



*Proud to be a Pacer*

# Pudsey Pacers Newsletter

**May  
2016**

25  
years  
young

Guest edited by Ruth Kettle.

**A bumper issue of achievements of epic proportions**



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## COMMITTEE CORNER

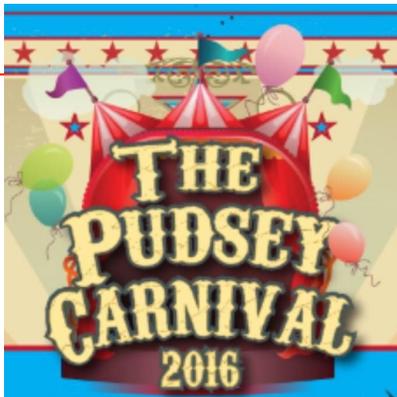
**Saturday 21<sup>st</sup> May 2016**

### Calling all Pacers

We have a stand at the Pudsey Carnival again and this year we are using it to promote the club and celebrate the 25<sup>th</sup> Anniversary. Dveirel has designed us a stand to be proud of, there will be club photos and memorabilia from the last 25 years. We have a few volunteers to help set up but would like more to help on the stand and in the parade. The parade sets off from Queens Park at 11.45 am and we would like lots of Pudsey Pacers and their family's to join us in the parade in club colours to give out 10k leaflets and make merry. We might even be able to provide some balloons this year!! To help out and be involved, email me:

[elaine@schoolhousebooks.co.uk](mailto:elaine@schoolhousebooks.co.uk)

Many thanks Elaine Allan



Thanks to those who emailed race results.

Ideally, please provide brief context - other Pacers (and times) who also raced, weather, emotions, organisation etc.

We still need more race reports so don't be shy, send something in today.

### FANCY SOME CREDIT

Please let the Pacer News know if you've entered or completed a race:

Your Name, Event

Distance, Time

**AND**

**YOU SHOULD be wearing a Club vest,  
You always look best in a pacer vest!**

### Editors wanted.....

Do you have what it takes to be the next editor of PP newsletter?

All you need is access to a computer, publisher and a couple of days in the month. Email your details to [pacersnews@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:pacersnews@hotmail.co.uk)

## KEEPING UP THE PACE

2016 is a monumental year for the Pudsey Pacers as the club turns the ripe old age of 25.

The rise of the club can be traced back to an evolution from a handful of joggers to a structured affiliated club, swelling to close to 300 members. I also like this other musing that has been quoted more than twice to me (which raises the validity) - 'we're a drinking club with a running problem'!

That said the impact the Pudsey Pacers make on the health and wellbeing of hundreds of people both directly through running and indirectly through raising much needed charity funds at their annual Pudsey 10k, is, commendable to say the least!

On my most recent visit to the club I arrived for a chat with Angela and Jane, two recent graduates of the Pacer 10 week beginner running programme. For anyone achieving that 'fully fledged' running status I begin by exploring their relationship with running before they started.

*Angela: I couldn't imagine running, I couldn't run at all – I used to bypass it at school'*

*Jane: 'I did go running or jogging, or whatever you want to call it, with a friend but I didn't really know what I was doing – any pace, style or form!'*

Leaders like Joy, Karen and Arthur who plan and deliver the programme have created a nurturing environment where learning to run is covered in a 360 degree way.

*Jane: 'Learning how to breath (as silly as it sounds), how to run at a pace and those memorable tips such as sockets to pocket'*

*Angela: 'We covered even the basic gear, nutrition and the right kind of stretches which all help you'*

This thorough yet relaxed approach, exuded by the knowledge and laughter in conversation, shows the genuine transformation of both ladies from non-runners to real runners... even if it takes me twisting Angela's arm to recognise she's more than a jogger!

From the early relationship with running we move on to the effects of it - what do you get back from all those laborious hours spent sticking one foot in front of the other?

**Angela:** *'It's got me fitter and I can run miles now! I wanted to achieve the goal of being able to run up a hill while talking – I can now!'*

**Jane:** *'I am a lot fitter than I was before AND we can run and talk. It helped me set a goal of running the Abbey Dash – that was the best thing I've ever done'*

Combine the love of talking and catching up whilst knocking off some impressive goals and there you have it! Angela settles on a key motivating factor of the group...

**Angela:** *'By coming here it gives me the motivation to go running'*

A fine affirmation for a club that continues to introduce new people to running as not only a physical activity pursuit but one as part of a healthier lifestyle.

**Ben Fraser**  
**Recreational Run Activator**  
**West Yorkshire Sports**

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# MOUNTAINS, MEN AND MAYHEM , Neil Wallace

It started one morning with a call from my Dad. *'There's space on the FWW3 if you're interested...[insert silence]... It's Frank's stag do'*. He'd got married years ago. But then the stag do was so successful that it's been an annual event ever since. This year - Frank's Wild Weekend 3 - a few berths in the bunkhouse were surprisingly still vacant, so the net was extended out a bit further. Did I fancy the trip? Possibly yes. A number of things to consider: where was the weekend to visit; could I face a potentially long car journey over the border and beyond; and would I recover sufficiently (from the outdoor activities/ intake of alcohol) in time for the Three Peaks Race?

