



Newsletter

July/August 2017



The Things You See Whilst Running!

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Hello Ladies,

Fess up, who zoomed in to get a closer look at the cover photo?! It's a double bumper issue for July and August (Giant's Head Marathon traumatised me a bit and I've only just recovered enough to think about running stuff), we've been all over and doing all sorts just to get some bling and you've written some fab articles all about your adventures, grab a cuppa (and some tissues, I have warned you!) and enjoy.

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Giant's Head

A certain Liz draper has a lot to answer for...she somehow persuaded six other nutters from the club to drive 300 miles down to Dorset to take part in the Giants head marathon. Perhaps it was the promise of a medal with a spinning willy on it that persuaded us all, but we are all in mortal danger of doing inadvisable things like pressing the 'enter' button when in possession of a computer, a credit card and a Whl saying this is a fantastic race you'll love it!!

I have to say that I entered the race without looking at the elevation...a fatal error on my part. To put this in some perspective, the Thunder run, which is a tough hilly 6 mile circuit has an elevation of 98 metres. The Gruesome twosome, which is a tough half marathon climbs approx 250 metres. The Giants head on the other hand has a total elevation of over 1000 metres...and it's 27.1 miles...not 26.2! Yes that sign near the end, at the bottom of yet another hill that said 400 metres to go, lied...it was more like another mile! That someone had written 'ish' after the 400 metres should have served as a warning!

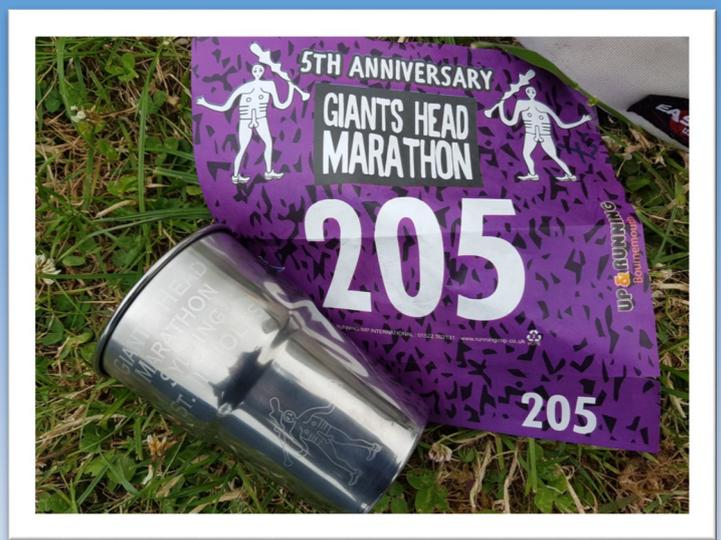
After luring us into the trap of entering this event, and whilst sitting together on the campsite, the evening before the event, Liz just happened to mention that there were 10 quite serious hills. These are not your mere undulations of Walkington 10k fame, this is more like 10 x spout hill+

but with a much more tricky underfoot terrain! Okay...so up to this point, I have done a lot of whinging about this event, but actually it was a fantastic event. I had a lovely drive down with Ros, and we managed to all meet up together with the rest of the team at a couple of service stations. Gloucester services was well worth the trip in its own right, as it's a fantastic foodie farm shop...none of your common a garden, costas or m and s here! The campsite was good, although the chemical loos were a bit horrid by the end of the event. We had opted to have the food laid on at the village hall in the pretty village of Sydling St. Nicholas (sounds a bit midsomer murders lol!), put on by the local WI. On the Friday we tucked into a lovely lasagne, followed by a fruit salad and ice cream, and on the Saturday we had chilli, followed by fruit crumble. It was fab!



The event started at 9.30am on the Saturday. The first part starts off quite gently, but soon you hit the hills. There were a few bottle necks at the beginning, but this soon sorts itself out as the experienced trail runners leave the rest of us in their wake! There are lots of water and feed stations which were fantastic, with flap jack, brownies, sausages, crisps, scotch eggs, cakes and various other goodies to be had. These were very similar to those on the Rudolfs romp or the Golden Fleece. At 21 miles there was the 'love station'. Here, there was all the usual goodies, but with the added extras of cider and raspberry vodka! Now normally I wouldn't touch alcohol when I'm running, but by this point in the race, I was beyond caring, and the vodka went down very nicely thank you! The people at the love station were dressed in basques, which was hilarious!

I ran most of the race with Shelley, as the rest of the ladies went on ahead from about half way. Me and Shelley had some interesting conversations about swear words...(used in anger quite a lot during the race by both of us)...plus we were discussing versions of these in other languages! We moaned quite a lot about the going which was really stoney in places. This is always a problem for me as someone who often throws myself head first into the undergrowth whilst running, as i worry about falling flat on my face. In fact on our travels we met a number of people who had come a cropper on the difficult underfoot conditions! The trouble was that the hills were too long and steep to run up and equally too steep to run



down in places, and after a number of miles, my knees were holding up the white flag of surrender!!

The notices along the route that alerted us to items of interest, such as a 35ft phallus, or a nice view, were great at first, but paled as we got more and more tired. We did laugh however when we came to one that said 'hurry up FFS!' After nearly seven hours of running, walking, staggering and wishing we had gone for a day out at Monkey World instead (see the Pick TV channel!), we were very happy to see the finish down in the valley. Our lovely Whl's cheered us in, and we were awarded our medal and tee shirt! Would I do this again?...yes, no, maybe...who knows? Me and Shelley thought that we needed to visit marathon runners anonymous, just in case we had any bright ideas to enter this race again, or anything like it for that matter, as it's a race for total nutters! The trouble is that these events get under your skin, and I have found myself looking on the internet for another yet another challenge. Am I mad?...of course!

Jill J

Chase the Train

A couple of months ago I saw this race advertised but it was in Grosmont and I hate that drive, but I discovered that some of the COH ladies were going so I managed to get myself a lift with Sarah.

The day arrived and Sarah came to pick me up, she had her daughter and Shelley's daughter with her, both 8 years old (Evie and Madison), what fun they had meeting Oliver and in typical WHL style using the bathroom before setting off on our long journey on a very hot day.

They made the journey go by quickly with their chatter and we were soon there.

Now I knew nothing about this race as it was the first time it was being held, but what a beautiful little village Grosmont is and we were there in plenty of time to enjoy a very civilised picnic then a wander to the shops where I gave the girls my ill gotten gains (stole some money out of hubby's wallet) so they could choose an ice cream and a drink.

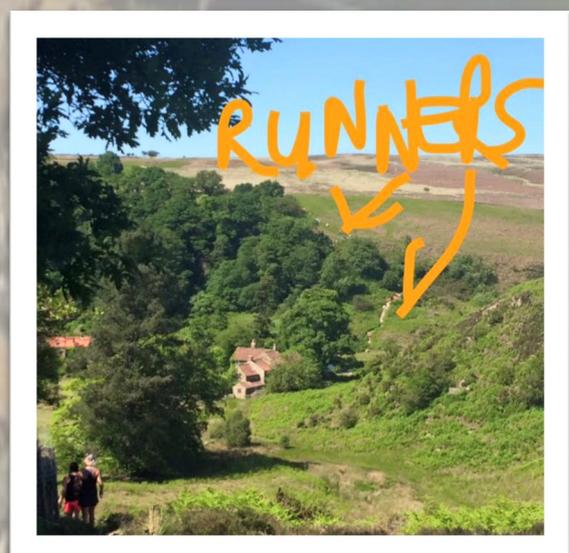
Shelley arrived with her Mum whose job it was to look after the girls while we ran the race, they were booked onto the beautiful steam train and getting off somewhere to watch the runners and eat yet more ice cream!

