

# Reports & Results 2015 January to July

## Torbay Half Marathon - 28th June

*Report by  
Julie  
Spriggs*

We arrived in Paington at just before 8am, parked up and walked to the pub where I had to pick my number up as I was the



only one out of 8 who had not received theirs through the post...bloody posties!!!

With that sorted and several loo breaks later the boys headed for the front of the start, and the Torbay Trio stayed near the back. At 9am we were off in light drizzle.

This was a 2 lap course starting in Paington heading to Torquay and repeat!

We started with a lap of the green then out on the road towards Torquay, this was not a flat course! At mile 4 we saw Lee and Dave running down the hill towards us. We pushed on past the train station and Abbey down to the Big Wheel which was the turning point in Torquay, then back to Paington. This is where we were lapped by the front runners.

Cherie kept us entertained looking out for the American Royal Marines, which did help take your mind off the hills for a short time.

Because it was an out and back we saw all the boys at one time or another, and I even had a cheeky hug from Paul!

One lap down lets do it all again!!!! Up and down up and down. We kept ourselves entertained by photo bombing photographers, singing to Batman and singing to the band in Torquay, although Becky did ask me if I was in pain! The cheek!

At the turn around point we all shouted just a Parkrun to do, yes a bloody hilly one, the rain was really lashing down now with a strong head wind but we soldiered on.

It was a tough final three miles but we made it! We started together, ran together and finished together and crossed the finish line hand in hand.

We collected our goody bag, found the others and yes you guessed it.... headed for the bar!!!

Although this is a tough half it was made far more enjoyable with the company of Cherie and Becky and the support team of Pauline and Ethan.

Lee Rudd 1:25:15  
Dave Isacc 1:28:24  
Darren Owen Jones 1:32:30  
Paul Spriggs 1:41:05  
Julie Spriggs 2:28:39  
Cherie Rudd 2:29:40  
Rebecca Owen-Jones 2:29:40

## Gnosall 10k - 20th June

*Report by Kathy Ling*

This was the last race of four in the Four-midables series  
As we stood in the pouring rain waiting for the race to start we all wondering what are we doing here how ever we set off and it was down pour for the first mile water was cascading down the steps, something different I love this race as it has everything you need to stop you getting board I did have slight bleep in the mud and brambles but manage to untwine my self.

Styles were no problem this year by mile 4 the sun was in full swing and I was beginning to dry out Marshalls were great as usual and a lovely welcome from the members thanks, I much mention Janet Pugh who had a very good run and a good PB I also got a PB a great way to end the series.

Janet Pugh 1h.29  
Kathy Ling 1h.34

## Swansea Half Marathon - 14th June

*Race report by Phil Goodwin*

This was the second running of the



Swansea Half Marathon and the second time we had run it. Following the inaugural event last year, the field had more than doubled from 2000 up to 5000. The start had shifted from the large green outside the waterfront museum to the city centre, giving the whole race more of a big city marathon feel to it (yes, Swansea is the second largest city in Wales).

With bigger numbers come bigger issues, a lack of toilets at the start for one. Not really an issue for the males where the walk in urinals were provided but the girls you had to feel for as they took a sharp intake of breath before venturing inside!

This year pacers were provided. I decided to tag along with the 1:30 chap and see how things went. 9:15am the gun went and off

we went at a leisurely less than 1:30 pace to get me in to it as per the article I had read the previous night about pacing a half marathon. I have always had the fear of not starting quick enough and then struggling to find the pace at the end of the race to get in on target. So I kept the pacer just about in sight before gradually catching him up at around two miles to settle in to goal pace.

The race route doubles back on itself before heading out of the city centre and on to the closed road along the sea front towards the picturesque Mumbles. Things were going really well in the pace group, despite one chap almost taking him out as he took a glance down at his Garmin, we were on target as we got to the turn around, the famous Verdi's Ice Cream Parlour.

At this point, a potential disaster struck, the pacer clutched his left buttock and called out: "I'm slowing, I've got cramp!"

"It's OK," I announced, "We've got this". A cursory glance down at the watch showed that the pace had slipped by ten seconds, so it was time to bid farewell to our first half guide and press on. At this point I pretended to be Mo Farah as Galen Rupp stepped aside but then realised it was inappropriate to do the mo-bot before the end of the race and that it was a bit controversial at the moment anyway....

The early settling in pace paid off. The run back down towards the city centre along the prom was actually enjoyable and I was able to not only maintain the pace but speed up as well. In to the final mile, we climbed the only slight incline of the course up to the Kingsway, no need to dodge the kebab wrappers or questionable puddles at this time of day. Turning the corner, the finish line was in site, that moment of doubt that you can't possibly cover 100 metres in 1 minute flashed across my brain but

soon subsided as I crossed with a negative split!  
Kathryn appeared shortly afterwards, the traditional cries of "Never again!" soon converted in to, "I'm definitely going to train more for next year..."

A nice medal, a decent "technical" Hi-Viz T-Shirt and some popcorn amongst the flyers in the goody bag. And then, the most painful part of the event. The post race massage.....my f\*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\* , my hamstrings! Must stretch more often!

I bumped in to the pacer afterwards and thanked him for keeping us on the leash for the first part of the race, he asked how the rest of us got on...I didn't have the heart to tell him that they had been disqualified for taking banned substance for associating with him.

If you happen to be down that way at all next time it's on, I highly recommend the Swansea Half, we'll be back there again next year!

## Newport 10k - 13th June

*Report by Megan Owen-Jones*

Just before the five minute warning was announced, I was anxiously standing under an umbrella hoping for the rain stop & dry run. My hopes were answered as I was standing at the start line, the rain has stopped and it was looking to be a good race. As the race began I felt as though I could achieve my goal of under an hour, for me a huge achievement.

We turned the first corner I remembered, it was the longest road ever! I ploughed on, passing the float field and not expecting an army of spectators from the float I had be helping with to be waiting! I started the track towards the high street which felt amazing. I knew that many of my friends would be there waiting to cheer me on and, as my dad said, it felt like I was famous.

I then realised that I had at least another 4 miles to go and I was feeling a little bit tired. The face paint that I had done a few hours before had started to run down my nose and was getting in my face. The rain was starting to pour and I was getting soaked, I had thought that wearing a vest was a good idea but as I soon realised it definitely wasn't. I passed the water station and towards the potato fields in good time and then I saw the mud bath that was before me! The rain had turned the usual dry fields into a slip and slide. For runners like myself who don't own a pair of off road shoes we were sliding around like bambi on ice. Previously I was avoiding as many puddles as I could because my shoes were soaking up the water quicker than ever. Now it was inevitable the mud was being sprayed up my calves and sinking into my shoes.

After the fields had thrown out all the stops I didn't think it could get any worse but then I came to the narrowest path ever with the nettles towering over me. At the end

of this path was a large bank that was covered in mud but that didn't stop me as I ran straight down the bank hoping that I didn't fall flat on my face. The rain was coming down faster but I was on back on the road which was good. Then the thing that every person hopes never happens, my shoe lace came undone. By this time my shoe laces had absorbed all the water like a sponge and it was covered in mud but I had to tie it or I would fall so I learnt a new skill tying my lace with minimal touch required.

I hoped I was near the end as I was surrounded by a group of ladies all of Newport running club which gave me an energy boost and hoped I was close to finish. I saw the float field where I had spent the majority of my morning and thought that I was nearly there. The road wasn't as clear as before and cars were coming from all angles making me splash my way through puddles wishing I had wellies. I was nearing the finish stumbling around the field knowing I only had half a mile left.

Powering through the last couple of yards I was confused at the finish, no one was there to meet me! Dad on had ran an extra half of the race looking for me and was starting to panic. He came racing towards the car thinking I had injured myself when he found out I had already finished. I had set a record time of 56:56, my PB.

Paul Richards 37:27

Kelvin Bierton 37:56

Darren Owen-Jones 41:15

Warren Nuttall 42:36

Amy Wakeley 43:43

Caitlin Arrowsmith 48:53

Robin Hartley 53:55

Megan Owen-Jones 56:56

## Dysynni Trail Fest - 13th June

*Report by Sarah Green*

The famous five get lost in Wales

Setting off in the pouring rain we had all packed dry clothes resigned to the fact we were going to get wet even before the river crossing!

But the weather gods were kind and as we neared the mountains it dried up and stayed that way until we returned to a rather soggy Telford.

A few technical hiccups and an emergency croissant stop meant we took a bit longer than planned to get there but still arrived in plenty of time.