Kinlochewe, Wester Ross was the destination. Beyond Inverness, turn 90° west and travel through several functional towns with nondescript homes that are dwarfed by neck-turning scenery on all sides. The landscape, weather and to some extent people are gritty and hard. Think Game of Thrones, but minus the hobbit sex and incestuous relationships - actually, maybe just the hobbit sex?! This is remote Scotland where men are men, and sheep are scared...

I agreed. From Leeds it is a 4-hour drive to my home town in North Berwick. Then, overnight, before 3 blokes and a bike, plus outdoor gear, homemade chilli and sleeping bags, all squeezed into another car for a 6-hour road trip north. Beyond Perth the weather closed in. Fierce snow showers blasted the windscreen as we traversed the Drumochter Pass. Polite conversation turned silent. The running, walking and cycling extravaganza might be exposed to late wintry blasts.

My Dad, Frank and the other dozen attendees are all members of Haddington Running Club. Soon after arriving, introductions were exchanged and the best bunks secured. A couple of glances out of the window and there was agreement to attempt a wee 10 mile, flattish run. Someone knew the area and had a route in mind. *'Naw, wi shudnae need a map'*. Water bottle filled, laces tied and next of kin informed - this was easy for me (my Dad wasn't running due to an existing injury).

## **Day 1: Heights of Kinlochewe**

Half of dozen of us set off, plus Harry the Border terrier. The first few miles were very conversational, on a good vehicle track, a slight incline, but with heathery hills on both sides. Blue sky backed the grey clouds that whizzed by. Strong winds were out there, somewhere, likely around the next corner. Soon, the track turned into cobbles. And, just around the next corner, a headwind buffeted our progress. A few miles further on we'd suddenly climbed approximately 1000 feet. The track also gave way to a defined footpath. We'd reached a *bealach* at Lochan Fada and, despite the winds, the views around with the Fisherfield Mountains were simple breath-taking.

A brief slurp on some water and quickly inhaling a bar of energy, I looked at my watch that signalled we'd completed just over 7 miles. *'Almost halfway then, so we'd better get moving again'*, a confident voice announced. Internally, I quizzed the scheduled 10 mile route that

## MOUNTAINS, MEN AND MAYHEM

had been announced; I'd already dismissed the gradient description. And then came the river crossing. *'Thankfully, the burn's naw in spate...and it shud unly be knee-deep'*. I scanned over the 30 metre stretch of slate-grey water that quickly cascaded over washing-machine sized polished boulders. Every step was carefully placed and, where possible, hand holds were offered on some larger boulders above the flowing water.



Then we lost Harry. *'Ay, he's known tae wander awf, maybe chasing a wee deer or a rabbit'*, his master justified.' As the snow again angled down, we waited as the owner whistled the dog's favourite tune. A wet ball of shabby hair soon appeared and we again commenced our return. The route followed down the north-western edge of the Abhainn an Fhasaigh, which is a deep gorge that presents water-

fall after waterfall between Lochan Fada down 3-4 miles and into Loch Maree. The terrain was very rocky and very much what I like to refer as 'Bingo' running - eyes down. Nearing Loch Maree, the sun briefly painted rich colours across to the west as snow-topped Munros and Corbetts edged out of the low cloud.

Gentler footpaths alongside the loch guided us back south towards our base. We'd split into two groups - the wobbly weary and absolutely battered - and I arrived back in the forward party. Looking back the mass of Slioch rose into the sky - Brian, Harry's master, has won the iconic Slioch hill race on two occasions. Regardless of legend status, the faces of the rest of the group were firmly in the range of mild concern as we'd originally estimated we'd only be out for 2-3 hours. We'd actually been away for over 3 and a half! Also, the route covered was a bit over 15 miles. Plus almost 2000 feet in ascent. Brilliant start to the weekend and finely topped by plates of chilli, beer and Neanderthal humour.

### Day 2: Looking for a lookout

Eager to escape a bunkhouse filled with the pungent smells of diffusing beer and chilli, my Dad and I went walking. Others cycled while a brave group, with ice-axes ready, aimed high for the beast that is Slioch. Snow had already fallen during the morning and was lying at only a few hundred metres up from the glen floor.

# MOUNTAINS, MEN AND MAYHEM

We chatted as blue sky and sunshine started to melt away lower level snow. A rising gravel



path soon levelled out towards the imposing group of ridge sided mountains that form the Beinn Eighe group. Dark clouds from the north loomed large over a few nearby Corbetts. We'd prior arranged at this point that my Dad would set forth across open heather and, if the weather was suitable, I'd make aim for Meall a Ghuibhais – a mere 100 feet shy of being classified as a Munro. Over the next 30-40 minutes between bellowing, squally whiteouts, we'd each glance back to wave. I soon began my steep ascent up the snow covered mass of rock.