While we were eating our picnic it was



lovely to see Sharron had arrived as her hubby (Nigel) was running the race. She took some great photos and I got a very well deserved WHL hug. It's very rare to find yourself the only WHL taking part in a race/event!

It was time for us to gather together for the start of the race, this was so going to be fun just like Karen Scott I was going to run in an event and not really class it as a race, just a lovely pootle in the countryside on a very hot day.





We were waiting on a track next to the railway tracks with only a flimsy fence to separate us, we had to wait until the train was in line with the start line (even chip timing), then finally we were off. We had already been warned that the course was quite hilly but for the first couple of miles it was just nice and flat but running on what appeared to be crushed coal/cinders! We were warned to look out for incline cottage then it would get tough, and boy were they right! I don't think I've ever seen so many steep hills but the views were spectacular. I was really enjoying running with Helen Penn, our pace was exact.

About halfway we spotted the train and all the passengers were milling around cheering us on (while they drank cold drinks from the cafes/pubs etc)!

The event was very well organised, you couldn't get lost as the route was well marked and there were two water

stations, as it was so hot maybe another water stop would have been welcome! Before long we were nearing the end and we'd been told that the hills had all gone – they lied, as we came back towards the start we had to turn sharp left and up a steep slope back towards the station where the train had finished.

No I did not beat the train, I need to find another 20 minutes to get in with a chance but I did come second in my age group which was a bonus.

Our prize was a lovely medal, a kitkat (very melted one at that) and a bottle of beer. Not a bad afternoons work.

This is definitely a race for a WHL away day next year, you'll love it.

Linda



Thunder Run

Last year's Thunder Run went well for me in the pairs when I ran it with Rachel Anderson. We even came third female pair overall but I ONLY ran 90k and Rachel had ran 100k. So I decided that I really needed to get to the 100k.

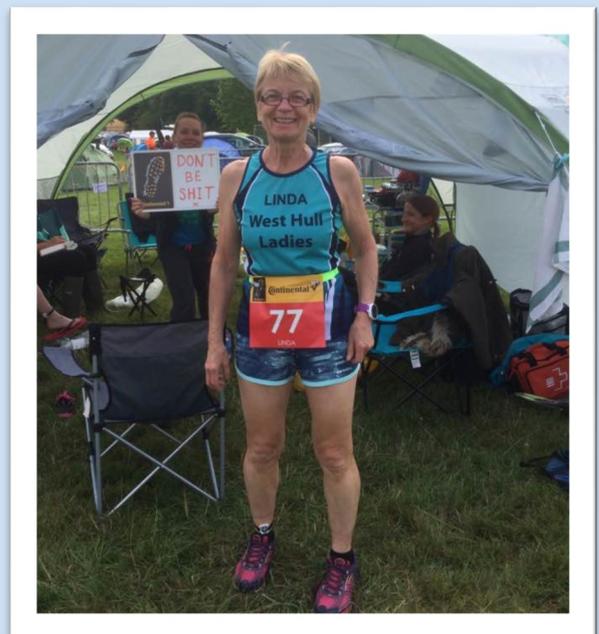
Last year I was as fit as a fiddle (so to speak) and really enjoying my running but since the beginning of the year I have been plagued with all sorts of viruses so I really didn't think that running 100k was achievable. But the dream stayed in my head and I had entered the TR24 2017 as a solo so we would just have to see what was in store, after all I could only do my best. Everyone kept asking me what my strategy was and I really didn't have a clue as I didn't want to get myself all chewed up about it. Which was a good strategy in the end!

Normally on Thunder Run weekend I leave with the girls on a Friday and help set up and what a great time we always have on Friday nights, although not much sleep is to be had! This year though I couldn't make it on Friday so I had the luxury of staying in my own bed and actually sleeping (why was I so laid back, why wasn't I panicking and worrying, after all that's what normally happens)! I did get up early, have a nice breakfast and set off

just after 6.30am and on joining the motorway I was met with rain, such heavy rain accompanying me all the way until I got off the M1 then sunshine, yeah great news I love running in the sun.

Found the WHL camp site and settled in with the ladies and still I didn't really know my plans or even my nutrition for the run.

Finally the event was on its way, 12noon struck and hundreds of runners of all ages ran off on their first lap in the lovely sunshine, I ran the first two laps with Zoe (who was already wishing for rain (can you believe that!)) I decided that I would get through the run eating bananas and home made flapjack with whatever I fancied from the event tent, and my word there was such a lot of food to choose from.



I ran three laps then came in for a change of shorts and vest and some peanut butter sandwiches, I really don't know why I fancied that as I'm not a lover of peanut butter! Lap four all fresh and raring to go, loving the course then it rained so I came in after getting soaked and put on capri's, long sleeve tee shirt and a jacket plus head cover and off I plodded. It was beginning to get muddy

now and the rain continued falling, anyone that really knows me knows that I'm not a lover of running in the rain! But Zoe had got her wish!

I knew that lap six would be my last lap in the daylight so I grabbed some more flap jack and plodded on, the mud was getting very slippery. Finished that lap but I knew if I was to

complete the 10 laps I would have to run another one before going to bed and I really did not want to run in those conditions in the dark. So the 7th lap was more of a jog, shuffle, keeping upright in the mud and finally it was over at around 11/11.15pm ish.

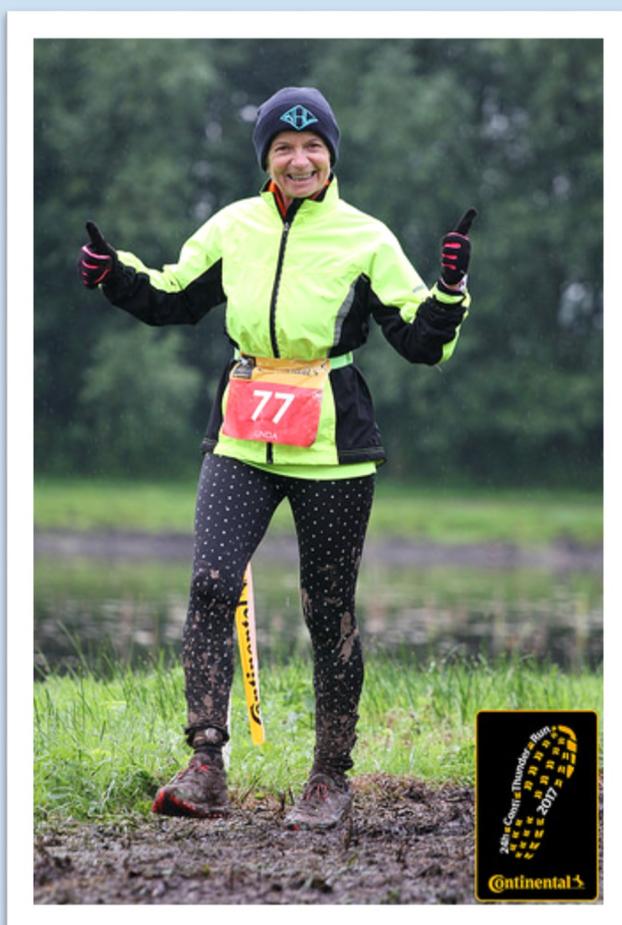
The lovely Ros fed me a beautiful and very welcome very hot bowl of home

made soup (thank you Ros) and made me the bestest ever hot cup of tea and then I went to bed. I was sharing a tent with Sara, Rachael and Kev (Rachael's hubby), and I think they were all in bed so trying to be quiet and take off muddy clothes when my hands were so very cold was nigh on impossible (sorry if I woke you guys)! I could not get warm and I could not get to sleep the rain was lashing

down, I really don't know what the course would be like by morning as people were still out there running!

