



Newsletter

Autumn 2017



Bumper International Marathon Edition

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Hello Ladies,

It's been a while since the last newsletter, but you haven't stopped running, you've been really going the distances and we have a couple of international reports to enjoy.

If you've been stuck in because of the snow and ice, you can get your running fix here, this is an ultra long edition, so wear appropriate clothing (snuggly jumper, comfy slippers), stay hydrated (plenty of cups of tea) and fuel properly (cake), ready, steady, read!

Shelley



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Athens Marathon

So on Friday 10th November I made my way to Athens via train to Kings Cross, Tube to Heathrow airport and plane to Greece. As a result of the mix up back in April with the London marathon, Paul Verrico asked me if I would like to join him and 2 other runners at the Athens marathon. I couldn't say no!

I was having major anxiety issues, not about the marathon, but about travelling completely alone. I was meeting the other 3 runners from the charity Team Verrico in Athens and I'd only managed to get a few energy gels into my clear plastic liquids bag so was panicking about having them taken off me or not being able to get more at the Expo so I had enough on marathon day. I'd never been to an Expo before nor had I ever tried to get energy gels, running salts (that look like drugs) and tubs of porridge through airport security so didn't have a clue what to expect. I got it all through but not before being stopped for a bag check and my liquids bag only just sealing back up after they were all checked!

After sleeping my way through most of the journey, I arrived in Greece and hopped on the first bus to Athens for a cheap 6 euros and just hoped for the best. My hotels website said they were a short walk from the city center so I figured if I got off there and used Google maps i'd be okay. A long 45 minute walk through some rather deprived looking areas, I finally arrived at my hotel! Hot and sweaty but in one piece. I have since learnt I could have got a taxi for about 5 euros!

Saturday was a fun but very long day with too much walking involved the day before a

marathon. Unfortunately that's the price you pay when someone in your group is intent on dragging you all uphill to the Acropolis, along the harbour by the Expo centre and round the city centre in search of presents to take home for the kids. About 10 miles too many to be exact in 24 degree heat but the pasta tea and a taxi back to the hotel made up for it.

Race day started with a 4:30 am wake up call (2:30 am UK time) with a porridge and banana breakfast. The temperature was already about 12 degrees outside. We joined the queue in Athens city centre at 6 am for the 1 hour bus trip to the start. We were right at the back of a massive queue expecting to be waiting a long time. The buses arrived and stopped at the back of the queue! Bingo! I felt a little bit bad as we passed the annoyed faces at the front of the queue but only for about a second ha ha. We arrived at the start area and it must be the only race I have ever been to where there are that many portaloos, that some didn't even have a queue at them!

We managed to get a quick photo holding the Olympic torch even though the rest of our block had already started heading over the start line and then it was my turn. The other 3 runners I was with have been running for a number of years, are fast and were intent on getting specific times so I left them to it after the first mile and ran my own race for me. I don't think I have done bad to say 16 months ago I had only just done my first park run having never ran before other than the bare minimum for work related fitness tests. I was there to enjoy my second marathon of 2017 and enjoy I did.

At mile 3 I was given an Olive branch by a local supporter as a gesture of good luck. I tucked it in to my hair and it stayed with me until I got back to my hotel. Its a shame the 2 Olives weren't ripe enough to eat. I love Olives! At mile 4 I saw a lady i'd spoken to at the start who was of similar pace to me. I grabbed a bottle of water from the water station and went to look for her and she'd gone! I was so disappointed because i was already feeling lonely after losing the other Team Verrico runners.

At mile 6, Ruth (the lady from mile 4) appeared behind me. She'd stopped to use the loo hence why she'd disappeared. And there was my running buddy for the rest of the journey.

Lets just say, I didn't do my homework. I didn't realise the first 20 miles were uphill nor did I realise Athens is described as a hard race and a tough course. Good job I like a good challenge and not easily defeated. It's quite a strange feeling to know you are running the route Phiedippides ran to bring news of victory from the battlefield of marathon 2,500 years ago.

The route was lined with Greek Police Officers so I was intent on finding a friendly one to have a photo with just because I am a Police Officer. I found one at about mile 14. The only one cheering and smiling! The route itself travels through countryside with small villages and towns along the way. Some had more local support than others but there were water/food stations aplenty and medical support all the way with creams and plasters ready to help out. Good job really given the exposed 22 degree heat with only the occasional cloud. I got tan lines in November!

In a couple of the villages, they were playing Greek music over speakers that lined the streets and there were groups of women doing traditional Greek dances. I was desperate to join in and some runners did,

but when I knew I still had a long way to go, I figured getting my head down and getting on with it was the best option.

At mile 18 when I could see the final hill ahead of me is when I had a bit of a fall out with myself! Ruth and I decided to run/walk a minute at a time but it was that painful to walk, running was the only non-painful option. How does that work then?! It was at this point I started to think about all the advice I have learnt from WHL. Train arms to get me up the hill (Amanda aka Runner Dean), pick your feet up (Sandra), DO NOT STOP AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HILL! (Wilma Cat) Vaseline your feet (Most of WHL - Thank god I listened).



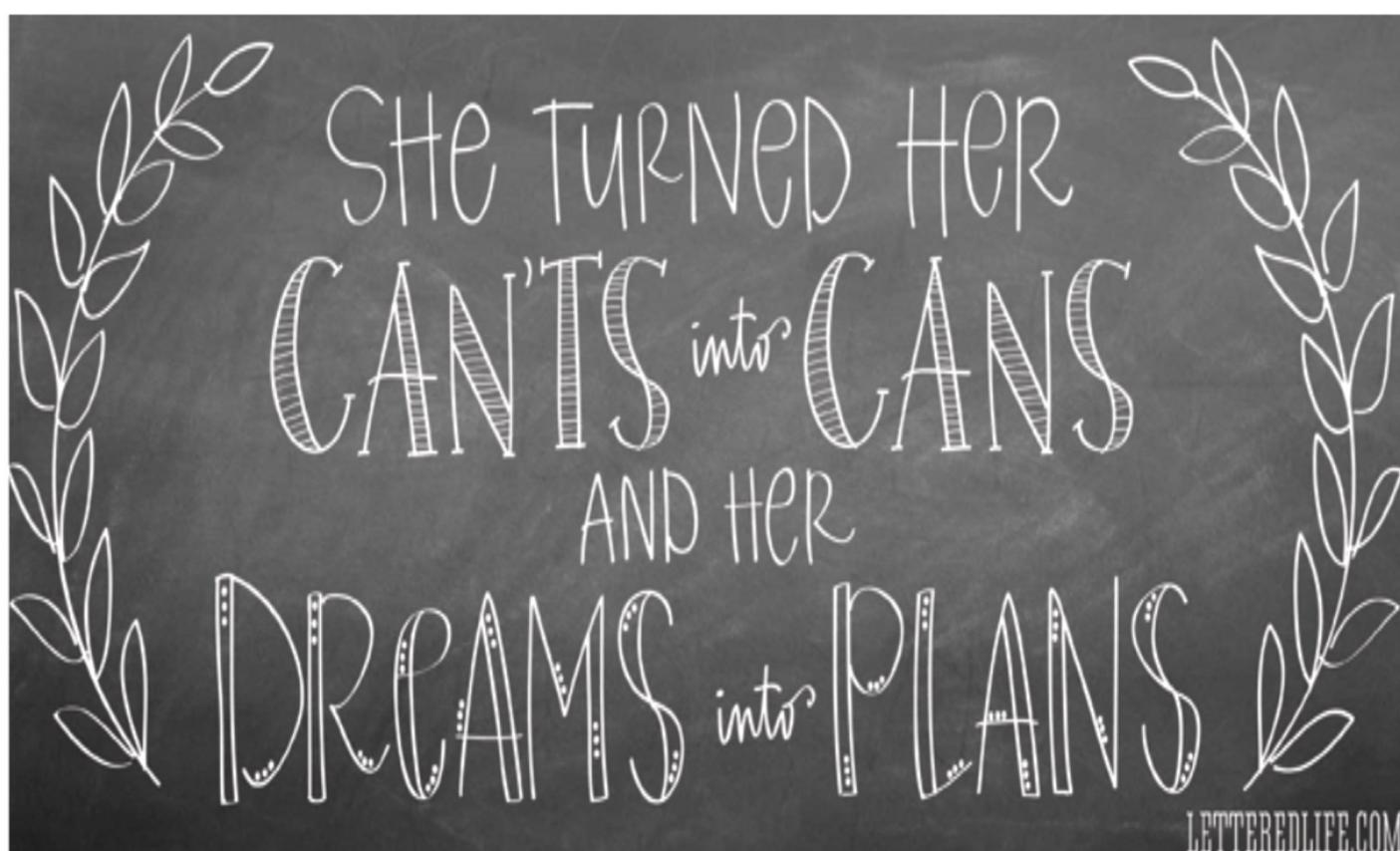
At mile 20 we ran into a small town and I could hear The Prodigy being played over loud speakers. This lifted me right back up as they are one of my favourite bands. I'm not sure Ruth appreciated me singing "Smack My Bitch Up" though (Its a Prodigy song I promise). At this point the rest of the route was flat or downhill and I'd got my determined head back on. Ruth was starting to get tired but I refused to let her stop and we started using the drumming bands along the route as a beat to keep going.