Race hq was at a lovely campsite surrounded by trees. The 5k runners had already set off and we collected numbers and waited our turn. We bumped into Paul who was waiting to start the 10k and cheered him off before going ourselves about 15 minutes later. The cani cross runners set off behind us so for the first km all you could hear was baying hounds and handlers shouting





which made me feel a bit like a prison escapee! Through a pretty woodland trail then straight onto the coastal path, the skies were wide and views stunning. It was flat but like all off road runs you had to keep an eye on the path as lots of little dips and tussocks of grass made it easy to trip. The weather was ideal as there was no shelter or shade once you left the campsite and had it been sunny it would quickly have become uncomfortable.

I saw Paul coming back from the 10k going strong and then we crossed the 5k timer and across the bridge. The next section was tarmac roads with a few hills thrown in (well it was Wales!) Then back across fields to the river. Despite all the rain it wasn't deep but it was slippery but with a rope and marshall's to help. One guy told me it'd cool me down to which I replied I'd have preferred an ice cream, it did get my trail shoes nice and clean though! After scrambling out I could just see the 12k marker which was welcome as I was getting

tired. I could see Warren and Jo the other side of the river and gave Warren a wave to show i hadn't drowned! The last 2 k were a dizzying switch back of twists and turns through the woods before the finish. It was a shame more runners hadn't entered as only 71 did the 15k but I think it will get popular as it becomes more established. I'd recommend it as there was a distance for everyone and there was stuff for the kids in the start area. It was good course with a variety of terrain, nice t-shirt and medal and of course well earned fish and chips at the end. And it stayed dry!

10k

Paul Firmstone -42.51

15k

Sarah Green -1.15.38

Jo Smith – 1.18.22

Warren Smith -1.20.58

Mio Montic- 1.22.05

Lesley Ramsden -1.29.19

## The Mersey Tunnel 10k - 7th June



### *Report by Kathy Ling*

We arrived in plenty of time thanks to Jon Aston although the wind was quite cool we got our selves ready along with 3,500 other tunnel runners it took quit a few minutes to cross the chip mat a very steep down hill turned left and straight in to the tunnel it was a fantastic feeling with everybody shouting oggi oggi.

It was very warm in the tunnel and runners keep stopping in front of me with their mobiles taking video but all great fun. I was disappointed as I thought the tunnel was longer it was quite a climb coming out of the tunnel when Sarah asks me have you got the change for the toll road, I said no I started to panic then Sarah stated to laugh just kidding.

We came out in to lovely sunshine and keep going along the sea front until we reach New Brighton all along the sea front with fantastic weather lots of support from spectators.

over the finishing chip mat and a brilliant medal and a very good goodie bag while waiting to collect T S and goodie bag, a man from Liverpool asks me where I was from and told me he had followed my back side, he thought just the right speed for me and could he have my number as he would like to run with me again ha ha I think my time was 1h 26m but it took us a long time to get over the mat love it would do it again.

## Edinburgh Marathon - 31st May

### *Race report by Allison Haycox*

As we headed north on a beautiful sunny Saturday, the weather forecast of heavy rain and strong winds on Sunday seemed too distant. Rob Wilson had kindly booked a table for us all at Zizzi to carb load and generally calm any pre-race nerves (a more accurate description was that Rob was well-organised and booked a table in advance while the rest of us faffed about with our plans and descended on him at the last minute – Ashley impersonating Rob on the phone to add their party to the booking completed the group!). Discussions that evening mostly revolved around what to wear in view of the apocalyptic weather forecast – Rob, having decided a vest just wasn't enough, had been shopping and I discovered some interesting facts about male chafing from Alan....!

After a fairly restless night listening to the wind and rain, Manda and I wandered to the start to meet up with the others for a team photo – the blokes looking hard-core in their vests while the rest of us kept hold of our layers! Thankfully though – no rain! The start was a fairly laid back affair with plenty of room to move around rather than the cooped up pens I was expecting.



The course was amazing – views of the city, a backdrop of Holyrood Park, running along the seafront and through the grounds of Gosford House. There was always something to look at and the crowd support was great. On our first arrival in Musselburgh we

were cheered on by Jo who had already completed the half marathon earlier that morning (the Three Amigos were nowhere in sight having already headed off in search of a pub!). After lots of shouting and pointing by Manda, I finally spotted my family cheering us on at the 10 mile point. When we reached the part of the course which doubled back, we got a brilliant view of the eventual winner running past and then took up the distraction tactics of “spot the WRR”. Darren was the first to get cheered as he passed us, shortly followed by Ashley. A high 5 for my work colleague Alice who we passed shortly before the turnaround and by this time I decided I was having far too much fun!

By the time we had run through the grounds of Gosford House to head back towards Musselburgh, the forecast wind had arrived and we were running headlong into it! It was at this point Manda surged ahead and I continued to plod along at a steady pace, intent on finishing. It was getting tough and at 19 miles loads of people around me were walking but I could hear the words of Chairman Gill in my head – I was determined I was going to “run” this marathon, even if my definition of run expanded to a shuffling waddle at some points.

On arriving in Musselburgh it was depressing to see so many runners wandering home after finishing while I still had at least a mile to go.... “Keep plodding” were the wise words from Polly... so I did.... Just before 26 miles I had another cheer from Jo and this time I did manage to spot my family in the crowd. This was the emotional bit! With 0.2 miles to go I could feel myself grinning like an idiot – I was going to make it! Crossing that finish line was an amazing feeling – except that my legs, which had behaved incredibly well for 26.2 miles, immediately decided to seize up and scream at me. A week later and I’m still grinning like an idiot. Will I do another marathon? Bring it on!



Darren Poulton 3:25:05  
 Ashley Cartwright 3:45:46  
 Robert Wilson 4:09:28  
 Sam Jones 4:09:57  
 Amanda Lysons 4:17:44  
 Allison Haycox 4:23:01  
 Hazel Neilsen 4:50:58

## Telford Tinman Triathlon - 24th May

### *Report by Mio Kontic*



Ever since I watched my first ironman triathlon on tv many years ago I've wanted to do one. In those days I even wanted to do an ironman itself despite not being a good swimmer and not a runner either. But being involved in many other sports (running not being one of them!) meant I never really followed up the triathlon dream.

Until Sunday 24<sup>th</sup> May 2015 that was, and the Telford Tinman Triathlon, based at Wrekin college. Ok, so it wasn't an ironman, but neither am I! The Tinman, resurrected after a 13year absence, would be a 400m pool swim, a daunting task in itself for someone who can only do breaststroke, followed by a 20km bike ride, then finished off with a 5km run. I could not waste the opportunity of a triathlon right on my doorstep.

Following a few weeks of training and shelling out £600 for a road bike, the day finally arrived. Getting up at stupid o'clock (6am - anything before 10am is stupid o'clock for me these days!) to be there for about 7:15am, event start 8am although my start time was 8:11am. When I got up it was dry outside; by the time I left home an hour later it was drizzling – not something I was looking forward to. The next 45 minutes seemed to be rather a rush; a gel, registering, attaching numbers to back and front of shirt, number stickers onto bike and helmet, getting bike and everything else I needed to transition, trying to keep transition things dry, then having to go back to the car barefoot across a gravelly car park because I'd forgotten my goggles. Ouch, ouch, ouch!

Got to the pool just before 8am, collected my chip and attached it around my ankle, just in time to see the first swimmers, including Phil Goodwin, start. With swimmers going off in 1-minute intervals it wasn't long before I was called up. This was it, the moment had finally arrived. Barring any serious injury to either me or the bike I was always going to finish the race as I don't give in easily; not one of the quickest by any means, but I was there to enjoy the experience of my first triathlon and a realistic aim for a time of 1hr30mins. 30 seconds... 10 seconds... GO! I went under and pushed off, gliding as far as I could underwater before coming up to start the stroke. I'd been timed once in practice at just under 11 minutes, but that was at full pace, not

something I wanted to do with two more disciplines to come; my aim was for around 12 minutes. After about 4 lengths I saw something floating in my lane – it was someone's chip. "I've got mine on" I thought, "I'm sure I have". "I think I have!" I got to the end of the length and checked my ankle... no chip! Ok, I'm going to have to fish it out as I go past it. I swam the length and didn't see the chip. "I've lost my chip!" I shouted to the marshals as I reached the end, then turned around and started my next length. Didn't see it on that length either. Next length... there it was! I grabbed it and threw it onto the poolside when I reached the end before carrying on swimming; I'd deal with the chip when I got out. When the "2 lengths remaining" board was shown there was a huge sigh of relief – I was nearly home. This for me was the hard part nearly done. The next big task was to get out of the water, not easy out of the deep end when you are nearly 15 stone! But I'd got a plan – up onto my belly then roll over like a beached overweight seal. And so it was, fortunately no photos were taken! I hope! The chip was re-attached and I was away. My time for the swim, as I found out later, was 10:37, faster than my best practice and I was taking it easy too!