The gradient was relentless. Occasionally I glimpsed sight of the summit knoll. Then snow and cloud closed in. The freshly deposited snow sometimes rose up to knee height; very energy sapping, but great training for scaling Whernside. A final steep section close to the summit was almost ice-covered. Still, I chose not to apply my shoe spikes and carefully traversed up to the summit cairn. I was the first and likely only one to summit there that day - powdery drifts lay in all directions with no footprints. This made my descent very easy indeed; following my own foot-

steps, periodically striding out into a run when no rocks were visible. The sun broke out when I'd descended halfway. And I could see the summit I'd just conquered. Plus the snow-capped mountains all around. Stunning. I down scrambled past cairns and jogged the conifer woodland trails back to the glen floor before yomping back along the minor tarmac road to the bunkhouse (clocked a neat sub-8 minute mile just to test running on tired legs).

A hearty meal was enjoyed at the adjacent hotel with the Munro-baggers and Applecross peddlers. We may have sipped whisky.

## Day 3: Stag Chasing the Deer

I shared another walk with my Dad this time joined by Frank. We explored part of the Cape Wrath Way on which I can conclude on the following: this section is not used very often, there are few signposts, there are plenty of high deer fences (to scale over), and I wouldn't fancy attempting the whole route from south of Forth William to the north coast.

## MOUNTAINS, MEN AND MAYHEM

Despite unfavourable weather reports we enjoyed fine views and some brief spells of sunshine. The route guided us through managed, conifer woodland, down a hydro development track and then back to the village along the busy Torridon road - only three cyclists and several cars passed on a 3 mile section of tarmac.

Rejuvenated by homemade soup, muffins, fruit and coffee I then plotted the final excursion before departing the following day. I tempted Frank to join me in a steady 5 miler; I assured him it would be close to the scheduled distance and that it would not be flat. Basically, it was 2 miles gradually climbing approximately 1000 feet on a footpath towards the peak of Ruadh-Stag Mor, then a mile overland in heather and bog before catapulting back down a stony path, and returning to base.

The climb was all runnable, striking a good cadence in the strong winds with piercing sleet every few minutes. The rise up to the heathery middle section was steep and calf-burning. Soon, this levelled out and Frank was skipping through heather, sending wild deer scurrying for cover. The descent was exhilarating as the pace intensified and my brain couldn't quite compute quickly enough where to next place feet while avoiding rocky obstacles.

More fine food was enjoyed, plus the remainder of the beer. And maybe more whisky.

Returning: I again broke the journey back to Leeds over two-days. I was glad to finally escape the pungent aroma in my car that ranked (and reeked) high on the foul scale. But would I do it again and is the area to be recommended? YES. I recognise the mountains may not be suitable running terrain for many, but the trails are mostly accessible and the scenery is sublime. Top tip - best visit out of midge season.

I'm plotting a return trip later this year. And I've already been invited to the next wild weekend: FWW4 - Smells like white spirit.

Neil Wallace

# LEEDS HALF

## Leeds Half Marathon Training 2016

-Update-

A few words of encourage from those who did the training and route last year:-.

**Nicola Smith** - even though I'm definitely nervous about the HM I did it last year thanks to the training plan and if I can do it anyone can!

**Elaine Rushworth** -All you Leeds half Marathon first timers - don't worry about it. This year is my 13th consecutive Leeds half, and until last year, I've always done it on my own as an independent runner. ( I only joined PP 18 months ago ) Running on my own has never bothered me, especially big events like this. You make friends and talk to people all the way round if you wish. If you don't, you can stay in your own zone and focus - whatever you wish to do. All I can say is enjoy, make this race what you want, and have a great time.

**Ruth Duffy** - The training plan is great, and will prepare you more than enough for the big day. You will enjoy yourself (sort of!) and be so proud of yourself afterwards.

**Judith Marshall** - Enjoy the day, you will get a real buzz from crowd support & think of the achievement when you have your medal & T-shirt

**Joanne Smith** - I haven't really started training yet due to time but yeah I agree defo easier than the training.

**Sharon Tracey** - coming straight from the Run England course I started the Leeds Half training knowing I would only be able to go so far then leave them to it, ... what did I know ? A couple of months in decided to sign up for it. I was terrified, would I be too slow? Would I finish?

No I wasn't. Was it one of the best days of my life? Oh yes it was.

**Fiona Harrison** - It's a fab day. Only thing is I spend most of the race planning how I am going to kill the person in front of me. Ha ha only kidding !!

**Andrew Brownell-Judd** - After the training run this morning, you all have nothing to fear. That was a tougher route than the Leeds Half so well done everyone!

### Linzi's Journey

With all that life has thrown at Linzi since we started our training in the New Year she continues to pick herself and 'crack on'.

Her determination to run Leeds Half Marathon is to be so admired.