We fought our way through each others walls and crossed the finish line together in the original Athens Olympic stadium where we both cried and hugged each other. Both her Husband and my Boyfriend had tracked us on the App and at the same time we got messages from our loved ones. We cried again! The medal is just amazing by the way! When I got home, I discovered Ruth had read my story on Just Giving. As a GP, she said she was aware that the NHS are not very good at supporting bereaved families and she was so impressed with the work Team Verrico had done for my Son and enjoyed our run together so much, she donated £100!!!!

was amazed at her generosity particularly as she is a stranger. but it just goes to show, you just never know who you might inspire one day. Just like all you WHL have inspired me since I joined the club back in January 2017.

Would I recommend Athens? Yes! Food is cheap, transport is cheap, the locals are friendly and its a city full of history. Just be prepared for lots of hills and lots of heat. I think I have discovered an addiction to marathons and have learnt that when I take my hydration salts religiously every mile, I don't get any cramp at the end. Bonus! And yes, I have just booked another one! Midnight Sun marathon in Norway on 16th June to be exact! I have a list of others for 2018 too but I need to start working some overtime to pay for them all.

Martina - Carpe Diem x



Chicago Marathon

Chicago is one of the 6 World Major Marathons and the 4th Marathon Major that I have run.

The reason I love to run these marathons are that the support is fantastic - the field of runners is huge and the support along the route is amazing - oh and yes I get to travel to some beautiful places.

My training for this marathon started on the 19th June and for me the 16-week plan went amazingly well. I only missed one weeks training and that was in week 4 and although I felt things were conspiring against me doing my long weekend runs I did manage 2 x20 miles and an 18 miler.

Prior to the Marathon I ran the Grimsby 10k and felt that was a really hard run together with the Cleethorpes Half Marathon where my time was about 4 minutes slower than my pb set in 2016. So in my head although the training had gone well I knew that I wasn't going to do maybe the time that I would have liked.

On the Thursday I travelled with my husband Andrew to Manchester airport getting there at 0830 for a 12-noon flight to Chicago. When we arrived there we were told our plane was still in Chicago and that they would try and reroute us. This never happened and we were eventually put on a flight at 6pm that night.

Not ideal preparation for a marathon - stuck in an airport lounge (the worst one at Manchester Terminal 3) for hours and hours and then an 8.5hour flight. It was midnight by the time we reached our hotel and we had been up for 24 hours. Not good.

We stayed at the Fairmont Hotel - fantastic hotel - fantastic location. From the start line it is one of the hotels in front of you.

Friday saw us taking the yellow school bus provided to take us to the expo centre. It was very quiet and no hassle to pick up my number and t-shirt. The weather was lovely and Chicago is a very walk able city. We didn't bother with the bus back but made our way along the river walk, which goes for many miles.

So we did the sight seeing things including taking a boat trip to see the architectural delights of the City - we didn't get to see too much as the weather changed and it teemed it down.

So the morning of the race dawned - it is an early start 8am and the corrals open at 5.30am closing at 7.30am. I got up just after 5am - had my porridge and banana and made my way to the start - about half a mile from the hotel. It was dark and quite chilly which I was a tad surprised at because the forecast was that it was going to be a hot day.

The support in the City is incredible - the volunteers were clapping and cheering us just walking to the start - it makes me feel quite emotional even now weeks later thinking about it.

Security was pretty tight but had to be. Quite long queues but they got us all through pretty quickly.

Plenty of portaloos and so not much waiting - a bonus!

I made my way into my start pen and then realised that in the pocket of my shorts I had a smiley rock that I had found at home whilst running. My plan was to hide it in Grant Park - where the race started. However I couldn't do that so it had to run round with me. I hid it after the race on the way back to the hotel.

So the American National Anthem was played and the gun went off and as I was in the first wave of runners I didn't have long to wait to go through the start.

I was amazed at how much room there was to run - usually it's very crowded at these mass events but the roads were wide and you could run trouble free.

As I set off my legs felt very heavy and tight and I just felt out of sorts - I put this down to the full day of travelling on the Thursday.

The first few miles went well and the weather was just nice - there was a very cooling breeze (headwind!) but as the sun rose so did the temperatures.

The support was fantastic so loud and I loved running through Lincoln Park - that is actually my main memory of the route of the run - I then started to feel my legs tightening as if they were going to cramp. I really hate this feeling as I am not sure how to deal with it - I tried to not think about it - I didn't want to stop and stretch as I was scared it would really take hold.

At 9 miles I heard my husband shout my name - it was good to see him. By the half way mark the weather had become very hot - I saw a sign saying it was 77 degrees. I like it warm but not that warm. Never in a race do I run through the hosepipes but I did - drink stations are every mile - I was throwing water over my head my and gulping it down. All I kept asking myself was 'why why why' Then I thought of all the ladies from the Club running the Hull Marathon - and how they would have experienced the same hurt as I was feeling. I really wished you had been there to help me.

I think I must have zoned out as I remember nearly going straight on instead of turning to the left - I started to panic a bit as I couldn't remember when or if I had taken my gels - I did take Gatorade drink at most stations and water but not my gels. I then decided that I had to stop and regroup myself - get my salt out my pocket and my magnesium dextrose tablets. I

took one sachet of salt and then dropped the other sachet and the dextrose - too tired to pick them up.

I lost sight of how many miles I had run - I saw a sign ahead and was praying it was 23 miles - it wasn't it was 22. Keep going - keep going - why why why - never again. Why are you people so noisy - can't you be quiet. How awful that they were getting on my nerves. I just wanted some peace or so I thought.

Despite being a wonderful marathon I found this one so very hard. I had tried to run to the blue line - but it was very faint when I did see it and the routes were so wide you soon lost it.

And then we turned - ran up a little incline turned left and I saw the finish. What a fabulous sight that was and it wasn't too far away like some. Like Hull when you think you are there and they make you run round the outside of the stadium. This was there - just in front of me. I had finished. Wow what a fabulous run.

There was a long walk at the finish where you get your medal, water, beer, crisps bag if goodies and a bag of ice. I felt so much better with that bag of ice on my head - simple things in life.

My time was 4.04.20. Not my best - not my worst - not my shortest!

I always say that one of the reasons I love the marathon is that you never know what is going to happen - how your body will feel - the weather - so much can happen in 26.2 miles.

At the time and looking back on it this was the hardest marathon I have run and it did hurt me so much - but that is a memory now.

I have to keep reminding myself that I am not going to run one next year but

Chicago is a very beautiful and I am so pleased that I had the opportunity to run in it.

Sandra

Yorkshire Marathon

On the 8th of October I was in the toilet queue with Jill Jameson wondering why I had booked another Marathon. I was already the veteran of the Hull one in 2016 and for some unknown reason I had booked this in April, when I was training really well and happily romping 10 miles up and down the old railway line, feeling confident and strong, so I had pressed the button and entered. Unfortunately I then picked up a niggle at the North Lincs half and due to a number of things, such as changing my work days, supporting Chris in his training for the Outlaw Triathlon and general laziness; I had not really had the mileage in my legs and more importantly the speed work since then. So here I was thinking well I have done it before how difficult can it be? The Yorkshire Marathon is also quite significant to both of us as it was Jill's first marathon and inspired by this I had on the same day managed my first mile on the treadmill.

I was in zone 5 and Jill, as a speedy person, was in Zone 3. After all the queuing for the toilets we didn't have too long to wait for the off and we were soon on our way. The first part of the marathon is through York town centre and round the Minster which was very enjoyable. Chris, (my husband), was in the crowd and I waved at him and I also saw our brother Rob and his wife Clare who were both running in the 10 miler on the same day. Sharron Wiley's husband came past me and I actually went past the 5 hour pacers which meant that I was actually going too fast but I felt I had a good rhythm so kept going, possibly not one of my better ideas! Sharron and Karen Scott then came passed me and they

startled me somewhat, running passed me either side.

