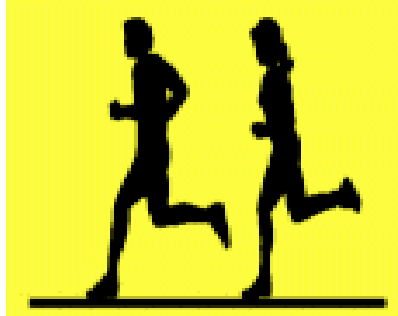


# SUTTON RUNNERS

## *Yellow Pages*



## August 2010

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*Sutton Runners website: - [www.suttonrunners.org](http://www.suttonrunners.org)*

*Sutton Runners meet at 7pm on Tuesdays and Thursdays at Sutton Arena and at  
8am 1<sup>st</sup> Sunday of the month at Carshalton Ponds car park,*

## *Andrew's Airwaves*



Dearest Club Members,

Firstly did anyone see the coverage of the European Athletics Championships in Barcelona? Mo Farah and Chris Thompson 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> in the 10K and Mo again taking victory in the 5K – an extremely impressive double! In addition, Hatti Dean improving rapidly to finish fourth in the

Steeplechase, and the lovely (might get into trouble for that) Jess Ennis triumphing in the Heptathlon, were highlights. It was great to watch and cured my hangover blues that usually follow the conclusion of the Tour de France, which I have always been addicted to for three weeks every summer. The championships served to be a decent bit of inspiration for me personally to get back into training after a forced month out.

Many of the athletes from the Europeans will be at the Crystal Palace Grand Prix, to which the club has organised a group trip. A huge thanks to Mark Asten, our ever sociable social secretary for taking the time to plan and arrange the tickets for the outing.

It is still the summer (although as I write blanket rain is falling) but thoughts are already starting to turn towards the joy of mud trails that comprise cross country courses. Cross Country is a great club participation event and has a real team feel – nothing like a bit of mud and cold to draw people together! In recent times both the mens and ladies teams have had excellent turn outs in the Surrey Cross country League of which there are four events between October and February – long may this continue! The men especially over the last two years have had the largest team at a majority of the races, representing the club in a very positive way (I wonder if we can beat the number of 21 participants that we achieved at Lightwater in 2008/09 – now there is a challenge for everyone!) Cross Country is open to absolutely everyone of all standards, across all of the training groups in our club – I encourage everyone to run, and if you have not done one before, come and give it a go! The dates and locations will be on the notice board shortly, with the first event being held on the 9<sup>th</sup> October. If you would like any more details please don't hesitate to contact the two club captain's Steven Barber and Anita Hedges (e-mail addresses on the club website) or any of the club's coaches.

It has been a busy couple of months at the club. The joint events with Collingwood have been a great addition to club life this year and have been well attended – my personal thanks to Graham, who devised the idea alongside his counterpart at Collingwood, and without whom the fun races would not have happened. A keeper for next year I think!

The website is a topic many members of the club are passionate about, and strides have been made in this area. The committee are very pleased to announce that Darrin Ormiston will be taking on the redevelopment of the website, after a very impressive presentation as a guest at the last meeting. Darrin will be taking over from Stephen Chamberlain who has managed the website for many years. On behalf of the whole club I would like to thank Stephen for all his work on the website over the years – it is very much appreciated. More details of the new developments are available in this addition of the newsletter.

As always there have been many superb performances across all the groups since the last newsletter and I would like to thank all the clubs coaches for leading their groups, and helping people to develop in their running. Although hard to pick out individual efforts, Paul Piper's Ultra Trail Marathon adventure is something that I would like to personally highlight – a great achievement.

There is a summer specialist coaching programme available to all club members, notably with the inclusion of two technique and core conditioning sessions with Steve Freestone from Core Active – further details are available elsewhere in the newsletter.

Many thanks to all the volunteers at the club for their work, and in this instance, especially to Barbara who has pulled the newsletter successfully together once again (and for editing my waffle).

Happy running and get your spikes ready for autumn!

Andrew

## **Brighton Marathon – 18<sup>th</sup> April 2010 – Lynn Hickey**

Gill and I travelled down to Brighton together on the morning before the Marathon. We went and did some shopping and had a nice girly lunch. I don't know why but Joe joined us later in the afternoon, after we had finished shopping!!

The sun was out so the three of us found a bench on the seafront to do some people watching. The world and his wife seemed to be in the bars having a drink and a good time. We were all gagging for a beer or a glass of cider - but alas it was not to be. Our Marathon was just too important.

By the evening we were all starting to feel a bit nervous so we decided to go to the casino, as a friend of mine was in a singing competition and we thought it might take our minds off the next day. It didn't!!

A tip for anyone doing the Brighton Marathon next year - eat early (6 - 6.30pm) as you cannot book most of the restaurants and they get very full very quickly. We left it until about 7.15pm and it took us until 8.15pm to find somewhere, by which time we were all freaking out about needing to eat for tomorrow.

None of us slept very much that night, especially Gill and I, as we were woken at 3am by some lads trying to get into our room, because they were so drunk that they thought it was their room!!

Although the Marathon organisers had advertised the race as mainly flat - they clearly had not run it, as I would describe it as more uphill than flat and very little downhill.

We had expected it to be uphill to ten miles and then flat. At 13 miles I was still running up hill. They were not huge steep hills, but long slow ones. It was my third marathon and it was the first time the muscles at the tops of my legs had really ached. So my advice to anyone doing Brighton is to incorporate some hill running into your training.

The plus side is that as only 12000 people or less run it, you can run quite easily without too many people getting in the way, unlike the London Marathon.

I really enjoyed the day and I managed not only a PB, but a Bronze Standard at the club. My husband, youngest daughter and my sister all came down to cheer me on and we had home -made cup cakes and a champagne picnic on the beach. Barry was our best supporter as he managed to get round the course and appear at about 9 different places en route. In the end we were calling him 'where's Wally'. All in all it was a great day. Edinburgh 2011 here we come!



### **Brighton Marathon – 18<sup>th</sup> April 2010 – Gill Fry**

After completing my third London Marathon last year and swearing ‘never again’, the hours of training and severe lack of social life was again put to one side as I found myself strangely excited by the thought of taking part in the first Brighton Marathon. A marathon running through the lanes and by the seaside was definitely tempting although I was concerned that it might be hilly. A quick check on the website and my fears were put to rest as ‘after 12 miles it is either flat or downhill’ – perfect....if only it were true!! A quick twist of the arm of Lynn and Joe meant that I had people to share all the joys of training and of course the big day itself.

Training started well, unfortunately this was short lived as a night out involving one too many vodkas and some bad dancing resulted in me cracking my ribs. After a couple of weeks rest and a lot of painkillers I was back on track. As always, motivating myself for the long runs was hard and this is where I am so grateful for having such a fantastic group of people to train with.

All too soon the big day was approaching and the nerves were beginning to kick in. We decided to make a weekend of it which would have been a great idea if I enjoyed sitting on the beach in the sunshine watching everyone around me drinking – this I most certainly did not enjoy!! In the evening after the necessary carb loading Lynn dragged us to ‘Brighton’s got Talent’ at the casino. This experience may have been better with the previously mentioned alcohol as it was clear that no, Brighton most definitely does not have talent. As we walked back to the hotel we agreed it was such a good idea to come down the night before so we could get a good night’s sleep as we didn’t have the hassle of travelling the next day. This was all good in theory however we hadn’t quite factored in when drunk all hotel room doors look the same and at 3am we really didn’t appreciate the many attempts

one group made to get into our room. After shouting 'wrong room' many times I really wasn't getting anywhere but luckily Lynn was on hand with a very ladylike saying which finally had the desired effect!

Arriving at Preston Park to start the marathon the reality really kicked in. The atmosphere at the park couldn't have been better and everything was well organised, especially considering it was Brighton's first marathon. The route started with a lap of Preston Park and the first of the hills. This was also where the game of 'spot Barry and his family' started as I think in total he managed to support us from seven different places. The course then leads you down to the seafront where you begin the long hill up to Ovingdean. This part of the course had very few spectators, well apart from John who seemed to be getting great satisfaction of watching us slog up that hill!! This part was a real chance for you to take in the fantastic scenery that Brighton has to offer. You then went back on yourself and ran along the seafront towards Hove where I caught a glimpse of the incredibly fast people finishing the race – bloody show offs! The stretch up to Hove was really well supported, which for me was a much needed boost as I was beginning to flag. From here you continue on towards the power station. This part had no supporters, no scenery and was most definitely not flat....even the dodgy DJ pumping out some tunes at mile 21 couldn't get me to enjoy these miles!

From here it was straight along the seafront to the finish line. The idea of running towards the pier seems nice enough however there was one slight problem in that they had run out of time to put up the barriers. This meant that you were enjoying running past the beach huts with people on bikes, people with dogs, prams and buggies. Once past this hazard I tried to enjoy this last mile as much as possible. The friends and family I had scattered along this stretch gave me that final push as I knew the finish line, and a well earned pint of cider was finally in sight.

I was pleased with my finishing time of 4:17, as I didn't feel it went as well as my last London, but it was a PB so I was happy. It wasn't long before I met up with Joe and Lynn who also achieved PB's – this only meant one thing....it was time to celebrate. Whilst the sunny weather wasn't great for running it was ideal for the post-marathon picnic on the beach. If I remember rightly this seemed to consist of champagne, cupcakes and cider – definitely all the basic food groups covered there and the perfect end to a fantastic day.