I got up around 4.30/4.45am and got dressed in all my winter gear, only three laps to go. Boy was I stiff, could I really do this the ground was horrendous. Well off I went, in the woods it was still a bit dark but at least the light was peaking

through, it was still raining! Would it ever stop. By now there wasn't much running happening for anyone really as the conditions were horrid, so sloppy, you were lucky to keep your feet planted. Finally eight laps had been completed. I thought I could actually achieve this so long as I didn't fall.



Some more flap jack and a banana sent me on my way for lap nine, this one was by far the toughest, I hurt everywhere, my calves, my quads, my feet, oh boy my feet they ached so much. But I plodded on and plodded was the word, no running for that lap at all. Finally back to the finish and only one more to go, just one 10k lap away from my goal and boy what a goal it had been.

Another banana (I might just look like a monkey by the end of this event)! Still in my winter running gear as there was no way I was going to take the woolly hat off I'd slept in wet hair the night before and I know it would look such a mess. The

things we think about, really would anyone have noticed? But I would have known.

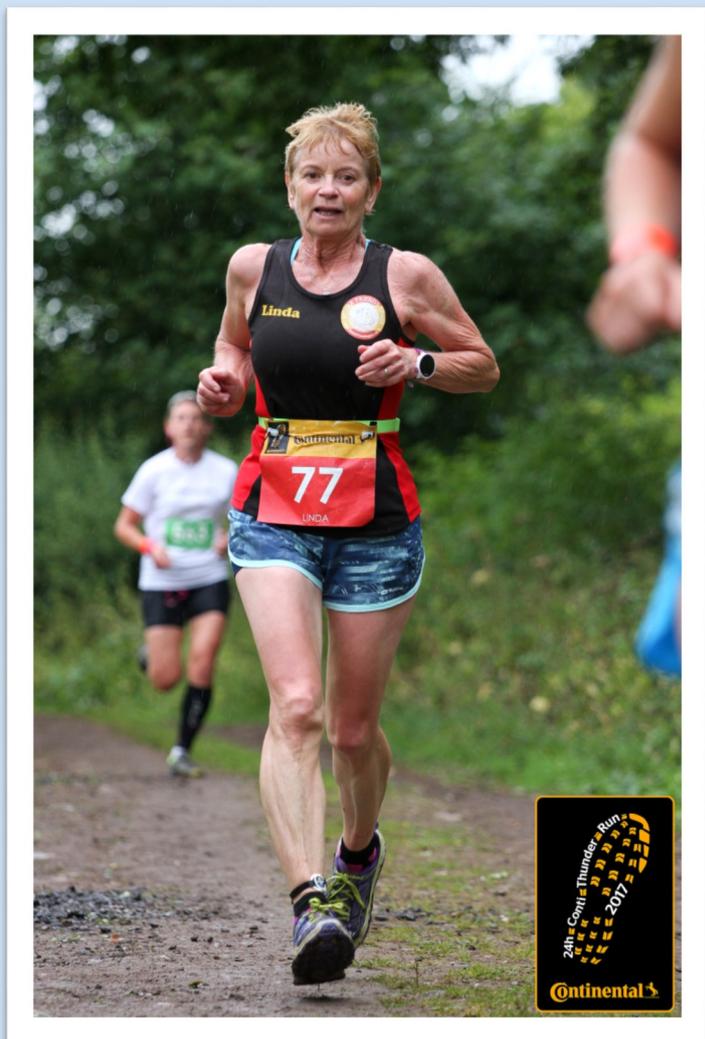
Anyway I stumbled through the woods, I climbed the hilly bits and stayed on my feet, my legs were screaming at me to stop but I plodded on, feeling very envious of the people who had those walking pole thingies, I wished I'd got some. Half way, only a park run to go (that is such a long way), lots of cheering from everyone as they egged me towards the finish, the support was amazing, finally climbing that last hill and then down into the finish.

I'd made it, I ran (well stumbled a lot of it) 100k aged 63 years and 3 months. I never want to run again!

I have ordered my crochet hook and a ton of wool off Amazon and I will spend my time learning how to crochet and eat cake.

What a fantastic weekend with all our lovely ladies who were there to support me every lap. Thank you ladies.

NO I am never doing it again!



Linda

Ann's Adventures

This month I did two marathons in two weeks - I hadn't planned to, but I'm jolly glad I did, because I've learned a lot about my running. Part of the Story was a one-off, 26 mile walk organised by the Long Distance Walking Association. Their events are great - very low key, which means a low entry price (I think this was £10-15), the checkpoints are further apart than a road race and there is no chip timing, medals, or finishers T-shirts - in fact often there isn't any timing at all. And that's the attraction - it meant I get to spend a day wondering around East Yorkshire countryside, eating biscuits, cheese crackers and cake along the way, without any worries about how fast I was running.

For this event there was limited signage, but LDWA expects participants to carry and be able to read an OS map, and as a map lover, that was fine with me - I was the official navigator of our trio (with Rachel Whittaker and her friend). Navigation, in fact, was easy, and the going was fine - good footpaths and a really well described route.

Two of the checkpoints were in village halls - so proper toilets, and at one, a proper lunch - with the freshest salad, boiled eggs, corned beef, cheese - and even rice pudding and jam for afters!! That was very reviving, and gave us a great excuse to take the next few miles a bit slower.

The event started and finished at East Park, in the heart of the city, and yet there was hardly any road running at all. The last few miles was along the River Hull, almost right back to the park - it was amazing, running along a river bank, with pleasure boats passing, and yet being in the heart of the city. I'd never run along here before and I thought it was a wonderful undiscovered (for me, anyway) jewel in the city! At the café in the park at the end we were offered more food - a hot pasta meal and a jolly good sit with a cup of tea, which was very reviving - job done!



The week after was Outlaw. This is an iron distance triathlon in Nottingham - which means 2.4 mile swim, 112 mile bike ride and a marathon. I am part of a group of folk who chat on the forum on the triathlon thread at runnersworld.co.uk . They're all interested in iron distance events, and over the years have met and supported each other at various events, to the point that they formed an identity, got some kit together and called themselves the Pirates. For some years the pirates have run a feed station on the bike route, and my son Anders and I have gone along to help out. This means free camping at the National Watersports Centre for the weekend, the chance to hangout with lovely folk, look at the expo (lots of over-priced triathlon kit) and then do a very long stint on race day.

We were up at 4 am, and the feed station finished around 2pm. Its pretty busy once the riders start coming through, but downtime and laughs and shenanigans in between loops (the cyclists come through our feed station twice). A highlight was getting a quick hug from Verity.

Some athletes choose to do Outlaw as a part of a relay team, and this time the runner on team "Podds Lil Knockers" was unable to participate and sold her place to me - yay!! I got to put my pirate race gear on and participate as an athlete - so two T-shirts - the race crew one and a relay one! Although my team were

happy to have a slow plodder at this late stage, I was still nervous about starting a marathon after feed station duties ... and didn't quite manage the little sleep I'd planned around lunchtime ... but never mind that now - I have a job to do.



Quick hug from Little Sister (the Pirates tend to call each other by their forum name) as she handed me her timing chip, and then I set off around 3 o'clock.

