



The Lion's Tale

The monthly newsletter of Stainland Lions Running Club
July 2016

Ramblings from the Chair

With Brexit and England going out to Iceland in the Euro's it's always great to get some good news, yes Wales played like a team and secured their place in the semi finals.

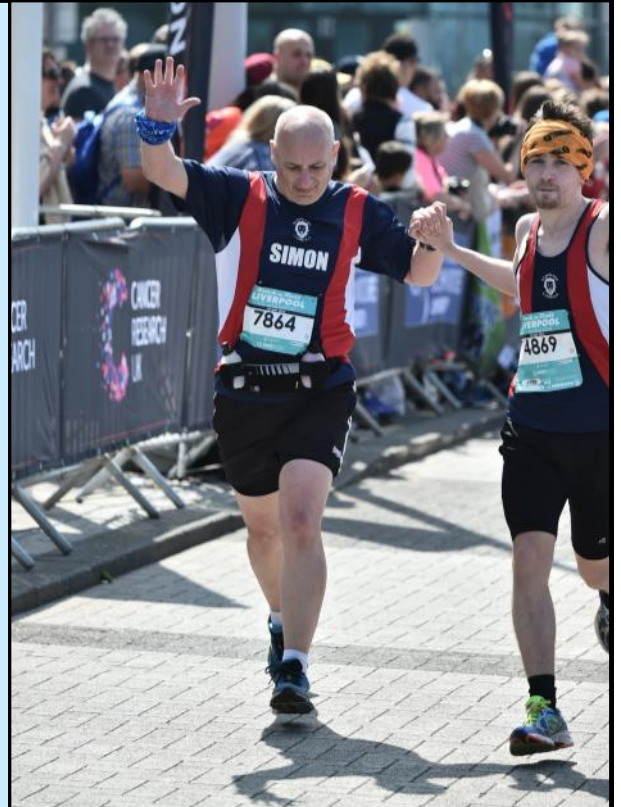
And with that good news it's been another amazing month in the Lion's den. We had our usual downhill 10K which is normally a great event. Organised by Graham and John it's either one of those you love or hate, yes people do end up injured from all that downhill, at least we got some quality shower gel this year. We'd had the discussion on the committee if we should book the double decker that Stadium runners organised for us and I mean for us, as Stadium were left stood outside in 2015, anyway we decided yes.

Sally McGregor had mentioned to me about charging a pound to get on the bus, this appeared on Facebook and then Diane and the social committee turned it into a fundraising event for Hutchie. How brilliantly did that turn out we even pulled together and organised a buffet for afterwards. We managed to raise an awesome £472.81 which I think is more than we ever imagined and great to support Hutchie's charity who has been an inspiration not only to me but to lot's in the club, he's never given up and continues to be inspirational with his determination through his running and his general take on life. Joanne and Diane then also came up with the excellent idea of match funding it, so the club are going to do that as well.

Later in the month we had the Joe Percy. We won it in 2014 for the first time ever it was cancelled in 2015 so this was our first time we had to keep the trophy with us. Our resident men's captain Andrew Laird Boldy organised all our names and ages even if Cannonball got some wrong, I was a year younger which with my maths makes me 42. We fielded 60 runners so it was a great turnout and there were some hard fought battles. I've worked out I need downhill training err Mark can you run a session on downhill running. Anyway it was a really good event a nice undulating course OK that flan was a bit watery at the end but Matt and I enjoyed the pork pies. We had no idea how they were going to work out who had won so in the end it was the first ten in that counted. I saw it as a definite team effort as there were 22 teams and we had 3 teams in the top 10. So I think a brilliant effort from all and just goes to show what a great pride of Lions we are.

Anyway I'm keeping the newsletter short this month, so coming up in the calendar depending on when you read this is the Helen Windsor, followed by the Woodland Challenge or as I call it the Burger and Band run. And hopefully I will see lots of you at the Summer Bash till next month, bye.

Simon x



The Ramblings Of A Running Mum

By Sally McGregor

In a bid to have some time to myself (there is only so much Waybuloo you can watch in a day), so I decided to start running in early 2012; well it was either running or scuba diving and as I like to talk, scuba diving was a big no! Life was busy, I worked part time and I had 2 demanding pre-schoolers and a 6 year old. Originally, I had wanted to revive my long forgotten gym membership but I had lost my trainers, maybe buried under a pile of toys somewhere or in the freezer for safe keeping. (the mums amongst us will know what I mean!) So when my husband, Dan bought me some trainers for my birthday, I didn't have an excuse not to do something, so I started on the C25K programme.