It didn't take too long to start to get into the suburbs of York and out into the country and there was lots of support, including a Vicar in full Sunday regalia who gave me a high five. There were drinks stations at every 3 miles, including Star Wars themed water bottles, and I don't think I have ever seen as many toilets for any event, on route! Passing the turn off for the 10 mile run I thought that the 10 miler seemed like a good idea, as although still plodding along, I was starting to get tired. At about 6 miles I started to get a pain in my shoulder which felt as though I was about to trap a nerve, so I was concerned about this and I also got a stitch. I managed to keep cheerful though, partly as there was a piping band playing Scotland the brave and also brilliant support from the marshals. I knew that there was a hill at mile 8 and had promised myself a walk up the hill.

The halfway point is just before Stamford Bridge and it was great to have more support there including our very own Sarah Wilson, who was out taking pictures. The Stamford Bridge part was slightly annoying because it involved a double back, which I hate, I also saw the 5 hour pacers along way a head of me which was a bit of a disappointment and I gave myself a stern talking to about, going too fast at the beginning of marathons. The only good thing about double backs is that you see people you know, so it did mean I saw Sarah twice which was lovely and also I was happy to be on my way back to York.

At the 15 mile mark Karen Scott came and walked along with me I was slightly puzzled as I knew I hadn't passed her, but it turned out her calf had gone and she had, had some first aid treatment. She was remarkably positive and was determined to finish. I told her about my back but felt a bit of a fraud as she was clearly in more pain than I was. I tried to get into the habit of run walking and went off for a trot as we came towards Dunnington. It was at this point that mentally I really started to struggle as there was yet another double back and this one was something like 3 miles. I cursed York generally, as the 10k also has an annoying double back as well. It is completely sole destroying seeing the 20mile mark at the other side when you have just gone through the 17 mile mark, it is just cruel. I did see Sharron and also Kate which again gave me a boost but as I got down to the turn round at the end I realised I not only had to retrace my steps but that it was also up hill a bit as well.

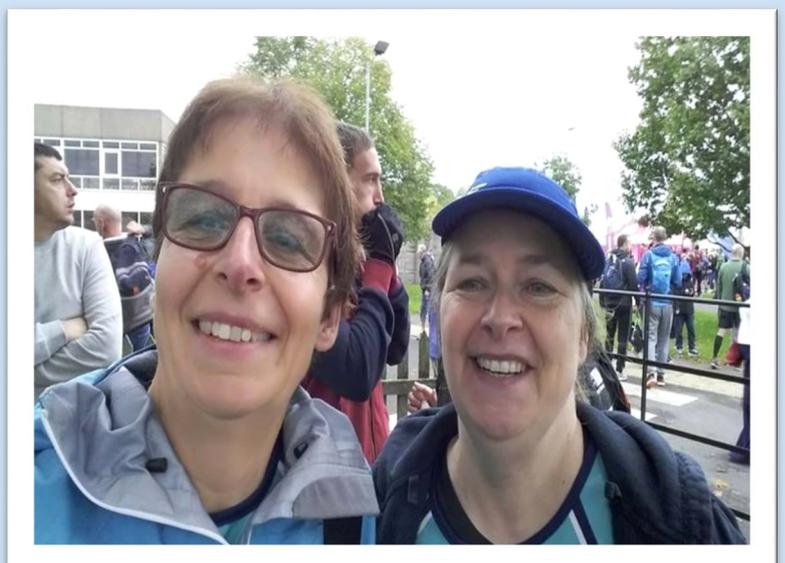
In tears I realised that there was nothing for it it was time for the....

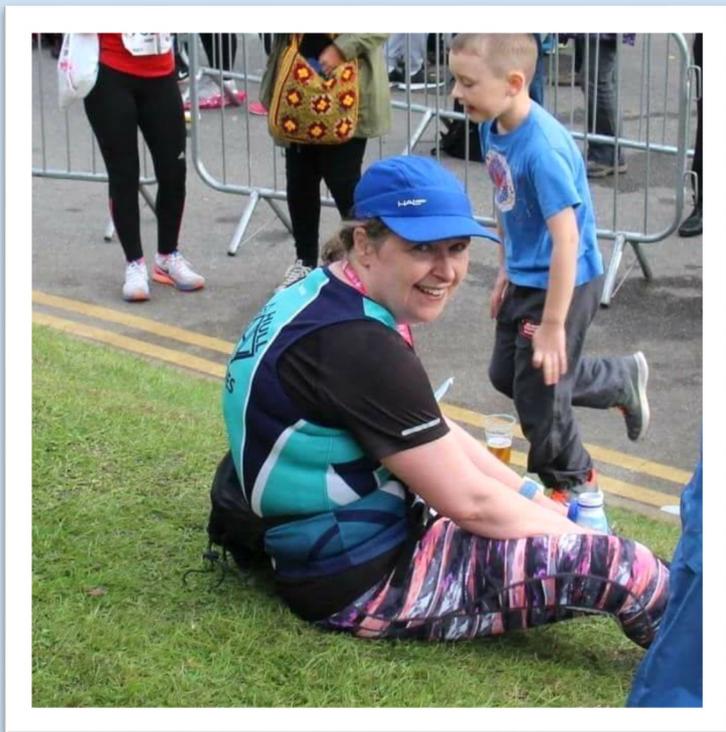
“EMERGENCY POLO MINT”!

People who know me well know that I don't smoke but do eat copious amounts of polos or any mints when stressed and nervous. I have often had them with me on runs, but I have to say this was the first time ever that the EMERGENCY POLO MINT has been taken in action. I have to say that it did help a bit and I was so relieved to pass the 20mile mark and get back into single lane parity as I turned into a really nice village and finally into my last 10k.

At this time a lady in a Miss Chatterbox shirt came up beside me and stated, “Hi Let's talk random shit together and see if we can pass the time of this marathon

together!” This made me laugh and I thought this is my kind of person and I replied “That's a great idea what sort of random shit would you like to talk about?” So we discussed such things as, “Why does everything and I mean everything hurt when you are running a marathon, including your teeth?”. Deborah was from Selby striders and they are trying to organise a new parkrun in Selby. We also devised a run/walk strategy which involved discussing if we could run to a certain point before we had to walk, “How about that Chapel on the corner, or road signs, or even that marshal in a Yellow top?”. I have to say that this worked really well and I am not sure I could have done it without her. We had a big giggle at the 24 mile mark as that was the final point for retirees and we both said that if we had got to the 24 mile mark we would be crawling the last two miles to finish in whatever state we had found ourselves in! At that point Jill messaged me to tell me she was in the beer tent, this was not entirely true as she was in fact behind the beer tent, but I didn't have my glasses on, I thought she must have had a bad run as she doesn't normally drink!! I messaged her back that I was about 2 miles away.





I have to say that I was in so much pain it was hard to determine what was actually hurting as pretty much everything was hurting! We kept each other going and I will always remember Deborah fondly as eventually she went on ahead. It was wonderful to see the finish and Chris was there with my camera so I tried to jump up a bit to make it look as though I had flying feet!