The marathon route goes like this - round the lake (its a mile long, so that takes a long time, a full lap if about 5k), then round the lake again, then an out and back along the river, round the lake, another out and back, and round the lake twice. I started with "I am a machine" mantra, which after about 10 miles became "ok, so its an old banger of a machine, but I'm still a machine, more of a solid old Volvo ... that type of a machine."

Heading for the second long lap, "I think I'm a machine, I was one, a machine doesn't stop being a machine, ... well just keep going until you think of a better mantra"

During the second long lap I decided I needed a run / walk plan, but spent at least three miles trying to work one out, which meant I kept running in the meantime. Eventually the plan was to run past three competitors, then walk, then start running when I

meet the fourth. That got me back to the lake, and after that it was run to a sign, walk to a sign, run to a sign, well ... run a bit, walk a bit. My knee started giving way then, so I walked the rest of the third lap of the lake, but when I met with Yorkie Tiger (my son, now inspired so much he's got himself a forum name and so is now a 'real' pirate) and Little Sister, I got a big power up from them, and managed to run quite a bit of the final lap. The finish was just ace, because the relay team all meet up and run the final bit down the red carpet together, to rapturous applause from the crowd. Iron distance triathlon is almost the opposite of road running - there is a tradition that folk stay until the end, so the slower you are, the more people cheer you in.

In short, the whole weekend was just wonderful ... I love Outlaw, and I love the pirates, as does Yorkie Tiger now, too!

Ann



NOTTINGHAM, UK

**OUTLAW
TRIATHLON**

2.4M SWIM > 112M BIKE > 26.2M RUN

Grimsby 10k

After reading favourable reports about this race last year I decided to give it a go in 2017. It meant a bit of juggling with my marathon-training plan but it was done.

I made my way to Grimsby on the morning and parked in the College Car Park, which was about a mile from the start. I think this was a good move as I was able to use McDonalds facilities on the way; no problems parking and a nice warm up walk to the start.

So after bumping into the other WHL's outside the Town Hall I made my way to the start. I was being very optimistic starting not far behind the 7-minute mile pacer, but as there were so many runners I didn't want to start much further back.

My plan had been to run without my watch but I couldn't bring myself to do this so I wore it but decided that I wouldn't look at it until after the finish.

So the hooter sounded just after 10am and we were off.

I felt very heavy legged and put this down to the fact that I had run some high mileage weeks (for me) in training.

The first few miles had some great support but it wasn't as flat as I was led to believe - a bit like Snake Lane you can see the long drag in the distance. (Elevation gain of 69 ft. so maybe just me!)

We turned making our way home after about 3.5 miles. This bit for me was a real drag. The race incorporated a timed mile from about mile 4 to 5. We ran through a start gantry for this and way way in the distance you could see the end of mile gantry. I think this was the longest mile of my life. My legs just wouldn't work and I was trying to find a way of making the running seem easier. A lot of my training at the minute involves speed work - was my body saying 'hey

you need a 30 second rest'

So after I finished this mile I stopped - I can't believe I did that - not for long but I stopped. And when I started running again my legs still didn't want to work!

That road just went on and on and on. At that point I was thinking how much more enjoyable running marathons are - you can go at a steadier pace and it doesn't hurt as much. (Or maybe it does that was just the thoughts going through my head!)

So we eventually turned for home. We entered Peoples Park and I could see a timing clock in front of me. Yes - the finish. No not the finish just a timing clock. We had to turn left and run some more to the end. I could see the clock said 50 minutes + so I tried to put a bit of a spurt on - Rob Newton whizzed passed me urging me on.

So my official time was 50.02 - I was gutted I was so close to getting under the 50 minute. If I had been looking at my watch I am sure I could have found 3 seconds from somewhere. So I have tried running by feel and not watch but not sure I will do it again!

Would I run it again - I think so now I know the course - it is so well organised. 3 drinks stations can you believe offering both cups and bottles of water and a sponge station. To top it off a medal and T-shirt.. Yes one for the calendar next year. It would be great for ladies with families as there was a lot of entertainment in the Park afterwards plus a fun run.

Sandra



Walkington 10k

... Sandra said “I can’t ride it and I love this race. You have to ride it and enjoy it ... and work hard”.

And so, after weeks and weeks of being under the weather I knew that PBing at Walkington wasn’t ever on the cards – and possibly never will be - getting older apparently (so I keep being told!). Low confidence as every ‘test’ over the past two months showed me lacking pace and stamina and being fatigued after every effort. However, pleased with a steady long run last weekend, put a couple of short efforts in after that (short cycle time trial on Tuesday, very few short efforts on the treadmill on Thursday) and gave myself what would normally be an easy target time of 48 minutes. (my PB for Walkington is 44:00).

I arrived early and watched the fun run, warmed up, visited the loos then we were off to the start. Walking with a chap we discussed how wonderful running is, how it makes you feel free and we were aiming at the same time so hoped to see each other. The conditions were good, nice temperature and a bit of a breeze.

I’d seen a few of our ladies – I had no idea there were 19 of us. WHL ladies are amazing! I saw Stacy and suggested she

went towards the front as I know the prizes generally go on gun time rather than chip time (note for anyone who might get a category prize - it makes a difference).

Then we were off. My strategy was to work hard on the downhill (playing to my strengths) then get into a rhythm up the hills and not overcook it. This worked well. Up the hill and after turning the corner I started on a big effort down the hill which was boosted by “Now get pushing” (or something like that) from Sandra and, I was enjoying it.



I gradually pulled past a few runners on the downhill, turned the corner, ignored the water station and into the hill climbing again where it got tough. A few runners passed me before the downhill. Again working hard on good form into Bluestone Bottom where Sandra encouraged me again. The final climb is tough but I had left a bit in the bank to start moving well on the flat. Then onto the field – which is awful!! Saps the legs, it's so knobbly!

Could not believe it when I saw the timing and it had 46 at the start. Over the line, into the funnel then the urge to chuck started and I dodged under the barrier to kneel retching by the Sports Timing van. A helper ran up to ask if I was OK. Feeling a right drama queen I gingerly picked myself up and collected a T Shirt - which I grabbed and launched myself to the tennis court to retch again.

Embarrassed I got myself out of the finish area with a call of “get it up” from a chap as I chucked way to the car. Feeling a little better now and must admit to being quietly proud that I could run myself to chuck level!

I went to the Sports Timing van and put in my number and was so emotional to find I was first in my age category. Made me realise how much it mattered to me! I cheered our ladies in (most had finished



by then) then headed off to Sandra's to thank her and deliver her T Shirt (aren't they big!).

So pleased but not turned the health corner yet ... was exhausted on Saturday and got a mouth sore and my Sunday run was cut short, and still tired now (Wed)! I'm getting blood tests soon but my race was a real positive and I hope to be back for more soon. Yay!

Amanda

Dalby Forest Half Marathon

Oh my goodness me, that was the hardest run EVER!

But, strangely enjoyable.....

We thought it was a good idea at the time entering it, Nige and I.....hmmmmm, didn't THAT thought come back to bite me in the bum half way round!!!!!!

Setting off and straight away we were all shuffled into order as it turned to narrow track. My first mile was very fast.....oops! When we had all shuffled into order I obviously just followed others step for step, speed for speed! I looked down as my watch beeped at me and realised this was way too fast. But, that was sorted out almost immediately as even more narrow trail befell us then all of a sudden everyone stopped!! What's going on!! Had everyone had enough already!!??!! Nope! We had happened upon a very big boggy puddle. No doubt the front runners had waded through it, us lot at the back obviously thought "Errrrrrrr Nerrrrrrr, Eeeeeeyuk!" So we all queued up, rather British like, in the middle of a half marathon race, chitter chattering to one another, to tip toe along the edge of a bog, being very careful not to fall in! There were many giggles and girly squeals of delight from us ladies and probably some gents (who knows). Though.....at this point we

had yet to realise the enormity of this half marathon!

