

*Proud to be a Pacer*



# Pudsey Pacers Newsletter

December  
2016

This month's edition is again packed full of interesting articles. Thank you to everyone for volunteering to contribute. Please offer a race report or tell the Club what you've been doing. Hopefully something here for everyone? Read, laugh and enjoy. And good running to all.

**Road and Big Hill races — Insight into marshalling —  
Snowy fell running — Sunny relays**

email: [pacersnews@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:pacersnews@hotmail.co.uk)

**Massive congratulations to Andrew Byrom for  
completing 200 Parkruns!!**



## **Congratulations to the new Pudsey Pacers First Aiders**

The following Pudsey Pacers recently attended a FIRST AID FOR SPORT course which they all successfully completed and passed:

**KAREN FAWCETT**

**MARTIN SCOT**

**LINDSAY JOHNSON**

**DVEIREL KOVALSKY G**

**JOHN MARSHALL**

**DILIP PARMAR**

**KATY DYSON-JONES**

**DAVID ELLIOT**

**MICHELLE DARE**

**ANDREW HALL**

**ANNA KEYS**

**SARAH TURNER**

**ANDREW HARDAKER**

**JAMES MYERS**

**SUZANNE SCOTT**

**SHARON TRACEY**

**SARAH DUTSON**

**SARAH NORMAN**

**PHILL DAGGETT**

**JOY GOOD**

**JONATHAN PRIDEAUX**

Well done everybody!

Regards

Elaine Rushworth

Cert.Ed., TechIOSH

Effective Safety Training



## **Lancaster Half Marathon, Sunday 4th December. Al Chapman**

On a sunny but slightly bracing morning Morven Wallace and myself travelled to God's favourite county to take part in the Lancaster half marathon in Lancashire. The race took place on a traffic free course that utilises former railway tracks and a riverside path. On this fast and flat course which offers a lot of potential for a personal best, Morven put in a strong performances with 1.31.56 (38th place) and narrowly missed out on a pb. I ran a swift 1.22.41 earning a top ten finish.



markforrestphotography@gmail.com

## Read this if you'd like to Marshal/be inspired by The Yorkshire Three Peaks Race. Linda Bullock

So we've committed to being volunteer marshals at 'The Marathon with Mountains' in the beautiful Yorkshire countryside.

It's 30th April 2016. At 6am we throw every piece of water proof clothing we can find into the Land rover. We have base layers, beanies, boots and rubber gloves (apparently essential kit for the water stations – who knew). My husband Martin and son Aaron have been regular marshals for a few years having somehow been talked into it by friend Andy Walker (committee member and previous runner). My daughter Lucy (13) and I are first timers and have infiltrated this, traditionally blokey weekend, just to see what all the fuss is about. We're all newbies really; this event has been going for sixty two years (plus one for the year of foot and mouth when the race was cancelled for the first and only time). The day has arrived so, armed with equipment, we head out of the drive in anticipation, with the heater on full blast.

We have an easy journey on quiet roads. This route is madness on a weekday but we breeze through Shipley to the Bingley bypass with very little traffic and blue sky. It's looking like a promising day. An hour and a half later, we pull into the field at Horton in Ribblesdale to see lots of activity. There's a marquee, start line and the Peter Bland equipment stand, which already has a buzz around it. I'm told in previous years this was a man with a van but times have moved on and there's now a gazebo. The view of Pen-y-Ghent is mesmerising, completely white over, standing out like an iceberg amongst green fields below. Thinking about these runners setting off to tackle twenty three miles of terrain and thousands of feet of climb seems incomprehensible.



The buzz on the field is growing as more competitors arrive. There are greetings and exchanges, debates around trail shoes versus mud claws (someone can explain that to me later). Bags of waterproofs and essential clothing have to be packed according to the rule book and checked my mountain rescue before the start. Registration is at 10am followed by the start half an hour later. By now the queue for the loo is long and a slight issue of toilet rolls is dealt with swiftly and efficiently. The marquee is a haze of bacon fat and nerves. Registration packs are moving out quickly and warnings of the importance of the survival kit are repeated several times over the PA system. Safety is the main concern and taken very seriously by those who, I imagine, have seen the consequences.

By now we've had a chat with team 'Pacers' who are all geared up with a mixture of excitement, apprehension and possibly a tinge of terror but they clearly know what they are doing and I get the feeling they have all trained hard. We exchange information about where we will be on the fields and promise a cheer. I'm warned not to expect much in return as I'm on the last 800 metres, except maybe a grunt or a nod. I prepare my best shouting voice. We take position at the top of the field, a good view of the start line where our friend and neighbour, Brian, prepares for the shotgun start. He likes that bit, he has a gun licence so it's ok.



## Read this if you'd like to Marshal/be inspired by The Yorkshire Three Peaks Race. Linda Bullock

And so it begins, 152 women and 877 men make up the participants, all starting this incredible journey of mental and physical strength on this beautiful and treacherous Yorkshire landscape. I have walked these hills and the changeable conditions are a worry on a good day. Thankfully they have less than six hours to endure, the front runners less than three. There are three time checks along the way and runners have to sign off if they don't make the required time at all points.



Down on the field we are busy moving the start line to the finish line, changing signs, bashing wooden stakes and generally spreading the Inov-8 tape liberally. Inov-8 are the sponsors having taken over from Salomon.

There's still time for a bacon butty and a hot drink before heading to our positions, with marshal day glows and rucksacks. Lucy and I head for the field near the railway line where runners will appear on the skyline of the last hill for their downward journey home. We hang out with the sheep for a while taking selfies and generally mucking about.

Soon, the adrenaline kicks in as we see our first runner. We prepare to clap and shout encouraging words but this guy is driven. I can tell he can't hear anything except his feet hitting the turf, focusing only on his time and the finish line. The next dozen through are in a similar zone, in another world and I'm feeling a bit overwhelmed by the comparison of this and my small job or shouting 'well done.' I learn later about elite runners and begin to understand the commitment and experience it takes to achieve this sort of time.