# RUNNING FOR SANDS

## Why I've gone half marathon crazy.....!

I am fund raising this year for Sands (Stillbirth and Neonatal Death Society) in memory of our daughter Lucy who died shortly after her birth 10 years ago. Lucy's death was preventable which made it even harder to accept, and Sands were a great source of comfort and advice to me in the first year following her death. I promised myself I would do something to raise money for SANDS and finally after 10 years I have found the time and the energy.

I've enjoyed running since my school days and over the years I've done a few 5 & 10K races but I'd never belonged to a running club until I joined Pudsey Pacers in 2012. In 2013 I decided I wanted to run a half marathon so I trained through the summer and in September I ran the English Half Marathon in Warrington and astonished myself by managing to finish in just under 1.58. I really enjoyed this race and so decided to do the Leeds Half in May 2014. I'd been running really well and had smashed my 10k PB at the Abbey Dash the previous November with a sub-50, and had run a 24 min 5k, so I expected to do a decent time. I started the race well and was enjoying it until I hit Kirkstall road and then I hit a wall. This should have been the easy part of the race as it's flat and straight with a great deal of support from spectators, but I hurt all over and with every step I wanted to stop, or cry (or both!). I finished in a great time of 1.54 but I felt incredibly deflated. Running is supposed to be fun but this experience left me feeling like I wanted to hang up my running shoes for good. I didn't of course, but I did take a bit of a knock and it put me off running road half marathons for a time.

The rest of 2014 wasn't great and I suffered fairly consistently with sciatica which seemed to be worse when I tried to add any sort of speed to my running, so I just plodded. Things started to improve in May 2015 after a visit to Tom at Tri-mechanics and the introduction of Pilates to my training schedule. I then decided I needed to get out of my apathetic state so I set myself a challenge. Lucy's 10<sup>th</sup> birthday was approaching and so I decided it was time to do what I'd promised I would do years earlier and try to raise some money for Sands. I don't want to run a marathon yet (I'm waiting until I'm 50 before I do that one!) , so I decided to run 10 half marathons over a maximum of 12 months to mark Lucy's 10<sup>th</sup> birthday.



I started my challenge in September last year at the English Half Marathon in Warrington. This was the second time I had run this race and it is still a firm favourite with me. I grew up in Warrington and lived there until I moved to Leeds in 2004 so the place is special to me. It's a road race but the route starts in the town centre then takes you out over the river and through the pretty villages in South Warrington. Support on the route is excellent with plenty of water stops, a gel stop and lots of people handing out jelly babies and cheering.

## RUNNING FOR SANDS CONTD.

The final leg brings you back into the town centre to finish at the Golden Gates near the Town Hall. This is one of the most spectacular race finishes I have ever experienced! Millennium Square in Leeds really can't compete!

I had a good race that day and finished in a respectable 1.57.06. It helped that I ran with first three miles with the lovely Suzanne Hague from Eccleshill Road Runners who was also towards the end of her 18 (!) half marathon challenge for Sands. I then picked up another runner at mile 6 who was happy to chat and use me as her pacer. She was new to running having lost 5 stone the previous year and it was her second half marathon. She was hoping to finish around the two hour mark so she stuck with me until mile 10.5 when I picked up the pace slightly, but by then we had already passed the 2 hour pacer so I bid her farewell and told her to relax and enjoy the rest of the run, the hard work was done. I didn't have her name to check if she managed her target, but I really hope she did.



Next stop was sunny Bridlington in October a favourite over the years with Pudsey Pacers, and four PP turned out this year. We decided to make a weekend of it with the kids and the dogs. We had a lovely walk and play on the beach despite the October weather and the dogs went for a swim in the sea. We awoke on Sunday to dull skies but no rain and about 12 degrees so perfect running conditions. The race starts and finishes on the sea front so there was a bit of 'sea breeze' to contend with but the route quickly takes you inland and to more shelter. I enjoyed the race and would do it again. My only complaints were the lack of support in parts on route and there were only two water stations so I felt quite dehydrated by the end. I finished in 1.58.40

November brought the Kirkstall Trail Half which was predominantly canal, not my favourite terrain but it was local and I had the pleasure of being accompanied by the lovely Katy Ralph. It was a bitterly cold day with a biting wind and it took me a good 6 miles to warm up properly. I wouldn't say I enjoyed this race particularly but I finished it thanks to the power of jelly babies (thank you Andrew Hardaker!)

I'd planned to have a break in December and start again in January with the Lancaster Half which Andrew Hardaker had kindly agreed to accompany me on, but unfortunately the torrential rain we had meant the race had to be cancelled at the last minute (but not before Andrew and Liz had headed over to Lancaster on the Saturday night and ended up spending the night in a hotel with no power!). Never mind, I had another opportunity to run with Andrew at the end of January at the Inskip half but apparently lightening does strike twice and the race was cancelled due to snow! Andrew and I are clearly not destined to run a race together.