After carefully tip-toeing round that we climbed and clambered over some fallen trees and eventually hit firm ground....but not for long. It was just to cross from one part of the forest to another and again we were led onto trails, running over thin branches and through mud. I quite enjoyed this bit, just bouncing along over thin branches, and once I'd gotten my feet all wet and muddy, trying to avoid the mud wasn't an issue anymore so therefore, not on my mind. Along we went, climbs up, climbs down, thin branches bouncing underfoot, muddy puddles, mud baths, we were slipping and sliding along. Was fun!

5.5 miles in. The track became very narrow. Very narrow and very tricky to run on. We were also running steadily upwards. It was hard just placing one foot in front of the other, concentrating on not tripping up on the forest either side of this track. I found that hard. Once at the top of the hill, the tracks were becoming difficult to get down too, I needed help negotiating the rocks and mud, trying not to fall flat on my face at the bottom of the hill!

At around 7 miles.....the really mean bit. They took us back through the start/finish line.

The various expressions on my face must have been priceless for those that were stood there cheering. My face must have very quickly morphed from pain to delight (had I really FINISHED?) From delight to confusion (HAD I really finished?) From confusion to realisation (I had NOT finished!) From realisation back to pain (I HAD NOT FINISHED!! Noooooooooooooo.....) So, after we (again) went through the start they took us a different way from that of the beginning of the half, which was the way of the 10k route. Around 8 miles I started finding it really tough. I realised at this point that it had messed with my head a little when they had sent us all back through the start/finish, and after all the hard work of the previous 8 miles my legs were struggling to get up the hills, they were struggling to get down the hills. From memory (as at this point, my brain was turning to mush) we had a lot of hill climbing and dipping between 8 – 11 miles-ish. I can't remember how many miles in we were but I was stood at the bottom end of a water station and saw fast runners run by the top end of it.....I really couldn't imagine and comprehend what there was to come between passing this water station and the way back to the finish, I think that I erased most of it from my memory. So.....we left the water station and ran down, proper steep slippery down, the sort of down where you are not enjoying it as much as you should be because you know that

at some point there will be that up! Parts of the down you had to creep down, side footed, the down bits were not getting any easier to manage. Many times Nige had stay back to grab my hand to help me. Well, then that up..... Yes, I can confirm it DID go up, then more up, then better up. I decided then that I was going to stop and cry. So I stopped and inwardly I tantrumed, wailed and cried. It was only then that I realised that I didn't have to run up the blumming thing, I could walk! Why had I not come to this realisation before now! WHAT. IS. WRONG. WITH. MY. BRAIN. Though then I discovered even walking up was a struggle! Eventually we were at the top! Hurrah!!!!

I then started running with this girl from Harrogate who, believe it or not was running her FIRST half marathon, bluuuuuummin 'ek, she's gonna find all other half marathons a DODDLE after this!!!! Anyway, we got talking and started running together, all of a sudden we came upon a MAHOOOOSIVE (gawd knows what it was – I want to say.....) LAKE! Well.....it was big, it was muddy, it was bigger than a puddle, it was the kind of bigger than a muddy puddle whereupon you say to your running companion "I AINT chuffin running through THAT, you'd never chuffin see me AGAIN!!!" Well, we'd have been better just summoning all the chuffin courage we had to run through it, we'd have been less chuffin muddy!

We got chuffin stuck halfway round it, believe it or not.....took us a few minutes to negotiate our way through the chuffin thing!

Thinking that the worst was over because we were getting nearer and nearer to the finish, ha oh no, A little 'dilemma' was thrown at me just after the above muddy lake. We were all running single file again, I'd lost both Nige and the Harrogate lady then, what opened up before me halted me as though I'd slammed into a brick wall.....a down bit, a big down bit, a big down bit to even challenge any experienced skiers! Well, I just stopped at the top "what on earth do I do now?" I looked down, I looked around, I looked up, I looked down again, then running into view from the distance were two angels, 2 angels dressed in shorts and t-shirts and covered in mud, 2 big burly men who, upon seeing me asked "Do you need some help getting down that love?" I looked to the Heavens, Oooooo thank you "yes please" I cried with relief. They positioned themselves either side of me, one grabbed my left hand, I was the nervous wreck in the middle, the other my right hand and shuffled me down the ridge, so funny!!! My heroes!!! Sigh.....

NOW I HAVE TO JUST POP IN A QUICK NOTE TO SARAH JW HERE – AS SHE KNOWS HOW SCARED I GET OF EVEN THE SMALLEST OF HEIGHTS AND LOOKING DOWN AT EVEN THE SMALLEST OF DOWN BITS – SARAH, I HOPE YOU'RE NOT LAUGHING TOO MUCH AT THIS.....!!!!!! ☹

Nearing the end, a section after that was impossible to run as there were

hundreds of varying sizes of tree trunks laid on the ground, so we walked, the agony of lifting our tired legs over them.....oh my!

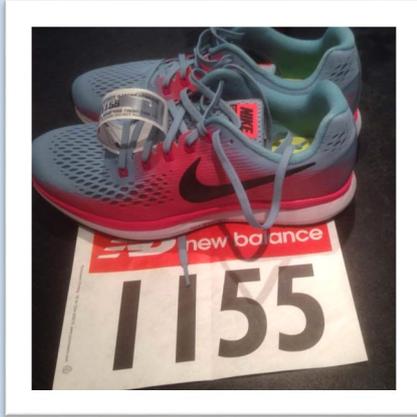
Then we had a lovely little section which took us right to the finish, which was a lovely little run on lovely little trails. All of a sudden we were at the finish area AND WE COULD STOP AND NOT DO ANOTHER LOOP.....HURRAH!! HURRAH!!!!!!!

All in all, I'm so glad I did it. I challenged myself. I was proud of myself for sticking with it when, in parts, I just wanted to stop and cry. I had 3 very low points but many other good moments I experienced outweighed these 3 low points. The support from everyone; from when people had fallen over, checking they were ok to the shouting of warnings of things to avoid so others did not trip and fall. It was great running on trails, it was even better running through the forest, through a working forest at that, away from traffic. It really was a lovely run to do, something different. Yes it was hard, but when we made it to the top of the hills, the views were glorious. It is a run I don't think I'll ever forget and no, not for the difficult parts, but for how lovely it was running in the location it was, for what it was. This was a no pressure race/run and this is probably why I enjoyed it as much as I did.

Sharron

Humber Half Marathon

The morning of my race I woke up early & not feeling too bad, considering my tea had been a rushed job.



Quinoa & whole grain with a Tin of Red salmon & some frozen vegetables. Not ideal but all I had time for under the circumstances.

I left the house pretty early as I knew it would get busy quick. I arrived at the allotted car park & strolled down to the HB car park where a few of the WHL had congregated. One being my running buddy Sam. We had agreed earlier to run this race together & just enjoy it.

Pictures were taken & cries of "good luck" we're made as we all made our way down to the start line.

We were off, we just treated this like a training run, chatting to each other as we made our way up Boothferry road & over the Humber Bridge. That was the first climb done & out the way. Now for that slip road. I will admit it was a struggle, but we both made our way up it without any breaks which pleased me as last year I remember having a little walk. We arrived at the top & decided to refuel. My

choice had been dextrose, taking 2 with every refreshment that we stopped at.