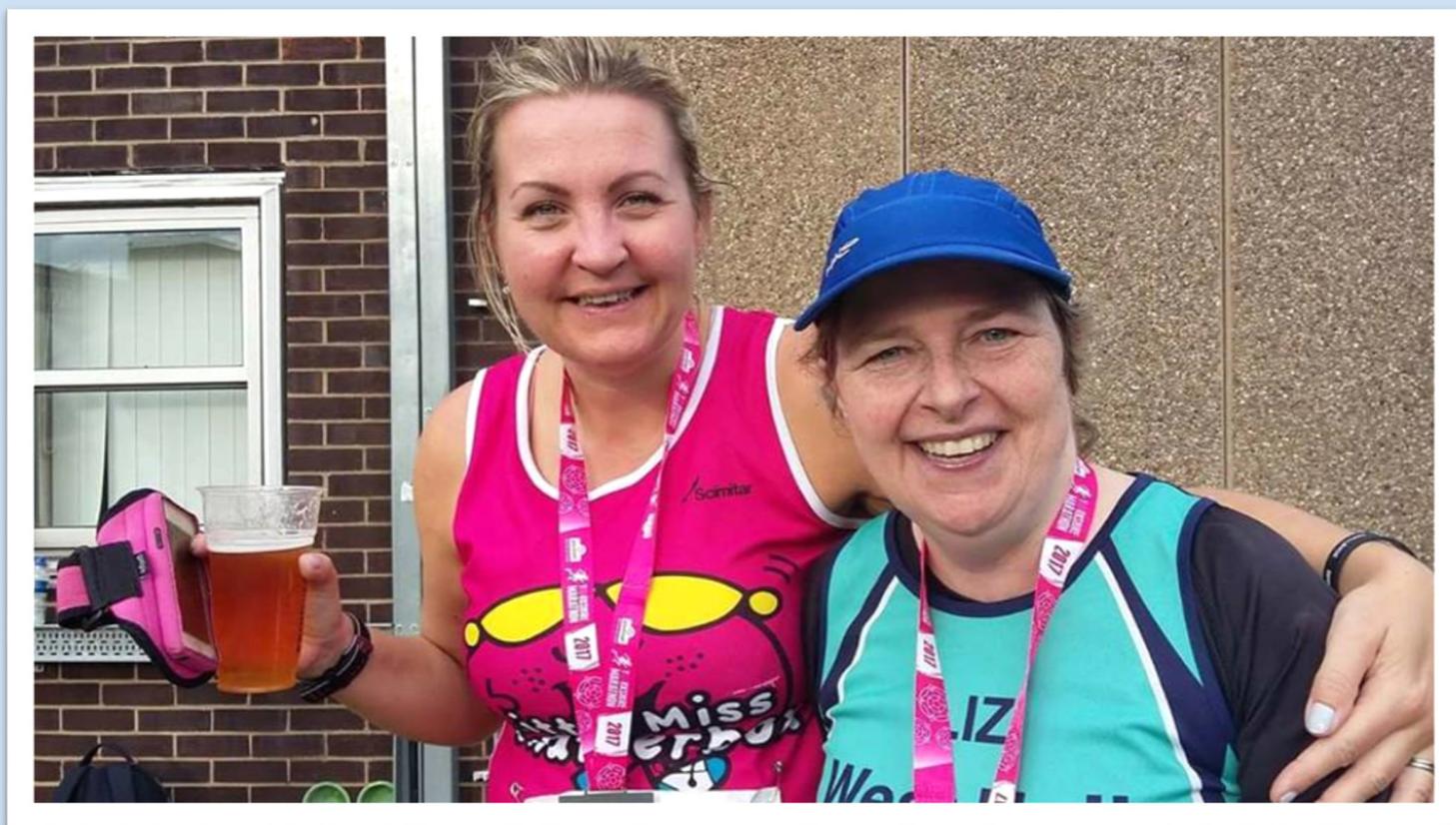
There was plenty of support and I got a

mention from the Radio York Lady as I finished.

It was a bit of an anti climax as I collected my medal and goody bag as I was trying to work out where Jill was. I found her perched on a bank talking to Deborah who had spotted Jill and realised she was my sister, so we were able to get a picture. Chris came running up to me and gave me a hug which was great, However I started to feel really rough so had to sit down but after my trusty "Weetabix on the go" I felt restored.

I think my flirtation with marathons is over, this was really tough. I do know that I really need to work on my speed and not just endurance and that would be my tip for anyone thinking of running a marathon. I am looking forward to seeing Deborah again and will try to have a go at the Selby Parkrun.

Liz H



Adventurous Ann

Kings Forest 50km – 11th November

“We will remember them ... and then eat scones”

This year I've learned that I like running in the countryside more than anything, and I like running for a long time. The trouble is this does mean time away from my beloved, so I am always looking for ways to convince Carol a race is a good idea.

This time it was the promise of a weekend away somewhere nice – Bury St Edmonds?? Its not the first place I'd think of going for a special weekend away, but that was before I found the loveliest B&B, just down the road from the race HQ, in a house built in the 1300s! Carol was sold, so off we went.

Breakfast that morning was served in the 'hall' – with a wood burning roaring away in the great fireplace and a big oak table stashed with food. In short, though, I wolfed down my porridge and went off to register.

Register, toilet, faff about, race briefing, and then an act of remembrance. The race director read out the poem to the fallen, we were silent for two minutes, and then he shouted, “10, 9, 8 ...” it was a great way to start a race – really dramatic.

This race was four laps around the Kings Forest – 99% off-road and 98% mud free, and almost flat. Running through a forest in the autumn is just wonderful – there were some stretches that took my breath away, like a path covered with fallen leaves that I called the 'golden carpet'. All around the trees were just on fire with colour, it was wonderful.

Despite this at the beginning all around me people were chatting away and I did feel a tad lonely, and smiled at those who passed me

with their race faces on – too fast for me, I'll let them go. After about 7 minutes, I started chatting to a younger runner, who had her headphones in – normally I would never say anything to someone with headphones in as its too embarrassing when they don't hear me and ignore me, but this time I'd said it before I noticed. Luckily for me she had heard, took her headphones out of her ears and I'd made a friend!!

Thus it was ... we ran and chatted, and ran and chatted, and walked a bit now and then. You couldn't quite call them 'hills', but they'd do to fit the category of being time for a walk.

12.5 km later and we were back at the start with the first lap finished, so time for a quick feed. There was the usual jelly babies, jelly beans and cups of squash, but this time they had home made cheese straws and home made scones – with jam!! This race instantly rose up the 'remember this events company for next time' scale. Happy me :)



The second lap seemed to go even quicker, because Katie (my new friend) and I were really finding lots of shared values and interests and were chatting about all manner of things, so the miles just passed. I assumed all the scones would've gone by now, but they kept replenishing the box – could a race BE any better than this? So more scones, more cheese straws, squash and crisps and then off again.

There was only one muddy section, and it was a very short section – short enough really to have slowed down, picked my way cautiously over before carrying on, but no ... I was enjoying myself so much I trotted over, then wobbled, then slid, then fell ... but it was fine, no harm done, I'd be here long enough to dry off before I finished, so we carried on.

Being much younger than me, I'd been the one to start the walk breaks so far, but on lap three, my run buddy took this role over, and I was happy to follow her lead. Unfortunately, though, she had a pain in her hip that was getting worse. I wasn't sure whether to leave her, as she was telling me to do, or to walk with her, as we were well ahead of the cut off time, but that would've meant a much longer day for me. As I was deliberating what would happen, she started running again, and we ran for quite a while, which was good. What was even better, though, was seeing Carol along the route. This was really unexpected, so I was chuffed to have a little cuddle and a quick chat before catching up with my friend to finish off lap 3.

Katie decided her hip was too painful and withdrew from the race at this point, so I was quite pleased to be able to see what I had left for my final lap on my own. Surprisingly I was feeling quite strong so decided to push on a bit. I was creaky here and there, but not too tired, so kept pushing. Bits of me complained, and this last lap became an interesting exercise in observing pain, describing it, working out where it started, where it radiated to, what colour it was, how it changed ... this strategy was really good at keeping my head relaxed and not stressing about bits hurting. It was great, actually, because the pain did move around, and ease up, and one pain in my thigh disappeared altogether, so in an uncomfortable sort of way, I really enjoyed that last lap of challenge!

AND there were STILL scones left at the end – what more could I ask from a race!

And so to the score ...

What score?

The 'E.I'

What's 'E.I'?

'Enjoyment Index' J

For great organisation, lovely scenery, easy terrain, seeing Carol, fuelling on crisps, cheese straws and scones and having a totally lovely run buddy (well for ¾ of it, in any case),

EI = 8.5/10



Pastime Running

This what I'm calling my running these days. If it's a pastime rather than a sport, then the slower I run, the more time I pass, so it's better! And this time I passed some time running another Long Distance Walking Event near my home town, in a place called Henley-in-Arden, in Warwickshire. As a child we only ever went there on a sunny day because it had a rather lovely ice cream shop, but this time I went there to run.

If you Google this place it used to be a forest, and hence the name of this event – the Forest Marathon.

What now follows is a blatant attempt to sell LDWA events to members as a whole new way of enjoying your running ...

It cost just £18, for a full marathon!

Being a small-scale event, the HQ was a school, so we could park two minutes away, wait indoors, use proper toilets without queueing, get registered without queueing and then get ready to run about 5 minutes before it starts – easy!

Refreshments – before the run, there was tea, coffee, squash and croissants, then

Checkpoint 1 = squash or water, biscuits, chocolate crispies and Jaffa cakes

Checkpoint 2 = bacon sandwich (or veggie sausage) with tea or coffee

Checkpoint 3 = quiche, Scotch egg, pork scratchings, squash, nuts, crisps

Checkpoint 4 = fresh pineapple, melon, nuts, crisps, squash

Checkpoint 5 = homemade cake

Finish = choice of veggie lasagne, quiche, or chorizo and bean stew with baked potato, cheese, coleslaw and trifle or yoghurt for pudding, with tea or coffee

(I do wonder if I eat more than I burn off at these events, mind!!!)



Countryside running – we barely ran more than a mile or two on actual roads, and even then they were in lovely villages or towns, and no, it wasn't too muddy or too technical underfoot. There was just one short path that was a little overgrown, but the rest were well trodden paths through fields and forests.