My overall opinion of Brighton is that it is a great marathon for someone like me who needs the crowds to motivate them but with not so many runners as London. Generally the course is good, especially if you love the challenge of a few hills thrown in. This time I really did think I meant it when I said never again but when the email came through saying registration was open the temptation was too hard to resist. Brighton Marathon 2011....bring it on!!!

Gill Fry

## **Edinburgh Marathon - 23<sup>rd</sup> May 2010 – Graham Miller**

I remember a few months ago when I was down the club my advice was sought regarding which marathon to enter for those unfortunate enough not to get a place in London. Without hesitation I said Edinburgh, “its usually cool in May” I said , ignoring the fact that when I took part in 2009 it was 25 degrees and the hottest weekend of the year in Scotland. Will it be as hot? I was asked, of course not I said, what are the odds of the same weekend next year being as warm, after all this is Scotland and on my many previous visits North of the Border wet and windy but not warm was commonplace.

A few months later I stepped off the plane at Edinburgh Airport into clear blue skies and another heatwave. It felt like a scene out of the Bill Murray film Groundhog Day and I had to have a double take to make sure Avi wasn't standing next to me as I had flown up with him last year.

This year I flew up with Anita her husband Brian, Penny and Jackie and after a late lunch we decided to laze around in the Gardens by the castle and soak up the Sun. That night a crowd of us went back to the same restaurant we went to last year on the Saturday night and yes we endured the same poor service.

So Sunday dawned and to my surprise it was lashing down with rain, great for the half marathon runners who set off at 8 but plenty of time for it to stop before the marathon runners started at the later time (then last year) of 9.50. Guess what, just before the start the rain stopped, the clouds dissolved and the sun began to beat down. This year there were two different starting positions due to the increased numbers taking part and I was with a group of runners including Darran, Philip and Penny who were all aiming to go under 4 hours and we were all looking at the ever decreasing clouds with anxious faces.

I had pretty much spent the whole of the winter training for this event and yet knew before I started that the target I set myself to go under 3.15 was out of reach, partly because my training hadn't gone great but more down to the fact that it was just too warm, so I decided that I would start off at a more gentle pace. So what happened? well despite the heat and knowing full well that I would probably pay for it later I set off at a suicidal pace to the extent that by the time I reached half way I was a minute inside my original target time and feeling surprisingly good.

By the time I reached 18 miles, I was still on for an improbable time and I began to entertain the wild notion that just perhaps I would achieve a PB on the warmest May Day on record in Scotland. I digress but the official temperature that day was 26.2 degrees and definitely too warm for running 26.2 miles. One thing about the marathon is one minute you feel fine and then all of a sudden the wheels can fall off. Within a couple of miles I had dropped a minute a mile off my pace and was

starting to feel tired and dizzy and even entertained the thought of stopping as I felt decidedly wobbly. In fact I was feeling at my worst when I passed Fiona who gave me great encouragement and deserved better than my curt response.

Somehow I kept going though I was now struggling to run at 9 minute mile pace having been under 7.30 pace up to 18 miles. Of course, it was getting later in the day and it was getting warmer and warmer and I was conscious that when eventually I did stop I was going to be in a bad way but somehow with not much memory how, I kept plodding on. At 24 miles I passed Steven who had suffered badly in the heat and had been forced to stop several times, he was on the verge of pulling out but to his credit he managed to complete the last few miles.

I eventually finished by running down a ridiculous bouncing mat and crossed the line in 3.21.40 which I would have settled for at the start but considering where I was at mile 20 represented a significant slowing down. As I walked across the line nausea overcame me and I swayed from side to side and eventually ended up in a heap on the ground. The next thing I remember clearly is lying on a mat in a tent with various medical people anxiously looking over me. I was in a good company Marion also ended up in the same tent having been taken there on a stretcher, thankfully she soon recovered. After I had downed a few bottles of water I felt better to and walked out into blazing sunshine and after a tortuous walk of two miles to the buses eventually found my way back to the city centre.

Everyone who completed the marathon that day and also in 2009 did incredibly well, yet despite the heat there were some fantastic times and as in 2009 not one Sutton Runner failed to finish. That night a few of us went to the pub and later had a curry but best laid plans for a long drinking session were abandoned, everyone was just too exhausted.

The next day dawned bright and much cooler, ideal marathon weather in fact. This is where Anita took over, despite completing her 2<sup>nd</sup> marathon in four weeks the day before she was irritatingly jolly and did not want to waste the day by god forbid resting! So we went for a walk up Arthur's seat which for those of you who don't know Edinburgh is a mountain near the city centre. Penny and Jackie had never been up Arthur's seat before and were fairly enthusiastic at the start. On the way Jackie decided to invest in a pair of sandals, very nice they looked to and totally inappropriate for the climb ahead. Brian had a resigned look on his face, he knew that any attempt to persuade Anita to rest was an exercise in futility.

The 1<sup>st</sup> part of Arthur's seat is a gradual climb on a long gravelly path so OK for walking normally, Anita doesn't do anything normally and set off at a fast pace



with the rest of us lagging some distance behind. The last part involves clambering over some rocks before we got to the top and it was some time before the others joined Anita and I who had come up via a more

direct route. The vision of Jackie climbing over the rocks and calmly expressing her displeasure at Anita and I is one I won't forget in a hurry. My kind offer of assistance was rejected with a comment which I didn't quite catch and for some reason I can't explain I couldn't find Anita at that particular point in time.

On our way back we got a bit lost and it was a few very weary people who trudged back to the city centre for a late lunch. Of course this description does not apply to Anita who looked like she had been out for a brief stroll to the shops.

So that was the end of our weekend, there are a few better places to go for a weekend away than Edinburgh and for those of you who fancy a late spring marathon, come with us next year. Edinburgh is a wonderful city, it's also guaranteed to be cool, what's the problem? don't you believe me!

Graham

## **How to celebrate 25 years of marriage and run a marathon at the same time (with apologies to Penny for pinching her heading)**

Chris, how about a romantic long weekend in Edinburgh to celebrate our 25 Yrs? I may be a bit occupied on the Sunday morning but apart from that ...

So there we were in our romantic hotel on the Grassmarket, wandering around the sites, Friday night supper at the Petit Paris restaurant. Of course on Saturday we had to walk up to Regent St to check out the starting line but we had ice cream on the way back – or he did because I was busy munching brown rolls for carbs and drinking lots of water. Saturday evening not so romantic, plain pasta so Pizza Express it is then. Back at the hotel and Chris reminds me that in my Marathon book it suggested lurve the night before can relax and take 9 mins off your marathon time – he has all the best chat up lines. Unfortunate about the fire alarm at 11.30 pm and standing outside in the cold in jimjams and running shoes (don't want them burning)!

Next morning at 6am it was lovely weather, raining and cold and I managed to swallow two pieces of toast and a cup of tea before the eighteenth trip to the loo. Arriving at the starting area we met Barry and John, and Chris took photos for before and after memories – if only we knew what was ahead as the clouds lifted and the sun came out.

Here is the potted version of the Edinburgh Marathon by a first timer: miles 1 to 18 lovely course, lots of support, felt great, could go on forever, shouting hello to all the others going back the other way (why do they look so rough?); miles 19 to 26 heat- stroke, pain, nausea, can't make it must make it, one step at a time; finishing straight – Chris shouted from the side, no memory of crossing the line but flashes of being carried off on a stretcher into a tent – think I passed out! Chris received a telephone call “could you come to the medical tent your wife was a bit tired at the end” Do nurses have training in diplomacy?

Many hours later when back in the land of the living, we reached the pub and I had my first alcohol for many years and Chris had a well-deserved pint. Thanks for the support everyone. I've already booked Brighton – can't be worse can it?

Marion Stanton

## Bognor 10k – 16<sup>th</sup> May 2010 (with Tony, Darrin, Chris, Sean and Gazza)

Despite the early hour, the temperature was warm and the sun was out. All seemed well as Tony and I laughed and joked our way out of Kew Crescent at 7.15am to pick up Darrin just across town.

I had meticulously planned the route to Bognor but had failed to devote as much energy to the seemingly trivial trip to Benhill Road. I got lost.

Now you may find this unbelievable, especially when you consider that I had plodded my way round the “Benhill Route” for a number of months, but there were mitigating circumstances. I just haven’t figured them out yet.

We finally found Darrin and his mystery house, and with only 15 mins to catch up, set off for the seaside.

The rest of the journey was largely uneventful. Plenty of gassing but apart from that the only interesting interlude was when Darrin turned on his iphone satnav app and invited “Sean Connery” to direct us from that point forward.

“Sean” was very helpful, but I figured Darrin must have got bored and decided to scroll through the list of characters available because I noticed that we now had “Gazza” issuing instructions. Now, I’m no expert on regional accents, but something didn’t quite feel right about this one. My doubts were confirmed when I realized that, due to a low battery, Darrin had turned **off** the voice option on his satnav and had been telling me where to go himself.

We arrived at 9.05 and I was pleased to see a phalanx of portaloos straight ahead. My bladder had been pretty full for the last hour of the drive so I minced my way over there and found that I had chosen an unsoiled, virgin bog. Bliss indeed. So here we were. The Three Amigos with PBs to conquer (and a sub-50 perchance for me and Tone?).

The free massages were well received and all delivered by females (result!), the laughably un-coordinated pre-race aerobics session was endured and the final trip to the loo performed without having to join the end of a long queue. Nice.

Time to join the thronging masses at the start.