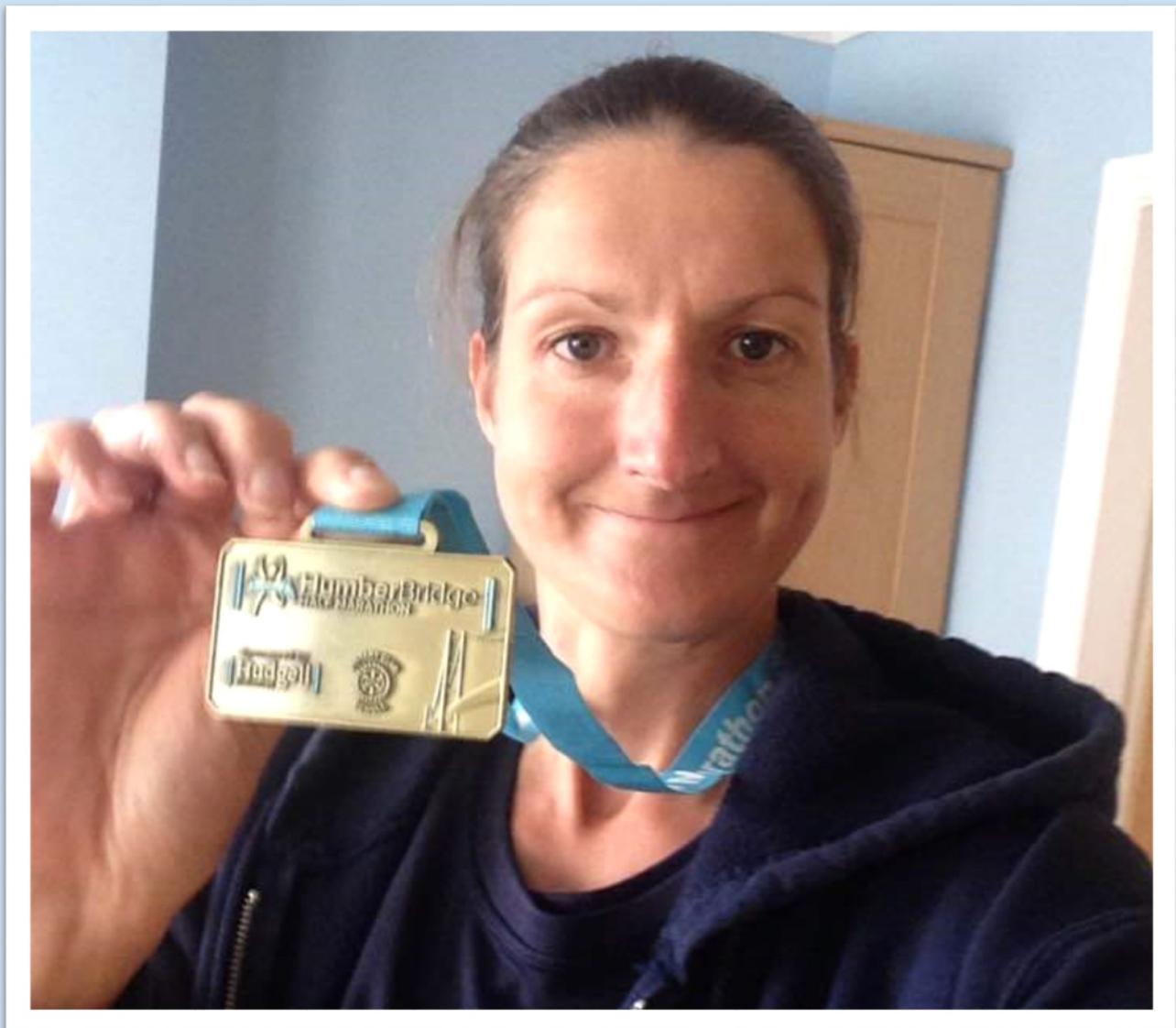
The next part went so quickly, running down into Barton then up & along the front. Before I knew it, there was the bridge, then That Hill. I gritted my teeth then began the ascent. I got so far then had a short walk to catch my breath. I did manage to make it to the top with one walk, which was bloody good for little me seeing as that naughty IT band had started to let itself be known. I also avoided the sponges as my hands were starting to seize up with cold already!



I was determined not to let it beat me. I enjoyed the downhill blast before the bridge again. Right, water & dextrose taken, I was ready! I stayed on Sam's shoulder we were about half way across the bridge, where my legs were defying me, & my IT band, still there with that constant dull ache. I carried on regardless even though I was probably running completely lopsided. Sam was getting further ahead, but I just wanted to complete this, and make my beloved proud of me when I show him my medal. All of sudden I started getting faster, don't ask me how, but it was like a second wind. I overtook some people & could see the Teal colours of Jill then Sam just ahead of me. They had turned into

the finishing straight, not far now, I sensed the finish & could hear the crowd, so I started to speed up, still no idea how!. As I descended down the slip road towards the finish line I felt a huge sense of achievement as I heard the Teal Army cheering me through to the end. This was such an enjoyable race. Sam kept me going throughout just with general chit-chat, and the odd motivational push. I couldn't have done it without her & the fantastic WHL support network. It was lovely to see so many of you there. Amazing is what you all are. My WHL family!

Jane



If You Lose Your Mojo

It happens to us all, to help me I set myself a challenge and run for something, in my case it is always a rescue Boxer.

When I ran London 2016 I ran for Baxter, a very neglected and injured Boxer from Spain. He was found with both his back legs badly broken and it was feared he may lose them. Obviously he needed lots of operations and care plus feeding up. I managed to raise over £700 towards his treatment and slowly but surely this lovely boy became well again and they saved his legs, although he will always need careful handling and lots of therapy. The good news though is that he came over to the UK just this week as he was adopted by an English couple. I've enclosed a photo of Baxter in his new home.

That made my day, seeing him happy and well and that every one of my marathon steps that day helped him to his happy forever home.

When I ran as a pair with Rachel last year at Thunder Run each lap was run for another Boxer in need, Hero was his name. Unfortunately I can't find any photo's of him but he had had his face all smashed in and was starving. What a sorry sight he looked, but they worked hard on him and several operations later and the removal of many teeth he has the sweetest Boxer 'smile' and does look a little strange. He was adopted by a Spanish couple and lives in peace and comfort. I think I raised about £500 towards his treatment.



This year's solo Thunder Run was for a lovely little Boxer girl called Nika, she had suffered neglect for the whole of her 10 years. She was never off a chain and was only fed bread and sometimes a little water. She never knew what a dog bed was and had to hunker down on concrete. She was rescued just a few weeks before the event and everyone rallied round to help her. So much vet work was required and thin! I've never seen anything like it. She looked like a skeleton frame with skin draped over. She was looked after by a foster family and they had to feed her 5 small meals a day to get her strength up, plus she was covered in ticks and fleas. She could only walk round in small circles. It was lovely to see her slowly becoming a Boxer, her circles became wider and she was even playing ball with one of the children from the family that were fostering her. I'd decided that this lovely Nika was going to come and live with me when she was fit and well enough to travel. Lots of funds were raised especially for her, I ran my heart out at TR24 and with each lap more monies were getting added to her fund. I was so pleased, each lap I thought of her and all her suffering over the 10 years of her life.

We had some bad news this week though

poor Nika wasn't strong enough to pull through and she passed away in her sleep. I was so sad for her and her foster family. The only consolation was that the past 9 weeks or so she had food, company, somewhere nice and soft to lay and sleep plus she was loved by so many people.