I ran out of the swimming pool area, barefoot and wearing nothing more than swimming shorts over the top of lycra shorts, expecting it to be cold outside as I made my way to the transition area. In actual fact it was quite warm and pleasant outside... except for the drizzle! I'd always planned to dry myself properly (particularly feet – I didn't want any blisters from wet feet rubbing in wet socks and wet shoes), put my WRR t-shirt on, got my bike off the rack... oh wait! I hadn't put my helmet on, something the marshal was about to tell me. Fortunately no disqualification. Another gel. After a long 5 minutes and 16 seconds I finally got away, just as Sam Jones was coming in to rack her bike before the start of her swim. Others had come out of the pool after me and left transition before me; well who wouldn't given the time I had taken!

The roads were very wet, but I stayed focused, trying best to use the gears as efficiently as possible as I headed away from Wrekin College, past Apley Arms and onto the A442 towards Crudgington. There was very little wind, but what there was seemed to be coming from my right and into me... good news for the second part of the ride which was tougher with a few hills as we turned left at Crudgington and headed back to Shawburch along the High Ercall road. I was pretty focused that I hadn't realised until part way through the ride that the rain had stopped. I pushed on and passed a few during the ride. As I came back past the Apley Arms I passed Sam Jones again at the start of her bike ride. The climb back past the BRJ school was a tough one – out of the seat for as long as the quadriceps allowed before they started screaming, then low gear and keep pushing. Back to transition in a time of 46:21 – 4 minutes quicker than a practice run I had done the afternoon of the Market Drayton 10k; well pleased as I was hoping for about 45 minutes.

If you've never experienced trying to run after a bike ride then you won't know how difficult that is. I nearly fell over walking let alone running! To save time I unhooked my helmet as I approached my racking point... only to see another marshal coming towards me and telling me to do it up again until the bike was racked – a few seconds lost there, and another disqualification sidestepped!

Bike racked, helmet and gloves off in a time of 1:07 for the 2<sup>nd</sup> transition. Just a parkrun to go now. Final gel. The run was around two 1km fields. The first was a nicely mown sports field (with a hill thrown in!) which we would have to do 3 times,

the other resembling some overgrown wasteland – grass and weeds up to the knees in places and very uneven. Thankfully this one only had to be done twice! Got passed by a few faster runners, but I passed a few myself too! Tight muscles in the left leg made it give way a few times, but I coped, I wasn't going to let anything stop me getting to the finish now. And as I got into the finish straight I put on a sprint as best I could, and for those who haven't seen me sprint... I can't! I couldn't when I was 15, I certainly can't now I'm 51! My time for the 5km run was 27:21, exactly one and a half minutes slower than my best 5km parkrun time, but this one was following a 400m swim and 20km bike ride, and through an overgrown field... twice!

Absolutely loved the event, and got a time of 1:30:43 – only 43 seconds slower than the time I was aiming for, and that's with the record-breaking slow T1 time! Not only will I be entering the Tinman next year (same weekend again it's already been announced) all being well, but I will definitely be doing more triathlons before then too. I'm 100% certain it will have made me stronger, so can't wait for my next parkrun where I'm hoping it will have helped me to another PB.

Phil Goodwin 1:07:29 (17<sup>th</sup>)

Warren Nuttall 1:12:03 (35<sup>th</sup>)

Sam Jones 1:24:45 (77<sup>th</sup>)

Mio Kontic 1:30:43 (93<sup>rd</sup>)

## Phoenix Flyer - 20th May

Ashley Cartwright 19:10

Darren Owen- Jones 19:54

Gavin Smith 20:29

Tony Nicholls 20:43

Ben Carter 20:50

Paul Spriggs 20:56

Carl Evans 21:42

Paul Firmstone 21:44

Richard Miles 22:56

Steve Williams 23:31

Nicola Henderson 23:43

Sam Jones 23:53

Pauline Eccles 24:09

Mark Evans 24:25

Robert Pearce 24:30

Ian Budd 25:00

Sally Johnson 25:31

Donna Howells 25:31

Sharon Clayton 25:35

Robin Hartley 25:42  
Warren Smith 26:03  
Eleanor Ballinger 26:28  
Ceri Crabbe 26:40  
Sally Withington 26:43  
Rebecca Owen-Jones 27:21  
Megan Owen-Jones 27:32  
Lorraine Dixon 28:11  
Jo Cartwright 28:21  
Kelly Spence 28:59  
Clarissa Gumming 29:10  
Emma Jones 29:10  
Diane Chadwick 29:12  
Tracey Robinson 29:15  
Julie Spriggs 31:17  
Carolynn Milward 32:33

## Chester Half Marathon - 17th May



### *Race report by Allison Haycox*

I've always loved Chester and running around it seemed like a great idea - until I noticed the 9am start! After a stupidly early alarm call, and an unusually quiet A41 (sensible people still wrapped in their duvets at that time on a Sunday morning) we arrived at the racecourse and prepared for starter's orders.

Heading off for the usual pre-race call of nature we spotted Jenny (where else but lurking outside the portaloos!). One thing you can definitely say in favour of Chester Half is that they provide plenty of loos. For such a large event (7000 runners) there was only a short queue – a very important consideration for us

ladies who don't like squatting behind bushes (cue flashback to Great North Run 2013...!).

The start was the usual scrummage to get into the appropriately timed area, with Capital FM playing music to dance along to while you waited to cross the start line. The route itself was slightly disappointing as we just headed straight out of the city along not very picturesque roads and then into the countryside. It was nice to nose at some of the houses along the route but otherwise there wasn't a lot to look at and parts of the route felt quite congested. The property owner who had gone to the trouble of putting signs along his hedge to deter male runners from doing what they



do caused some amusement! The enthusiasm of the marshals and supporters was great though and there were plenty of cheers and encouragement along the way. The young lad playing his drum kit with car stereo backing music was a highlight.

The last mile was a sneaky climb but when you hit the last stretch to finish at the Town Hall a huge crowd seemed to appear from nowhere and the noise was amazing. The finish was brilliantly organised and we were kept moving while we collected the medal (nice!) and T-shirt (also nice!). The goody bag wasn't quite so easy to spot as we were funnelled along but we tracked them down and Manda dived straight into hers to exclamations of "oooh, sweeties!" There were lots....

Dave Leonard 1:33:44  
 Amanda Lysons 1:53:54  
 Allison Haycox 1:54:17  
 Warren Smith 2:19:19  
 Jennifer Harrower 2:20:52

## Cader Idris Mountain Race - 16th May



### *Report By Darren Owen-Jones*

I decided to do my first fell race in 2015 and thought I would do an easy one to start with. Sat eating breakfast in the Brewery after a steady Paul Spriggs Sunday morning run it was mentioned that Cader Idris was a good race. Later that day I entered online without reading too much about it. With a £10 entrance fee I thought it was a cheap race. I decided to read about it in more detail at a later date and when I saw that the race required me to have waterproof and windproof top and trousers, whistle, compass and map I realised I could be out of my comfort zone!

The day arrives to travel to Dolgellau and I am not sure what I am more nervous about – the race or travelling with Paul Spriggs. We get to Dolgellau with no dramas ( only a couple of toilet stops )and the sun was shining so the weather was on our side. We

park up and go to register and pick up our numbers and race memento – a water bottle. I notice that most of the runners have calves bigger than my thighs and very short shorts!

Paul showed me the start of the race which is like running up to the Halfway House on the Wrekin. I knew then this was going to be a tough race. On the start line I was thinking what am I doing here and try not to be last. The race starts in the town and immediately Paul takes off – normally I would try and follow but I was never going to compete with him today. The first 1.5 miles are on road which is great for me. I was

feeling good but then the hill becomes steeper and steeper. I was getting overtaken by lots of people, however I had decided before the day that I was going to try and enjoy the race and take in the scenery. Much to my relief eventually the road flattens, but my relief is short lived. We enter a wooded area where the terrain is very rough and uneven, but the scenery of the mountains and lakes are absolutely stunning

I start to find my running rhythm but then come to a stile and drop into a field which I soon find is totally waterlogged – so now it feels like a mud run. I make it through the field without losing my new off-road shoes. It's over another stile onto rough tracks which lead to the bottom of the mountain (about 3 miles in). I look up and the motivational word of Steve Gill are going around in my head "hills are your friends" however he didn't say anything about mountains. I decide to run as much as I can, until I get slower and slower and have to give in and walk. Again the words of our chairman go through my head – this is a running not a walking club. At this point I think @#;! – sorry can't print what I was actually thinking. I walk and stumble up through the loose rocks and stones and the Marshall advises "Just get to the top whichever way you want to." Someone passes me and says that's the halfway point so I am thinking I can see the summit and its not that bad. Then he turns to me and says "sorry mate we are only halfway up the mountain". I now realise how difficult this day is going to be.

