

Black Combe Runners  
newsie  
November 2020



# Just a quick note from me...

Well, what a bonkers year we've had. Where would I have been without Black Combe Runners? I think there are a lot of us who would echo this. Yes it been a tough year. But BCR have made the absolute best of a super pants situation. Thanks to everyone who's made us smile during the covid-cup, over Facebook and at the social runs! Hopefully this edition of the newsie will capture the fun that's been had amongst the crazy times.

Jess 😊

Here are a handful of my favourite moments...



## Roll up, roll up — Matt's kit sales

Vests £15  
Male: S, M, L, XL  
Female: 8, 10, 12, 14

Junior Vests £9  
5-6, 7-8, 9-10

Short Sleeve Club Colours Tech T-Shirts £16.50  
Male: S, L, XL  
Female: 10, 12

Multi Functional Headwear £7 (due in a few weeks)  
Car Stickers £1 (limited quantity remaining)

Get in touch with Matt on [mattrooke87@gmail.com](mailto:mattrooke87@gmail.com)



# Hello Club Members,

Welcome to the latest edition of The Newsie!

As I embarked on my tenure as Club Captain, I certainly did not envisage what 2020 had in store.

I think it goes without saying that this year has been a challenge for us all. Yet, despite the restrictions put upon our lives, Black Combe Runners has pushed forward showing great determination, innovation and spirit!

The Covid Cup was a wonderful example of how to get creative in lockdown, while also keeping fit and healthy. My sincere thanks to all who contributed and put a big smile on my face each and every week! Similarly, it has been wonderful to see so many new members and friends join us at the Social Runs on a Tuesday night, even with the many changes and formalities to ensure everyone's safety.

I have severely missed competitive racing, but it has given many individuals the time and opportunity to go bigger and bolder. My personal favourite has to be watching Kim Collison summiting 78 peaks in 24 hours, what an outstanding achievement! Club members have continued in a similar vein with the Bull to Bull route proving very popular. I hope that the number of successful completions will reach double figures by the end of the year. Unsurprisingly, a few of the more exuberant characters in the club decided to take matters one step further!

Congratulations to Josh Hartley on setting the BCR club record for the Bob Graham Round and likewise Tim Ripper for his continuous completion of all seven Lakeland Classic Rounds. I had the pleasure to be a part of both challenges and it was a wonderful endorsement of how the fell running community always comes out in force to support each other whatever the occasion and whatever the weather. I would just ask that I secure a daylight leg on the next big adventure!

We're going to continue the BCR Fell Championship beyond 2nd December so I implore you to give the virtual races a go. Please do not hesitate to contact any of the committee if you need some guidance or support.

The Lakeland fells are a wonderful place of beauty and solace, which I will never tire of exploring.

Stay safe this Winter and I shall be in touch with training plans for 2021!

Best wishes,  
Matthew.  
Club Captain.



# BCR bonkers but brilliant Covid Cup!

"Good Evening Black Combers (and associates), we have come up with a cunning plan.... The Social Distance Covid Cup!

As Covid 19 has made it's way to Britannia in a way I compare to to when the Romans conquered Europe. Our racing regime is over for now but we all know the empire will crumble and the races will be back on in time (they left

a legacy of hobnail boots right?). With that in mind we have concocted a way we can keep match fit without racing or our beloved social runs (in line with guidance)."

A **MASSIVE** thanks to Josh Hartley for keeping us active and entertained through a really tough few months.

## Week 1 (18/03/2020)

Challenge

Total cumulative elevation!

### Highlights

Anna Lupton climbed over 15,035ft in the Saint Elias Mountains.

Borrowdale Bandit Mark Roberts closely behind with 14,981ft.

Josh Hartley in third with 12,347 ft.