In First - Marc Lauenstein,  
Team Solomon 2:48:58 Elite

The first hour passes and I get a tea break as relief marshals turn up to help out, as promised by the lead marshal. I wander down to watch my son on the radio (he's informing the road marshals which runners are on their way) and for a moment, feel proud of his confidence in supporting these athletes. Then he tells me to stop clapping because it's embarrassing. We spend some time on the road where Martin and Andy are skilfully stopping traffic amidst a few irritated drivers but in the main considerate.

Back to the field and the relief marshal has repositioned himself by the step under the tunnel and I'm grateful for his experience, having raced himself, he recognises this obstacle as a danger to tired runners who should be warned as they approach. I prepare to shout 'Please mind the step as you go through the tunnel,' several hundred times and notice how the runners are replying now with a few words of thanks, one saying 'Oh the irony,' as she lifts her tired limbs over this final hurdle. Others thank us for giving up our day. There's no time to reply how inspiring the experience has been from our perspective.

## Read this if you'd like to Marshal/be inspired by The Yorkshire Three Peaks Race. Linda Bullock

We begin to recognise some Pudsey Pacers and feel quite proud to be a part of all this. We shout 'How you doing' and get a mixed response from 'buggered' to a wave of the hand. I'm glad to know some but not all their names. Next time I'll be more prepared.

We've had hail, rain, wind and sun and eventually, as the sweeper comes in with the last runner, we pull up the guidelines and head down to the finish line. Running surely is about strength of mind and I'm feeling glad that our kids have witnessed this event. Awesome, a word which usually irritates me, used here in its true sense. I tell myself to remember this the next time I'm running up those small inclines in Pudsey and feel inspired to keep on with this running thing.

***PP Runners***  
*Leigh Hinchliffe*  
*Paul Gaile*  
*Neil Wallace*  
*Darryl Stead*  
*Ben Mason*  
*Dave Burdon*  
*Michael Dixon*

Next year's event is taking place on 29th April 2017,  
contact Martin Bullock [martin.bullock1@ntlworld.com](mailto:martin.bullock1@ntlworld.com)  
to take part as a volunteer marshal.

See also <http://www.threepeaksrace.org.uk/> for information about the event

## Sports Massage by Paul Dewhirst

Like many people I have felt twinges in my muscles from the accumulated running and training. It is believed that these are caused by "knots" or adhesions which arise from micro-tears in your muscles/ ligaments/ tendons (biology not my strongest subject). These knots cause tension to be held in the muscles and this all reduces blood flow. We all know blood delivers oxygen to the muscle and removes waste, so if it is reduced it follows that the muscle's performance is reduced.

So when I noticed that Katie Jones had a cancellation one Friday I decided to give it a whirl. Now initially undoing those knots hurts, but it eases as the held tension slips away and is replaced by a relaxed feeling of "rightness". Katie told me to take it easy for around 24 hours so at the Saturday Parkrun I did just that, running "blind" (no watch) and I felt remarkably good. Surprisingly I finished 11 seconds slower than my course PB with the fastest time I'd put down this year. Now I my fellow Pacers shouting "fluke"! So to test this I booked another massage on the Friday before the Abbey Dash, and asked Katie for a PB special. Again I felt relaxed during the run, clocking 28:42 at the 5K mark and finishing with a 10K PB of 58:19; to put that in context my fastest 10K this year had been around 63 mins.

Now I'm not saying that a sports massage will make you faster, your training does that. No what it will do is make sure that you can get maximum effect from your muscles. By analogy it won't give you a bigger engine, but it will lubricate the drive chain to allow you to get the maximum out of that engine. Finally just like an F1 winner I must thank my team, Katie Jones, for helping me achieve my PB.

### Some Facts!

**What shoes did I run in?** I ran in Salomon Fellraisers. These are new this year and I have to say I don't like them as much as my old Inov-8 Mudclaws.

**What did I eat prior to the race?** I am a firm believer in eating and drinking well before a big race. I drink loads and loads of water at least 3-4 days before; from the minute I wake up to the minute I go to bed I will drink pints of it. The day before this race, I ate plenty of protein and good carbs. I had about 8 meals of Weetabix, chicken, tuna, eggs, rice, and boiled potatoes. I am always worried about having a funny tummy so I never eat anything rich like a curry or chilli and definitely don't try anything new or different for fear of it not going down too well.

**Would I do it again?** Yes, of course

**What would I do differently?** I would have liked to have done some more miles in my training before the race. As I am only just getting back into the running scene, I struggled to get the motivation to run much before the race and my longest run was only 11 miles on the flat the week before! So by next year I should have a few longer runs under my belt and be able to train a little more.

**Was it the hardest race I have ever done?** Put simply, yes it was but this might have been because I was a little unfit for it. But, to answer the question, I have done 3 peaks, The OMM, The Rab, Sedbergh Hills and a Bob Graham Relay and I would put Pendle on that day up there as the hardest race I have done.

### The Race

I wouldn't say I usually get nervous before running a race, I think because with running I know through training, preparation and following a structured plan that I can at the very least finish the race. I think it is this preparation which sort of takes many of the pressures away...that's certainly how I usually feel anyway. However, on the day of the 33rd Tour of Pendle, a 16.8 mile fell race with around 4600ft of climb, I was having mixed feelings. Fell running isn't really that new to me, I have a few bigger races under my belt...the three peaks being one of them in around 4hours. So, on paper then this shouldn't have been something to worry about, but I was bricking it...and quite rightly so!

I pulled into the car park in Barley village at 8.30am having made the snowy journey over the Pennines. We actually passed a snow plough on the M62 and I can remember saying to my girlfriend who was sat in the passenger seat "I hope it isn't snowing in Lancashire" – HA...if only I had known what was ahead of me. The usual scene was set out in the village, Pete Bland were setting up their van, several marshals were dotted around frantically preparing in what I assumed were going to be some pretty difficult conditions. I parked up and walked over to Barley village hall to collect my number and most importantly my T-shirt. I had been here in 2012 ( maybe it was 2013) to run Pendle Fell race, a 4 mile dash up and down the hill, so only a fraction of what I was about to do. I hadn't run a race like this in almost 2 years.