Now for the unique selling point of this marathon. In a bid to restore the forest of Arden once more, this event promised to plant two trees for every person that entered. Not only that, but we got to run past the trees that were planted last

year!

Ok, so no medal, no T-shirt, no chip timing, and in fact I'm still waiting for my certificate to arrive by email!! Who cares how fast I was? I wouldn't be interested if I'd walked it anyway. But what other race can you do that positively enhances the countryside?

In fact, I'm really keen to go back next year to see the trees planted with my paid fee!

Maybe I'll live long enough and keep running long enough to see the forest grow!



Spires and Steeples Challenge

Although I had an early 6:00am start, I really enjoyed this event and would hope to encourage other WHL to think about doing it next year.

This is a point-to-point run (or walk), which means parking at Sleaford (hence the early start), then getting a bus (pre-booked with the event organisers) to Lincoln, and then running back to Sleaford along the Spires and Steeples trail.

This was a fairly low key event, although it was the 10th anniversary, so there were in fact over 500 taking part. Like the Long Distance Walking Association events, those who were walking to Sleaford set off at 8:30, and then the runners set off at 9:30. In addition, there was an option for those who wished to set off at the half way point later on instead, and to do a half marathon. Therefore many had already started by the time our bus arrived at Lincoln.

Registration was straightforward, toilets were nearby, and there was even a baggage drop, which was handy, as I could layer up while waiting for the start.

After a quick briefing, the runners set off, with the first mile being all downhill, including Steep Hill, which was rather lovely. Before long we were running alongside the first of many waterways, and out of the city.

Thus began a day of lovely countryside running, with woodland paths, many tarmac trails, and some road running. On the whole the going was fine, although previous participants did mention that the ground was particularly good this year, since it'd been dry all week. There were some ploughed fields that were a little harder underfoot, but with so many walking to Sleaford, there was no shame in resting the joints a little here, and walking this harder bits. Overall there was barely any climbing all day, but still there were some lovely views along the way.



There were checkpoints after about 6ish miles, and these differed from LDWA events in that there was only bottled water, and no cake, but this was a fund-raising event, so I guess they needed to keep costs down. However each checkpoint was well manned with marshals and St John's ambulance, and toilets nearby. It was heartening to reach the first checkpoint at 6 ½ miles and to catch up with a good number of walkers who'd started an hour earlier - this meant I wasn't in danger of being last now!

Signage was very good, on the whole, not perfect, but good enough not to really need any other means of navigation – especially since there was often someone ahead to follow anyway.

The finish was really good – a proper finish arch, a timing clock (for anyone who was

interested – times were not actually recorded, only completion) and an announcer with a tannoy who welcomed you in by name, which was a nice touch. The finish was right beside the car park, and there were medals and certificates, and vans selling pizza, coffees, ice creams and even a massage tent as well. Not very far away was Sleaford Leisure centre, where participants could shower (and grab a Costa from the vender for the journey home!).

So in summary, if you like country walking but would like to go a bit quicker, and fancy a full day out, then what's not to like about an event like this – for just £18!?!?

Ann H



Hull Marathon

After my usually early start & my pre-race breakfast, (relieved that my stomach today was back to normal) I set off on my stroll to meet Cath. We had previously arranged to walk the 2 miles to the KC together. We both had the same mind-sets of let's just get it done!! I dropped my bag off at the baggage station then met up with everyone else where we all had our club pre-race photo!

We all then made our way to the start, wished each other good luck before the countdown & we were off. My Garmin had other ideas, it kicked in at just over a mile which was annoying. No problem, I had only planned to use it as a pace guide. Myself & Anna had agreed to run together so we trotted along chatting away to each other. We really were enjoying the atmosphere, pace & the whole experience. We had our first fuel stop at East Park. My gel Blox packaging was being rather stubborn so in the end I had to tear it open with my teeth, stupid design!!

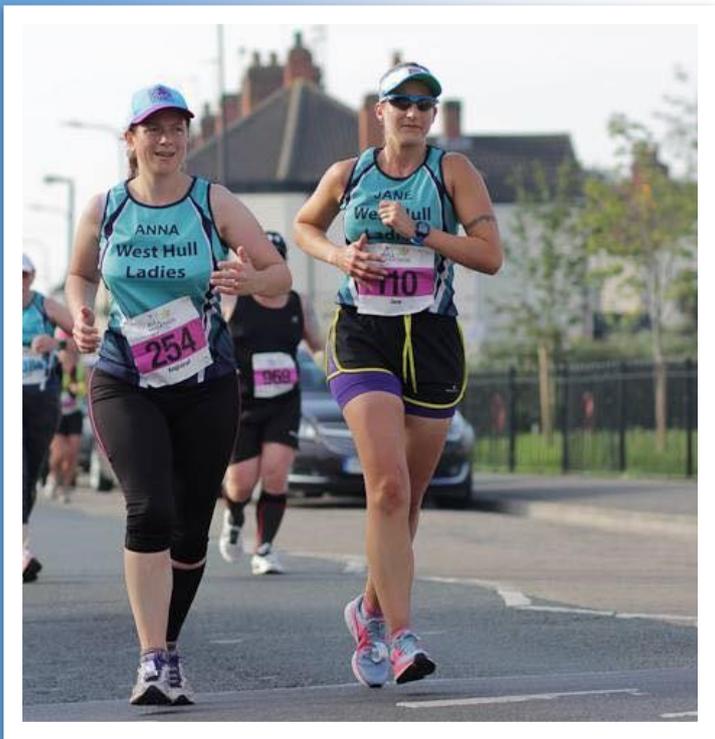
We set off again & it was a beautiful day to run through the park, although pretty warm for a marathon, yes we were both enjoying the run. We ran on back to town then past the ships on the dock refuelling at each water station as we went trying to stick to the pace that we had agreed on. Now & again it beeped at us to slow down. We reached Pickering park & then On to Sirius. Here, me & Anna unfortunately seemed to part company & I went on alone. My left IT band had started to ache but I battled on regardless, concentrate on the other leg then it should ease off was going through my head. I approached Boothferry hill (yes it is a hill not

flat like advertised!) & managed to run up to the water station then walk up to the top.

Next was the Humber Bridge, here I was greeted by my mum, brother & his mate Lee which was lovely. My brother then proceeded to run along the towpath shouting "Come in sis" "We are proud of you, you are doing awesome" bless him! He ran with me until he got tired! Lol. The support & encouragement made me battle on regardless of the pain. I passed Derek on his post. I was hobbling up the hill back up to the bridge. He advised me to take it easy & perhaps walk the rest as my leg was struggling with the steep slope. Not on my watch, as I'm stubborn I proceeded to run/walk back over the bridge. I had half a banana at the water station before I set off for the last leg.

Yippee it's the downhill bit. This should be ok right! No chance, my leg was not great & my calf was starting to seize up. Just my bloody luck! This was not going to beat me! No fear. I spied WHL colours in the distance, it was the lovely Sandra, she kindly advised me to be careful & take it steady which gave me a boost. When I got to Costello I really appreciated the soft cushioning of the track underfoot as I made my way round. It was a nice respite from the roads & pavements.





The last 2 miles was like a mystery tour really. I just followed the directions of the marshals. This stretch was so tough but seeing the lovely Ruth, Jermaine, Lynne on their marshalling stations. & then Amanda at the last roundabout just made me dig deep. Locals sitting outside pubs were also shouting & chanting encouragement as I approached the stadium & nearly home. The last run around the outside seemed to go on forever before we eventually entered the KC & I spied the finish line. I seemed to get a second wind & managed to cross the line with ease. Everyone was cheering me in. My brother being the loudest!! I received my medal & much needed water, then collapsed on poor Andrea like a sweaty mess & my emotions just flooded out (sorry mate). I cheered my teamie Anna over the line. We had done it! I later found out that my time was 5.15.44 which is a 4.05 marathon pb!! Wow!! I couldn't quite believe it.