Rank	Athlete	Distance	Runs	Longest	Avg. Pace	Elev. Gain
1	 Anna Lupton 	33.3 mi	6	10.1 mi	17:07 /mi	15,035 ft
2	 Mark Roberts 	27.7 mi	6	8.6 mi	21:23 /mi	14,981 ft
3	 Josh Hartley	39.1 mi	4	12.3 mi	11:43 /mi	12,347 ft
4	 Tim Ripper	27.2 mi	3	13.0 mi	11:45 /mi	8,553 ft
5	 John Evason	19.7 mi	2	13.6 mi	13:48 /mi	8,130 ft
6	 Hilary Ridgway	28.9 mi	3	12.2 mi	14:08 /mi	7,659 ft
7	 Will Ross	18.3 mi	3	9.7 mi	17:20 /mi	7,631 ft
8	 Harry Stainton	44.7 mi	6	13.0 mi	8:55 /mi	7,067 ft
9	 Jess Lawrence	26.8 mi	3	14.0 mi	15:39 /mi	6,863 ft
10	 2 Stroke Plodder	44.2 mi	7	8.2 mi	9:17 /mi	5,628 ft

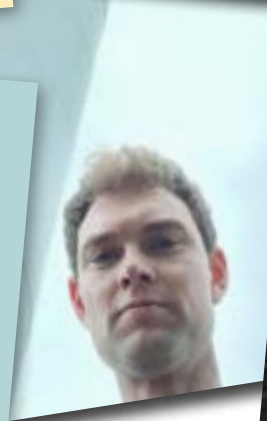
# Covid Cup Week 2 (22/03/2020)

## Challenges

Total cumulative elevation!  
Comedy selfie  
Run the distance/height of Dunnerdale  
Quickest 5k  
Total distance

## Highlights

Beth Rippers - sunset hair selfie!  
Harry's half naked pictures begin (this comes with a warning!!)  
Dan Hartley smashed Dunnerdale for the men, and Kath Gill for the ladies.  
Josh Hartley 5K = 15:43  
Anna Lupton 5K = 17:32



# Covid Cup Week 3 (29/03/2020)

## Challenges

Strava art  
Fastest 1 mile

## Highlights

Hilarious art - dangerous Dan ;)  
John Millen 1 mile = 5:19 - wow!  
Anna Lupton 1 mile = 5:53 - crikey!





# Covid Cup Week 4 (05/04/2020)

## Challenges

Selfie in a scenic spot  
Complete Ennerdale (23 miles -  
bonus 7500ft climb)

## Highlights

Tim Ripper - 55 miles + 15,800ft (blimey!)  
Lizzie Browne - 32 miles bagged  
Harry Stainton did a topless marathon!