## RUNNING FOR SANDS CONTD.

February came and I put in a late entry to Liversedge Half to make up for the cancelled January races. Gosh, what a tough old race that was! Despite that I did enjoy the race and it was a beautiful, crisp day; a perfect day to be out running. I finished in just over 2 hours which I was



really pleased with considering the hills and we were given a long sleeved t-shirt which made a nice change. Two weeks later I was running again, this time at Harewood and was glad to be accompanied by Claire Bray and Jenny Cooper. I found this a tough race, perhaps because I had done Liversedge two weeks earlier but also I think because there were long stretches of running across grass on a slight camber, which is the worst ter-

rain for my sciatica.

My left hip started to seize up about mile 9 and I had to stop and stretch my hamstring twice as it was incredibly tight and painful. Claire and Jenny didn't leave me though and we finished the race.

April arrived and brought with it the Baildon Boundary Way which I was running as part of the support team for Helen Davies. This is a lovely race, although it was quite muddy still in places which made things very challenging for Helen. Sadly, Helen had to pull out just after mile 9 due to a calf injury but Charlotte (from Guide Dogs) and I carried on and finished the race. Another long sleeved t-shirt was the reward.

So, I'm 6 races in to my 10 half marathon challenge, with Leeds and Liverpool planned for May; Wharfedale for June; and the Northumberland Coastal Run planned for July. If all goes

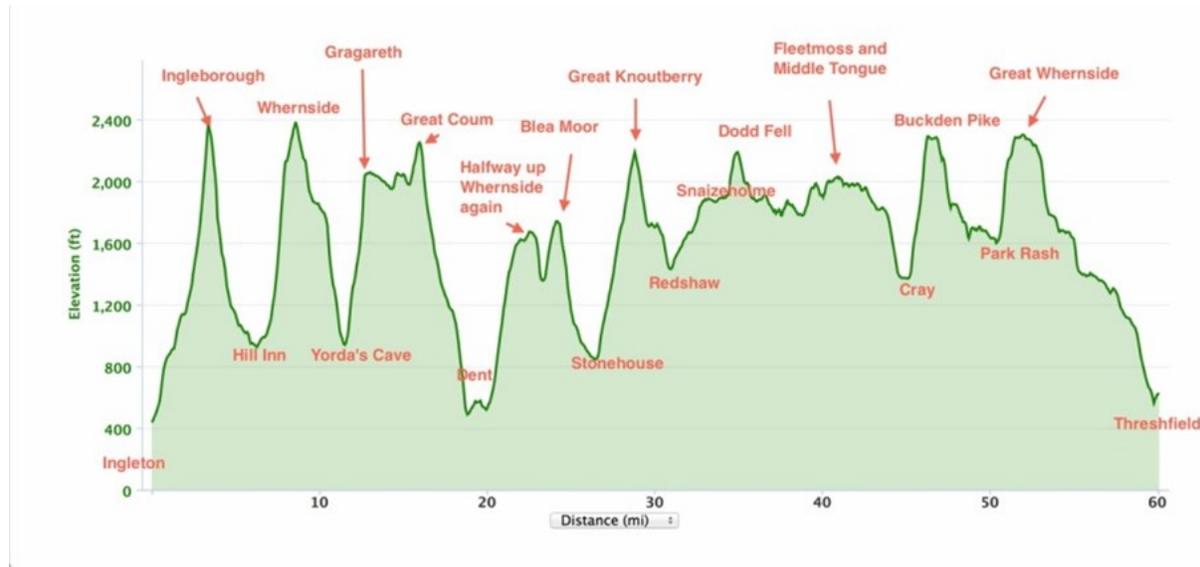
to plan I will have completed 10 in 10 months, and if for some reason I have to pull out of any I will finish it where it all started, at Warrington in September. I'm really enjoying this challenge and I have grown to like the half marathon distance again. I did say I wouldn't run Leeds again after running it two years ago and hating it so much, but a work friend wants to do it so I said I would run with him. He would like to run it in under two hours which is achievable for both of us. I am determined to enjoy it this year but only time will tell! Watch this space!

Lisa Jamieson

# THE FELLSMAN, Sharon Hague

## The Fellsman

5 years later and I'm back at Ingleton Community Centre for the start of the Fellsman Hike – a 61mile ultra with 11000ft of climbing on unmarked paths and moorland across the Yorkshire Dales. My previous attempt at this challenge ended at 44.5miles.



I knew I had to go back and complete it. I told myself once I'd completed a 3 peaks I was happy with, I would revisit it. So 2016 was to be the year!

Training started in January: long days out in the dales and lakes, back to back running on weekends and endless spin classes through the week. I didn't want to risk injury, so I tried to run only twice a week. There were ups and downs, colds and coughs and an incident of mild hyperthermia on the last long run, which didn't boost my confidence in completing the challenge.

I didn't have the best preparation. A mid week beer resulted in a long session with Steve's friends, and the night before I'd bought tickets to see Little Mix with my niece. But there was to be no excuses and at 4am on the Saturday morning I was up and ready to head to Ingleton.

Due to my hyperthermia experience 2 weeks previous I packed for the most extreme of weather conditions, and as such my backpack was double the size and weight of everyone else's. My 6 pairs of gloves caused much amusement at kit check. I wasn't taking any risks!