I walked back to my car to start my 'pre-race routine'. This typically consists of searching endlessly through my car, coat pockets and the bottom of rucksacks to find some safety pins (Those of you who ran Leeds Country Way with me will know that safety pins are just something I can't seem to remember). With shaky hands and racing thoughts I put on my Pudsey vest which

## The Tour of Pendle. 19th November. Ollie Roberts

was the first time I had worn it in a 'proper' fell race

It was at this point that my family arrived - In all the years I have ran, my family have never come to watch me race, I suppose fell running isn't really a spectator sport so I had always understood their reasons. Why on earth they suddenly decided to watch me today still bewilders me - but they were here, 8 family members here to support me, and I won't lie the support was nice.

So, I am on the start line; I stood next to Neil Wallace and his girlfriend Rose. We chatted briefly about previous Recce's and the conditions whilst we were herded towards the start so the marshals could count us through. What I really noticed whilst this took place was listening into people's conversations on the start line. I always find it funny how often conversations are about recent injury, illness, lack of training and general apathy about the race, not what you would expect at all.

Once the race was underway, I paced it pretty gently for the first section, I had set off near the back with the one and only James Clark by my side, we chatted for about 5/10 minutes about each other's motivations of running the race, exchanged a few remarks about our pace and then he was gone, disappearing into the pack of runners ahead of me. I wasn't concerned, I found my comfort zone along the road that we set off on and coincidentally tucked in next to Neil Wallace.

After a mile or so, we pulled off to the right and the road became a snow covered track as we began to climb Pendle Hill. We started off slowly and as the track became narrower and narrower, the runners started to run in single file. I couldn't believe how different the scenery was compared with the week before when we had reced it. As we approached the top of Pendle Hill, our first major climb, visibility became poor, but it was incredible up there. There was a very clear defined path in the snow, made from the hundreds of feet that had passed in front of me. The snow had compacted down into a trench which slowed the running down, I tried to deviate from the path and run in the deep snow a few times but I looked like a novice, it was really difficult and I quickly changed my mind and followed the majority, sticking on the path. We reached the wall at Cp1 and there was a lot of standing around waiting for people to climb the stile. I always find this frustrating, because prior to the race I envisage myself leaping over walls and throwing myself over stiles, not standing around. I was about 10 people back in this queue and I remember thinking 'sod it I am not hanging around' and quickly I skipped past them and jumped the gate next to the stile. I felt like an idiot at first but shortly after I looked back and people had started doing the same. This moment of excitement came at the worst time as ahead of me was plenty of flat running and along with my new sense of athleticism from leaping the gate, I found myself running far too fast, overtaking anyone in my path and quickly tiring.

The run over Ogden Clough is mostly downhill and should have been an opportunity to recover but the snow covered bogs made it difficult to run in, I couldn't spot uneven ground and fell over several times. I ended up latching onto a pack of runners and simply ran for the next few miles watching their heels with concentration. On the descent down to CP2, Neil caught me up, I think he was close behind me for some time but I hadn't realised, I welcomed his company. At this point, we were slowly descending down to Churn Clough Reservoir and I was warming up, worn out and had no clue what was ahead, I can remember saying to Neil "I have no idea how to pace myself".

## The Tour of Pendle. 19th November. Ollie Roberts

Next thing I knew I was climbing again, it was the second major climb which I had not recce'd before and it caught me by surprise. I remember thinking random thoughts of doubt as I tired, "How long is it going to last?", "Why am I doing this?" and "Maybe I should eat?" Eating was something I have never been a fan of whilst running; I have always been a believer that you should eat when you are climbing. My reasoning is that I am prone to getting a stitch and if I am bouncing up and down on the way down a hill I always get one if I have eaten. So if I am on a tough climb I try and eat. On this occasion I had a McVities Chocolate Covered Flapjack, which was exceptionally chewy but felt so good. I had a swig of water with it that was tucked in my OMM backpack I had borrowed from my Uncle, Martin Bullock for those of you who don't know.

As we reached the top of the climb I suddenly became aware of the famous descent that was coming up, known as Geronimo! I love descending, and what better place to get myself back into the swing of things. I knew my family would be waiting at the bottom of this hill and I threw myself down it, literally. Some of you will have seen the pictures but most runners went down this particular descent on their backsides, it was impossible to go fast without falling so that's just what I did. I could hear my mum shouting at the bottom of the hill which although was embarrassing, this just spurred me on faster and faster still. I got to the bottom steaming, and worn out but it was great fun! I was so tempted to stop here and have a drink but I knew if I did I would likely not get going again. For those of you not familiar with the route, this checkpoint is only a few miles from the start and a nice place to retire. I plodded on begrudgingly with praise from all of my family.

The next half of the race was the toughest on paper, 3 large climbs, high altitude and some tougher navigation. I knew the biggest climbs approached and the weather was getting worse and worse. It was made harder by the fact that I was almost on my own by this point, having pushed on after Geronimo with the adrenaline boost from 'performing' for my family supporters, I had pulled away from the rest of the runners behind me. Thankfully Martin and I had ran this next section the week before and I knew the route really well, I hit checkpoint 5 in great time, the flapjack had kicked in and I was catching the pack in front which reassured me.

My high didn't last long and if I am honest the next two miles were a blur, I genuinely struggle to remember them in enough detail to write about, I have always been strong on climbs and as I mentioned earlier, I have never had any fears of not finishing a race at the very least, but I was starting to feel broken now. I was stopping on the hills which I have never ever done – I would disguise these breaks with a casual 'look at the scenery' but really, I wanted it to be done with, I wasn't enjoying myself and thought to myself "Maybe I have hit 'the wall'". I fell into a running coma of looking at the ground and putting one foot in front of the other and next thing I knew I was looking up at a giant union jack flag, placed there by the marshals as I reached the top of checkpoint 8.