I made a big mistake at this point. Foolishly Darrin followed my lead. Tony however had the foresight to meander his way through the crowd to a reasonable position nearer the front. Meanwhile Darrin and I floated around the middle without realizing our predicament. We had our chip in our trainers, why should we worry?

The field was huge as we inched our way to the start line. 5-minutes for each kilometre. Come On!

And They're Off! Except we didn't and Darrin and I found ourselves stuck in fun-run traffic (note to self: follow Tony next time). Eventually the crowd thinned a bit and I stepped out with my usual shuffling gait. 1k...5.05. Not bad really considering the start. "Just keep it going for another k and see how you're fixed", I muttered to myself inside my head. Bloody hot now though. Should have dispensed with the t-shirt and just gone al-fresco with the vest. 2k...10.12. "Mmmmm thought I'd be quicker than that. Have to put a bit of an effort in". Past Butlins. 3k...14.48. "Better. Keep it steady". 4k...20.02. Felt a bit knackered actually. "Just hang on for halfway and take it from there". Water stations are for wimps so I ignored it.

Half way...24.58. "Blimey that's great pacing". Only trouble was, my legs felt heavier than they should. "Anyway just keep going and see if you can keep it up". The rest of the race was all along the front. "Get some of that sea air in your lungs man!"

Hadn't seen Tony or Darrin at all so far. I was expecting to see Tony at least, but his brown, balding bonce had not crossed my vision.

"Feels a bit blowy on the seafront!" Not too bad, but now I was beginning to flag, I was starting to wonder if I'd have anything left for the final k. 6k...30.15. "This isn't going very well. I can't seem to muster any speed at all". I wanted to push on at this point. 7k...35.35. "I'm 36 secs down on a sub-50!" Doesn't sound like a lot, but my legs were gone and I felt like I was waddling my way along the prom. 8k...40.48. "Damn and blast (or something like that). I'll never summon the energy up for a late burst now". For a fleeting moment I felt like quitting. All that training and I was going to fall short of my sub-50 goal. I gritted my teeth. The PB was still on at least. Hadn't really thought about JUST the PB. Tried to remember what it was ... something like 53+ mins, Midhurst about 2 years ago. (*actually it was 54.39 at Midhurst 2008*). Grind, grind, grind. Shuffle, shuffle, shuffle. 9k...46.00 dead. I could see Tony. That's brilliant. Someone to concentrate on. "Keep him in my sight and get those legs moving quicker". No strides now. Just short steps. Last 200m. "Won't catch Tony, but have to keep it going". Dig in. Final turn. A bit of pace from somewhere and crossed the line. Gun time: 52.50 – Chip time: 51.23. PB by quite a bit so can't complain. But...I really wanted that sub-50.....

Tony and I both get PBs. Darrin did 47.04 which is a great time and only 30 secs off his PB from a few weeks ago.

Really tired on the way home in the car, but overall had a marvellous time. Now for Phase 2 and the Richmond 10k (*already done* - 50.07 PB). Now for Phase 3 and Elmbridge 10k.

Chris Homewood



## **Blueberry Cake** *(recipe supplied by Lauren)*

### **By the Hummingbird Bakery**

This cake now reminds me of the 'Cranleigh 15/21' race from this year. It kept me going knowing that this lovely cake was sat in the car waiting for us to finish. Once the Sutton Runners had gathered with sore legs, smiles on faces and medals around necks we started our recovery with the superfood that is blueberries (encased in cake and icing – my kind of superfood). Enjoy the cake and keep running!

“Blueberries work so well in cakes, as they become soft and juicy and a wonderful deep purple. This tasty Hummingbird Bakery cake is moist enough to be served without the frosting if you prefer”

**Makes:** 12 slices

**Prep time:** 25 mins

**Cooking time:** 40 mins

### **For the cake:**

350g unsalted butter, at room temperature

350g caster sugar

6 eggs

1 tsp vanilla extract

450g plain flour

2 tbsps plus 2 tsp baking powder

280ml soured cream

250g fresh blueberries, plus extra to decorate

2 quantities cream cheese frosting (see below)

icing sugar, to decorate

a 25-cm ring mould, greased and dusted with flour

### **For the cream cheese frosting:**

600g icing sugar, sifted

100g unsalted butter, at room temperature

250g full fat cream cheese

## Method

Preheat the oven to 170°C (325°F) Gas 3.

- Put the butter and sugar in a freestanding electric mixer with a paddle attachment (or use a handheld electric whisk) and cream until light and fluffy. Add the eggs one at a time, mixing well and scraping any unmixed ingredients from the side of the bowl with a rubber spatula after each addition. Beat in the vanilla extract, flour and baking powder until well mixed. Add the soured cream and mix well until everything is combined and the mixture is light and fluffy.
- Gently stir in the blueberries by hand until evenly dispersed.
- Pour the mixture into the prepared ring mould and smooth over with a palette knife. Bake in the preheated oven for 40 minutes, or until golden brown and the sponge bounces back when touched. Leave the cake to cool slightly in the mould before turning out onto a wire cooling rack to cool completely.
- When the cake is cold, put it on a serving plate, cover the top and sides with the cream cheese frosting and decorate with more blueberries. Dust with a light sprinkling of icing sugar.
- **For the cream cheese frosting:**
- Beat the icing sugar and butter together in a freestanding electric mixer with a paddle attachment (or use a handheld electric whisk) on medium-slow speed until the mixture comes together and is well mixed.
- Add the cream cheese in one go and beat until it is completely incorporated. Turn the mixer up to medium-high speed. Continue beating until the frosting is light and fluffy, at least 5 minutes. Do not overbeat, as it can quickly become runny.

This recipe is taken from The Hummingbird Bakery Cookbook by Tarek Malouf and The Hummingbird Bakers  
Published by Ryland Peters & Small  
Text © Tarek Malouf and The Hummingbird Bakers

## World Championship Triathlon – 25<sup>th</sup> July 2010 – Anita Hedges

Picture the scene.

Christmas morn, frosted windows, snow on the ground – a warm log fire crackling away, Bing doing the white Christmas thing in the background & its time for the traditional opening of presents.

Normally in our house this process involves socks, running shoes, vests energy bars etc being presented to me in a variety of guises which I always immediately guess. Box the size of a TV having an energy bar in it. The fact that I get it right every time really annoys them.

It therefore came as some surprise when I was presented with aforementioned gift which I could not crack in the usual mandatory 1 or 2 guesses max. After a few goes I gave up, opened the present & lo & behold in true Charlie & the chocolate factory style I had my very own invitation to the World triathlon championships !!!

OK first thoughts – its Xmas the odd bit of turkey will not matter. However as is the way time flew.

I had 2 Marathons first in April and May so I decide to train for those. When I got to the finish line of the Edinburgh Marathon with only 8 weeks until the triathlon I told myself this is it training starts Tuesday. So with 3 pool sessions, 2 long bike rides riding to work most days and still turning up to the club to run each week (I was always tired) I have forgotten to mention that just after Christmas I talked Mark Aldred into doing the Tri with me yes he is a mad as me always up to a challenge.

Just 3 weeks away we took ourselves out to cover the whole distance cycle to Hyde Park swim 1600 meters in the serpentine (green and dirty) and run 10k round the park..(it was a long way) I must tell you it was worth it as on our way home we stopped at Clapham to get something to eat and in the restaurant there was Johnny Vaughan from capital radio with his daughter.

One day to go have to go to Hyde park to pick up our numbers and Lauren decide to join us it was very exciting to see the course set up (butterflies in my stomach at this point) we went round the expo then on to see the elite ladies do there race the atmosphere was fantastic we were in the grandstand so could see everything.



Home to pasta and lots of fluid, up very early, meet Mark at 9.15 to catch the train then cycled from Victoria to the start only an hour until Mark set off 11.40 my wave got called really excited now could not wait to get started have a safety chat and in we went the water was cold 20o/c took the swim steady with the occasional weed/grass tangling round my arms and legs it was fine. Out of the water legs feeling like jelly and a 400 meter run to transition wet suit of running shoes on and on the bike 5 laps legs felt good had some support from Brian my Husband and April my youngest daughter go mum I heard after 3 laps legs started to feel like they were burning but I kept on going 5<sup>th</sup> lap was done bike back in transition then on to the run 4 laps, legs felt like lead weights for a while, After each lap we collected a band which told us how many laps we had

done. Last lap and I heard Brian shouting out “Merry Christmas” Just a sprint finish and my 1<sup>st</sup> Olympic and World championship medal. Mark did 2hrs 41 minutes and I was very happy with 2 hours and 46 minutes.

Just like to say best Christmas present and a big thanks to Mark for doing it with me.

Anita

**Varies quotes from WWW  
Supplied by Tony Gallagher**

"The only reason I would take up jogging is so that I could hear heavy breathing again."

- Erma Bombeck

"You have to forget your last marathon before you try another. Your mind mustn't know what's coming. "

- Frank Shorter

"If you start to feel good during an ultra, don't worry, you will get over it."

- Gene Thibeault

"I believe that every human being has a finite number of heartbeats, and I don't intend to waste any of mine running around doing exercises."

- Neil Armstrong

"It's a hill. Get over it."

-Seen on the back of a runner's T-shirt

"My other legs are Kenyan."

-Seen on a bumper sticker

"Start slow, then taper off."

-- Walt Stack

"Jogging is very beneficial. It's good for your legs and your feet. It's also very good for the ground. It makes it feel needed."

--Charles Schulz, "Peanuts"

"You're not slow. You're just enjoying the course."