So when you lose your Mojo find something to focus on and it will come rushing back along with lots of help and advice from our wonderful ladies.

Linda



Snail Tales

0-10k

I've always been able to run....in my imagination! The reality is I've never been much of a runner. I wouldn't say I was completely unfit, I had gym membership, went to classes & did yoga including during my pregnancy but it was always a dream to be able to just put on some trainers, go outside & run!

The turning point was last October. I had my little girl in May 2015 & (quite foolishly) joined David Lloyd as a family thinking I could put her in their creche, do a class then pick her up afterwards, you know, like a proper modern yummy mummy! Well she never saw the inside of that creche & the only time I entered the building was to go swimming as a family. So the membership was cancelled & I was stuck. I was back at work after a years maternity leave & I wanted to get back into exercise after not doing anything since my pregnancy yoga classes.

Then a friend shared a post on her Facebook page for Carols Snail Runners. It was exactly what I was looking for! The time of day was perfect, the length of time out of the house was perfect & more importantly, the pace was perfect! So I nervously went along one cold October Monday night thinking this is going to be horrible, I'm probably going to be at the back, the really slow snail !

Anyhoo, it was great! Carol & the other ladies there were really friendly & supportive. I found the pace spot on for me as a complete beginner. More importantly I didn't feel stupid or embarrassed as we were all running at the same pace & all had similar reservations about running.

My confidence quickly grew & I signed up for the 0-5k training in January. Those first few sessions it seemed an impossibility that I would ever be able to run 5k without walking or stopping but by the end of the course I had done it, I couldn't believe it!! I completed the park run in a reasonable time to boot.

So, 5k in the bag, what next? Why, a 10k naturally !! So off I go and sign up for the Hull 10k. I'm not going to lie, it was hell mainly because it was soooo hot!! But I completed it, I had to walk some of it but I didn't care, I was doing a 10k, get me!

Next steps are to carry on with my training & do a few more (hopefully cooler) 10ks.

After that? Who knows.

I'm so pleased I saw that Facebook post & joined Carols Snail Runners. That group taught me that I didn't need to be a fast runner, just a runner is good enough. Thanks Carol :0)

Karen Timms age 40 years & 5 months!



WHLrs



Lincolnshire Edge Triathlon 9/7/17

I have always felt that Pool based triathlons aren't proper triathlons somehow and wanted to have a go at an open water one. So at the end of last year in a moment of extreme over confidence (and also because there was a special offer on) I had booked the Lincolnshire Edge standard triathlon. However after a first go at open water swimming in May, I found that I could hardly swim a stroke never mind manage 1500 metres so I contacted the organisers to change to the sprint event which is 750 metres swim, 20k bike ride and 5k run.

So on Sunday 9th July after a few goes of open water swimming I found myself at Cadney Reservoir near Brigg, getting myself ready for my first open water Triathlon. Chris was also having a go at the standard event.

Normally at a triathlon I check out the bikes because that gives you an indication of the seriousness of the competitors and there were some serious looking bikes, some of which where probably worth more than my car! All the triathletes looked very fit and I began to wonder if I had bitten off a bit more than I could chew. We got our transition equipment sorted including the talc in the socks, I don't know if it was nerves but I managed to get the whole container of talc in one sock so transferred some of it into the

other. There was still a massive lump in the 1st sock though.

The standard race went off at 8 and then we were off 5 mins later. All my competitors where very friendly and there was much laughing and joking, everyone seemed shocked that I was going to do breast stroke. The lake was nice but it had some weird looking weed around it. I was also very quickly out my depth so kept drifting towards the start and I wanted to stay at the back. When the siren went off I got swam over by some of the faster swimmers however they soon whizzed off ahead leaving me in splendid isolation! I actually enjoyed the swim because the lake was nice and it was quiet at the back, until I got lapped by the Standard swimmers, but I was able to stay out of their way. The rescue Kayaks were very supportive of me and kept me company and some of the other swimmers asked if I was OK. I replied that I was fine and this is how I normally swim!



At last I got to the end where two guys helped me out and I got to the transition area, I was relieved to have finished and tried to get my bike shoes on, this proved difficult; one, because left had my hole punch in one of my shoes and two I had half a ton of talc in one of my socks. However I did managed to remember my vest with my number on and put my helmet on. I then ran as best I could in my cycling shoes down to the mounting area and I was off.

The bike course was advertised as “undulating” and as I struggled up the “undulations” my competitors and the standard entrants effortlessly passed me, normally with a word of encouragement or two. At one point there was a little girl on a toy scooter ahead of me and I had real problems catching her up, this did not do a great deal for my confidence, until I spotted that it was an electric toy scooter. I kept peddling and kept going but at one point thought I might have set off on the standard 2nd lap, however after checking with the marshalls I was OK. What was puzzling was that my watch clocked 16 miles for the bike, 20km is about 12 miles so I am not sure if they have it wrong or I went the wrong way. I got to the transition, managed to not fall off the bike and rammed my talc infested socks into my trainers for the run. This was round the reservoir at first and then out onto the road. The sun had now come out completely and it was very hot. I saw Chris who looked strong, I was struggling with the heat but happy that it was just a parkrun to

go. I got to the road where there was the sprint turn round which they had covered up because they thought all the sprinters had finished! Luckily I spotted it and checked with the Marshal. I got to the finish where they had water and Jaffa Cakes at the end, which made me think of Shelley! I found it tough and there is a big difference in doing open water triathlons and pool ones. I was so far behind that frankly it was a bit embarrassing at times, but the marshals, competitors and organisers were great. I am pleased that I managed to do it and feel as though I am a proper triathlete now. I can't help wondering if I do have a standard one in me, but I really need to learn to swim effectively.

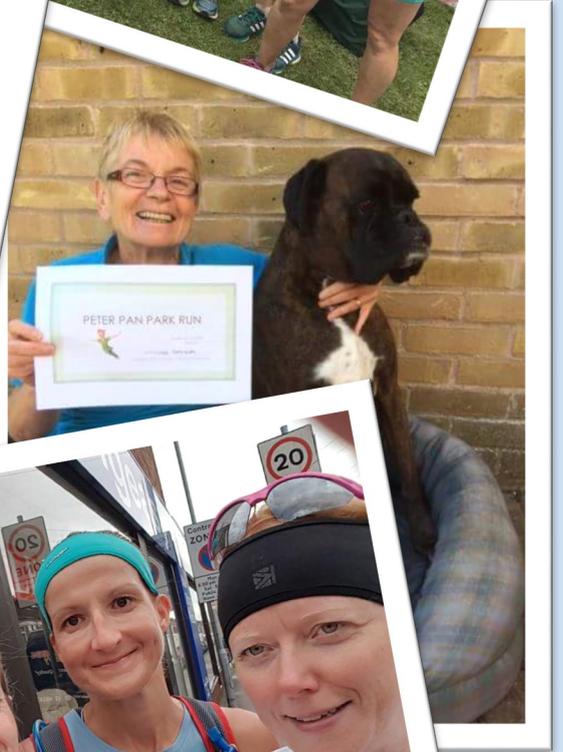
When I got home and removed my trainers I found that socks had taken on a deformed talc, club foot shape, as the talc had bonded with my sweaty feet and even though I was careful I now have talc foot prints all over the bedroom carpet!