I manage to scramble up the zig zag path with a mixture of walking and running and now my calves and thighs are burning. What gets me through the pain is the thought I can see the top but again I am disappointed. So onwards and upwards, with every muscle screaming at me to stop. I do my best to ignore my protesting muscles and push on, the crowds (ok 6 people) encourage me on up through the rocks and I see the lead runners coming down towards me at a rapid pace. They were taking various routes so not only was I trying to avoid rocks but also trying to dodge the downhill runners.

I'm about two-thirds up the mountain when in the distance I can see the familiar tattooed figure of Paul running down the mountain like a gazelle being chased by a lion. I can now see the real summit which gives me an extra push. I turn around and see people behind me so I start to feel a little more confident. Little did I know the last part was going to be rock climbing but without ropes, and to add to the difficulty we had 40mph cross winds to contend with. I reached the summit ( 3000ft which I want checking)– the views were amazing but there was no time to hang around as there was not much room. I scrambled back down the rocks and stumbled my way not very gracefully to the bottom of the mountain.

I managed to catch up quite a few people through the woods and on the downhill road where Paul had come to cheer me on. I was very glad to cross the finish line and survive Cader Idris.

Unfortunately there is no medal for this race and whilst it is very good value for money as it was my first fell race I had to buy all the kit in case of bad weather and also my new off-roaders. I was fortunate not to have to use any of the bad weather kit however it was noticeably colder at the top. The scenery was amazing and all the people were very friendly and the marshals were great. I would definitely like to do the race again. If you enjoy off road running and want a challenge then give this race a go.

Thank you to Paul for the lift and to the WRR's who have previously done the race for their advice on the race and kit.

## Results

Paul Spriggs 2:10:42 (summit 1:16:12)

Darren Owen-Jones 2:35:08 (summit 1:28:18)

## Sheinton Steeplechase - 6th May



*Report by  
Kathy Ling*

A lovely sunshine evening at Sheinton with 60 entry's. Not a proper fell race but a cracking XC course with plenty of soft mud and several styles to negotiate.

I am sure my leg are getting shorter

I was allowed to go off earlier enjoying running through the woods full of wild garlic not forgetting the muddy hill, then once at the top the sun was right in your eyes, I nearly ran in to a sheep as I could not see it for the sun she decided to wait till I got near her before she moved.

Robin Sedman Smith came in first 20.27

I picked up a nice bottle of wine not sure if it was for the 65 or 70 age cat but I am not complaining.

loved it hope to do it next year

time 60m

## Sheriffhales Shuffle 7 mile - 3rd May

*Report by Kathy Ling*

Started off a bit wet then the sun came out, lot of confusion at the start what with a Wedding on and fun run, cars had to stop while this went on, we had to park in a field with a bit of a climb many car had to be pouched up in to the field and many had to park on the side of the road, I enjoyed the course although the conditions were slightly wet I have known it worse, well done to Warren Nuttall.

Who was the first Wrekin to come it was good to see the Wrekin members.

Warren Nuttall 51:09

Ross Jackson 54:58

Sam Jones 1:04:14

Rob Hurley 1:05:48

Kevin Hyde 1:08:59

Kathy Ling 1:51:06

## Barlaston Up & Down 5k - 30th April

*Report by Kathy Ling*

This is the 3rd and last of the Spring Treble Challenge 2015.

*It was a good turn out*, Cynthia and I were sent off 15minutes earlier the first 3/4 mile is down hill but that's it. the rest is all up hill and its a double loop, the last mile is steep up hill till the finish but I kept going.

A good challenge I actually come in with other runners I knew I was on the right track as the winner passed me twice.

We were all treated to very nice refreshments and at the presentation Cynthia and I were presented with very nice bottles of wine for true grit and determination while we were enjoying our refreshments we had a another lovely surprise a £15 voucher me for 70s and Cynthia for 65s what a night.

My time was 1h 18m I think loved all three challenges hope to do them again, resting till Sunday

## Virgin Money London Marathon - 26th April

*Report By Warren Smith*

A dark cold night a few months ago, I knew a little draw was happening ( not the world cup, or other major sporting event) but the club ballott.

I left it to the 11th hour to put my name in after someone said why don't you let fate take over. I remember cooking my tea and my phone beeping awat and all I see is well done. Is it true. Then I get the call it ws true.

Panic set in could I do this, I thought sod it I can do it just as much s the next person.

The next 5 month were tough cold morning runs in wind, snow, hail, rain ( many with my good friend Sam jones and new club member Ben Carter)

Following many sleepless nights the big day was here, in





fact I think I had about 2 hours sleep on the sat, up 5.30 for breakfast and to allow time for meltdown.

Headed to the start at 7.15 on the coach( which was a great deal would reccomend to anyone doing it coach there back 2 nights B&B in the Hilton and taken to nthe start) Arrive at the start and think O Poo this is big.

Witing around in the cold I see Cherie and then we meet up with Donna, Marie seemed to be in the longest none mooving toilet que, we hug Donna and head off to the pens Luckily me and Cherie were both in 9 so it was nice to have someone you know there. Being in 9 we were with the Rhinos, Batmand and Robin etc.

The gun goes and we start walking I thought I need the loo, but I wil try and run. Cherie was off, I almost froze and didnt want to step on the timming mat, when I did the emotion hit me nd for the first time I acknowledged I

was doing a MARATHON, prior to tht it was only known as a sight seeing tour as I could not get my head around what I was gonna do.

I started to plan slow, 10.15 first mile 10.20 second It was hard as people just would stop after a mile I was up the curb then in the middle of the pack then on the right hand side depite thinking at the start I am going to stay on the blue line, Mile 3 I pased the lady running in Heels and said good luck she looked in pain already.

Seeing the green wave join was like a scene from a zombie movies people charging towards you. The miles kept ticking off Cutty Sark came I didnt really notice It i was more O that looks a nice Nando's. Mile 6-10 came and went Cherie popped up and we had a quick chat round tht point to say how amazing thi was, then I heard chants of come on RHINO, I thought I am not being beaten by a Rhino and uped the pace.

I thought Tower bridge must be somewhere, then without warning your on it, then the emotion hit that was amazing tears started to flow and I thought just enjoy this rater than trying to pass people. Then a big highlight I knew the WRR were close I moved to the right side of the road and then I saw them it was ace and spurred me on again the tears started.

Mlle 15 and a tunnel just before runner had a t-shirt on saying " the end of time of near" I put a little spurt on as i could see the tunnel I thought I am getting ahead of you before the tunnel incase anything dodgy happned, which as I went through was playing Simply the best.

Mile 18 I run past my hotel the tempation to bail out was there, running in front were goong Oh no a big hill, I looked up laughed and said to one of the, this is not hill ( visit Telford if you want hills) and despite going slow i passed loads, through Canary Wharf and then to and rea where the supports looked like the sort of people you didnt want to make eye contact with in a bar.

I plodded on and all I kept noticing was Mcdonalds, KFC, Nando. Mile 20 and i knew I would soon see the WRR crew again, and in what seemed to go by in a flash they appeared my lan was to stop and thank them for there supprt but I noticed them a

little too late, I knew now I had just over a Park run to complete and i have done a few of them in the last couple of years.

Mile 23 and i had to walk a little bit I could see the lucozade tunnel which I had been dreading for some reason, but this was ace like being in nightclub. stopped for a toilet break and off again, seeing the sights all the way to Big ben was great, but I looked at my garmin which said 26.2 but not finish in sight with all the weaving and left to right to get drinks i had done the distance I carried on thinking Im sure Lizzie lives around here somewhere.

Then I hear the Telford Harriers support shouting and cheering it spurred me on to what I thought was a sprint but no the garmin confirmed I was doing a speedy 12 mile, I turned the corner 365 yards to go the tears started again I was going to complete this I see my mate cheering on the right at this point I didnt want this to end.

I crossed the line I had completed a marathon, and me and Paul had one thing in common we both retired from marathon racing on the same day.

I did not beat many, but i beat the RHINO.

Anyone thinking of entering DO IT, the experience is amazing. One I will never forget. It has made me want to get fitter and healthier to improve. and YES do another marathon without doubt.