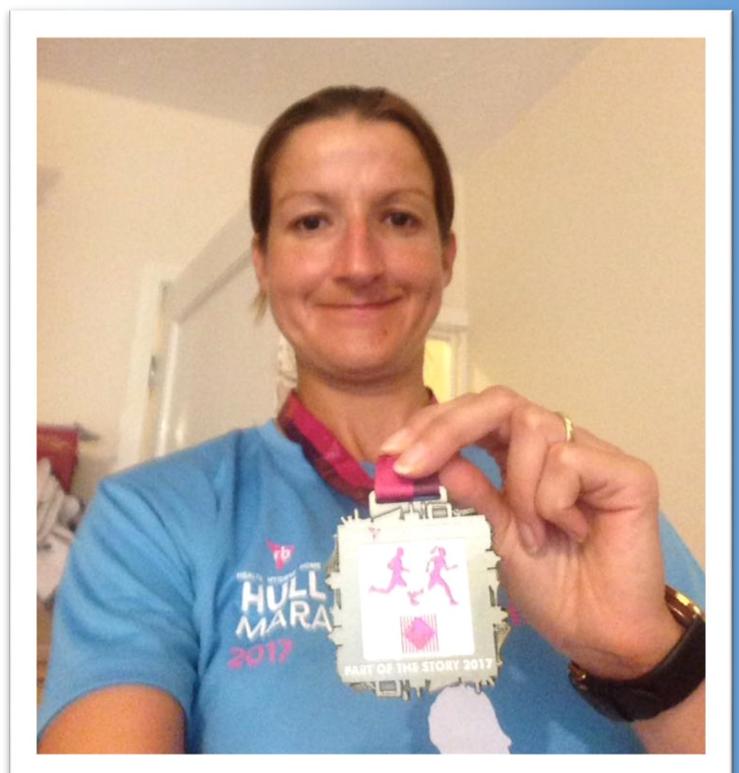
Then the pain set in, Ann encouraged me to take a seat & take the weight off my legs while she kindly got me sum flapjack! It was like heaven! I then started to get cold so was

advised to go & get something warm on! I left the arena met my family & limped to the Airco Arena.

Each step was agony. I went in to see the physios but they just advised RICE as it had swollen up. Andrea & family very kindly dropped me off on their way home to sort myself out before our pre-marathon drinks at Pave. (I later found that going up the stairs was OK but coming back down was horrendous & very painful)

It was lovely to have a drink with everyone, unfortunate that Pave had stopped serving food so myself Ann, Carol, Cath's mum, June & Jermaine made our way to Lounge where we all had a yummy meal & a lovely evening together. What a fantastic experience I have just had! Such amazing people. You have all been awesome whether, running, marshalling or just cheering from the side-lines. I'd like to thank you all yet again for your support, friendship & just being there. I love my WHL family!

Jane





I've been a member of WHL for just over 4 years. I can honestly say that it was the best thing I've ever done. The main reason I joined was because I had decided to run a marathon, something I'd been promising myself since my 30's! I knew it was something I couldn't do on my own.

I achieved that through the training provided by WHL and my first marathon was York in 2014. I remember that day so well and how nervous I was. There were quite a few WHL's taking part in that race too.

I thought that would be it, I had achieved my dream, I ran a marathon in my 60's, nothing left to prove anymore. But wait I love running, I love the company and I love WHL. So I stayed.

Fast forward to 2017 16 weeks before the said date of 24th September 2017, and the training began. Now I'm not a fan of training in winter especially the long runs with all those winter clothes on, getting cold and wet so an

Autumn marathon suited me better, I love running in the warmth. I did various sessions of different training. Intervals, hills, speed and distance. I could not have done them without you though. I loved all my sessions even the tough ones (well once they were over of course)! I've enjoyed running with so many of you, I think most of you have helped me get to this one race in some way or other. Sandra for all her knowledge and advice and many cups of tea, Amanda for coaching and hill training, Derek for the numerous track sessions I did plus trying to chase some of the faster runners (I never did catch them)! Sara, Rachael and Debbie for joining me on the runs that Derek had planned for me and making sure I did the intervals in the right order and kept my pace going even when the going got tough. The Snail group for when I felt a little poorly or sore for allowing me to join them on a couple of occasions just to keep me going. Introducing me to cycling and coming out with me on occasions to give me a bit of cross training. Some off road hill running with Ann, Lynne, Shell etc (there were quite a few hills)! The Hull Marathon Group led by Sian's hubby, Rob, and how many WHL plus other club members joined for the Sunday long runs. I ran a lot of those with Rachel W and Jill, so thanks to them too.

Finally the morning arrives are we ready so many WHL taking part in either the full marathon (special mention to our first timers – well done to you), the two person relay and the four person relays, not forgetting our wonderful marshals who encouraged us towards the end.

Then it wasoff we jolly well go It was a beautiful day, ideal weather conditions and the route was a new one so I really was looking forward to it. The miles started getting ticked off in my head and just after mile 4 I saw my sister stood outside her house on Victoria Dock Village shouting encouragement, that was special I hadn't seen her in quite a while and I hadn't even realised we would be going past her house, that was a great boost 'only 22 miles to go' I shouted (gulp that was a long way).

And so the ramblings start in my head. Wonder if this is the sort of thing that happens to other runners or is it just me!

'4 miles down, only 22 to go. I'm enjoying this, on our way to East Park and we'll pick up Sandra. See Shelley on her bike along with Sarah and Shelley (COH) cheering, thanks ladies. Feel good, getting close to the relay stand and yes I hear you Sandra, thanks for the shout. Now concentrate Linda you don't want Sandra to pass you, stay in front but keep your pace. The miles are passing by lovely, oh where are we I don't recognise this street, there's a man stood clapping in his dressing gown, wish I was home in my dressing gown, why am I here. Keep going still can't hear or feel Sandra approach. Oh look I can see the 4.15 pacers wonder if I can catch them, don't try too hard or you'll run out of steam. There they go, how long before they overtake me. Nearly at Pickering park the next relay stop, half way already, that passed quick. I can hear her, Sandra shouting at me as she ran into the relay tent then I have company, yeah here she is Sarah JW running alongside me. Think she doesn't go until after Humber Bridge great someone to run with, oh where did she go?

Maybe I smell, she didn't want to run next to me, I didn't have garlic must be because I'm sweaty!



Boothferry Road, here we go, this will be a long slog. Aahhh great what a lovely surprise Sam (Rachel's son) has my gel and it's one with lots of caffeine in, I'm looking forward to this. Thank you Sam. It's taking a while to kick in, my legs are tired, think I'll take a walk, oh here are those 4.15 pacers again overtaking me! Get going, don't be a wimp. This is tough but still I'm finally on the bridge. Where did that wind come from? It's not fair, I want to go home. Phew made it, oh there's Derek he said no walking better get a move on, wait a minute what's just happened, that gel must have finally kicked in, I'm running at a good pace, these legs can't be mine, I can't feel them. Oh there's one of the 4.15 pacers sat on the ground on the bridge with his 4.15 flag flat on the floor, won't follow him then! Look up front there's Shaun and another COH chap and they are walking, I'll just sail past them – hello boys. Oh and Helen too, I pass her. (Bet they pass me later), over the bridge and finally down Boothferry Road, these legs are still going and I can see Jan up front, wonder if I can catch up with her.

Thanks Sam and please open that gel for me as my fingers are like little fat sausages and won't work. He is my star of the day (thanks Rachel). Note to self when you get home look on the internet and see if you can adopt Sam, he's my hero. Not far to go now, into Costello alongside Jan and even managed to sprint the 100m (if you can call 27 secs sprinting)! Through the park past Oliver's corner oh look there's Lynda holding a toy dog and wagging his ears at me, I want to cry.

Not far now, keep going down Boothferry Road and past our lovely marshal ladies and Prince (the dog), what a relief to see them. Down Anlaby Road near to the stadium, there it is on my left – what they are sending us right please don't I want the finish. Under the flyover into the stadium grounds, closer and closer to the finish. Oh wait there's Liz H with her camera she's shouting 'Jazz hands Linda', I'm laughing and smiling and waving madly why are my arms so heavy. Into the stadium oh WOW how noisy, how wonderful I can see the finish, it's there,