The next bit was interesting and I can certainly remember this. Between checkpoint 8 and checkpoint 9 the weather along the ridge was a complete white out, and I mean that, if I thought visibility before was bad then I was mistaken. People had stopped for shelter at the cairn along this ridge to put on their full body cover – I wanted to stop too, but I was so so cold I couldn't bring myself to. My clothes had become so drenched with sweat that the wind chill went right through me. I have to say that it felt less like a race at this point, I counted 5 runners in front of me and 4 behind, I am sure there were more in front but I couldn't see further than maybe 20

## The Tour of Pendle. 19th November. Ollie Roberts

metres. The snow was falling so quickly that the tracks the runners ahead had made were becoming hard to see again, I could tell that the runner at the front of our little group was not certain where to go and was following their nose. I looked back and we had broken away from the 4 runners behind me. I knew this route and I knew we needed to branch off to the left soon. Nobody in front of me was making the first move to the left. I remember shouting "We need to be heading down...checkpoint 9 is down to the left". It was remarkable; they all just looked at me as if it was what they had been waiting for. One of them shouted "Are you sure?" ....I thought to myself, "What if I am wrong". This doubt didn't last long and before I knew it, I was up to my thighs in snow, making our way down Downham Moor with 5 runners following me. It didn't take long for us to get out of the blizzard and we could clearly see CP9...I WAS RIGHT! We had come out right on top of CP9, albeit a little too far along and not on a defined path, but in my opinion that's what fell running is, isn't it? Little did I realise, as I had been day dreaming about my amazing navigation skills, my followers had taken advantage of the clean snow and flown ahead of me onto the checkpoint....cheeky b\$%\$\*%ds.

The climb up Big End was as you can imagine after 14 miles of being attacked by the harsh conditions and rugged terrain of Pendle and surrounding hills. I once again took some food from my bag, a McVities Chocolate Digestive bar this time and plodded on, it doesn't get more interesting than this, I shared a few Jelly Babies with the runners around me in a bid to make some new followers and we got chatting, I think we were all just happy knowing this was our last climb. I raised my hands in the air and smiled from ear to ear when we reached the top. I was elated, overjoyed that I had made it, the marshals laughed at me but I am certain many before me had made similar gestures. I reached the top of Pendle in no time at all and started to head on down into the warmer air.

On the way down, I was running fast and descending like a mountain goat (I wasn't at all, I looked like a mad man, I was hobbling and in a lot of pain but I felt a sense of pride which was worth more than a winge at this point). I hit the road which was the main aim and looked at my Garmin, I was miling now at 8 minutes which was the fastest I had gone all day, a far cry from the usual Thursday night pace but it felt quick after what I had just endured. I powered onwards for what felt like forever, it was never-ending and I was starting to cramp. About 400metres from the finish, Martin stood cheering me on, I crossed the line in 3 hours 46 minutes. The minute I stopped my legs burned, my girlfriend who is a physio started barking instructions as I squirmed in agony, 'Keep moving, keep moving, go for a jog, have some of your drink' – as if she was telling me to run after all that!

James had reached the end in 3 hours 15 minutes and Neil was close behind me in 3 hours 48. The times were slower than previous years, which was not in any way surprising given the conditions. All in all, although it may not sound so, it was a fantastic experience and I would recommend it as a must do race for any runner, with the disclaimer that it is essential to prepare and build up your experience beforehand.

## Member Profile Nigel Armitage



**Been running since....** playing tig in the school playground! With Pudsey Pacers since 2004.

**Favourite race/ event/ training session (and why)...** Baildon Boundary Way. I've had some good results at this off-road half marathon race. The varied terrain - trail, towpath, moor - plays to my strengths. As does the fact that it's not too hilly!

**Best running advice received or to offer..."**It's not about running. It's about looking after yourself." (Anon)

That voice in your head that says 'don't bother'; ignore it.

"Fairy steps up this steep hill, lad." (Graeme Tiffany)

**Other interests/hobbies....**The birds at my bird table. And the time to stand and stare.

**Favourite music/ best gig...**Bach's The Well-Tempered Clavier.

**Best gig:** Carter USM at Leeds Uni Refectory in, erm, 1991? Amidst a sea of sound, smoke and sweat!

**What film or book would you recommend as a MUST...**Film: Breaking Away (1979). You'll laugh, you'll cry, you'll want to be young, a cyclist and speak/sing Italian.

**Book:** On the Run by Martin Prinz. An exciting story about a bank robber who's on the run in Austria. "The forestry track was steep, as if drawn with a ruler up the mountainside. He was running at the limit. He was fast, and he scarcely dared wonder how far he could keep going like that."

**Best ever holiday destination (and why)...**Cavtat in Croatia. For the scenery, the food, the sea swimming, and the company.

**Your signature cooking dish...**Chestnut, mushroom and shallot pie. Lots of red wine in it.

**Favourite word...**Bob Dylan

**Pudsey/ Leeds secrets: best bit of local knowledge or mysterious tale...**Greenside Tunnel: it's over 500 metres long; there's a bend to it, but you can always see an exit. In 1985, my mate Simon Wilcock swore blind he saw a ghost in there.

**Friday evening, 200 quid in your 'sky rocket': what would you do for the weekend...**

Cinema, curry, room with a view, spa. Walk on the wild side. No work Monday.

**Sink, wall, hip or pocket: what do you do with your 'other' hand while brushing your teeth...**Like the boy who doesn't share, I peel an orange in my pocket.

Tell two truths about yourself and also one lie....

1. I can play the piano to a highly advanced basic level.
2. I've cycled 1,000 miles so far this year.
3. I've run the Three Peaks Race in under 3 hrs 40 mins.

## A Year Of A Few Big Hills, Leigh Hinchliffe



As 2015 drew to a close, I started to formulate an idea. Why not take on some bigger challenges than I have ever done before and test me to the limit. So I decided to attempt to complete the Lakeland Classics Trophy.