“The advantage to exercising every day is that you die healthier.”

You know you are a runner when ...

Every road you drive on you think what a great hill session this would be.

You consider a 15 mile run a good cure for a hangover

“I went to a bookshop and asked the saleswoman, "Where's the lifestyle self-help section?"

She said if she told me, it would defeat the purpose.

## *The Great Tony Challenge – Kathryn Chisholm*

In hindsight I think it was all my fault. It really began at the Dave Clarke 5. Week after week Tony Bannister had been running at Banstead Woods and his 5K times were getting faster and faster. I, on the other hand, had not run a 5K in over a year (in fact all I had done in the last year was the cross country and the Cabbage Patch).

As we lined up at the start of the race I told Tony that he must be the man to beat, he was fast becoming the 5K specialist of our training group, so I set my sights on him as a target to keep me going. We finished that race within a second of each other, Tony just managing to hang on to his lead after a bit of a sprint finish.

A few weeks later we were training hard during one of Claire's Tuesday night track sessions. Tony suddenly decided to tell Claire that he thought he could beat me at the Elmbridge 10K. He then made the mistake of repeating this to me. Well, never one to turn down a challenge, the gauntlet was thrown down and the race was on!

The only trouble was, the last time I raced a 10K was Elmbridge in 2008, and my training lately had been at best haphazard. Before I knew it the race was only a month away and I had done next to no training. I decided to measure out a 10K run and just see how long it took me. I worked out that from my house to Morden Park, three laps of the park and back again was almost exactly 10K, so on went the trainers and off I went.

Well, it was the worst run I had done in ages and it took me 58 minutes, oh dear, if that was the best I could do then Tony would beat me by miles. Never one to give in easily I stuck in a couple of extra runs a week and repeated the Morden Park route twice more to see how I was getting on. I still couldn't get round faster than 56 minutes. In the meantime Tony and I had finished neck and neck at the handicap and I was starting to get a bit scared!

The night before Elmbridge I hardly slept at all, I know it was only a bit of friendly rivalry but I still don't like to lose! Anyway, off we went and Tony set off like a rocket. He was way up the field by the time I got to the 1K marker. I had been so nervous that I had completely forgotten to start my watch so had no idea how fast (or slow) I was going. I tried not to panic as Tony disappeared from view and just kept going as quickly as I could.

Eventually somewhere between 4 & 5K Tony came back into view and slowly but surely I gained on him and eventually managed to get in front somewhere just before the water station. I then ran the rest of the race in fear that he was just behind me and was going to get me at the end. I ignored the water because I didn't want to slow down for even a second. I could feel my lack of training and the last 2K's were torture but I was NOT going to look back and I was NOT going to give up!! Every time I heard footsteps behind me I expected it to be Tony, but it wasn't, and then the finish line was in sight so I just sprinted to the end hoping that he wasn't behind me doing the same! I crossed the line and finally looked over my shoulder; there was no Tony, at least not for another minute or so. I couldn't believe that after my awful times on the training runs I had actually managed to get round in under 51 minutes and most importantly of all, I had won the challenge!!

Thanks are due to Tony for giving me the incentive to improve my training and to enter races again. Fancy a re-match at Croydon??!!

### **Kathryn Chisholm**



## 5k time trial tour – Anita Hedges

Over the last year Earl, Jenny, Graham and myself have been going to different time trials so here is a few opinions' on what we thought.

**Kingston:** A flat course along the tow path out and back, very friendly but very small attendance max 50 people on a good week. If you like a flat course this could be a pb course. We managed to park very easily and the coffee shop was very good. We scored this time trial 8.5/10

**Banstead Woods:** Very friendly atmosphere, one big hill with a fast down hill section, good for car parking with a little drive to the mint for fresh coffee, Large attendance of 160 most weeks. We score this time trial 9/10

**Roundshaw:** excellent atmosphere, very hard 2 lap course which is all on grass with a long steady up hill, Very exposed and muddy in the winter but good preparation for cross country session. Attendance around 80 runners most weeks. We score this time trial 8/10

**Richmond:** One lap tough but lovely location very popular with top runners not a pb course due to a long hill towards the finish. There is a couple of places to get coffee but didn't seem as friendly as other time trials. About 200 runners take part most weeks. We score this time trial 7/10

**Wimbledon:** Two lap course on tracks very muddy in the winter but very scenic has a good attendance of around 150 runners Very nice café for coffee and some thing to eat. We score this time trial 7.5/10

**Bushy Park:** This is the most popular time trial with a many as 500 runners each week it is a one lap course mainly on tarmac and very fast good for pb's. It is in a lovely location. There is only a coffee van which is quite expensive. We score this time trial 7/10.



## SUMMER PARK RUNS

*By Carole Dockett*

We are so lucky to be situated so close to open green space and parks. Probably my favourite park run is the **Wandle run**, which except for crossing a few roads, is mainly off road. After leaving the arena and crossing Middleton Road the green begins, going over grass, across a couple of small roads, through wooded areas across another road and into Ravensbury Park, through woods and pass play areas until finally entering Morden Hall Park, and most of this time being close to the river wandle. The parkland, moat and bridges in Morden Hall Park were mostly created in the 1860s and 70s, but the surrounding meadows are the remnants of fields that were last farmed in late medieval times. Although our evening run finishes at Morden Hall Park, it is possible to run through to Earlsfield and even on to Wandsworth.

Our group also run this route on Sunday mornings when there is plenty of wild life about to see, including ducks, moorhens, swans, geese and elegant herons fishing in the river. On several occasions running to Earlsfield, beside the river most of the way – what a wonderful way to spend the early hours of Sunday morning.

Next on my list is **Morden Park run**, a mile and a half of road run before reaching the park, but once you do, a very relaxed and soft on the feet run around the park and wooded area. The park itself, although not the largest park around, has a lot going for it, originally the grounds of an 18<sup>th</sup> century country estate ‘Morden Park House’, built at the top of the hill in the 1770s for merchant and distiller John Ewart. There is a large mound in the park believed to be a burial mound from the Iron Age, Romans or Saxons. The Beverly Brook, a tributary of the Thames runs at Lower Morden Lane end of the park.

The third park run is **Beddington Park**, on road to The Goat pub, across the road into a field, sometimes a bit smelly! I have been known to fall on the rough stony surface around this area (yes, I know Anita, I should look where I am running and pick my feet up!), not my favourite at the beginning, but it is all worth it when you reach Beddington Park. Nice grass, plenty of trees and a very pretty 14<sup>th</sup> century flint church and Carew Manor.

The manor, which was originally a medieval moated house was mentioned in the doomsday book as two estates, but became one in 1381 and the home of the Carew family. About 1591 Sir Walter Raleigh secretly, and without royal permission, married Elizabeth Throckmorton of Carew Manor, a Maid of honour for Queen Elizabeth 1. He was given a spell in the Tower of London and she was expelled from the royal court, but the marriage was good and lasted. Story has it that when Raleigh was beheaded by James 1 in 1618, his wife claimed his embalmed head

and kept it in a bag for the rest of her life, and that the remains may still be in Beddington park today. Carew Manor, which became the Royal Female Orphanage between 1762 and 1968 is now a school and council offices.

Carole Dockett



## Elmbridge 10k – 25<sup>th</sup> July 2010 – Steve White

First a big thankyou to Martin Giles for coming to the race with me. I gave him a lift as I always seem to get lost. I have been there a few times too!

I made it to the start line on time for once! I wanted to have a good run this year. My training is going well, although I struggled a bit last year. Being a 60 year old postman (well nearly), I cycle a lot so I am fairly fit.

In my office I was challenged to a race by 2 workmates, one a girl and her husband, Liz 35 and Michael 40, just lads compared with me. They thought I was over the hill and would give me a run for my money. So they entered too and as I am always up for a challenge, I accepted. As soon as my workmates found out the betting started around the office in favour of the two youngsters, saying I am going to get hammered by 10 minutes. Liz told me her times are getting faster. Her PB was 66 minutes and her husband was 54 minutes. I didn't have the heart to tell them they had to get under 50 minutes to beat me. I did think though that



if Liz beats me I would have to hang my running shoes up and retire.

I saw them at the start and that was the last I saw of them, until Monday morning.

The race was good. I started shortly and finished fast, well it felt like it anyway. I was worried the two youngsters were in front

of me. I need not have worried. Liz finished in 65 minutes and Michael finished in 49 minutes. My time was 44.42, so I was quite pleased. I won the challenge. The guys at work didn't believe it and said I cheated. I want to know who gets the prize money?

I am now waiting for the next guys to challenge an old runners like me for a race!

Steve White

## Faversham Marathon - 31<sup>st</sup> July 2010 - Jonathan Senker

A change in work so that I spend far less time in Sutton has made it difficult to attend club nights, but I still try to run and do the odd race. And this one, with 60 runners following each other over 40 laps sounds odd.

Good preparation is essential. I believe that. But unfortunately only in the way that I believe in extra-terrestrial life- it makes sense, but has no impact on my daily life. So when invited at the beginning of July to a BBQ on the Kent coast, I idly look to see if there is a gentle race nearby to burn off the inevitable extra few veggie burgers (“it’d be a shame to see them go to waste”). I have a vision of a short, gentle run in the park the day after the BBQ. This race scores one out of four- it’s in a park- so my application form is posted.