## Virgin Money London Marathon - 26th April



*Report by Donna Howells*

So after training for Bournemouth and hating nearly every step I only went and got in the THE marathon for a fourth time, you've either got to love me or hate me just for that!

So, do I dress up silly and soak up the atmosphere or instead of following a static plan, do I run to my potential. A few chats with my running buddy Esther we decide to have a sportstest. Yes. Let someone tell us what we are capable of and what we should be doing. So off we trot believing we were evenly matched but actually No. Our V02 and heart rates showed very different stories and we were actually parted. I had to slow my pace down. Run 10.5/11 min miles. I needed to run 5 times a

week and also watch my diet.

I took it all to heart and at first couldn't understand it but realised one thing, I had

loads of energy. We entered the Wrexham Bakery Half and decided to run together. A first for us was we actually did a warm up and a cool down. What a difference that made. As the race started we felt at ease and was taking over other runners. We both supported each other throughout the race. We both achieved Pbs.

This took us to the second stage of our test. Previously I had been told I actually trained too hard and Esther didn't train hard enough. I was relieved to know that my fitness had improved considerably this time, however my sugary diet was a concern. Yet I was happy as it seemed we could once again train together on our long runs. Then unfortunately Esther had to pull out of the race.... I was gutted for her and sad to lose my buddy. I'm capable of running on my own but it's lovely to share moments with others. We'd entered Stafford 20 too, and I had to go it alone. What a miserable wet day that was... However as always other Wrekin Road Runners were there to run and support and although started off and paced almost spot on. Wow, that gave me the confidence again in the training I been putting in.

Next stage was Stafford Half. I originally wanted to PB here but wasn't concentrating on that after Wrexham so the pressure was off. It was a hard race but I enjoyed it and amazed myself by taking off another minute. This was all getting very exciting for me now. I continued with my training but I did start to feel a little fatigued from here with a few aches and pains.

I then entered the Sexarathon series and after another good race fell at home and badly bruised my knee. I thought that's it ! However I knew I was at my fittest and this had to be the year so after more physio and a lot of codeine I made into pen 6 on the Blue Start of the VMLM 2015 after a quick good luck to Cherie and Warren.

This year I found it really crowded and you had to have your wits about you. Being 5'2" you get a lot of elbows in the head, and for the fourth year running not (m)any pictures around the course!! So it was a battle the first half of the race to stick to my pace. I know the more I weaved in and out that would put more mileage so did my best to follow the blue line. At 6 miles looked for my family but it was so loud and so many feet I missed them but heard them as I was turning the corner to head into the mighty roar that was waiting for us at the Cutty Sark and everyone frantically waving at the TV cameras. All felt good and and I knew I was approaching the Tower Bridge. That gets me every time. It's like being sent to the coliseum and the noise is electric. I just want to cry. Happy tears but the emotions just make you feel like you are flying. Now apologies if I've got this the wrong way round but now I'm looking out for the Wrekin Road Runners... 13.5 they said... By a Mc Donald's they said, I can see the sign... OMG... I can see them!! I can't speak, I can't smile all I can do is scream. Again happy. I was approaching 14.5 miles and feeling unusually thirsty. I would normally of drank at mile 16 but decided I needed a drink at 15. I saw a friend on my husbands and exchanged a few words of encouragement but decided to go it alone wishing him well. Got to 16 and not only was my knee starting to hurt but my hip too. I tried to put it out of my mind but the pain was becoming deeper and then out of the

blue really bad calf pain. My feet were hurting too. That's it game over....I got to mile 20 and although a bit vague I was still around the same time frame I'd done Stafford 20 in. Amazing as with the pain I'd given up on pacing. So I stopped, stretched my calf and took a pain killer!! Come on girl, you've got to do this... I knew sub 4 was out because only one leg was actually working but I needed to break 4:10 that was the time originally I had predicated.

That was my Paln B. A silly thing I'd done was set my garmin to auto pause. So when I stopped so did my Garmin. Now I wasn't sure what time I was on. I could feel the pain killer work a little and decided to take another, grabbing a bottle of Lucazade sport from a volunteer. I was approaching 22 miles. I might see my supporters again. But this time I my head was down and luckily I heard Esther and looked in the right direction to see them waving at me and I hopefully smiled back at them. I was just as pleased to see them if not more. The last part of the race was a blur. The crowd was fabulous and to quote from the magazine, London without the crowd would be theartre without an audience. We are the entertainers. The tunnel came and went. I did some oggys and some oying. I remember the Eye and even thinking if I'd ever go on it again. But it was all about finishing. The last 600 m was like such a battle. All of the world wants you to cross that line. The race passed by but 600 m were in slow motion. I got there, eventually. Hugged someone that was sobbing. Got my medal and thought, you actually deserve that. I know I was spent. There was no more. Maybe with out the injury and calf pain I would of smashed Paln A but hey ho.....

Would I recommend it. Hell Yes. Would I do it again. Never say never ;-)

Marie Deakin 4:06:05  
Donna Howells 4:08:36  
Warren Smith 5:13:54  
Cherie Rudd 5:43:16

## Fordhouse Fast 5k - 24th April

*Report by Kathy Ling*

This race was held at Fordhouse cricket club Wolverhampton nearly every time I have done this race it always rains but it managed to stay dry.

It was a different route this time but very enjoyable pleased with my time considering what I did the night before.

It was Paul Williams 65th birthday and he won the 60 plus cat. and Janet pugh had a very good run winning the 65 cat

Janet Pugh 39m  
Kathy Ling 41m



## Milford Murder 5.5 miles - 23rd April

*Report by Kathy Ling*

This is the second Spring Treble Challenge of 2015

From start to finish it takes in the notorious Oat hill with some fast down hill sections. Not for the faint hearted (well that what its says on the tin) it was a lovely evening we ran twice up the very steep hil.

I was sent off 15 minutes earlier so once again saw the winners passing me. This was a challenge but like a true Wrekin member managed to complete the 5.5m and got back before the dark, not forgetting the fantastic sunset once at the top.

Good marshalling and great atmosphere so two down and one to go next Thursday.

Time 1:32

## Wrekin Streak - 22nd April



*Report By Sam Jones*

This is the first race of 7 in the Shropshire fell series. Straight up and down the Wrekin, which I've done before on my own but always had a rest after reaching the trig point. No rest this evening, I made it to the trig point in 19:47, which was a pb by 1 minute. Just goes to show how a race can make you push harder up the hills.

I'd do this again next year, great atmosphere and lots of support so for a first time fell race, I'd recommend it! £5 on the day and you get to see the beautiful sunset at the top and there's a junior race too.

Dave Davies 27:25  
Steve Williams 28:26  
Sam Jones 30:45

## Violets in Bloom 5k - 19th April



### *Report by Kelly Spence*

The Violets In Bloom 5k was exactly what it said on the tin, a fun, family event covering the friendly distance on 5k. Families with kids and dogs lined up alongside superheroes and other excellent fancy dress costumes, there were a few club runners, but

it is not a race for elite competition, the atmosphere at the start was great and everyone was out to have a good time.

The course itself was pretty flat, and consisted of two different loops through the pretty village of Alrewas, passing thatched cottages, narrow boats on the canal and people stood outside the pubs and the church to cheer us on. Its all on pavements so is a good course for anyone who wants to do a run with younger children. This race would be perfect for a first 5k or for someone looking to improve their 5k time, plus you get a quirky medal!

## Greater Manchester Marathon - 19th April



### *Report By Polly Eccles*

My first ever race report, to go with my first ever Marathon.

As the rocky theme tune rings in my head, I get up to look out of my hotel window, "bollocks we're in the wrong

City Hamish" I cry, as I look out across at the Liverpool Warehousing Company, but in the next moment my fears are relieved as I see 3 vans of Portaloo's heading for the start line, oh what a heavenly site!

Breakfast was a nervous affair, we were surrounded by other runners, all scrambling for last minute energy, a burst to get them through the day ahead.

We arrive at the starter's village and I immediately join a queue for one of the

portaloo's, my first of many visits during the next hour. I then go to find my fellow Wrekin Roadrunners.

Wags, Baps (Baps is a new term I have made up for boyfriends and Partners) and runners alike are all nervously waiting around, the time ticking ever slower. Unfortunately due to the constant loo trips by us first timers I'm afraid, we are never altogether for that much needed club photo at the start, but Sarah Green and I did get a lovely photo opportunity with Ashley Cartwright, he probably wasn't thinking those thoughts, 2 on their way to middle age women either side of him..!