After checking the history of past results I realized that no Pacer had ever completed this trophy. Gulp!!!! It now started to sink in how big a challenge this could be. And after talking to several fellow fell runners who have completed individual classics the general consensus was "you must be mad!" However in for a penny in for pound, I was only going to find out for myself by having a go.

The classics is best described as a collection of six classic fell races of which four are categorized as super long and two as long. The idea is to complete a minimum of three with at least two races completed from the super long category. Points are awarded on finishing time relative to the winner. After much thought and planning I aimed to complete the minimum of three races, these were Ennerdale, Wasdale and Borrowdale. With entering the three peaks and a couple of English champs races I didn't feel I would have anything in me to fit any more in.

### **Ennerdale 22.9m/7513ft Super long A**

After completing the 3 peaks training went well and I was looking forward to the first classic. On arriving at the start with Zagi we grouped together with the other runners for the briefing, at which point we were told that a grand total of 64 runners had entered! Zagi's instant reaction to this was "oh f\*\*k mate were gonna get lost". The race started in fairly good weather and we were soon well spaced out along the route. As we climbed higher up the mountains the visibility started to lessen and navigation began to get harder (I'm not the best reader by the way). Nevertheless I had a lot of luck following experienced runners and arrived at Pillar in the front half of the field and looking forward to the nice steady finish with about 8m to go. Unfortunately this was the point when everything went Pete tong. myself and a fellow runner from Idle took a wrong turn leaving the summit and before we realized we were about 1.5m off route in the opposite direction, and the only way to recover this was to virtually back track up Pillar to locate the race route. Eventually we completed the race with an extra three miles and 500ft of climbing in nearly last place. Definitely a big lesson learned in map reading. I was a now having minor doubts about completing the trophy feeling battered and mentally scarred after only one outing

### **Wasdale 21.1m/9022ft Super long A**



Next up was Wasdale and I'd heard enough horror stories to arrive at this one with some trepidation especially as on arriving the weather was quickly deteriorating by the minute.

This race was pretty much the worst conditions I have ever run in, gale force winds, torrential rain and up on the mountain tops it turned to hail. One hundred and thirty three people set off into the mist and rain in which I spent over six and a half hours battling the severe conditions. My navigation was

## A Year Of A Few Big Hills, Leigh Hinchliffe

much improved and I only made a few errors though they cost me a lot of time. This race had quickly become a survival challenge rather than a race and I seriously thought about quitting on numerous occasions (something I have never thought before). During the ascent of Pillar (in the opposite direction to Ennerdale) I was literally lifting up by the wind and blown to one side of the trod. As I came off of Scafell Pike (the sixth mountain of the day) and into the finish I felt extremely relieved just to get there and didn't really have much thought to the very slow pace and position of 90th.

It was only later when I checked the results that I found out that only 94 people finished from the original 133 starters. The celebratory drinks continued for a whole two days after this one!

### **Borrowdale 16.8m/6562ft Long A**

And last but not least the shortest of my chosen races but certainly no easier with Scafell Pike to conquer in the middle of the race; this race was well represented with it being an English Champs counter so with the weather being amazingly good for the lakes navigation wasn't much of an issue here. Once again Zagi joined me for this one and we were barely separated by more than a minute the whole race.

This was probably the most enjoyable of the three and I even had moments to just enjoy and revel in the amazing views while climbing the fells. Probably the most memorable part of the whole race was the descent off of Scafell known as "the corridor". Before the race I and Zagi made a gentleman's agreement that we would both use this descent rather than the safer but slightly longer walker's route. Wow is the only word for it with nearly 500ft of descent in less than a quarter of a mile!!! Big thanks to Zagi on this race who shouted and dragged me through the last mile when my legs had given up the ghost. But at last I had completed the trophy!

In summary this was an amazing adventure but certainly the hardest thing I have ever attempted or achieved and I was at times just grateful to complete the races. The people who complete this trophy year after year a true mountain goats.

But now I have had time to reflect, the rose tinted spectacles are firmly on and I am tentatively looking to return next summer to try more of these amazing races and hopefully talk a few people to join me there and add more pacer names to the finishers list.

## My first (but not last) head-torch run. Emma Robinson

Earlier this month I was offered the opportunity to go on my first ever head-torch run. The run was lead by Neil Wallace and facilitated by Martin Bullock who very kindly borrowed me his head-torch! On the day of the run I was still debating with myself whether I should be brave and try something new or just stick with my safe Thursday night plod around the streets of Pudsey and I still hadn't quite made up my mind when I arrived at club with the torch in my hand. Then when I looked around the room and saw the calibre of the other runners who also had torches with them, I thought to myself.. "what have you done?!" but after Martin went to the effort of providing the equipment, I thought I best not back out and I am very pleased I didn't.



We started out from the PLC and headed towards the Bank House at a manageable pace; having never worn a head-torch before, running with it on took less time to get used to than I expected - once I had managed to get the torch on and the beam at the right angle/ brightness. Then we came to the trickier off road bit....

The decent from the Bank House on Keeper Lane with only torch light seemed a bit of a wild idea at first and only being able to hear the breathing and footsteps of the runners behind you and catching glimpses of hi-viz in the distance was a bit eerie initially; but I was surprised at how quickly I got used to it and started to really enjoy it.

The 6 mile route involved 2 or 3 tough (for me) climbs and descents on rocky tracks and roads and through muddy woods and fields taking in Tong village and the valley, where Bill Overton and I soon learned that wearing trail shoes was an error of judgement. Obviously, trying to navigate the difficult terrain with a just small pool of light to guide you adds an extra challenge, but one I'm told by Neil will improve my general off-road running. A bonus I thought, considering I hit the deck twice in the Kirkstall 7.

The route was very well planned by Neil; it gave the faster runners a chance to get efforts in but allowed for plenty of opportunities to regroup (which as a slower runner, I appreciated). The pace varied but the group was very supportive and no one was left behind.