My sister and I had decided to run together and support each other. Leanne is the better and stronger runner who would keep the pace going and in return I would take charge of the navigation. Last minute faffs, packing and repacking backpacks, nervous chatter with other entrants and suddenly it was 8:30am and we were in the start field; anxious, excited and a little naïve.

Off we set up Ingleborough, fresh legs and all smiles. Blue skies and sun, this was going to be a great day! It was icy on top but very soon we were down at Hill Inn and ascending Whernside. The views from the top were stunning, it was the first time I'd been up there this year and had visibility.

# THE FELLSMAN

I couldn't help thinking the weather gods were shining down on us. It's a super run off Whernside into Kingsdale and it felt great to be running and jumping the tussocks, but all the time I knew the worst of all the climbs was coming up. Gragareth! With 2 big climbs in the legs Gragareth is a brute. It's extremely steep towards the top and saps every ounce of energy from your legs. Once at the top my legs felt like jelly and my face was beetroot red. I was dressed for -11, carrying clobber to cope with -20 and in reality it was about 9 degrees. Not hot you might say, but very warm for climbing and running when dressed in 3 layers top and bottom!

I decided to not take off any clothes and reassess the dress situation in Dent. We were staying high and heading over to Great Coombe, so hopefully I would cool down. Again the running was good over to Great Coombe and down into Dent.

Reaching Dent is the first way marker for me. At 18miles in and 3 big climbs (equal to the 3 peaks) you know about it. I looked at my sister at the checkpoint "I'm goosed and we're less than a third into it" It was then I had doubts about completing. The suitcase I was carrying on my back wasn't helping but there was nothing I could do about it. Thankfully, my sister felt the same. "Me too, but all we need to do is keep moving" Next stop Stonehouses - 27miles.

The route to Stonehouses takes you back up the rear of Whernside and over Blea Moor. I think Bleak Moor is a more accurate description - it's boggy and tussocky, but once up it's a nice run down into Stonehouses. My favourite part of this section is through the farm. There is always a guy sat in the garden displaying his array of colourful cocks and cheering you on. However, this year was to disappoint. There was no man and no cocks, and I had to make do with a few clucking hens. Stonehouse's checkpoint always has themed fancy dress. This year was no different and the incredible Hulk served me the most delicious bowl of smart price



pasta and tomatoes. I quickly wolfed down the lot with 2 paracetamols hoping they would dull the aches, and hurried out of the tent towards Great Knoutberry, and onto the next checkpoint at Redshaw. I was really starting to feel the miles and climb in my legs at this point. For most this is where it starts to kick in; further than marathon distance and still not half way. Knoutberry is a long drag. Leanne ap-

peared to be skipping and I could hear her chatter and laughter in the distance. I was dragging my sorry self and there was no laughter around me. It's an out and back, which makes it feel even more pointless and seeing people running down smiling as you're going up can be soul destroying. "Am I nearly at the top" I ask a friend of mine running back down. "Errr... errr" She didn't need to say anymore.

# THE FELLSMAN

At last I reached the top, and as on each climb, Leanne was stood waiting for me to start the descent. This is by far the best decent. Running back down the hill, I was now one of the smug faces.

I checked my watch at Redshaw and calculated we could reach Fleet Moss checkpoint with about 5mins to spare before grouping. Our goal was to get across Fleet Moss and Middle Tongue on our own, and not be compulsory grouped. For safety reasons when you arrive at a check point after 7pm participants are formed into groups of 4 plus. These groups must then all stay together until the last checkpoint at Yarnbury. This can be a blessing or a disaster depending on who you are grouped with.

There was only about 5miles between Redshaw and Fleet Moss and a little pimple of hill – Dodd Fell. Again Leanne set the pace, about 1 minute a mile outside my comfort zone with 33miles in my legs, but we wanted to miss grouping at the next checkpoint.

It was here that we picked up Aleks the barefoot runner. A wacky, crazy and extremely jolly guy! This guy has run the most extraordinary events barefoot, including a LEJOG over 6 weeks.

We made it, 4 minutes to spare. We darted in filled our water bottles and shot out. Aleks came running down the road after us highly amused and impressed with our checkpoint turnaround time. Checkpoint Ninjas!



Fleet Moss and Middle Tongue is the hardest section. Navigationally there are few points of reference and for most it will get dark whilst crossing it. This is where I was to come in and navigate us across it. I felt confident that I knew the route, we'd reccied it and I had a GPS trace as a backup.

The first part is straight forward if you know it, which we did. However, there was a large group behind us and some started to go off in different directions. Its then you question your navigation. It was at the Middle Tongue checkpoint I made a school girl error. There are 2 routes from here. We knew we needed to head east and hit a wall to take a low fenced route towards Hells Gap and Cray.

However, despite Leanne saying we should take a bearing, I followed the group in front and very quickly realised they were going for the high wall line which was tougher underfoot with high peat hags. It was now getting dark and suddenly everything looked very different. We decided we were going to stick with our planned route and head towards the low fence line. We lost about 20mins and had to scramble up, down and through a few frozen peat hags but with the help of the GPS trace we thankfully hit the fence line.