The time comes for us to make our way to the start, we kiss our respective partners for luck and we're on our way, just one more loo trip for Sarah and I as we approach the start, and just time to wish Brogan and Darren good luck as they go past, this is unfortunately the last time I will see Brogan today. The gun goes and we're off, all those early mornings and long runs, this is the time to see if the training has paid off.

We make slow progress at first, the melee of people making it difficult to really get up any speed or rhythm, we pass Ceri Beran and her family jubilantly cheering us as we go past and I wonder if we'll manage to see anyone else in this sea of people and I hope we do!

Sarah and I stick with the 4 hour pacer, Sarah's strategy is to follow Steve Gills advice and keep with the pacer and my strategy is to follow Sarah and try to keep her pace, knowing that on the longer runs Sarah is the quicker runner, but I'll do my best for as long as I can.

As we get up to mile 2, we see the Wags and Baps, how they made themselves heard in that rabble I'll never know, Julie Spriggs can be really loud, but in a good way! And who knew Hamish (my husband) had such a pair of lungs on him as I turn in time for a smiley action shot, complete with my ever so special 2 handed wave. The feeling is electric and the crowd seem drunk on the moment, roaring words of enthusiasm and encouragement; I wonder if they can keep it up, being a supporter is as hard as being a competitor; hours of cheering, clapping and geeing people on are ahead of them and when it gets tough as a runner it's difficult to give anything back, even a cheery smile!

The miles are passing and Sarah and I keep ourselves enthused chatting away the minutes, we contemplate on whether we will see any of our fellow Wrekin road runners as we meet the elite running back towards us and immediately see Lee Rudd and Paul Spriggs, looking as fresh as 2 spring Daisy's; cheery waves are exchanged all round, before they disappear into the throng once more. We while away a few more minutes and then wonder if we will see Steve Hanley and immediately he appears running towards us as Adonis does to Aphrodite and Persephone (yes Sarah and I are Aphrodite and Persephone, goddess like, blooming with sweat!). Another few more miles and Sarah spots Ashley and not far after I see Darren Owen Jones, both looking good and strong as we wave to each other and shout up words or encouragement.

We are now nearly at the half way point and I begin to think once more if we will see any of our supporters, whether they have indeed managed to get there, or whether we will just miss them in the sea of people.

The crowds keep cheering and clapping and I manage a cheeky moment with a supporter, asking him if his hands are sore yet...? I don't know if in the moment he understood my irony, but a bit of banter was keeping me going.

The half way point comes and goes and the crowds get more raucous in an effort to

keep us going, the streets are now also lined with children all putting out their hands for high fives, some are offering up sweeties and some supporters have even gone to the trouble of cutting up oranges for us, it's a reminder of just how good people really can be and my mood lifts as I take that thought in (not that it was down at this point, but it made me feel good).

We're now at mile 16 and Sarah turns to me to ask how I am, I lie and say I'm fine, but really I can feel the burn already in my hamstrings and wonder if I will make it. Sarah and I had made a pact a few weeks before, we were going to start together, but at no point was one of us going to hold the other one up and with that I could see Sarah's steely glint in her eye as she worked out what she needed to do to finish in under 4 hours, 20 miles to take 3 hours and then if she had to do 10 minute miles for the last 6 she was going to get over that line. I am still not sure if I all of a sudden slowed down or whether Sarah managed to get a spurt on, but by mile 17 I could no longer see her in front of me.

The 4 hour pacer, who I had been in front of since before the half way mark swallowed me up, I stuck pace with him for about 2 miles pushing my legs as much as I dare, before I admitted that I needed to slow down and conserve some energy, the miles pass, the crowds are still cheering and the kids are still high fiving, I again wonder if some of these people have been out since 9am, dedication or what!

I can feel that by now I must be cutting a gloomy looking figure, I feel I no longer have any spring in my step and I'm finding it difficult to be cheery towards the spectators. And then from behind me I hear Hamish "Come-on Polly" I'd given up hope of seeing him till the finish so it was a huge boost, especially as I now realised I would be the last Wrekin roadrunner home. I turn back and give a cheesy grin, before pushing on for the last 8 miles.

I while away some of the time, by nosing at some of the posh houses we are passing by, wondering what the residents really think of their streets being overtaken for at least a day, the disruption to their daily lives and not to mention the inevitable rubbish caused, although quickly cleared up by the brilliant marshalls, race organisers and volunteers!

We appear to be out in the country again now, on the last few miles before the race takes us back into Manchester, the crowds have thinned, but this is in itself nice and a change as I can listen to the sounds of the countryside, I look around me and on my right is a field full of stunning stallions (no not Steve, Lee, Ashley, Darren or Paul), the mind must be playing funny tricks on me now as it seems they are running along in the field as if to help us on our journey, it's a beautiful sight and again lifts my mood, which has by now dropped at the prospect of another hours running. I try to break it down in my head, well on our ten miler on Thursdays that's only from there to there... well that's easily achievable, only 2 more parkruns... anything to help it seem a shorter distance!

I start to think about the lads, I've been running for over 3 hours now so some of the lads will have most likely finished by now, this spurs me on if they can finish so can I!

I reach the 22 mile point, from here on in the miles are all uncharted territory, I'm pleased with myself for having got this far and am determined to keep going, thoughts enter my head for having a little walk, but I know I will struggle to get going again, so I keep pressing on. I pass people who are walking at this point, normally I would try and offer words of encouragement, but I need that extra energy for me at this point. My thoughts turn to Sarah and how she is doing, I wonder if she is still going strong, or if she has pushed on to quick, either way I wish her well.



The 23 mile marker comes and goes, yeah only parkrun left and at this pace will take me about 30 more minutes. I start to feel excited at the prospect that I **AM** going to do this, a really big achievement for the girl that hated PE at school!

Mile 23-25 pass in a blur, the pain is becoming unbearable, but the more it aches the more I am determined to get this done. The crowds are thickening again and yet again start to offer words of encouragement to the weary runners, all of who just want this over now!

I check my Garmin 25.5 miles done, I'm sure I can smell the finish line and even with my dodgy eyesight see the Manchester united stadium, I would love to try a sprint finish, but think better of it and stick with my steady pace, which is now back up to about 9.30mpm.

I reach the last corner and again hear Hamish cheering me on, he has managed to clamber on something... or someone, I am not sure which, he sounds really happy, maybe he can't believe I have actually done it. I manage one last cheesy grin and cheery wave, before taking on the last 0.2 of a mile...

I have never been so happy to go round the bend in my life, there's the finish line and oh it looks so beautiful and oh my gosh what's that, the sun coming out just in time for me to literally cross the finish line.

I stop running, but keep walking, knowing that I have to keep going to prevent my legs stiffening, a guy in front of me is wobbling all over the place, clearly his legs have gone to jelly too, he is quickly propped up by 2 paramedics.

I make my way to the ladies with the medals and it feels so good as they put my medal over my head, I collect my goody bag beaming from ear to ear and make my way off into the throng of people to find Hamish and Sarah.

Paul Richards 2:49:19  
Lee Rudd 3:12:09  
Paul Spriggs 3:16:52  
Steve Hanley 3:27:57  
Darren Owen Jones 3:41:45  
Brogan Anslow 3:48:02  
Ashley Cartwright 3:49:18  
Sarah Green 3:59:30  
Pauline Eccles 4:07:19

## Ironbridge Half Marathon - 19th April

*Race report by Allison Haycox*

I'll be honest and say this race was not one I had on my "to do" list and after canvassing opinion, it definitely appeared to be a love it or hate it affair. My training plan, however, insisted that this was the weekend to be running a half marathon so decision made....

At the start it was lovely to see so many WRRs present (runners and supporters), and after Debbie's valiant attempt at herding cats, a group photo was finally taken.

I understand the route has changed from previous years and the start involved an



uphill(!)  
run from  
the Arena  
towards  
the Rugby  
Club and  
a loop of  
the Town  
Park  
before  
heading  
down the  
Silkin Way  
towards

Ironbridge. The first of the WRR supporting posse were on hand by the parkrun finish to cheer us all on (sadly it was just the start rather than the finish of this particular race).

I had been warned that people tend to go off too quickly at the start due to the downhill stretch and I did my best to keep myself in check to save energy for the second half of the race – not easy as I could see my fellow WRRs disappearing into the distance. Thankfully the lovely Julie has done this race before and we kept pace together as we headed down the Silkin Way into Coalbrookdale. A big cheer from Lesley who was bouncing up and down on a bench spurred me on, but in the back of my mind I just kept thinking “what goes down, must come up” which put a bit of a dampener on my mood....