We ended the run with a climb up and over Fulneck golf-course by which point I was absolutely knackered, and back to the PLC where we had a quick debrief and I headed home to demolish the Pizza I felt I had earned

In summary, if you, like me, were debating whether or not to give it a go...do it. Yes, running through the woods at night with a torch on your head is a bit mad, but you get a sense of adventure and the mud/water makes it alot of fun. So, if you want to push yourself and try something new, which will improve your running and give you the chance to meet different members of the club - you will love it."

## Torch Run by Paul Dewhirst



Sometimes for no particular reason a run turns out to be well-nigh perfect; recently this happened for me when I had the opportunity to join the Darkside for a head torch run. I checked with the Jedi Master that it would be OK, and he replied “yes, young Padawan”. The group ran until it was time to turn on our lightsabres and descend into the forest valley. We ran circuits of part of the cross-country course and at one point when I found myself quite far behind I heard a voice ring out: “the wrong path taken you have Paul, into darkness that way leads. Come back to the light-side you must”, so I closed my eyes and used the Force.

I cannot tell you how beautiful it was; the floor of the wood was golden and golden was the roof whilst the trees were pillars of silver and how like Lothlorien it looked. Sure enough a lady as fair as Galadriel glided out of the darkness behind me and remarked about the owls which were hooting and hunting all around.

As she glided ahead of me she appeared to do a cartwheel for joy and I swear I heard Len Goodman shouting “seven!” – a bit harsh, it was at least a nine.

All too soon this perfect night came to an end and half our party decided to pass through the bog that surrounds Mordor, whilst the rest of us took a different path. The floor ahead of us vanished in the darkness and fell to an unknown depth and the way out could only be reached across a slender bridge which spanned the chasm. We could only pass in single file whilst one of our party stood at the rear and speaking of the nightmares of the darkness behind us he assured that ‘none shall pass’.

We ran onwards and returned to reality, well Pudsey really. Lastly one of our group fell over rather pathetically not even getting a “seven”, and to think I’d named him a Jedi master earlier...;)

J

## Gathering Winter Fools Leg 3. 17th December. Pam Birchenall



It was only back in late August that I started coming to Pudsey Pacers, my fitness was low and so was my motivation. I knew a couple of people in the club already and they had been on at me for ages to join (you know who you are Cathy and Lisa!!). Previous to this I had done quite a bit of walking and mountain biking but had never been a runner. For me the point of joining the club was to get involved in club activities and get to know people, as well as the obvious benefits of running!

Shortly after joining PP Neil posted about the Gathering Winter Fools race and I thought what better way to get to know folk than to do a team event? I honestly had no idea what I was letting myself in for, but I was happy to give it a try!

I was partnered with Lynne Barrett and we were given Leg 3. A few weeks before the actual race a group of us did a recce, which was the ideal opportunity for me to see what this race was all about and stop worrying about it quite so much. I'm not fast and I don't have great stamina so Leg 3 was ideal for me as it wasn't too long. The initial part of the route was uphill but once we were up on the top of Shipley Glen it was pretty flat or down hill. Lynne was brilliant with her words of encouragement and any worries I had about letting her down were soon gone due to her supportive attitude. On the day of the race we were blessed with fine, dry and sometimes sunny conditions. As we waited for our Leg 2 to arrive and hand over the baton I loved the lively atmosphere and the easy happy banter between the other pacers.

If you had told me six months ago that I would be running around the back of Bingley with a pair of antlers on my head I'd have thought you were mad! Pudsey Pacers have been extremely welcoming and I couldn't have asked for a better introduction to running. Would I do GWF again? You bet and hopefully next time I'll be a bit faster.



## Gathering Winter Fools Leg 4. Rebecca Dickinson



### .Pudsey Comets

I've only been part of a relay race once, and my team came last. This race ended with an encouraging chap herding me up a hill with a cowbell. (He may well have been chanting 'Shame! Shame!' too, but my memory is not what it was and I might have been watching too much Game of Thrones).

I had higher hopes for Winter Gathering Fools relay 2016, especially knowing that I was now part of an elite team of athletes from the Pudsey Pacers. This feeling of confidence lasted until the thread on Facebook, which suggested we dress as pornographic snowmen or cocktails! What have I let myself

in for?

It turns out Winter Fools Gathering is a informal social run of APPROX 50 KM split into 4 legs. Each leg is between 5-9 miles and is run in a pair. I was lucky to be paired with Clare Greenwood. We both have a similar pace and have run together many times before. Clare was pretty excited about the race and super organized about getting a costume. I did veto the sexy reindeer (!) costume and thought the massive Christmas turkey costume might be a bit cumbersome to run from Bingley to Keighley in (but I chuckled all day at the sight of it). In the end Clare found us both a pair of tartan leggings with reindeer on. That just about covers the important preparation for the race (there was also a 14 mile recce with Nick G where we ran the route there and back again, but that is just too virtuous to mention).

The big day arrived. Leg 4 didn't start until later in the day, so we didn't need to leave Leeds until late. We made it to UAK for the rendezvous time. I changed into my reindeer leggings and we were good to go. Jon Pop kindly drove us to the start point, the Fisherman's Inn in Bingley.

The start point was pretty busy. As we arrived a team was leaving already. There were a number of festive runners waiting, several elves, some reindeer and a pair of nuns who were praying for salvation (clearly they've run up Altar Lane before).

The day was bright and sunny, but a bit cold. I'd had a text from Vixen Lynn earlier – she warned me that Comet Lynne and Pam were on their way already so we needed to be ready to get going. Jon Pop, Nick G, Clare and I gathered by the side of the canal, ready for action. We were soon joined by the other Pudsey teams – see photo.

We hadn't been waiting long when Prancers Brad and Mark appeared making brilliant time. Jon Pop and Nick G disappeared up the canal (and finished in good time being the first Pacer team to finish). We had a little more of a wait, made somewhat more pleasant by Neil W's offerings of Bailey's (from a shampoo bottle) and a wee dram of Whiskey. I had a snifter of the Bailey's and can confirm it did not taste of Head 'n' shoulders, so all was well.