# THE FELLSMAN

Aleks wasn't in a good place. His feet and hands were numb. Barefoot in frozen bogs isn't good and he had a bit of frost bite. He retired at Cray, which now meant we were to be grouped with strangers.

2 guys who we had too'd and fro'd with and chatted with over the previous 45 miles offered to be grouped with us. They thought we looked strong and knew what we were doing!!?



At this point I was able to relieve some of the weight off my back and put another layer on to take me through the night. It was going to be cold.

Leaving the checkpoint felt incredible. This is where I had pulled out previously, so no matter what happened going forward I'd made it further. There were only 16ish miles left and 2 climbs; Buckden Pike and Great Whernside. How hard can it be?

Leanne asked Ben and Andy if they knew the route or could navigate. It turned out they could do neither. Leanne took charge and led/ dragged us all up Buckden Pike. The ground was frozen, the styles were hazardous, the pace got slower, but we all made it up and over through to Top Mere and onto Park Rash.

Park Rash sits under Great Whernside and once up you know it's in the bag. No more climbing and about 6 miles to the finish. I could barely put one foot in front of the other climbing up. I was going so slow the beams of light from my team's head torches had disappeared. I felt broken; it was here I could have cried. Keep going I told myself, 1 - 10's and a big dose of man up. Leanne was waiting at the gate. The relief, I knew on reaching the gate it was over, or at least the climbing was. It was all downhill from here. But this wasn't to be a nice springy decent. Coming off Great Whernside is arduous.

The bogs are waist deep in places and calf deep at best. It's a slog. Falling through frozen bogs isn't fun at the best of times, and with 56 miles in the legs it's enough to break you. Jumping, walking along fences and trying our best to deviate the worst of them we finally made it to Capplestone Gate; the penultimate checkpoint. There's no navigation needed now, beacons light the way and Grassington can be seen twinkling in the distance. 3ish miles left - a parkrun. Hobbling, walking, trotting we hit Yarnbury the last check point. "You've done it, only 1.5 miles left to go" the marshal excitedly tells us. But this was 1.5 miles downhill on road. Not easy with battered feet, screaming IT band and hips that refuse to work. Probably the longest 1.5 miles I will ever run, although I use the term "run" loosely!

3:27am we arrive at the finish. I throw my arms around my sister; we've done it, we never have to do it again! It's over! There was no euphoria, just a sense of relief that it was over and the pain would stop. I told myself and anyone who would listen that I never wanted to put myself through anything as extreme again. That was 2 days ago. I still can't walk, my toes are black and I have cankles, but looking back it wasn't too bad and I'm now planning my next challenge. Watch this space!

## RACE IF YOU MUST: BAILDON BOUNDARY WAY

Sunday 3<sup>rd</sup> April saw the 22<sup>nd</sup> edition of the popular Baildon Boundary Way half marathon race, hosted by Baildon Runners. Damage caused by the Boxing Day floods meant a changed route in places this year, but unchanged was the challenging mixture of road, heavy-going trail, canal and moor terrain over 13.5 punishing miles.

A decent winter training period after a wretched year of injury meant I had thought a lot beforehand about this race. Specifically, whether I would be able to 'race' it properly; get my nose into the wind and go for it! My mind was certainly willing to race but how about the old body?!

The first two miles leads the runners through Esholt village and the pace was inevitably quick. I found myself alongside two-time winner of the race Richard Pattinson. Either he was going slower than usual or I had started too quickly? He soon dropped me in mile three – the route heading off-road and upwards into the woods – and I had my answer. Fortunately, I was then joined by Saltaire Strider (and close rival in former days) Will Kerr and I got into my running.

It's always a good sign in a race when the mile markers appear closer than they should be; six miles in and I was moving well and holding fourth position. The route turns off the canal at this point and heads up Ainsbury Avenue before plunging the runners down through Buck Wood. The going here was treacherous and it did for Richard; a nasty fall at the bottom of the steep slope putting him out of contention.

Encouraged by a trio of (former and current) Pudsey Pacers pals Mick Bean, Gary Phillips and Arthur Wood (participating in the walking event that takes place alongside the race), I was soon back on the canal, heading to Shipley. A gaggle of runners in front meant that I had caught up with club member Helen Davies, who in her role as Bradford Branch Co-ordinator of Leeds Mobility, was raising money on behalf of Guide Dogs. Thanks for the shout out Helen and I love you too!

Nine miles in and I was struck by the racer's dread; fast approaching foot-strikes and heavy-breathing from behind. Sure enough, Stainland Lions' John Collins drew up alongside, generously gave me a few words of encouragement, and then proceeded to leave me trailing in his wake! As tough as the canal stretch of the race to Saltaire is (just ask Zagi for his view about this), the route then turns decidedly hillier and, for me, harder. My somewhat tortuous progress up Higher Coach Road and then the woods at Shipley Glen left me in fifth place and an unpleasant fading feeling.