We ran past the Woodbridge pub, then back along the river and towards the Ironbridge car park where the dynamic duo of Kathy and Jan were cheering us all on. The highlight of the race was definitely running over the iconic Ironbridge itself with the WRR supporting crew in full swing – I loved this bit!

Running through the town I had Lord Hurley in my sights – I’d been watching his rear (so to speak!) since the start and this was my moment. Just as I passed him, we turned a corner to be faced with the biggest hill...ever...! It was horrible – people were walking, swearing, cursing and generally not having a good time of it - but I ploughed onwards and upwards. With legs like jelly it was soon over and the route, although mostly uphill, undulated nicely along footpaths I’d not been along before, before re-joining the Silkin Way back to the Arena.

On the last corner was yet another posse of WRR supporters and I defy anyone not to put on a final spurt when being yelled at by Jennifer Harrower!!! The finish was a really nasty uphill drag towards the Arena and then it was over. A medal, T-shirt, buff thing, flapjack, Haribo sweeties and sports massage voucher gratefully received in the goody bag. With a PB I can safely say I am a lover of this particular Marmite race.

Ross Jackson 1:37:15  
Ekijs Alksnis 1:37:58  
Gavin Smith 1:42:27  
Deb Millington 1:43:06 (2<sup>nd</sup> in age cat.)  
Bob Follows 1:44:30  
Dave Davies 1:45:46  
Jimmy Hayes 1:48:56  
Wendy Scott 1:50:34  
Philip Howarth 1:52:33  
Kelly Jones 1:53:54  
Kim Bennett 1:54:37 (3<sup>rd</sup> in age cat.)  
Paul Hadley 1:54:37  
Allison Haycox 1:54:37  
Jo Smith 1:55:07  
Tracy Looker 1:55:09  
Emma Lyle 1:55:10  
Julie Hartland 1:56:00  
Rob Hurley 1:57:32  
Sally Johnson 2:00:41  
Sally Withington 2:06:22  
Deborah Morris 2:08:59  
Gordon Hermiston 2:09:25  
Matthew Williams 2:12:49  
Denise Follows 2:17:02  
Bernie Cruise 2:19:30

## Hanchurch Hilly 5 - 16th April

### *Report by Kathy Ling*

This is the 1st of three Spring challenge, it was a lovely evening great marshals Cynthia and I was sent off 15 minutes earlier, every where was hills narrow paths so when the runners caught me up I had to step aside but I don't mind as I could see the winners.

It was a bit boggy in places and a ever lasting gully to run up I really enjoyed the challenge and came in before it got dark.

Time 1h 21m

Love it would love to do it again.

## Connemara Marathon - 12th April



*Report by  
Mick  
Fereday*

Sometime  
back in



September after not getting in the Virgin London marathon, again, I decided to look for a overseas marathon. I wasn't brave enough to go proper overseas so I thought Ireland was a good second best. Connemara is out on the west coast of Ireland very different to my previous big city marathons.

The race is 3 in 1

Ultra 39miles starting at 9.00

Marathon 26.2 starting at 10.30 and

Half-marathon starting at 12.00

Meandering through peat bogs, hills, lakes and the twelve pins mountains, Like something out of a John Wayne film.

I entered the full marathon which started by the side of lough inagh.  
All run on Tarmac roads that were still open to traffic,  
Not much in the way of support but the atmosphere and camaraderie between the runners was second to none. If you want something a bit different the don't hesitate to do the Connemarathon

Would I do it again,  
Yes but probably the 39 mile ultra

Mick 3:58:08

## Lilleshall 5 Miles - 8th April



First of  
the

Sexarathon series held at Lilleshall.

Paul Ward 26:16 First  
Kelvin Bierteron 29:55  
Ashley Cartwright 33:09  
Paul Spriggs 33:21  
Darren Owen-Jones 33:54  
Ben Carter 34:36  
Carl Evans 35:43  
Antony Nicholls 37:29  
John Taylor 37:38  
Paul Firmstone 38:00  
Mark Evans 39:10  
Richard Miles 39:21  
Steve Williams 39:44  
Poly Lewis-Eccles 40:40  
Donna Howells 40:55



Sally Johnson 42:51  
 Sam Jones 43:06  
 Warren Smith 43:06  
 Sharon Clayton 43:41  
 Ian Budd 43:49  
 Sally Withington 44:10  
 Eleanor Ballinger 44:35  
 Nicola Henderson 45:31  
 Ceri Crabbe 45:44  
 Rebecca Owen-Jones 46:09  
 Emma Jones 48:10  
 Diane Chadwick 49:15  
 Clarissa Gunning 49:27  
 Kelly Spence 49:48  
 Lorraine Dixon 50:04  
 Tracey Robinson 50:10  
 Megan Owen-Jones 50:12

## Chasewater Easter Dash 5k - 5th April



### *Report by Sam Jones*

I entered the race on the day which was lucky as I didn't feel like doing the 10k race. Both races start at the same time and the 5k one loop of the chasewater pool. The 10k is two loops. I caught up with the other club runners who were all doing the 10k.

Most of the course was flat and on trail paths, puddles in places where I went straight through, runners around me tried to avoid them. Light trail shoes were ideal. At 3k there were some small hills, not too difficult so a fast course overall. It was lovely running past the steam train which was about to leave the station at 1k in.

Great crowd of people at the finish, lots of Telford supporters from different

clubs cheered me on when I finished. I was surprised to see only a handful of runners at the end of the 5k and one other lady.

I wandered over to the results table after cheering on the rest of the runners who had past and then before they finished. When I saw the results, I firstly looked at the time which was good and then my position which was even better. Overall I was very pleased, not only was the event chip timed, nice race mementos of an Easter bunny medal, crème egg, Jaffa cakes and fig rolls but I'd won a bottle of wine. Happy days.

Time 25:30 3<sup>rd</sup> Lady

## Air Products 10k - 5th April

*Report by Kathy Ling*

This races was held in Crewe, There were 348 entrees, it's a two lap race around a business park.

Well marshalled and after the fog the weather was kind to us always like this run and would do it again.

Time 1h.22m

## Chocoholics 5k - 3rd April

*Report by Kathy Ling*

We arrived in plenty of time owing to the lack of traffic considering it was good Friday this race is out and back once you done the long hill ,marshals were very good adding to the good atmosphere.

Pleased with my time faster than last year, all money raised goes to help pay the cost for the young ones who have been chosen to run in the mini marathon at the London marathon.

Always love this race ,hoping to do it next year

Time 40.31

## Stafford Half Marathon - 22nd March

*Report by Julie Hartland*

The day started perfect, a bright morning, a bit chilly on the hands, with a bit of cloud cover, perfect running conditions. I was going to follow Paul and Julie as they were picking up Lee and Cherie and they only live around the corner, but it would have been like Miss Daisy trying to follow Lewis Hamilton. So they said I could jump in with them, which was very much appreciated as I would have lost Paul at Trench Lock Island.

We had all arranged to meet at McDonalds at 9.30am for a Team Photo, and managed to fill two beanie cards. Unfortunately, not everyone made it for the photo as the queue for the ladies toilet was so big. When we left McDonalds we had a lovely surprise as our Chairman Steve Gill had cycled to the start to cheer us all on, great to see you there Steve.

I was so nervous, can't remember feeling that nervous before a race.

We all headed to the start line, where roughly 2500 runners took part, luckily the race was chipped as it took a good few minutes to cross the start line.



Then we were off.

Mick Fereday had very kindly offered to pace a group under 2 hours. Mick, Vicky, Sam and myself started off really well at 8.30 minute miles for

the first 6/7 miles. Sam was looking very strong and carried on strong achieving a PB (well done Sam).

Mick stopped to grab a hand full of jelly babies from a spectator who was holding a beautiful baby and he picked up the beautiful baby girl and gave her a kiss (just like being with royalty). We had a great time, lots of laughs and met some lovely people. We did pick up the pace a little towards the end when we thought we might be in danger of having the clothing off our backs removed (a bit of a rough street).

The support all the way round was amazing and especially when we turned the corner at around 3 miles to see great big smiles and cheers from super team chardonnay - Julie, Steve, Esther and John cheering us on, it was brilliant, such a pick up to see friendly faces, made us all smile.

The course was amazing, with a slight change to last year. This race was not as flat as I thought it was going to be with a few little inclines to contend with. We started the race in Stafford Street and headed out on a very scenic route, along roads, through estates and along the canal.

As we approached the 10 mile marker, so surprised to see a very familiar smile – our very lovely Allison and her hubby Dave, had to stop for a quick cuddle before carrying on.