It wasn't easy as I would have to wait for Dan to get home so he could look after our children and to be honest some days, the last thing I had wanted to do was go out in the rain after chasing around after the kids all day. It was always dark, often raining or snowing and more times than not, I'd think I wasn't going to make it home without achieving the days training. Some days I didn't, some days I just walked up the hills in the rain but overall I was definitely making progress. Even if I still couldn't finish a cup of tea whilst it was warm!

I had read about parkrun whilst doing the C25K and knew there was one in Huddersfield. I really wanted to try it as thought it was a great idea, I just didn't have the confidence to go. I thought it was only for proper runners and I certainly wasn't one of those. Instead, I decided I would enter something to set myself another challenge. I entered the Overgate 5k and soon the day was upon me. I turned up to a sea of red white and blue Lions tops and felt overwhelmed to be honest. (Now I know it would have been a championship race and the Lions Would be fighting for points!) I managed my run and whilst not ground breaking, I'd achieved my goal and raised some money for the hospice too. The kids had also made some banners and they were all cheering me into the finish which was a nice surprise.

I continued to run until I joined Stainland Lions in 2014 on the beginner's course, prior to joining I had only managed 7 miles and I knew I needed some extra help to achieve the distance after I'd "won" a place in the GNR ballot earlier in the year. I say won, it was the most expensive race I have ever entered/"won"!

There are a lots of parents in the club and I am sure they will appreciate the difficulties in trying to make time for a run when you have small children. Juggling your own training plans as well as multiple after-school clubs, taxi driving duties or social events for one or more children needs a large weekly planner and a good support network. When Flossie was a toddler, I often left to go for a run with her screaming and she was still screaming (or sulking!) upon my return. Nowadays, she is often leaning out of her window on my return and depending on her mood, asking if I had a good run or telling me I can't run as fast as Dominic, sadly a true statement as he can whip around parkrun in less than 24 minutes! (Thanks to Jonny + Tim, but not you Mackers, your pacing was a definite pw week!)

The strapline on my strava profile sums up one of the reasons I continue to run. "setting an example for my children". I believe that children can only truly reach their own potential if supported and encouraged to do their best, in whatever that might be. The same can be said of my own experience being a member of Stainland Lions, everyone is supportive no matter what your ability. There is always someone to train with, a friendly face after a bad run, a large cheer as you finish a race (the advantages of being a slow runner!) and if all else fails someone to buy shots during a night out at Roxys!!

I'm done, but maybe not yet !!!



Social events for your diary



Summer Bash - Saturday 9th July

Live band - the fabulous InEchoes and hot buffet - canapés/nibbles - selection of hot and cold food - selection of desserts. Tickets - £25 each. Just a few places left

Comedy Night - Saturday 24th September

Comedy night at the Works in Sowerby Bridge - £12.50. Further details later

Bier Keller - Friday 18th November

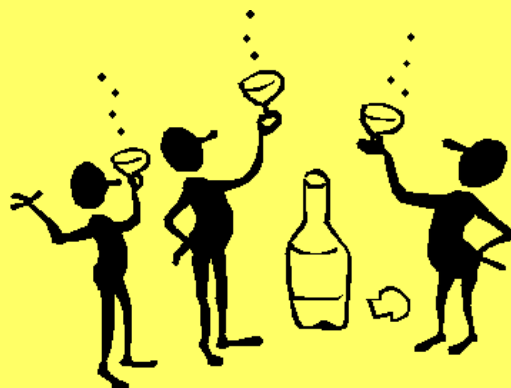
A night of drinking and dancing with the Amazing Bavarian Stompers. Tickets are £20 inc supper and disco until late. Tickets booked, you can book your own ticket direct if you want to join the party!

Kids Christmas party - up to 8 year olds - Sunday 11th December -

PLEASE NOTE CHANGE OF DATE! Further details later

Christmas meal - Friday 9th December at the Golden Fleece

Sorry it's full! You can leave your name on the Forum as a reserve should a place come available



Social Team:

Diane Rafferty (07766 112457), Carol Lord, Jackie Barker,
Linda Williamson and Chris Tetlaw

The Three Peaks (of Yorkshire) Part 2

By John Ingles (Jingles)

This is the second part of my attempt at the Three Peaks race in April. If you read the first part last month, you'll know that I made it through the second cut-off time at Ribbleshead at around halfway with about ten minutes to spare, but with the two hardest climbs, Wharfedale and Ingleborough, still to come.



