well.

5. Yes I do come away from races with a sense of achievement. Not always but more often than not. The best ones are not always the fastest time but the ones where I feel I have run well and felt strong to the end and therefore not had the death march.

6. My best race was base 24 hour in 2013. My previous PB was 2012 where I did 195km. I had set myself a goal of 200km and knew roughly what I needed to do each hour. In my previous two 24 hour races I had learnt different things which worked or didn't and felt with a few tweaks during the race and another block of training 200km was a realistic goal. Sometimes everything just comes together on the day and you have the race of your life far surpassing what you expected; it can be hard to pin point what it was. On that day I ran 213km. I went into the race feeling confident I had done the training to improve on my previous distance but had not put too much pressure on myself to improve by a huge amount so the goal was realistic as well as a challenge.

7. Yes age group records help motivate me as I am not in the same sort of shape as in 2013 so PBs are out of the question. Some age group records are more achievable than others due to not many people doing those distances and the records being a split in a longer race eg a 6 hour split in a 24 hour race is used as a 6 hour record making it easier to beat if you are doing a 6 hour race.

8. I don't really have a bucket list. There are races which I would love to do but for various reasons are unlikely

Comrades - the biggest ultra in the world and looks amazing but as a teacher I can't take time off so would need it to fall in the holidays with a bit of time before and after the race.

UTMB - I am not very good off road and fall over easily so would never be able to do UTMB but would love to have the ability to do it.

6 days in the dome - this is an indoor 6 day race with 48 hour and I think 24 hour option. It is held in Alaska so I couldn't really justify the expense of going there just to run round in circles indoors for 24+ hours. I have done Bislett 24 hours which is indoor and really liked that you don't need to worry about the weather (hot/cold/wind) so can lay everything out.

Desert solstice 24 hour race - you have to qualify to run this (not sure if I still qualify but I did at one time). Would be great to run a 24 hour race amongst some of the worlds best 24 hour runners. Usually lots of age group records are broken so I think it would be a really inspirational race to be part of.

9. I am not very good running off road. A lot of this is due to confidence/fear of falling. I quite like canal type off road and have enjoyed some off road races which I have done as a run/walk very slowly. I am sure with practice I would get faster and more confident but there are so many road events out there that I don't really need to run off road. I could invest some training time to run off road but I like to enjoy what I am doing and whilst my key races are all road/track it is not really necessary to branch out. From time to time I do think about it as I know it will make me stronger but I am a bit set in the same routine and routes so it doesn't happen! ■UW■

TOUR DE GOA #2

18-24 février 2019

310 km



7 étapes

Susegad !

Sea, Run & Sun

Boucle en 7 étapes autour de GOA, plus petit Etat de l'Union Indienne

A 7 stages Loop around GOA, the smallest State of India

BENAOLIM - PALOLEM - NETRAVALI - MOLLEM - BICHOLIM - ASHVEM - OLD GOA



DEVIL'S
PIT

ULTRA

CORRESPONDENTS



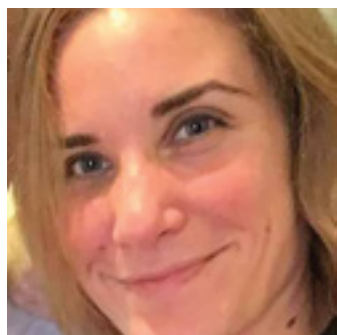
Maria Elisabetta Bellini is the founder of www.italyontrail.com a trail race calendar & magazine aimed at all who want to enjoy the trails in Italy. Originally from the UK, she lives and runs in Italy and has been working in sports promotion for over ten years.



Arctic John Parkin, the head teacher at Oxenhope Primary School, won the inaugural Deadwater 235 mile stage race from Scotland to Wales in 2017. Visit John's blog for his interesting race reports at: showboater-daily100words.blogspot.co.uk



Sarah Cameron is an ultra-running vegan who lives on a vineyard in the south of France with her husband, two children and far too many pets. She juggles family life with looking after said pets, making wine and indulging in her many hobbies, most of which involve either consuming things or attempting to burn them off. <http://cakewinerunning.blogspot.fr>



Shishaldin Hanlen is a New York based ultrarunner, tennis coach, body builder, Performance Artist and mother. She studied Nutrition at CUNY Graduate School of Public Health and Health Policy.



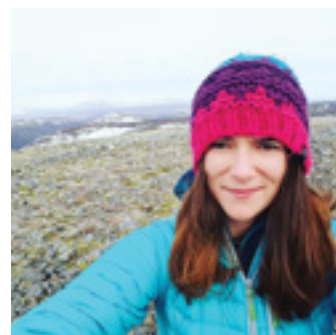
Amy Robson, PhD (aka The Kind Peach) is a vegan nutritionist, journalist, trainer, and ultra runner. Writing mostly in the health and wellness sector, Amy spends her days advocating for benefits of a healthy lifestyle, speaking at vegan conferences, and running far to much for most people's liking. @thekindpeach thekindpeach.com



Bob Hearn is an ultrarunner living in the San Francisco Bay Area. He has an academic background in computer science and AI, and has been a serial entrepreneur, most successfully with the Mac program ClarisWorks. Bob specializes in long road races, and holds five age-group American records, ranging from 200 km to 48-hour. Blog: <http://bobhearn.blogspot.com>



Andrew Cittern-Jones has been in the fitness industry for 15 years starting in the Armed Forces as a PTI. Now he runs his own business - Resolve2run where his methodology focuses on a runners biomechanics to ensure the body has the mobility and stability to carry out the principles of good technique!



Victoria Presly is a lawyer and ultra-runner from Aberdeen. Having dipped her toe in to the ultra-running world in 2016 with the Devil of the Highlands; she has now taken part in 10 ultra-races (including coming 2nd female at the Marathon de Ben Nevis in 2016). Victoria enjoys long distance trails, especially in the Scottish Highlands and the Alps; with a dream of one day taking part in one of the UTMB races. Instagram: www.instagram.com/victoria2409



Leila Majewska only started running in 2018 running her first ultra 5 months after her first mile. She has run Durham Dales and Rosedale Ultra and will soon be launching her own blog.



Deborah Bidmead has a zest for life and as well as running ultras she runs a small business, Fit For Life Pilates. Debbie is an Advanced Level 3 Fitness Instructor and offers workout classes in Devon. www.fitforlifepilates.co.uk



Sharon Gayter is a member of North York Moors AC and in 1994 completed her first 100km and 24 hour race, winning gold in the National Championships at both events. Between 1994 and 2011, Sharon represented her country on 27 occasions. In 2011 she took part in the world's highest race, La Ultra-The High and later set the 7 day treadmill record. Sharon wrote a book, The Clock Keeps ticking. Visit her website <http://www.sharongayter.com/>



Stan Jewell has been organising timed events since the late 1980's in the north of England continuing in recent years with the Foxton 24 hour in Preston, the Chorley 6 hour at Astley Park and most recently last month with the Liverpool Hope University 6 hour race as well as managing Junior and Senior cross-country events at Chorley Athletic and Triathlon Club.





Ilvaka Nemcova and Petra Kasperova winners of the Sri Chinmoy 10 & 6 Day Races 2018. Photo by Pranjal Milovnik