Mick's pacing was brilliant, Thank you Mick,

This was Vicky's very first half marathon and she'd been nursing a knee injury for a couple of weeks but she was still determined to give it a go and give it a go she most certainly did. At the 6.5 mile point she was in a great deal of pain, but she wasn't going to give in. We caught up with Matthew and ran with him for a

couple of miles, well done Matthew, you ran a great race.

With about 1 mile to go we heard a cheeky laugh as we ran along the canal – It was Debbie Pierce flying past us like she'd just started the race. Great time Deb, well done on your sub 2 hours.

Vicky continued had continued running through the pain and finished under 2 hours, absolutely fantastic, well done Vicky on your first half marathon, with a knee injury and finishing 1hour 58 mins – absolutely Brilliant.

The marshalls and people policing the traffic did an excellent job. There were also plenty of water stations although they did fumble a bit trying to pass you a bottle.

This was my first time doing Stafford half marathon, but I have to say it was my favourite race to date, I absolutely loved every minute and really looking forward to doing it again next year.

We didn't have goody bags, but we did have a banana, water, a fantastic medal and great technical T shirt.

Lots of people achieved PB's, congratulations everybody.

A perfect end to a perfect day, ended up as a mini social at the Phez in Newport with Sausage and chip butties and a few pints.

Matthew Costello 1:20:04

Lee Rudd 1:30:15

Paul Spriggs 1:30:15

Ross Jackson 1:34:56

Darren Owen Jones 1:34:57

Carl Evans 1:39:48

David Davies 1:42:58

Brogan Anslow 1:43:37

Alan Palin 1:43:37

Mark Evans 1:46:23

Stephen Williams 1:48:52

Kelly Jones 1:49:20

Donna Howells 1:51:06

Sam Jones 1:53:54

Warren Smith 1:56:13

Debbie Pierce 1:57:37  
Matthew Williams 1:58:39  
Mick Fereday 1:58:12  
Victoria James 1:58:14  
Julie Hartland 1:58:16  
Sally Withington 2:02:04  
Cherie Rudd 2:06:14  
Rob Hurley 2:07:00  
Rebecca Owen Jones 2:11:12  
Denise Fellows 2:12:38  
Bob Fellows 2:12:38  
Julie Tatton 2:15:06  
Ceri Baran 2:17:46  
Seretta Phillips 2:25:20

## 7 Pools 10k - 22nd March



*Report by Kathy Ling*

Like the weather, it was a good turn out of 374 runners, its a lovely course through woods, mud, hills and across fields with rabbit holes.

Coming up to 3miles I got entangled with a bleep bleep large dog who was on a long lead, it came from nowhere and in to the bushes the dam dog and me, his owner called him but not interested,

time was slipping by as I tried to untangle myself from the dog. However I managed to get myself going again I did a lot of muttering while I got back in to my rythm.

Other than that I really enjoyed the race well marshalled and very friendly a nice T Shirt

Would do it again

Time 1:36

## Attingham Night Run - 14th March





Report by Sally Withington

Way back last year I saw a Facebook post about a Night Run at Attingham Park in March. I like running in the dark and it's close to home, so I thought I'd give it a go. If you had a team then it was cheaper and there was an early bird deal so I figured I was getting a bargain. Later it dawned on me that £14 for a 5k run was hardly a bargain, but by this time I had recruited and paid for a team to enter.

Injury and double booking races meant a couple of changes to our team of five, Wrekin Havoc with a Bloke, but in the end Janine Felton, Sarah Green, Kim Richardson, myself and our bloke, Nathan Green, all met at Attingham on a Saturday night to run 5k. We were all pleasantly surprised by the atmosphere and turn out. Sarah wasn't even embarrassed that I made her wear her WRR shirt as there were other running clubs there too, and we had our own cheer squad thanks to Janine's regular supporters. We were even issued with glow sticks, a race number and fluorescent face paint.

There was a 2k run that went off first and then we were off in the 5k run. We started at the back of the 255 runner pack and I thought we would all have a gentle jog around together but Nathan was keen to lead the field. I tried to keep up with him but that was never going to happen. Janine urged Kim and Sarah to run on ahead but she finished strong and not too far behind. We ran through woods, past lakes and across a field. The route was well marshalled and some sections were lit with fairy lights. It was quite enchanting.

To everyone's delight we received quality glow in the dark medals, with Sarah exclaiming that she would have been happy taking home the race number as a souvenir. There was a goody bag with a water bottle and we also found out that WRR members get 10% off at Cotswold Outdoors. The night just kept getting better! So it wasn't cheap, but we all loved it and would do it again. It is a lovely event for families too, with adults and children doing the 2k and 5k options.

Nathan Green 27:25  
Sally Withington 29:18  
Kim Richardson 34:05

Sarah Green 34:07  
Janine Felton 34:14

### *Report By Janine Felton*

As a team of 5 we entered the “Adventurer Run” – Approx 6 K

The race started in the front of the regency mansion as darkness descended we were given the countdown to start, it was a bit congested at the start and took at least the first kilometre to thin out, which gave me enough time to get used to running with a head torch.

We passed the paddock towards a wooded area called the “mile walk” passing along the river Tern. Then on to the only off road part of the course called “the shoulder of mutton playfield”, parts of the route were lit with fairy lights and marshals were at points where the route changed, so there was no chance of getting lost in the dark.

The race consisted of 2 laps, it was a good mix of path and a little off road.

The event was timed and we were presented with a medal and a goodie bag which included a National Trust water bottle and rubber bracelet.

It will be a race that I look forward to trying again next year

## New Balance Stafford 20 - 8th March



### *Report By Paul Spriggs*

I decided to enter Stafford 20 as part of my Marathon training along with a few other Wrekin Road Runners.

The course is three laps with a 8 mile loop and then two 6 mile laps, we started from the car park in the Stafford university after a

quick loop around the university it was off on to the roads you hit the first hill you run this three times, the weather was cool with a bit of rain as we were running round people were saying the rain was very refreshing, that was soon to change. The first 8 mile loop was a little hilly as we passed part the start ready for the second lap it was nice to see Team Chardonnay cheering us on thanks to Julie, Lee, Cherie, Becky and Darren for keeping us going.

The further in we got the worse the rain was coming down, the two 6 mile laps seem to go really quickly having the support on each lap really helped us to push on.

If you are planning a spring Marathon this race is perfect timing for a catered training run its a well run race with an interesting route.

I would definitely recommend this race.

Paul Spriggs 2:26:21  
Brogan Anslow 2:55:53  
Kelly Jones 3:00:56  
Marie Deakin 3:02:09  
Donna Howels 3:03:00

## Mad March Hare - 1st March



*Report by  
Kathy  
Ling*

The Mad March Hare is a lovely cross country run. The only problem was the very bitter wind, but once you had crossed a few fields

and settled down it was great fun across many fields, as I approach the last mile I was still looking for my back up there was no sign of Trish. When I crossed the line I looked around to see where Trish was and I suddenly realised I was not the last one. I had a good run and I know I was faster than last year I would do it again it was lovely to see Janine and she was looking good with her running

Kathy 1:35 PB by 3 mins  
Janine 1:09

## Knype Pool 5 Miler - 22nd February

*Report By Kathy Ling*





When we arrived at Knype Pool at Biddulph in

Staffordshire, It was 1.5 below and the lake had a thin ice cover over it. Just as the races start it started to snow, when I reach 1.5 miles I was met by the winner. The route was mainly very muddy but great fun big steps to attack once we got to the top the snow was getting quite strong and thick, the marshal at the top was shouting I am here Kathy waving a flag you could not see him because of the snow blizzard great fun.

Once we were down more steps these steps are not designed for little legs like mine, however just approaching the last mile when over I went rolling down the bank I managed to stop round a tree and lost one of my trainers.

Julie said where are you Kathy, and she found my trainer and trying desperately to get my trainer back on by this time I had a completely mud make over got up back to a steady pace then I fall over in to the Loral hedge disappearing once again got up again and continued to the finish I had a great welcome at the finish.

The ambulance people took me in to the ambulance checked me out they said I have your certificate for you. I was wondering what was going on she then said I quite happy to sign it to say you are raving mad doing this race.

Loved it and would love to do it again.

It was lovely to see members from Lawley thanks to Matthew Ketteringham for encouraging me Matthew came in 11th his time 33.08.

My time was 1:25 1st over 60.

## Not the Roman MMXV - 18th January

*Report by  
Kathy Ling*

This race is just outside Stratford and the usual thing sun in our eyes. its a 12k race, but well



marshalled and great atmosphere, a good everlasting hill. The usual white TShirt

Time 1h.48.

Only problem was John and I had to stay in the pub longer owing to the snow storm shame