After running under the Settle-Carlisle railway and then crossing a beck I was ready to face the steep ascent up the side of Wharfedale. Instead, I ended up joining the end of a stationary queue of what must have been thirty-odd runners. This section of the race crosses private land and should have involved simply going through a gap in a drystone wall to access the moor. But the gap had been blocked for some reason by the landowner with some pallets tied together with wire which runners were having to clamber over. This was taking some time, and more and more runners were joining the queue behind me. There were a few grumbles as the minutes ticked by and people started to worry about missing the two o'clock deadline at the Hill Inn.

However, everyone waited their turn (except, I read later, one well-known lady veteran, a former winner of the race, who jumped the queue 'because of who she was' - this didn't go down too well, obviously!) and after five minutes or so of hanging about I had climbed over and was on my way again. At the time, I had no idea how crucial this delay would prove to be.

Some things are worth queuing for, but the ascent of Wharfedale definitely isn't one of them. It's the boggiest part of the course which then turned into a relentless single-file trudge up the steep face of the fell. Another stinging snow and hail shower straight into our faces on the way up didn't help. Just before the top it was a case of finding footholds or even handholds in the snow but eventually I reached the summit of Wharfedale in 2h 58m. That left just over half an hour to make the cut-off time at the next checkpoint down at the Hill Inn, so it was going to be very tight.

There was little relief at reaching the top because, having recced this bit at Easter, I wasn't looking forward to the descent. Running off Wharfedale, you drop about a thousand feet in the space of just a mile. The path has some rocky sections, but with melting snow, some of it had turned into a mud-slide in places. It was made worse by being extremely busy with walkers on their way down as well. Even some of them were struggling to keep their feet as I saw a lady with a huge rucksack tobogganing down on her bum. Somehow I managed to pick my way down without mishap whilst also avoiding a couple of dogs that were running loose.

Finally reaching the lane at the bottom of Wharfedale, I knew that there was little chance of running the remaining mile or so to the checkpoint within the two o'clock cut-off time. It was going to be close, though. The tent at the checkpoint was now in sight. I looked at my watch: my garmin said **14:01!**

I ran up the funnel towards the marshal at the end hoping for a bit of leniency but she was holding a tape to stop me going any further. My race was over. After three hours, two peaks and more than three thousand feet of climbing, I had missed the cut-off by a minute at the most - my first ever 'dnf'.

Other runners began to arrive behind me, some accepting their fate, others clearly gutted at missing the cut-off by a matter of minutes.

All that remained was to board the so-called 'bus of shame' to be transported back to the finish. As the bus pulled away, we saw a runner desperately sprinting the final yards to the checkpoint...but about ten minutes too late by then!

I was obviously disappointed that I hadn't been able to complete the race, but I was in one piece, had enjoyed most of the 16 miles or so that I had run, and physically felt fine (having run only two-thirds of the distance I'd trained for!). I'd paced myself to complete 23 miles, but in the end, I simply hadn't been quick enough. I wasn't alone though, as I think about a hundred of the 800 starters failed to finish for one reason or another.

But in coming so close to making it through that final checkpoint in time, I inevitably thought of all the things I could have done differently. Should I have spent less time at the drinks stations? Could I have run the first part of the race any quicker? I was very conscious of saving some energy for that final gruelling climb of Ingleborough (or 'Ingle-bugger' as it's known with good reason) and doing the last seven miles having spent all my energy just on making it through the final cut-off time wouldn't have been much fun.

Of course, it was the five-minute delay at the blocked gap in the wall which proved crucial to me - and many others. It was the subject of all the post-mortems on 'the bus of shame' and it became a hotly-debated topic online afterwards on the Fell Runners Association forum. It was a really well organised race in all other respects, so I'm sure they'll put it right for next year.

Talking of next year...thinking this was going to be a one-off attempt, I bought a t-shirt beforehand as you don't get anything else for completing. But I can't really wear a t-shirt for a race that I didn't actually finish, so does this mean I'll have to put myself through all this again? At least I have learnt plenty from this year's attempt, and it surely won't snow next year...will it?

Finally, I would thoroughly recommend watching this brilliant film taken as he ran and slid his way round by Adam Nodwell of Kirkstall Harriers:

www.youtube.com/watch?v=03QggDjacXU

No problems for Tanya!