It was suggested that in order to warm up that we have a 'little run' to the bridge. We all joked that if we did this then, of course, one of the teams would come in and we'd have to run like crazy back to the start to be in place. We decided to go ahead and of course, as soon as we got to the bridge two little yellow vests appeared in the distance! We all turned about quick smart and ran back like crazy to the start.

## Gathering Winter Fools Leg 4. Rebecca Dickinson

The two little yellow vests turned out to be Pam and Lynne, who looked like they had run a strong leg. They were running well and both were smiling as they handed over the festive baton. Clare grasped the festive baton, a Christmas tie, with glee... and we were off!

We ran a good strong pace along the canal side. All was going great until, simultaneously, we both had the sudden realization that the cheapo reindeer leggings were not a good move. If we could get to Keighley with our dignity intact, well, that would be a miracle!

We persevered on, along the canal, up to the majestic 5 rise, over the bridge and past Treacle Cock Alley. We were making pretty good time, despite the leggings! But then there was Altar Lane.

Altar Lane goes up, a lot, for a long time. Occasionally you think it might stop and flatten off, but that is a fake summit. This part of the run was tough. Clare was probably regretting staying up all night at her work Christmas do and I was regretting the reindeer leggings and my decision to take up running.

Onwards and upwards we persevered.

There was a point in time when I was in a bit of a slump. I'm not sure I was very good company at this point. The reindeer leggings were getting me down (literally) and I was tired, but eventually the hill leveled off and I cheered up. Clare discovered that the novelty baton had a little button you could press which would play cheery Christmas tunes. If I started to slow down Clare would press that button and I would pick up the pace to the gleeful tune of 'Jingle Bells' (possibly, somewhere in my subconscious I was trying to flee the gleeful tune of 'Jingle Bells', but we'll never know!)

We carried on over the top of the St Ives estate. The weather was pretty good at this stage. It was sunny and bright and the views were glorious. This is why I run!

We could see pretty far, over to what I think is Rombald's moor to the right (My geography is not great which won't bode well for when I run Rombald's stride especially if I can't even find the moor in the first place).

We carried on over the top of the summit and headed down Shaw lane. We had previously seen a sparrowhawk here on our recce, but there were no birds today – only a gaggle of walkers who were slightly perplexed at the sight of Clare and I in our reindeer leggings, Santa hat, Rudolph deely boppers and tinsel - playing 'Jingle Bells' as we ran.

We had a little bit of respite in the form of a downhill as we headed into Keighley. At this point I felt that we were running well. We had a good pace and were making progress – however there was a degree of pressure in knowing that, while we had an excellent start, we aren't the fastest of runners and although nobody had caught up with us yet it was likely that someone would.

At some point we passed a mother and her daughter. I overheard the mother saying 'That's not something you see everyday!' as we sped by. I can only imagine her surprise when a few minutes later a man in a kilt adorned with knitted Christmas bunting and a burly bloke in a neon tutu raced by!

We headed into Keighley and to the most resplendent part of the run - the ginnels of Keighley! This is why I run! (At this stage because the ginnels of Keighley are not a place to leisurely walk though?)

## Gathering Winter Fools Leg 4. Rebecca Dickinson

We navigated by the river and further into the ginnels. Here, we were finally overtaken by TEAM Dancer - who looked like they were making excellent progress. We carried on through the mills and factories and were again overtaken by TEAM Vixens – Emma and Amy both looked strong.

Clare and I carried on, up through the terraces of Keighley and through the park with its avenues of trees at Cliffe Castle. We knew it wasn't far now... if only we can keep those reindeer leggings from falling down for a little longer! We made it to UAK to a brilliant



support from the Pacers who cheered us on to the finish (and to the sounds of 'Jingle Bells' coming from the novelty baton!)

We had finished. There was a moment of utter elation where Clare and I had the chance to finally adjust the reindeer leggings and reinstate our dignity. Then we had the best pie and peas ever and had to apologize to our wonderful teammates for getting peas on the novelty baton. Sorry Comets.

We came in 22nd, which is not too shabby.

Also I would like to take this opportunity to advertise for sale - 2 pairs of reindeer leggings. Only worn once, crap elastic.

### **GATHERING WINTER FOOLS 2016 – results**

Prancers took the club spoils being first back by a healthy 20 mins or so. The next 3 teams all finished within 3 mins of each other, starting with Dancers and followed by Vixens and Comets.

Out of the 40-something teams that started the 4x Pacer teams finished a very consistent 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st!

Thanks to all ye Fools who participated with tinsel, antlers, festive tights and imaginative relay batons. Also thanks to the early to mid support from Idle Tony and Crystal Tina.

A well earned winter warmer (or two) for all! Slangevar!

Pudsey Pacer Prancers - 18/28 - 4:42:24 (Men)

Pudsey Pacer Vixens - 19/28 - 5:04:38 (Women)

Pudsey Pacer Dancers - 20/28 - 5:06:35 (Mixed)

Pudsey Pacer Comets - 21/28 - 5:07:32 (Mixed)

Winners - Bingley - 3:30:42

Women - Barlick - 4:11:29

Mixed - Wharfedale - 4:00:09

## Member Profile Michelle Dare



### Been running since....

2013

### Favourite race/ event/ training session (and why)...

Eccup 10:- Great course, ran with good friends.

### Best running advice received or to offer...

On hills, if you can walk as fast, do so & save your energy.

### Other interests/hobbies....

Reading, embroidery, quilt making.

### Favourite music/ best gig...

New Wave/ Britpop!

### What film or book would you recommend as a MUST...

Stuart Maconie, Hope & Glory.

### Best ever holiday destination (and why)...

Kenya. To see wild animals in their natural habitat & visit the David Sheldrake Trust for orphaned elephants was a real privilege.

### Your signature cooking dish...

Lasagna, the only dish I can cook better than my husband!