Race day morning is overcast and cool, perfect running weather - after forecasts of continued heat-wave- if not ideal BBQ temperatures. By 9am I am lined up at the start of a course I will shortly be getting to know rather well. The first lap is somewhat surreal, like viewing a flat for the first time that you know in time you will learn to love or hate living in. The main point of permanent interest is a short incline. I am concerned that this will, with repetition, grow in my mind and feel to my legs like a monstrous slope. Other things are transient, the increasingly bored kid who goes from sitting on the park bench waiting patiently for his Dad to rocking gently, to kicking stones around. And the laps go by.

I amble along chatting with one guy who is aiming to complete the course in under 5 hours, I share my suspicion that he is rather ahead of schedule, and after a few laps he drops back. I get into conversation with a bloke in a yellow shirt who has travelled many miles back to the park he first knew as a toddler and now was getting to know in slightly different way. A while later, I drop back and he pushes ahead. And the laps go by.

For the next five circuits his distance ahead increases, then for the next five it decreases and we chat again. It’s a sociable race in that you see most people many times and get a chance to say hello to your lap-counter each time round. The support is great and being able to pick up a drink each time round is so convenient. I am pleased to get half way round and hear my lap-counter confirm that I’ve completed 20 circuits. With an eye on the clock I keep a regular pace by checking that I am still completing each lap with a bit of change from 5 mins. Other than that the continued circuits seemed to have lulled me into a sort of trance where keeping on going, observing people ahead, and remembering where I am up to seem to leave little space for further thoughts. And the laps go by.

By three quarters the way round, I am out of synch with the lap- counter who I am convinced is one behind in his counting. It's his call so, whilst I feel a little hard done by, I try not to focus overly on this. Going as far as to convince myself however how good it is that I get an extra circuit doesn't quite work. And the laps go by.

A mental check- legs hurt - yes; about to fall apart – no. Short incline becoming a major climb- no, not too bad. All's well then, s'pose so. Keep on.

Another couple of chats in passing with yellow shirt who unfortunately is now flagging and some encouraging words exchanges with a rather sprightly runner whose shirt makes clear he is now in his eighth decade. A fine rain begins to fall... and the laps go by.

Passing the clock a bell is rung, just one lap to go. A courtesy for each runner and this time it's for me. I push up the incline pleased that it is now for the last time. The tape is put across the course for each finisher to feel like she or he is a winner- a nice touch which however cheesy makes me feel even happier to have completed this course- and to have enjoyed it.

As an added bonus the weather brightens in the afternoon and the BBQ tastes yet better for the effort on the way.

Jonathan Senker

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*Poem by Olatunde Adeyemo*

*A yellow streak streams over Surrey streets,  
Across the common and in the parks,  
You can sense the beat of pacing feet,  
The best of the feet of the Sutton Runners.*

*From the Sutton Arena this creature grows,  
Reaching through streets with arms of gold.  
The Runners they are both young and old.  
There are true athletes and those that run for fun.*

*It's a phenomenon you must behold.  
'Cause to run in yellow you must be bold,  
So take up your destiny and run with this fold,  
'Cause everyone must know when The Sutton Runners run*

## Ightham-Seal-Knole 21k Trail Run (Kent) – Tim Mac

In trying to find new things to do to keep my interest in running going I am always looking for new events to do, hence I found this 21k event. This is an orienteering event where you get a very nice map, a dipper for sticking in holes and then sent out into the wilds of the Kent countryside where if you are lucky you may return one piece.

Now not being the best map reader in the world I manage to talk Tony Moorhouse and Steve Barber (the map reader) to come along as well.

So on the Sunday we headed down to Sevenoaks and found the HQ for the race with no problems, alas it was one of the few times we did not get lost on this day. So paid our six quid and got our dippers. Now the dipper is used to record your time at each checkpoint you can carry it or wear on your finger, come to the check point, poke it in and off you go. Now Tony and myself were not sure at first what to do with these dippers. So Tony put his in his ear to try and take his temperature and I went and checked the oil on the car, it was at this point Steve must have wondered what he had let himself in for. Now as Steve had done one of these events before this made him the most experienced member of the team and so this is how he became team leader, head map reader and the adult in charge of the two kids! So we headed to the mass start and lined up. Steve told us his plan was to stick to the paths as he had the map, Tony and I were going to follow him wherever he went but Tony trying to join him in the loo was going a bit too far!

So we were off and as we run up the first of many narrow paths a dog came the other way, Tony shouted “mine the dog” moved out of the way and tripped over a tree root and landed face down in the dirt, I picked him up with cuts all over his leg, he looked at his watch, we had been running for three minutes. Soon we had found the first of 28 check points which I must say was very easy but this was because everybody else were there as well, soon number two was done as well. At this point all the runners started running through the woods with bits of trees slapping you in the face, running through the heather and ferns all we needed was a couple **velociraptors** to pop up and it would look like a scene from Jurassic park. So much for the plan of sticking to the paths but where Steve went Laurel and Hardy followed.

Things were going well until we hit Knole Park; we stopped at the drinks station for water and jelly babies and then headed up a very long road after about a mile we heard the words we came to dread for the rest of the day

“I think we gone wrong somewhere”



# CLUB STANDARD AWARDS

<b>MALE</b>	<b>ELITE</b>	<b>GOLD</b>	<b>SILVER</b>	<b>BRONZE</b>
<b>5Km</b>	<u>MINS-SECS</u>	<u>MINS-SECS</u>	<u>MINS-SECS</u>	<u>MINS-SECS</u>
Senior	16-00	17-30	19-45	21-15
V40-49	17-30	19-00	20-45	22-15
V50-59	18-00	19-30	21-30	23-00
V60+	20-45	22-30	25-00	26-45
<b>10Km</b>	<u>MINS-SECS</u>	<u>MINS-SECS</u>	<u>MINS-SECS</u>	<u>MINS-SECS</u>
Senior	33-00	36-00	39-30	42-30
V40-49	36-00	39-00	42-30	45-30
V50-59	37-00	40-00	44-00	47-00
V60+	42-30	46-00	51-00	54-30
<b>10 Miles</b>	<u>MINS-SECS</u>	<u>MINS-SECS</u>	<u>MINS-SECS</u>	<u>MINS-SECS</u>
Senior	56-00	60-00	67-00	72-00
V40-49	60-00	64-00	72-00	77-00
V50-59	64-00	69-00	77-00	82-00
V60+	70-00	76-00	85-00	91-00
<b>Half Marathon</b>	<u>HOUR-MINS</u>	<u>HOUR-MINS</u>	<u>HOUR-MINS</u>	<u>HOUR-MINS</u>
Senior	1hr 15 mins	1hr 20 mins	1hr 31 mins	1hr 37 mins
V40-49	1hr 20 mins	1hr 26 mins	1hr 37 mins	1hr 44 mins
V50-59	1hr 25 mins	1hr 31 mins	1hr 43 mins	1hr 50 mins
V60+	1hr 34 mins	1hr 40 mins	1hr 53 mins	2hr 01 mins
<b>Marathon</b>	<u>HOUR-MINS</u>	<u>HOUR-MINS</u>	<u>HOUR-MINS</u>	<u>HOUR-MINS</u>
Senior	2 hr 40 mins	2 hr 51 mins	3 hr 15 mins	3 hr 30 mins
V40-49	2 hr 49 mins	3 hr 01 mins	3 hr 26 mins	3 hr 42 mins
V50-59	2 hr 59 mins	3 hr 11 mins	3 hr 38 mins	3 hr 55 mins
V60+	3 hr 15 mins	3 hr 29 mins	3 hr 58 mins	4 hr 16 mins

**FEMALE****ELITE****GOLD****SILVER****BRONZE****5Km**

Senior  
V35-44  
V45+

	<u>MINS-SECS</u>	<u>MINS-SECS</u>	<u>MINS-SECS</u>	<u>MINS-SECS</u>
Senior	<b>18-30</b>	<b>20-00</b>	<b>22-00</b>	<b>24-15</b>
V35-44	<b>19-30</b>	<b>21-45</b>	<b>23-15</b>	<b>25-00</b>
V45+	<b>20-45</b>	<b>22-30</b>	<b>25-00</b>	<b>26-45</b>

**10Km**

Senior  
V35-44  
V45+

	<u>MINS-SECS</u>	<u>MINS-SECS</u>	<u>MINS-SECS</u>	<u>MINS-SECS</u>
Senior	<b>38-00</b>	<b>41-00</b>	<b>45-00</b>	<b>48-30</b>
V35-44	<b>40-00</b>	<b>43-30</b>	<b>47-30</b>	<b>51-00</b>
V45+	<b>42-30</b>	<b>46-00</b>	<b>51-00</b>	<b>54-30</b>

**10 Miles**

Senior  
V35-44  
V45+

	<u>MINS-SECS</u>	<u>MINS-SECS</u>	<u>MINS-SECS</u>	<u>MINS-SECS</u>
Senior	<b>64-00</b>	<b>69-00</b>	<b>77-00</b>	<b>82-00</b>
V35-44	<b>67-00</b>	<b>73-00</b>	<b>80-00</b>	<b>86-00</b>
V45+	<b>72-00</b>	<b>77-00</b>	<b>86-00</b>	<b>92-00</b>

**Half Marathon**

Senior  
V35-44  
V45+

	<u>HOUR-MINS</u>	<u>HOUR-MINS</u>	<u>HOUR-MINS</u>	<u>HOUR-MINS</u>
Senior	<b>1hr 26m</b>	<b>1hr 32m</b>	<b>1hr 44m</b>	<b>1hr 51m</b>
V35-44	<b>1hr 30m</b>	<b>1hr 37m</b>	<b>1hr 47m</b>	<b>1hr 56m</b>
V45+	<b>1hr 36m</b>	<b>1hr 43m</b>	<b>1hr 56m</b>	<b>2hr 04m</b>

**Marathon**

Senior  
V35-44  
V45+

	<u>HOUR-MINS</u>	<u>HOUR-MINS</u>	<u>HOUR-MINS</u>	<u>HOUR-MINS</u>
Senior	<b>3hr 05m</b>	<b>3hr 17m</b>	<b>3hr 45m</b>	<b>4hr 02m</b>
V35-44	<b>3hr 11m</b>	<b>3hr 24m</b>	<b>3hr 49m</b>	<b>4hr 08m</b>
V45+	<b>3hr 23m</b>	<b>3hr 37m</b>	<b>4hr 08m</b>	<b>4hr 27m</b>

## Why Run? It's mental

By Jo Farelly

Most runners have asked themselves this question from time to time or at least friends have almost accusingly asked this of you when you refuse that second glass of wine knowing you have an early morning run the next day.