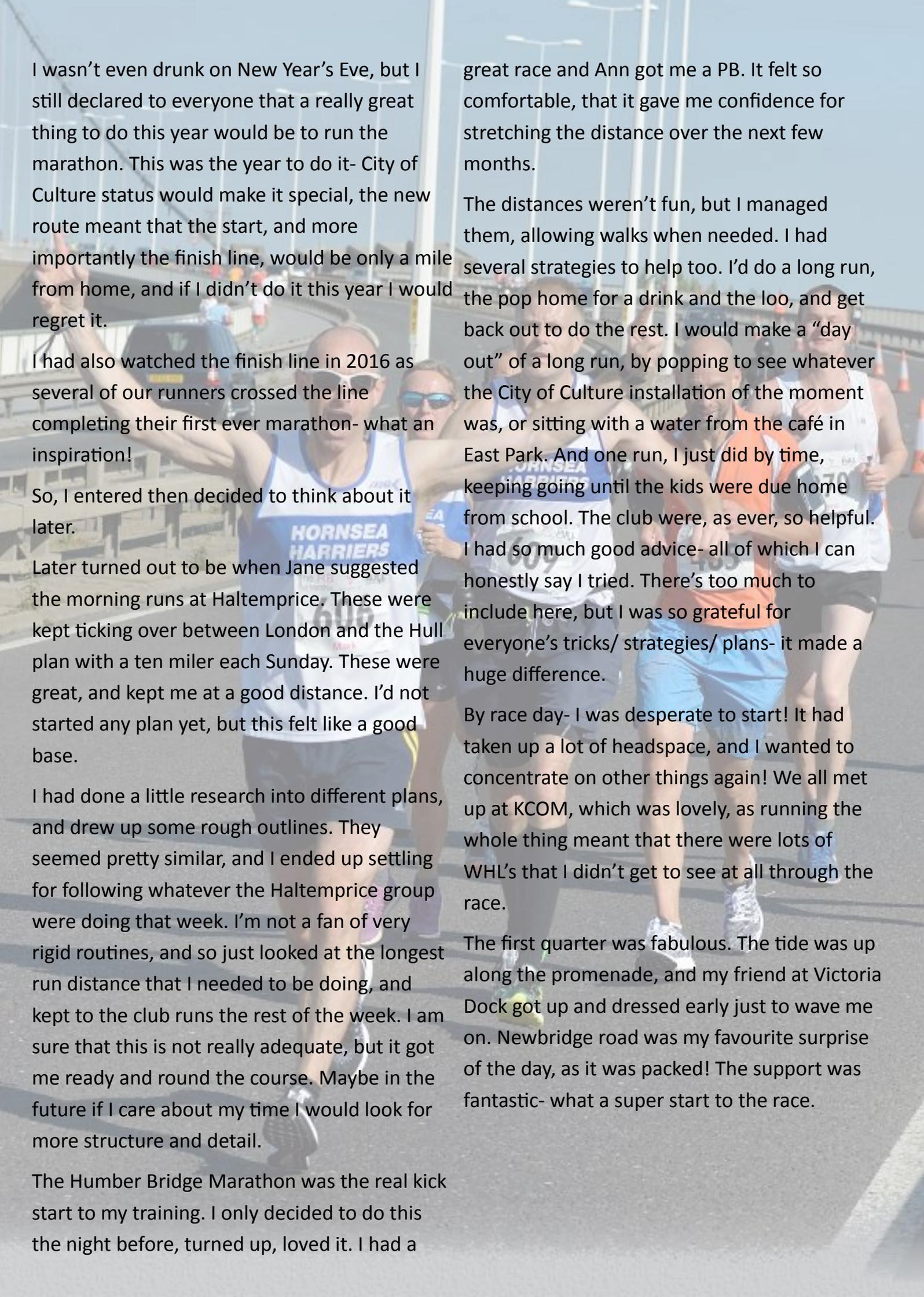
I'm done.'

I'm never doing another one.

And then Sara and Rachael found me and told me the wonderful news that I had come first in my age category – FIRST in a marathon. Oh boy I was so chuffed I'm afraid I swore! A lovely trophy and £25 cheque – so when is the next marathon I can enter?

Linda





I wasn't even drunk on New Year's Eve, but I still declared to everyone that a really great thing to do this year would be to run the marathon. This was the year to do it- City of Culture status would make it special, the new route meant that the start, and more importantly the finish line, would be only a mile from home, and if I didn't do it this year I would regret it.

I had also watched the finish line in 2016 as several of our runners crossed the line completing their first ever marathon- what an inspiration!

So, I entered then decided to think about it later.

Later turned out to be when Jane suggested the morning runs at Haltemprice. These were kept ticking over between London and the Hull plan with a ten miler each Sunday. These were great, and kept me at a good distance. I'd not started any plan yet, but this felt like a good base.

I had done a little research into different plans, and drew up some rough outlines. They seemed pretty similar, and I ended up settling for following whatever the Haltemprice group were doing that week. I'm not a fan of very rigid routines, and so just looked at the longest run distance that I needed to be doing, and kept to the club runs the rest of the week. I am sure that this is not really adequate, but it got me ready and round the course. Maybe in the future if I care about my time I would look for more structure and detail.

The Humber Bridge Marathon was the real kick start to my training. I only decided to do this the night before, turned up, loved it. I had a

great race and Ann got me a PB. It felt so comfortable, that it gave me confidence for stretching the distance over the next few months.

The distances weren't fun, but I managed them, allowing walks when needed. I had several strategies to help too. I'd do a long run, the pop home for a drink and the loo, and get back out to do the rest. I would make a "day out" of a long run, by popping to see whatever the City of Culture installation of the moment was, or sitting with a water from the café in East Park. And one run, I just did by time, keeping going until the kids were due home from school. The club were, as ever, so helpful. I had so much good advice- all of which I can honestly say I tried. There's too much to include here, but I was so grateful for everyone's tricks/ strategies/ plans- it made a huge difference.

By race day- I was desperate to start! It had taken up a lot of headspace, and I wanted to concentrate on other things again! We all met up at KCOM, which was lovely, as running the whole thing meant that there were lots of WHL's that I didn't get to see at all through the race.

The first quarter was fabulous. The tide was up along the promenade, and my friend at Victoria Dock got up and dressed early just to wave me on. Newbridge road was my favourite surprise of the day, as it was packed! The support was fantastic- what a super start to the race.

East Park looked stunning as ever, and Jane and I had a little stop while she wrestled with her gel. Soon we were heading back to town, which felt quiet, but the super volunteers and marshals kept us going. I had an almost cry at the bagpipe band at the Marina- what a sound that was.

The next stretch was along the docks, with no one around, and I rather enjoyed this. Jane and I just chatted, and enjoyed a peaceful jog. We headed up from Hessele road toward Pickering Park. This is where I had my only real low point. Even then, it was only a dip in spirits. I just felt that I had done 13 miles, and had just the same ahead of me. Quite daunting. I had a walk along past Sirius, until a volunteer jollied me along, and I was off again. I'm afraid that the sight of Boothferry road also prompted me to walk, but then I saw the WHL flag outside Rachel's house, and I couldn't walk past that could I?!

So, we were up to the bridge. Before the race, this was the bit I was worrying about. It wasn't as bad as I expected- still not fun, but not awful. It was just long and quiet and tedious. I couldn't even raise my arms under the bridge for the DJ, which made me sad. Gail kept me company for some of the bridge, then others did in turn. In fact, I ran with about 5 more runners all the way in, including an ex-pupil.

It was homeward bound down Boothferry road, which was a long slog. However, it was much improved by Sandra popping up on her bike. I was so touched to see her, that I had a little cry and a hug! She got me to Costello, where the timed section was. Weirdly, I quite enjoyed this, and I did make an effort. It was nice to break

my pace and have something different to think about.

The wonderful WHL marshals got me through the next stretch- I just kept looking out for them dotted along Anlaby road, and that really kept me going. Then it was a great crowd at the Silver Cod (with their delicious looking pints), and those angels. Sandra passed me to an angel, then joined me for getting into the stadium. We chatted so that I couldn't think about how much further it was- we were at the stadium, but still not finished! Then we saw the gate in, and I felt so relieved. That finish was superb- around the stadium- I could see some of the club, and Shaun and Kate were shouting me in. Walking to the car wasn't fun, getting out of it, and later, the bath, was quite funny really! But normal order was resumed after food and beer.

What a brilliant day- I loved it, and yes- I would run one again. If any West Hull Lady is reading this and wondering if they could do it- PLEASE go for it! If I can, anyone can. REALLY!

And thank you to our amazing club. Their support before and on the day was immeasurable. We have a very special club ladies!

Anna

The OMM, well the lite one.

When I mentioned the OMM to someone they said “OMMMmmmmm” ... like meditating in the 70s? Nothing like that!

It was Becca's fault. She led me into this. She suggested we do the OMM the year after next as a treat for reaching her 4th decade. I pointed out that year I reach my 6th decade! The OMM is “Original Mountain Marathon”. It's a two day thing in the wild, carrying tent/stove etc. and navigating from a map provided at the start line – it's generally considered quite 'ard and having felt rubbish for months I was interested but not jumping up and down with glee.

We made baby steps by doing a bit of orienteering in Dalby Forest and then booked for the OMM Lite at Hawes in the Yorkshire Dales. It's “Lite” because you don't break camp and therefore just carry: cag, over trousers, spare jumper, hat, gloves, food, drink, first aid, map and compass. Luckily, we did not have to carry most the spare clothes as it rained quite a lot but with brief rays of sunshine to ensure we became proficient in taking the rain stuff off and on, off and on!

We arrived Friday, made camp, drank wine, ate in the marquee and chatted to some experienced OMMers. They were impressed we were doing the 7 hours rather than the 5 hours ... but that was just so we did not have to worry about time. If you come in after your time allocation you are docked points. We could finish when we were ready.