Liz H

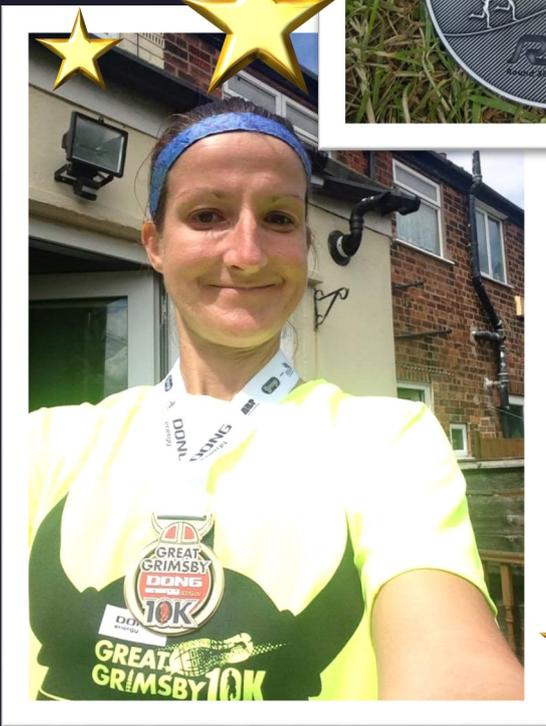




Girls on Film



SHOW US YOUR BLING



Runner's Digest

Lynne's Easy Pre- Long run Carb Load Burrito British Style Makes 2

- 4 small eggs
- splash of milk
- Small Tub Cottage Cheese or handful of grated low fat cheddar or 2 snap pot tubs Philadelphia light
- Snap Pot Heinz Baked Beans or small tin of chickpeas
- 1 Packet of Uncle Bens Brown rice or similar such as Quinoa or Couscous
- 2 whole-wheat Tortillas
- Tin Foil

Method

make up scrambled egg with milk and eggs

cook the rice according to instructions (microwave)

cook the beans / chickpeas according to instructions

To construct

Lay the tortillas flat. Start with the cheese or Philadelphia light and lay or spread this on the bottom half of the tortillas in a strip from left to right about 2 inches wide with around 1 inch border all the way round from the sides and bottom. Add the egg on top of the cheese, add the beans or chickpeas but try and strain off some of the juice so it isn't a soggy mess then add the rice or couscous etc.. If you wish to add more cheese then this can go on the top. Now fold your burrito starting with the sides first. Bring them in together and use them to spread and even the mixture out so it lays a little flatter then as the two sides of the tortilla meet in the middle, start your roll from the bottom first keeping the sides pressed in, when you get to the top tuck the sides into the fold as mixture might want to seep out. Wrap the Burrito in foil and eat from the top down peeling the foil back as you go.

July/August 2017

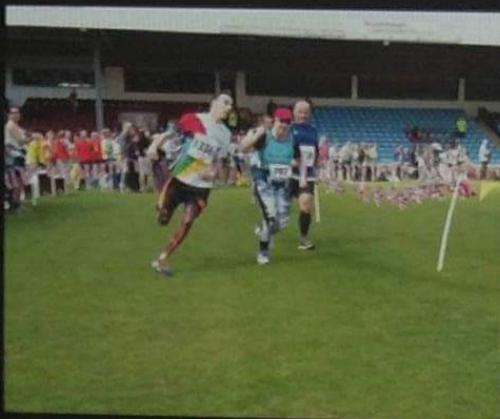
Know Where the On Course
Cameras are



Jill says "Know where the
cameras are for that
perfect race photo"

JULY 2017

Always Take Being Passed in
Races Gracefully



Jill says "Never shake
your fist or do "V" signs
at other runners!"



Committee Meeting

Minutes 17/7/17

Present Jill, Sandra, Jan A, Maria, Liz D, Jermaine, Shell, Amanda, Linda, Anna

Apologies received from Jan, Annette M

Minutes of previous meeting accepted as accurate record.

Matters arising - First Aid kit had been purchased - Ann was happy to lead training again - scheduled for 7th August - Liz had contacted yoga instructor and was still awaiting news.

Midsummer Madness run. Agreed this would still go ahead but the date would be changed to the 9th June. Agreed that in order for any Club Member to receive the 100k sweatshirts they had to run the 100k in an official event with verifiable results or an official event run by the Club. More discussion to take place nearer the date about health and safety and a risk assessment would be carried out. Amanda also spoke about adding a "Hall of Fame" to the website where ladies who had run International Marathons could have their achievement added.

Amanda to book village hall for Midsummer Madness and to update website as discussed.

Bufs - agreed to purchase 100 bufs. These would be sold at £5 each the club subsidising the actual cost. **Sandra to order.**

Agreed that we would purchase the cycle shirts despite not having the 12 needed to complete the order. Extra shirts in different sizes to be ordered that could be sold to ladies who wished to purchase at a later date. **Sandra to order**

Yoga - this would be organised at a later date by Liz

Sam W had informed the club of a cycling session that may be of interest to ladies. A 2 hour cycle maintenance session could be organised at a cost of £5 per member or a full day for £25 to include bike handling etc. Minimum of 10 ladies needed. **Sandra to ascertain via Facebook if enough interest.**

Wolds Way Relay event - Andy Tate from Beverley AC was trying to ascertain if there was interest in resurrecting this event, which was a 79-mile relay. The committee felt many members would be interested. **Amanda to contact Andy Tate.**

Twitter Account - no further updates so to be put on hold.

A member had asked if WHL ladies would be interested in running an event for Cancer Research. A discussion took place and it was agreed that the Club would help promote any charities that ladies were raising funds for. We did have a charity of the year - the Ladies Refuge. Agreed that we should continue to do this but that ladies should have a vote at the AGM in order to see what charity they wished to promote for the following year.

Martina had contacted the committee about proposed fund raising events that she wished to do at the 3 Hull park runs. The Committee were happy to help in anyway they could but would advice Martina to ensure that all park runs were happy for her to do this and to liaise personally with each organiser.

It was agreed that once a member joined the Club we could not offer refunds. The membership form to be amended to show this. **Amanda to amend the form**

At present the club has 99 members but it is felt some ladies are running without being members. After 3 runs with the club ladies were expected to join. It was felt this was happening as more ladies were coming to the Club via the Snails and not via email. **Anna to send a reminder message via Facebook on a monthly basis. Jan A also to remind Inbetweeners**

Amanda had removed all photos from the old Hotmail account and it was agreed we no longer had need of the account. **Amanda to delete the account.**

The Fire Brigade were hosting a health and safety event at the KCom on the 9th September. WHL had been invited to attend. We agreed to do this and need volunteers to work on the day from 0830-1630 but this would be split into 2 hour slots. **Amanda to continue with list of volunteers. Shell and Jill to devise a leaflet promoting WHL to distribute at events such as this.**

Jan Anton who was leading the inbetweeners was nominated on to the Committee. She asked if she could have any routes available for runs and also for risk assessments in relation to the training we carried out. **Shell and Maria to source risk assessment forms from UK athletics/Run England.**

Shell stated that it would be good if we could hold a monthly cycle ride for members. **Sandra to ask on Facebook if any of our cycle enthusiasts would be willing to do this.**

In relation to advertising Amanda mentioned Naked Runner sunglasses. Agreed that this regularly appeared on our Facebook page so no need to promote further. Also Rapha had offered 25% discount. Ladies agreed to share this with members. **Amanda to circulate.**

Final Thoughts...

If i quit now

I WILL SOON BE BACK
TO WHERE I STARTED.

AND WHEN I STARTED,
I WAS DESPERATELY
WISHING TO BE

where i am now.

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

Email: westhulladies@outlook.com

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