So why do we run? Some will say it's the most effective way to lose weight, whilst others believe it's the best way to get, and more importantly, stay fit. However, for runners who find themselves pounding the streets through rain, wind and, yes, even more rain, will attest that it's more than just about keeping fit. It is of course well known that running helps you shed those extra pounds and the wonders it does for your fitness level is uncontested. However, what is often over-looked is the psychological benefits of running, which can rival the physical benefits.

Running releases endorphins that make you feel happy and euphoric, and what is so good about this natural phenomena is that the effect can last for hours after your run. Known as a 'runners high', your mood will dramatically improve within minutes especially when you're spirits are a bit low. So when you've had that day from hell when everyone seems to want a piece of you and your stress levels are soaring through the roof - go for a run. Running gives you the uninterrupted time to think we all need and can help to reduce anger and anxiety levels. However, feeling stressed and tired is often a common reason why people skip their run which is a mistake; so draw on your willpower and change into your running gear before you think of a million and one reasons why you can't possibly go, and you'll find that a run will not only help you to de-stress and improve your mood but will also increase your energy levels too. And if you needed any other reasons to get those feet going, it's good to know that running on a regular basis positively affects your mental stamina and increases focus. Scientists have shown that even memory is improved as well as the ability to perform problem-solving tasks. In other words, running helps keep your mind sharp as well as your body. It's a win-win!

So running is more than just about keeping fit and understanding the psychological benefits can positively affect your training regime, and conversely, to understand why you feel a bit down when you have to stop running due to an injury. In such cases other forms of exercise and tension relief is needed to maintain mental stability. So remember next time you go for a run that you're doing wonders for your mind as well as your body, after all, have you ever got back from a run and regretted going? I know I haven't. Happy running!!

Jo Farelly

## Sutton Runners Yellow Pages Runner Profile

Name: *Lynn Hickey*

Age: *53*



Do you do any other sports?

*I cycle but not on a regular basis. In February this year I cycled from Vietnam to Cambodia.*

*I had to train really hard for it, but the training really helped improve my running. I also ski every year. I can ski anything on piste, black, red, blue and green runs.*

When did you start running?

*I loved running when I was at school. Like most youngsters I was a sprinter and I used to run for Tooting and Mitcham. When I had a family I gave up running as I also had a full-time job and could not find the time, instead I went to the gym once a week.*

*I got back running about 10 years ago when my sister got breast cancer. She was having a really awful time and there wasn't anything I could do to help her. I always made sure I was there for her, but that wasn't enough for me. So my youngest daughter, Caitlin and I decided to do the race for life at Lloyd Park, to raise funds for Breast Cancer. Caitlin beat me by a long way, so I trained really hard for the next year and beat her by 2 minutes.*

*I went on to do several other 5k and 10k races and three London to Cambridge bike rides for the same Charity.*

*Sadly my sister, who was also my best friend died – but the running lives on!*

When did you join Sutton Runners?

*I joined Sutton Runners in January 2007, when I was going to run my first Marathon. I found it hard to run long distances on my own and someone recommended Sutton Runners. A huge thank you to Pauline and Claire as they really did get me through my first Marathon.*

Why do you run?

*Two reasons really, one is to keep sane. I have a very stressful job and the running helps to sort my head out and the other is to try to stay healthy. Both my mum and my sister died young and they were both over weight and did very little exercise.*

**Favourite race distance?**

*I don't have a favourite. For me it depends on how well I am running on the day.*

**Favourite event**

*Cranleigh 21.2 miles. I have done it for the last two years and I have got a good time (for me) on both occasions.*

**What motivates you?**

*Other club members, they always seem to be about when you need them.*

**Favourite training session or route?**

*Maggies route. It was my first Thursday route when I joined the club and I have liked it ever since.*

**Favourite food?**

*At home – jacket potatoes with crispy, almost burnt skins  
Eating out - Thai*

**Who / what inspires you?**

*There are lots of people at the club that inspire me. Anita has given me some really good advice - I find her an inspiration. Jim Mundy is my hero for all of his Marathons.*

**Do you have any race rituals / superstitions?**

*Not at all, which is unusual for me as I have a touch of OCD around the house. My family call me sleeping with the enemy!!*

**What do you do for a living?**

*I am Financial Director for a group of seven small companies that comprise of 9 hair salons, an on line product company and a company that writes computer programmes for the hair and beauty industry.*

**Best race / proudest achievement?**

*Brighton Marathon 2010, which I am hoping to get a Bronze Standard Award. I was also pretty pleased with myself when I came first for my age and gender at The Tour of Epsom 2009. I had come second the year before and had vowed I was not coming second again, even if I did nearly make myself sick on the last night.*

**Worst race**

*Elmore 7, anyone who has done it will know why.*

**Hopes for the future?**

*To live a long, healthy, happy life and run for as long as my body is able.*

Five Things people wouldn't know about me:

- 1. I have been married twice and have two lovely grown up daughters that have both flown the nest.*
- 2. I don't eat red meat or pork, but I do eat chicken and fish*
- 3. I am immensely loyal and can keep secrets.*
- 4. I love kid's sweets – pick and mix.*
- 5. I love Champagne or any drink made with Champagne.*

PBs			
10k	53.13	Half marathon	1:57:06
10 mile	90:00	Marathon	4:23:03

Cycling in Vietnam February 2010



## Encierro de San Fermin

Location: Pamplona, Spain

Date: 07/07/10

Time: 08:00

Distance: 800m

Casualties: Some

Australians: Too many

Sangria: Plentiful

Barbara, I promised it would be horny!

The festival of San Fermin is one of the most popular and well-known in the world. Not so much for Saint Fermin who was a Christian martyr and patron of the Navarra region, but for the Running of the Bulls held every morning during the eight days. The idea is to herd prime bulls from their pens to the North of the city to the bullring nearer the middle, a distance of half a mile through the main streets for the fights that afternoon. Over history men have decided to show their bravado by running with the bulls (usually successfully as the beasts only want to run where they are led, not fight) and now it is a marshalled and policed event. About a year ago I decided I was to do this so as that I could upset my female relatives. Fortunately a holiday to Spain was formulated for the same time.

I made plenty of research into the event, what it's for and what is expected. The dress code is a white shirt, with a red neckerchief and sash, and appropriate footwear is advised (mine happened to be white and red!). We arrived in Pamplona on the 6<sup>th</sup> - the opening day, which involves spraying one another with a lot of Sangria and partying. I walked the course and met some Californians who I would end up running with. On the morning of the 7<sup>th</sup> I was fresh, ready and excited. It is best to get on the course, i.e. in front of the barriers before 07:00 so as not to be left out! The police were well trained at crowd control (many thousands participate) but still you get crushed! I hung around the middle section of the course, where the street is straight, has a small incline and is rather wide. At 07:59 everybody surged forward, hearts pumping, but it turned out to be a false alarm. At 08:00 the first rocket was fired to indicate the release of the first six bulls. It took about a minute for them to reach us, by that time I was running – well, jumping and weaving in and out of people, looking for a potential hidey hole. As the bulls got within ear shot, I looked behind and dived off to my left, put my back against the wall and saw the pack steam past. I followed after them at a jog, and through into the bullring.

Here were signs of celebration and accomplishment, which was infectious. Then, the second wave of two bulls (to pick up any stragglers) steamed into the ring. The doors slammed behind them. I jumped over the fence with a middle-aged Spaniard who then sunk to the floor and had a heart attack - the medics were called over and he was seen to. Then smaller bulls, with rounded horns were released from the pits into the crowd, one at a time. This is a bit of fun and allows participants to show their amateur matador skills. This is rather entertaining if not dangerous. But oh well, they put themselves in there! When about half a dozen bulls have had their run around, the Plaza is cleared so that those who have tickets for the actual bull fights may be seated. The rest of the day is spent watching the entertainers, the big fibreglass head parades, the 'fire torro' (a man in a wooden bull costume with fireworks attached) chasing and burning children through the streets, sangria and the most spectacular firework display I've ever seen.

It was not the longest run I've ever done, nor the most strenuous. It was the most exhilarating and expensive though. I would encourage any willing and adrenaline-seeking man to do it, as it is a unique and unforgettable experience with bragging rights attached. I would consider doing another bull run in a smaller and lesser known town in the future.