### Favourite word...

Popinjay

### Pudsey/ Leeds secrets: best bit of local knowledge or mysterious tale...

I know several people who claim to have seen Victorian ghostly figures close to St John's Church in Wortley, including my Dad. Several young girls died in a fire when nativity costumes caught fire close by in the early twentieth century.

### Friday evening, 200 quid in your 'sky rocket': what would you do for the weekend...

Head for Robins Hood Bay with the family, good pub food, second hand bookshops & bracing walks.

### Sink, wall, hip or pocket: what do you do with your 'other' hand while brushing your teeth...

Sink

### Tell two truths about yourself and also one lie....

1. I've lived in 2 haunted houses.
2. I used to be a VAT Inspector.
3. I made my own wedding dress.

# Event Websites

## NATIONAL

[www.ukresults.net](http://www.ukresults.net) -Commonly referred to it's owner/ provider as John Schofield

[www.northeasttraces.com](http://www.northeasttraces.com) -Also contains races just into North and East Yorkshire

[www.runbritain.com/races](http://www.runbritain.com/races) -Broad platform for searching and entering races in the UK

[www.fellrunner.org.uk/races](http://www.fellrunner.org.uk/races) -Usually named FRA (fell running association) and provides basic entry requirements and usually link to host club (most are entry on day)

[www.bofra.co.uk](http://www.bofra.co.uk) - See fellrunner above

<https://www.sientries.co.uk/> -UK wide races

[https://www.ldwa.org.uk/challenge\\_events](https://www.ldwa.org.uk/challenge_events) Long Distance Walkers Association -runners welcome

## LOCAL/ REGIONAL

[www.racebest.com](http://www.racebest.com)

*Excellent local race provider with growing reputation for new events and quick results*

[www.countrytrailraces.co.uk](http://www.countrytrailraces.co.uk)

*Summer trail series around Leeds - navigation required, but easy and very informal*

[www.urbantrailrunner.co.uk](http://www.urbantrailrunner.co.uk)

*Similar to above*

[www.leedsathletics.net/Leeds\\_Race\\_Series.htm](http://www.leedsathletics.net/Leeds_Race_Series.htm)

*Annual race series with good links to many local and popular races*

[www.yvaa.org](http://www.yvaa.org)

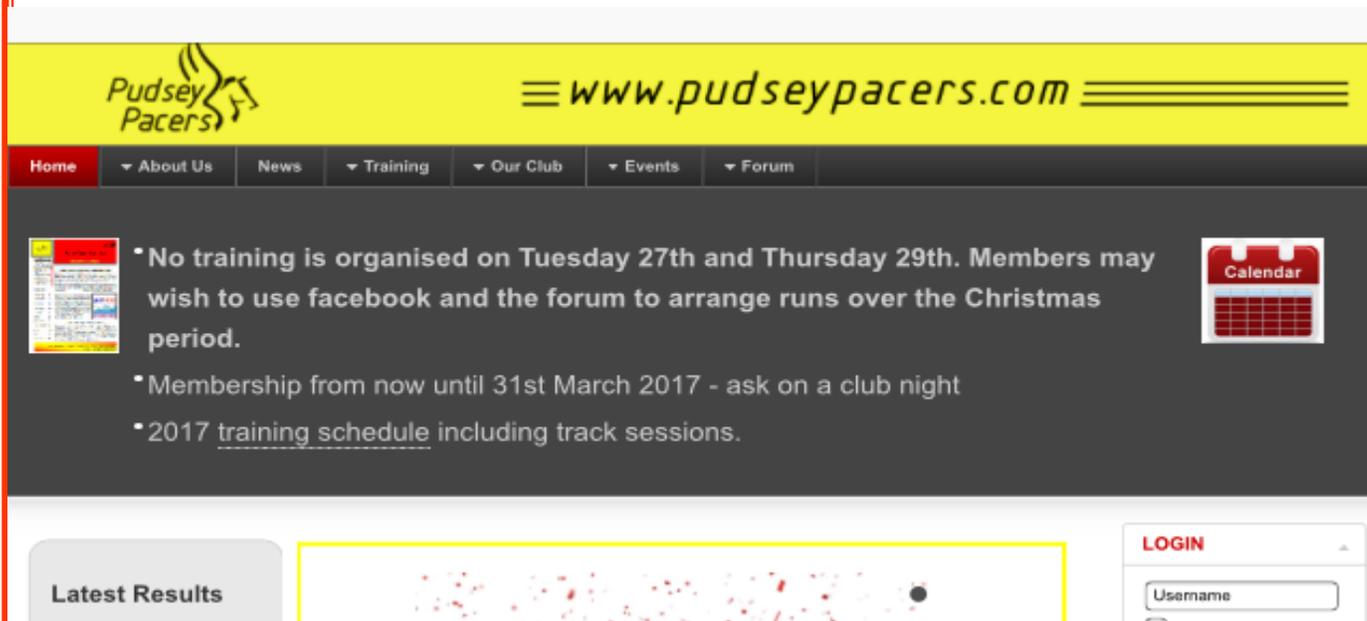
*Both plus 35s (Grand Prix) and Open races across Yorkshire*

# Dates for the Diary

If you want to find out more, or offer a scheduled race that you think other Pacers might be interested in, then why not search and contribute to the online, website calendar:

[www.pudseypacers.com](http://www.pudseypacers.com)

Please check out our online calendar, see icon top-right on homepage. All suggestions and comments, please email: [calendar.pudseypacersrc@gmail.com](mailto:calendar.pudseypacersrc@gmail.com)



## January

- 8th Stadium Runner Winter League (WYWL) X-Country 10am
- 22nd Queensbury Winter League (WYWL) X-Country 10am

## February

- 4th Rombalds Stride
- 19th Winter League (WYWL) X-Country 10am

## March

- 12th Peco relays 11am

**Volunteer editors are always welcome to produce the next newsletter, please email us to offer your services. It's easy and doesn't take much computing skills!!**

[pacersnews@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:pacersnews@hotmail.co.uk)