The final two miles were an exercise in hanging on for grim death. I lost another place early on and then had to negotiate the tough climb up Baildon Moor, another enjoyable change from my last run here two years ago! My resolve that no bleeder else was going to get past me kept me going to reach the finishing line in sixth place. Better than I could have secretly hoped for at the beginning of the race.

## BAILDON BOUNDARY WAY CONTD.

Prizes aplenty in the clubhouse afterwards for Pudsey Pacers for some excellent performances. Robert Samuels 1<sup>st</sup> V55; Paul Gaille 3<sup>rd</sup> V45. We also won the Male Team prize. Super performances also on the day from Zagi Bashir, Neil Wallace and Lisa Jamieson.

Thanks to everyone out on the course providing support and encouragement, it really provides a boost to see a friendly race during the suffer-fest of a race! In turn, I would encourage all Pudsey Pacers to think about giving this great race a go next year. Hopefully I'll be there on the starting-line with you, because race I must!

Nigel Armitage



# 25TH ANNIVERSARY IN PICTURES



I did ask for someone to write an article about the 25th anniversary bash but I'm assuming that memories were affected by the amount of beer that was drunk that night! A massive thanks to Sarah Dutton and all who helped make the event such a success. I see we have some great dancers among us! Many more great pics on the Facebook pages thanks to Robert Samuels



## When is a Marathon not a Marathon? When it's 30 miles, but it's a bargain! *Sarah Booth*

I knew Andy would be away for the weekend but we were keen to support Dennis's fund-raising event for the Army Benevolent Fund and Macmillan Cancer Support.

I'd posted on Pudsey Pacers and LBT Facebook pages forgetting it clashed with the cross country event in Pudsey so I was surprised and delighted that Sharon Hague signed up too. £20 for a marathon is a bargain and always good when charity is involved. Last minute we arranged to travel over together and as this was her longest run for a while she was happy to run with me. Great to get to know a fellow pacer a little better.

It was a glorious day as forecast but a chill in the air if you stopped for long. We got to Scalby in plenty of time and registered on the bowling green in the temporary shelter. Lots of familiar faces. Toilets at the hall opened 20 minutes before the race. A quick race brief then we crossed the roads for a safer start.



Andy had made a more usable map and amended the route instructions a little for me. We used these to guide us plus the yellow tape that marked the route. It was a lovely route with great sweeping views across the North York Moors. The sunshine helped of course. The route was undulating with a few steep ups and some lovely runnable downs. Quite a bit of hard packed trail to help us move along at a good pace but tender with the minimus shoes.

I followed the map roughly and tried not to follow others, we didn't always see others although we yo yoed all day with some groups. The checkpoints had said water but had coke too and some sweet stuff I avoided most and ate my chia charge flapjacks. We thought we were nicely on route until we saw a group ahead stopped on the trail and soon a large group running back. So when did the yellow tape stop and we started to believe in the white and red tape. I had been surprised when we reached 12 miles expecting the turn to be 11. We spent an hour retracing steps, finding other lost people, checking the map and GPS coordinates before we found the tape again. It was a long time to be without water!

When we reached checkpoint 3 they reassured us we were at 20 miles and there were 6 or 7 miles to go. I told the lady the instructions said they were at 18 miles and we therefore still had 10 to go. I really hope she told others as it turned out I was right! I shocked a couple of guys on the coast when I said 3 miles to go. Not what you want to hear but better to prepare people. It's all part of enjoying running. I kept a very close eye on the map after our mistake which was good as other bits of tape were missing.

It was wonderful to see Scarborough castle and I warned Sharon of how much further away it was once you get to the twisting coastline. She was running really well pulling me along at 11 to 11 minute pacing. She even ran up some hills which I wasn't happy to do. The last road section felt cruel, I knew it as the start of the Hardmoors 160 but I tried to blank that out. We finished 30 miles in 6 hours 48 minutes. I was shattered, such a tough day but a really lovely one. I hope Dennis makes a good amount for his charities and I know I'll be back next year if it's on again.

[www.ukresults.net](http://www.ukresults.net)

*Commonly referred to it's owner/ provider as John Schofield*

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

*Also contains races just into North and East Yorkshire*

[www.runbritain.com/races](http://www.runbritain.com/races)

*Broad platform for searching and entering races in the UK*

[www.fellrunner.org.uk/races](http://www.fellrunner.org.uk/races)

*Usually named FRA (fell running association) and provides basic entry requirements and usually link to host club (most are entry on day)*

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

*See fellrunner above*

## Fixtures & Websites

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

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

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

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

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

*Similar to above*

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

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

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

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

Do let us know if any entries are about to open...

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

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

See icon top-right on homepage. All suggestions and comments, please email:

[calendar.pudseypacersrc@gmail.com](mailto:calendar.pudseypacersrc@gmail.com)

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### **Articles for the newsletter.**

A massive thanks to everyone who sent in articles for the newsletter, keep them coming; email to pacersnews as above.