Greg Bryant and Anita Cato



## Wimbledon Dash 5K – Sunday 8<sup>th</sup> August – Darrin Ormston

No matter what type of race I've entered for lately, I always, always get nervous. Which usually involves sitting on the loo most of the morning (little bit too much information there). I've tried to get into a routine now though which usually involves Mr Quakers finest as soon as I get up. Follow this by copious amounts of fluid. Then instead of putting together my kit the night before, it's the usual panic of "where's my sweatband?" Anyone who is short of follicles will understand this is a major part of your checklist.

- Safety pins? *check*
- Glucose drink? *check*
- Magic beans (as Barbara calls them) ? *check*
- Hat? *check*
- Mosquito repellent ? *check*
- Comfortable socks? (worn but pass the sniff test) *check*
- Sutton Runners vest? (do I have to wear it?) *check*
- Additional clothing? *check*
- Sunscreen (for my bonce)? *check*

So off I trot, jump into the car and shoot up to Rose Hill roundabout on my way to Wimbledon. Now it's early morning on a Sunday so very little traffic and take my chances on the second set of lights on the roundabout which are changing red rapidly (pew!).

Heading down the A217 towards Morden and who do I spot in my rear view but one of Sutton's finest constabulary. Damn, I'm sticking to the limit but sure enough, after a few hundred yards the blue lights come on. At first I hoped it was Stephen on a wind up but alas it was not to be. "Can you step out of the car Sir and turn your engine off"

Officer - "I can't be completely sure but I think you went through a red light back there"

Me: "Errr wellll it was sort of on the verge...amber...red" (waving of hands)

Anyhow, he checks out my details, mentioned it's my lucky day and lets me off with a warning. "Just be more careful in future."

Now I've never been to the Wimbledon event before so was relying on my trusty Sat Nav. Because of the earlier episode, time is now cracking on (09:05). Starting to worry as the details supplied on the website don't appear to help. Driving round in a blind panic now and stop the first person I see who is pounding the streets. As it happens, I am on the right road; I just needed to turn around! Thanked her and I head off and park up and start jogging across the field to the event to collect my race number.

Spot a few of our guys but before I can settle and say hi, I have to get my race number sorted. Checked the print out and my number was sweet 16 so head off to the desk but after looking through his pile of race numbers several times, he couldn't find it.

So off I go to meet the rest of the gang and calm my nerves. Decent turn out for the boys but poor Jenny was on her own on this occasion.

Time to limber up and do a few warm up exercises and then it's time. We head off with a full lap of the track to begin with and make my first mistake. Went off too quickly as the surface feels good underfoot and got carried away with it all. So before I've even got out of the grounds I'm struggling for air, not known what is ahead of me.

We pass the All England Tennis Club and then immediately start to hit a steep hill for the next 200 yards or so (feels like 400). Still, I make steady progress but starting to lose my team mates gradually. Once at the top it was a straight run down hill after a short left straight. Tried to remember everything that was said in training...avoid the urge to lean back. Breathing is much better now and I take it steady keeping Jenny in sight. We soon reach the park area again and it's in through the gates and off round the perimeter. Starting to find new energy now and pass a few runners as we



head back toward the athletics track. Still keeping Jenny in my sights but she's starting to slow a little now. I keep gaining as we enter the track and I pass two more runners but still can't catch her. Into the last 200 metres and I can hear someone breathing heavy

on my shoulder (don't look back!). I push for the finish line and at the last moment we pass the line together.

“I’ll get ya next time Jenny!”

We all meet up at the end and discuss the race and Tunde has a idea that we should all pose on the podium for a giggle. No medals involved this time but lots of smiles all round!

I have to say, regardless of the hill, I thoroughly enjoyed this race and would recommend it to anyone considering taken part next year.

Darrin



## **The 50 Mile Challenge Ultra-Marathon (52.4 miles) – Paul Piper**

I wasn't really sure whether I would do the 50 Mile Challenge. I had finally entered it during a moment of madness in June, after considering it many times as far back as March. I liked the idea of seeing just how far I could push myself and trying to complete an ultimate goal of running an Ultra-Marathon. The course was a 6.55 mile circuit, giving runners the option of completing as many laps as they were able to, up to a maximum of 8 (52.4 miles / a double marathon) within a 15 hour time window. As an Ultra-Marathon is technically defined as any distance over a Marathon, I decided that I could attempt 5 laps (32.75 miles) and if I finished at that point I could have still said I'd run an Ultra-Marathon.

In the lead up to the event I hadn't really been doing any training for it. In July I hadn't done any training runs at all and in June I'd run twice in the whole month. I had ended up being too caught up in my karate training, cycling to and from work every day and keeping up the gym. A lot of the time I was just too tired to go for a run by the time I got home. As it got closer to the day, more and more people said I shouldn't do it or just laughed when I said I had entered a 52 mile ultra-marathon at the weekend and hadn't been training. Naturally this all made me want to do it even more!

When I went to bed the night before I wasn't feeling nervous at all but when the alarm went off at 4am I think the reality of it hit home a bit and I did feel a little sick. I got ready and left on time as planned and made it to the starting venue – The Gates Inn pub near Whitstable in Kent, at around 5:30am, with 30 minutes to spare before the start. I registered and picked up my number, signing the disclaimer that said I took full responsibility should anything happen to me. We set off promptly at 6am and we were on our way! I had read that to do an Ultra you have to adopt a run / walk strategy and I had decided on a 25 minute run / 5 minute walk routine. I was very conscious of not going too fast so I deliberately kept my pace slow. Once you've gone too fast and realise it, sometimes it can be too late so it would have been a disaster if I pushed too hard. I stuck to a pace around the 10 minute mile mark which I found to be very comfortable, and I took my first walking break 25 minutes into the run, as planned, even though I didn't feel I needed it. The result was that the 6.55 circuit took me around 1 hour 10 minutes to complete. After completing the first one I had barely felt like I had run anything. I went to the toilet and got some drink, and then set off again. My parents were coming to support me but hadn't turned up yet.

The route was good – it wasn't that interesting as such, but it was pleasant. Wide open fields and countryside, a mix of roads, gravel paths and grassy tracks. The grassy tracks were quite uneven and tricky to run on, especially as some were through long grass. There was also very little shade and the sun was already out, it was going to be a hot day. There was an area on the route where some kind of compost was smouldering at the side and sending smoke all across our pathway. We literally had to hold our breath while running through it and it caused a lot of the runners to cough and splutter.

There were quite a few water stations around the course, some people you would pass once each lap, some people twice, due to some of the route going back on itself. The people at the water stations ended up becoming friends, as due to the relaxed nature of the "challenge" (they emphasised this as opposed to a race), you felt you could take as much time as you needed. During the later stages of the race it really helped being on first name terms with some of them, they would say "See you on the next lap" when I left them, and it made me feel that I had to go back so as not to let them down.

On the first lap I rounded a corner by a road area, headed down and then had to go up a hill for a bit. It wasn't that steep but just looking at it I knew it would be trouble later on. There was a man at the water station just at the bottom of the hill and when I stopped for water I commented to him that I was sure that hill would hurt later. He told me that they call it "Tourettes Hill" because later on all you hear when people get to the top is a load of swearing!

The last water / feed station was manned by a couple – Mark and Sharon. They were to become my favourite water station people. Not only were they really nice and friendly, but they brought a variety of food and snacks for the runners and every time I saw them I knew I was close to finishing another lap, around 10 minutes away.

After completing my second lap I had covered a half-marathon distance and when I ran back into the finish area my parents were there waiting for me. I still felt perfectly fine and it was great to see them and have some support there with me. I ate some food, talked to them about the run so far and we took some pictures. They asked me how many laps I was going to do, I said that 5 was my minimum goal but ultimately I was aiming to do them all (they didn't believe me!). I believe you have to focus on achieving the biggest goal and go for that, and if you achieve something less than you hoped you can still be happy knowing you at least tried for what you had really wished for. Off I went on another lap.

All the other runners were really friendly on the course. When people overtook you or you overtook them, they'd say well done, or smile. The people manning the water stations were equally encouraging and very helpful. When I passed Mark and Sharon they were cooking bacon with their portable frying pan, it smelled really good. I stuck to the jellies and biscuits they had on offer to the runners though! I finished my third lap, completing 19.65 miles and went over to my parents. I ate some food, we had chat and took some pictures. With my run / walk strategy and pacing I was feeling fine, although the sun by this point was scorching and I applied some more suncream.

I set off on my fourth lap and during the last third of the circuit when I was running on one of the uneven grass tracks I started to feel a strange pain in my lower right leg. It was an unusual one and not pleasant. It just sort of came on – I didn't do anything or land in a way that was the obvious cause, and I had to walk for a bit hoping it would go away if I took a break from running. The walking seemed to help a bit and when I started running again it was still there a bit but it was ignorable. I did feel that it was starting to get hard at that point but didn't feel any where near as bad as I usually did after running a marathon distance. I think the refuelling on food and the rest breaks in between laps definitely helped a lot. I ran to the finish area and met up with my parents. I'd completed four laps and a marathon distance of 26.2 miles and I felt good! My marathon time was around 5 hours, so quite a slow marathon time on it's own but probably spot on for the first half of a double Ultra. Time was largely irrelevant to me and indeed to the event, it was about completing the distance and having not done it before I didn't know what to expect, how much energy I needed to conserve for later, or how fast would be too fast. It was better to be slower than faster. After talking with my parents and resting for a bit, I set off into the unknown distances – past the Marathon stage and into the leagues of the Ultra-Marathoners.

I carried on around the course and I was getting texts from various people asking how I was getting on and sending words of encouragement which was really nice. When I ran down the other side of Tourettes Hill the guy on the water station asked how I was getting on. I told him that I hadn't started swearing yet!