So the next day, all kitted up, our dibbers were checked then into the start dibber and we got our map. Had a quick look and decided to go on the south loop skipping the high checkpoints as Becca's hamstring was not fully recovered from an injury.

Very excited when we did our first “dib” and earned 10 points. Woo hoo. We are off. We were run-walking at that point and carefully checking the map and occasionally making use of the compass to ensure we were heading in the right direction.

Disaster at around 4-5 miles – it wasn't Becca's hamstring but my calf pulled. I could feel it wasn't quite a tear but could be if I was not careful. I carried on running cautiously but soon had to admit I would only be able to walk (on my heel to stop the strain on my calf). Becca was brilliant about it.

You cannot carry all the water you need and Becca had purchased a water filter which we used at stream at around 10 miles. Worked really well and is good for 600,000 litres so should last J

We carried on walking covering 16.5 miles and gaining 210 points ... which we thought was pretty good - but we were last (8th female pair) and the winner that day tripled our points. However, to us it was a complete success. We had navigated successfully, always knowing where we were, we had carried all we needed and tested the water filter, which worked a treat, and, we'd enjoyed a day in beautiful scenery:

Photos: Excited at our first dib, using the Water filter.





We camped in a small tent to test if we could we work together in a small enclosure. We could but it was far from ideal in a muddy field – squatting and squiggling to get through the small entrance with mud-covered boots. We returned to the muddy campsite,

grabbed our bag of clean clothes and went to nearby public loos to change in relative luxury. After which we ditched the tent and marque and went to the pub for a big meal and a pint in a lovely warm / clean environment.

It continued to rain much of the night and the campsite was pretty much of a quagmire as we set off again. My calf was very tight but I could still walk. We checked the map and headed off on the Pennine Way to nab some big points (50 and 40).

This took us quite high (hence bagging some bigger points). It mostly rained and was windy.

Off the Pennine Way onto a footpath over the fells and into woods. Not a Gruffalo in sight but we enjoyed being out of the wind for a while.

We then headed down into the valley making one small error in navigating which was soon corrected.

Plenty of people in the last part of the walk back into Hawes as everyone was heading back before the cut off



times.

Really pleased to have covered 12.1 miles as I thought my calf would shorten our morning.

We scored 150 points and improved our position as one pair did not start (probably had enough of the mud and rain!) and came in joint 6th on points but with a faster time that put us 5th female pair.

We didn't stay for the presentation as keen to get home to a bath!!!

We were pushed out of the car park which by now was under about 6 inches of mud! Becca was brilliant driving us home – I was exhausted!

It was a successful weekend despite not generally feeling ready for this and calf muscle going and Becca's hamstring not fully right but ... I think we can bring our bodies round to doing the full-blown OMM – when we have 100 years between us.

Thanks Becca.

Amanda



The Great North Run

I was so happy to get a place on the Great North Run. It is an event like no other, a celebration of running and of community. This was the fourth time I'd done the Great North Run. Previously I'd run it in 2003, 2004 and 2007. It's not a pretty route, with much of it on non-descript dual carriageways, but there is a sense of being part of something special.

I decided to run for RNIB as my son Ben has been registered 'severely sight impaired/blind' this year, and working towards the GNR and fundraising has helped me come to terms with it. The challenge was to raise £400 but I'm pleased to say I managed to raise about £800. Being part of Team RNIB, meant that there was support along the way and there was food and a massage waiting at the end.

I'd done lots of miles of training, but my health hadn't been good, so I knew it was going to be a challenge.

On my way to the start I was really pleased to meet up with Anji, however, I couldn't find my way through the crowds to find other WHLs. With 40,000+ runners, just getting to the start was a challenge!

I managed to get up close to see the start of the wheelchair race and then the elite women and it was amazing to see these elite athletes. Then, as I queued up to start, on the big screen I saw Mo setting off, a good 25 mins before I crossed the start line. How amazing to be part of the same event as him!

So we set off downhill on the central motorway and even before the first mile marker I overtook people who were walking. Phew, I wasn't going to be last! Between miles 1 and 2 you cross the iconic Tyne Bridge, and I just revelled in that. All around me were people in crazy costumes, perhaps the craziest person was the man carrying a bike around the entire course.

At mile 6 I knew a friend was spectating and it was lovely to see her and her daughter. Then I knew it was 2 more miles until the RNIB cheer

station where Pete would be waiting. Just time for a quick hug and to inform him that I was knackered, then on I went. Miles 9 to 11 were really tough, but the crowds were amazing cheering us on and giving out sweets and fruit. It was good to see Elvis at this point singing us along(?)! Then as I ran past the Crohns and Colitis UK cheer station something made me say 'I'm running for you next year!' Why???

I knew the sea front and the last mile weren't far away now, so one last push, a short, sharp downhill and uphill and there was the sea. The finish was in sight and the crowds were louder than ever. I passed the '800 m to go' sign and about an hour later (or so it seemed) the '400m to go' sign and finally the finish line! I went through to get my medal and my t shirt and then collapsed at the RNIB tent, with a cuppa some sandwiches and eventually a massage. As I'd predicted it was a lot slower than my half marathon PB, but it was my fastest Great North Run and I'd managed to raise a substantial amount of money for a charity that is close to my heart. I would highly recommend it as a running experience, so maybe next year I'll keep to my word and run it for another charity. Anyone fancy joining me?

Sarah



The Parkrun Geek

On October 7th I ran my 200th parkrun and on 21st my husband Pete did his 250th. These momentous events have given me cause to reflect on parkrunning. Parkrun is unique. I'm sure we all know the story of how Paul Sinton-Hewitt set up a time trial for his friends in Bushy Park and the rest, as they say, is history. Parkrun is now a global movement, responsible for getting many people more active. I love its inclusivity, the fact that it's free, the sense of being part of a community and the knowledge that you can find them all over the UK and beyond. I've done parkrun when I've felt on top form (for me!) and when I've been struggling; with friends and on my own; as part of my training for bigger events and as an end in itself and I've been known to hop out of the car to do a parkrun when I'm on my way out for the day.

I first heard about parkrun in 2009 when I read about it in *Runners' World*. I was living in Marple, Stockport at the time, and I saw that there was a parkrun in Bramhall about 4 miles away, so on 18th July 2009 I went along, a little nervously, and not quite sure how it worked, but finished it alongside 348 others in a time of 28.43. I went on to do 12 more runs at Bramhall, but soon one was set up a little closer at Woodbank Park and I did 4 there. On 1st May 2010 I ran the 5th Hull parkrun and 7 weeks later, again at Hull, I got my all time PB of 27.38. These days Peter Pan is my home parkrun where I

have done 118 runs, and usually stagger round in about 33 minutes.

I've done parkruns at 19 different locations, each one different. That first one I did at Bramhall Park is past a Tudor Hall, round a lake and up and down through woods. Black Park near Slough (run in January 2012) is entirely on forest paths, Pontefract (November 2014) is round the race course, although it was so foggy the day I did it that you couldn't see a thing, Ellesmere Port (August 2017) is a couple of laps of an urban park and Rother Valley (October 2105) is 1 lap around 2 lakes. This summer I did the spectacular Ganavan Sands parkrun near Oban, quite a small parkrun but probably the friendliest of all the ones I've done. It is by the sea looking out towards the Western Isles and gives a new meaning to the word 'hilly'! One day soon I will do my 20th different location and achieve 'parkrun tourist' status, and maybe some time I'll do an international parkrun. So thank you Paul Sinton-Hewitt for setting up parkrun. Where would my weekends be without it!

Sarah



SHOW
US
YOUR
BLING

★ Champagne ★



Edition



Runner's Digest

No bake Bailey's Cheesecake balls

- 320g white chocolate digestives (you can use milk chocolate if you wish)
- 250g mascarpone cheese
- 80ml Bailey's Irish Cream
- 300g white chocolate
- 50 - 80g dark chocolate

Method

Crush the white chocolate digestives, add the Bailey's and mascarpone cheese and mix.

Form into approximately 20 small balls, about 2cm in diameter and place on grease-proof paper. Chill for 45 minutes.

Melt the white chocolate in a bain-marie, using two teaspoons, coat the biscuit balls in the chocolate and place back on the tray. Chill again until the chocolate sets.

Melt the dark chocolate and drizzle on the balls and chill again.

November/December

Use the Force



Jill says "If in any doubt just close your eyes and use the Force"

NOVEMBER 2017

Be Strong at the Finish



Jill says "Follow my advice and you will finish strongly!"

DECEMBER 2017



Final Thoughts...

I THINK YOU
SHOULD JUST
GO FOR IT.

Website: <http://www.westhulladies.org.uk>

Email: westhulladies@outlook.com

Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/westhulladies>