I completed lap five - 32.75 miles and made my way over to my parent's table in the pub garden. I had now completed an Ultra-Marathon distance. If I stopped now I would get a medal and could say I'd done it. They asked me if I was going to stop, I said no way, I was going to complete them all. I still truly believed, like I always had done, that I was capable of doing so. The race literature had said you got a medal for 30 miles, a bigger medal for 40 miles and the biggest medal for 52.4 miles. I wanted the biggest medal! After sitting in the shade for a bit I realised how sunburnt I was getting, as soon as I stepped back out into the sun my

shoulders stung and they were really red. I took the decision to change my vest for a singlet. It would cover more of my shoulders but unfortunately also be hotter for me. Then I came up with another idea, and we threaded my vest through the arms and pinned it to the singlet using 2 spare pins I luckily had with me. This draped over my shoulders covering the rest of the exposed skin. I turned my running cap back to front for get some neck shade and I was ready to go.

The sixth lap was tough. My right leg had started hurting worse, which I was doing my best to ignore. I was sunburnt, hot with my more restrictive singlet on and all the clouds in the sky had gone, so the sun was relentless. I wasn't managing to stick to my correct run / walk breaks very well any more. Gradually these targets became unobtainable, and the walking breaks would end up lasting longer than they should – sometimes too long if you forgot to check what time you started walking, or if you walked for 5 minutes and then came across a water station where you stopped and drank / chatted for a further 5 minutes. Eventually I finished my sixth lap and was back in the pub garden. I'd run 39.3 miles. I wasn't sure if this qualified me for the 40 mile medal, but I assumed so. I didn't really know how I was going to run 2 more laps, but at the same time I knew I would find a way somehow. After some much needed rest, food & drink I set off on my seventh.

This lap was even harder than the sixth. Things started to hurt, my right leg in particular but I ignored it the best I could, took my iPod out and turned up the music to distract me. By this stage there weren't many people who were still carrying on for the full distance so I was mostly all on my own – no-one up in front and no-one behind me. Just long open tracks exposed to the boiling sun. I had told each of the water station marshals that I would see them again soon for the last lap, including Mark and Sharon. I finished my seventh lap, having completed 45.85 miles.

I had quite a long rest, food, drinks etc after the 7<sup>th</sup> and while it was really hard to comprehend getting back out there and doing another lap, soon it was time to do so. I really didn't want to go back out there, but there was no way I was stopping with only one lap to go before completing the full distance.

As soon as I started though, all was not well. After resting, my right leg had become incredibly painful and I couldn't actually run properly anymore – the best I could do was hobble jog along with it. I could tell this was going to be a really long lap ahead, and I was very glad it was my last one. I wouldn't have liked to have dragged myself through more than more one lap with my leg like that. I was annoyed that my leg had got injured because the rest of me felt ok – well, relative to the painful leg of course; the rest of my body was still very fatigued and aching.

With my leg (well, ankle / foot area really), it was so bad that my running time was only about 1 – 2 minutes, and then I'd have to stop to walk, often actually yelling out in pain as I did so. Luckily there was no-one else around to hear!

There was a guy whose supporters were sitting on the pub bench opposite my parent's. He would always arrive just after me when we finished a lap, but he wouldn't take as long for breaks and would head off again before me. As I'd taken a long break before the last lap he'd gone off quite a bit before me, but he was reduced to just walking. I could see him across the course, far up ahead and I used him as motivation to keep going. When I eventually could see him up ahead in front of me I told myself I had to beat him and made myself run for a good 10 minutes, so that I caught up with him, overtook him, and gave myself a lead. I then told myself he was just behind me and I had to keep pushing in order to finish before him.

When I eventually got to Mark and Sharon I thanked them for everything, especially all the encouragement and told them they'd really made my day. I said I couldn't stay long this time as my watch was on 12 hours 53 minutes, and typical of me - if I thought that if I set off quickly I might just be able to make it in under 13 hours. I started really trying to go for it but could see my time slipping away. Mark and Sharon were further away from the finish area than I thought, and when it got to 12:59 I realised from where I was I wasn't going to make it.

I was so relieved when I finally saw the familiar sight of the Gates Inn and it was an amazing feeling to be finishing. As I finished I met my parents and as the race organisers gave me my medal and wrote out my certificate I mentioned that I was trying to sprint the last section to make it in under 13 hours. The organiser said to me "Paul, no-one cares! You've just run 52 miles, it doesn't matter!!" I laughed, I guess that's true.

I had stopped my running watch on 13 hours, 1 minute and 34 seconds. I had started running at 6am in the morning and it was now just past 7pm in the evening. I had run a double marathon back-to-back.

My parents couldn't believe I'd run the whole thing, that I'd run 52.4 miles and that I'd been running for 13 hours. And me – well I actually couldn't believe it either! I still find it hard to get my head around it now.

I had heard that Ultra-Marathons (depending on which ones you do of course) can be very different to normal marathons, much more friendly and relaxed, and this definitely was the case with this one. With the time pressure off and the ability to rest when you felt like it and refuel with food, I actually felt a lot better at the end than I have done at the finish of most of my marathons. With the marathons I've



pushed myself to my absolute possible limit and often felt in a really bad way when finishing. When I finished this challenge, yes I was in more pain than the marathons but I didn't feel like I was about to collapse, or that my body was dying or completely out of energy, or anything that I would normally associate with completing a standard marathon.

Would I do it again? Well as I always say on the day after the race, absolutely no way. But now I'm thinking that because I know what to expect, perhaps I could improve on my time next year?!

Paul Piper

## **Proposal to update Sutton Runners Website – Darrin Ormston**

### **Current Issues**

- Content present but poor lay out and hard to locate certain details.
- Outdated Information (including old photos)
- Harsh background design, necessary to have background in Sutton Runners colours?
- Different font sizes throughout, looks untidy.

### **Proposed Resolutions, Suggestions and Updates**

- Set a font standard for all items where possible, more easy on the eye.
- Main page to include most commonly used/accessed items e.g. upcoming Race Meetings and or results.
- Include events that require support from Club Members (e.g. Sutton 10K) in the upcoming Race Meetings. Register interest via website as opposed to making written lists.
- Weekly News updates to include Birthdays, Social Events etc.
- Twitter section – Allows all members to comment/input (similar to current Message Board)
- Suggestions/Feedback Section – Perhaps include this in a Forum along with Weekly News and Session Updates? (this would require members to logon to the website)
- A method of finding out which individuals have entered for any given race in the Events Diary?
- Countdown timer/reminder of next Race Meeting (main page)

### **Feedback and new ideas**

- Each individual runner to have a personal link to all previous runs/results/PB's (incl ParkRuns). To include a Search Facility.
- Links for club members engaged in a run for a chosen charity i.e. include link to charity site for sponsorship e.g. Just Giving.
- New to Running – Training tips for beginners (e.g. 10% rule, stretching exercises)
- Links to maps of current (Winter/Summer) training routes (Wandle, Beddington etc)
- Option to allow individuals to import events into Outlook ( e.g. Race Diary)
- Option to allow individuals to upload photos (or continue to use FaceBook?)

### **Pages to Include:**

- Events Diary
- Social Diary
- Results updated weekly
- News updated weekly incl. Birthdays, Twitter section (comments)
- Forum – Links to Recommended Runs, Social Events, Items for Sale? etc
- Training and Coaching Programmes
- Newsletters (attached or a link)
- Photos (attached or a link)
- Club Rules (Handicap, Grand Prix)
- Committee page – To include contact details, roles and responsibilities, Minutes of last meetings (download links?)
- Club Kit page, prices, photos, and details of how to purchase.

All feedback is welcome.

### **Darrin Ormston**

Photo: Darrin & Earl



## SUTTON RUNNERS SUMMER COACHING PROGRAMME

Please find details below of a series of coaching events that Sutton Runners have organised in addition to the Tuesday and Thursday club nights. As always, these are open to absolutely all members across all the groups. If you have any questions please do not hesitate to contact me. The club is paying for the two 'Core Active' sessions – and if they prove popular we can look into hosting some more.

### **Wednesday 18<sup>th</sup> August**

Title: Training Planning and Advice Evening

Time: 8.30-10.00pm

Location: Cock and Bull Pub, Sutton

Details: An opportunity for people to come and discuss their running goals and receive training advice from myself. Obviously I will only be able to talk to a few people at a time but as many people are welcome as possible – the last one turned into a mini social! Alternatively anyone wanting any advice about training is free to contact me via e-mail at anytime.

### **Wednesday 25<sup>th</sup> August**

Title: 'Core Active': Running Technique and Core Conditioning Session

Time: 7.00-8.00pm

Location: Nonsuch Park (by the start and finish of the relays and last year's handicap route)

Details: This session will be run by Steve Freestone 'Core Active'. Steve specialises in specific training for runners, cyclists and triathletes but also works across other sports and is very experienced in delivering running technique and core strengthening work to people of all standards. He works on a weekly basis with both Elmbridge Road Runners and Wimbledon Windmillers in addition to hosting open group training sessions, and individual specialist training. He currently works with several members of Sutton Runners on an individual basis who have all benefitted from his coaching. This kind of training will ultimately make you quicker and stronger but will also significantly aid in injury prevention.

### **Wednesday 1<sup>st</sup> September**

Title: 'Core Active': Running Technique and Core Conditioning Session

Time: 7.00-8.00pm

Location: Nonsuch Park (by the start and finish of the relays and last year's handicap route)

Details: As above