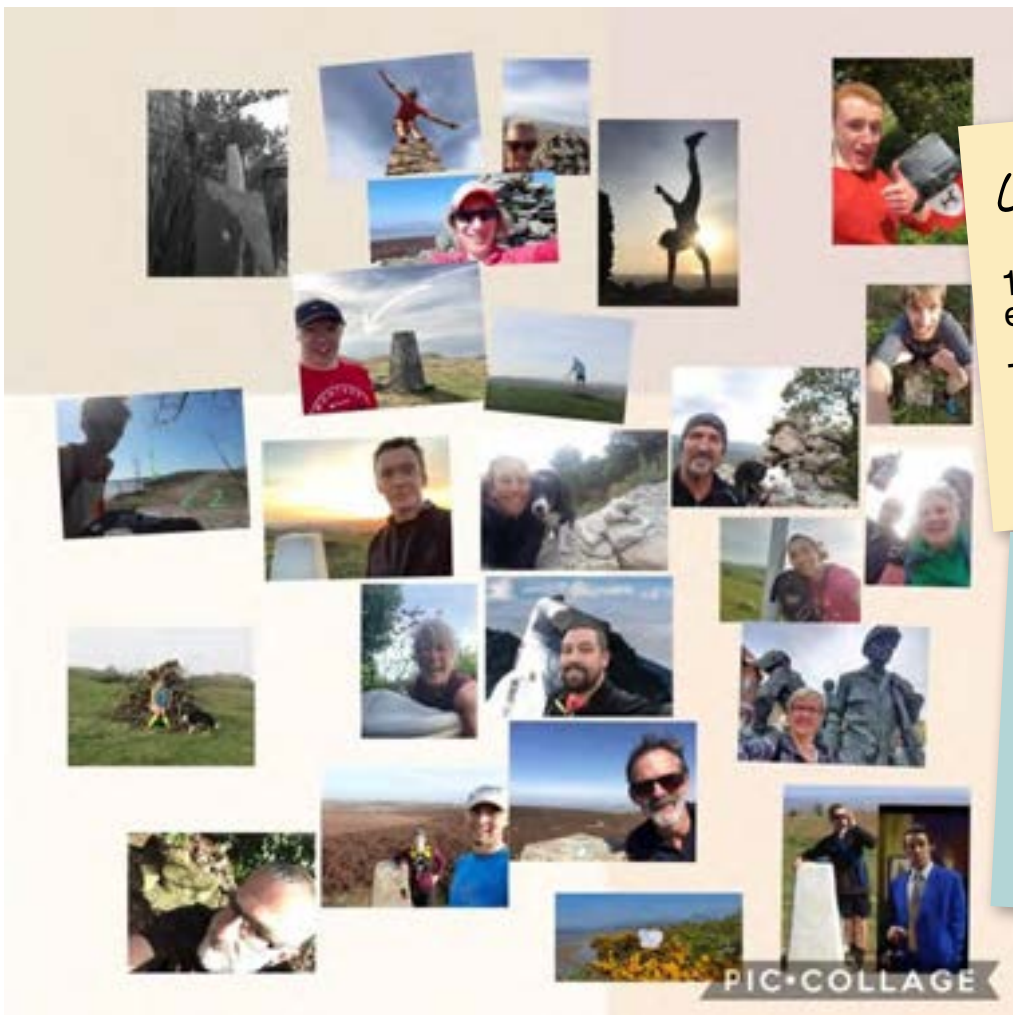
# Covid Cup Week 5 (12/04/2020)

## Challenges

1 hour from your door  
elevation gain  
Trig point social selfie  
Pete & Hazel quiz

## Highlights

Pete Tayler - 2079ft  
Matt Rooke - 1961ft  
John Millen - 1611ft



# Covid Cup Week 6 (19/04/2020)

## Emergency Services Challenges

Antisocial ASBO social - Pat flees the police! Run the last 4 miles of your run as fast as you can and down a pint!

Complete a 9.99 mile/km run starting from home.

Starva art related to the emergency services!

## Highlights

Beth went above and beyond with her pink panther outfit!

Heaps of 999 runs!





# Covid Cup Week 7 (26/04/2020)

## Challenges

Tuesday selfie with a signpost  
1 hour OS scoring run  
70 mile week?



# Covid Cup Week 8 (03/05/2020)

## Challenges

War memorial challenge selfie  
Climb 7,500ft



## Highlights

Tim Ripper - 11,296ft  
Matt Allen - 8,871ft  
Charmian Heaton - 7,582 ft  
James Goffe - 6,820ft



# Covid Cup Week 9 (10/05/2020)

## Challenges

Catch the captain - match Matt's distance/elevation/pace

A selfie with something that reminds you of Matt.

## Matt's Highlights

78 miles, PHWOAR!!

4744ft of climb, OOOFFFF!

7:43 /mi, SCORCHIOOOOO!



# Covid Cup Week 10 (24/05/2020)

## Challenges

Top hat selfies

Everest challenge - more on that later!





# Covid Cup Week 11 (24/05/2020)



## Challenges

Things started to get weird...  
legs 11 selfies!  
Four in a row run e.g. 1,234ft

## Highlights

Beth and Gavin nailed 1:23:4 runs.

Cheryl managed a speedy 1:23:24km run.

# Covid Cup Week 12 (31/05/2020)

## Challenges

(It normally would be the Duddon races)

Red t-shirt selfie (to match James' pic that was on Fell Runners UK)

6.0 mile run to celebrate Jame's 60th birthday!





# Covid Cup Week 13 (07/06/2020)

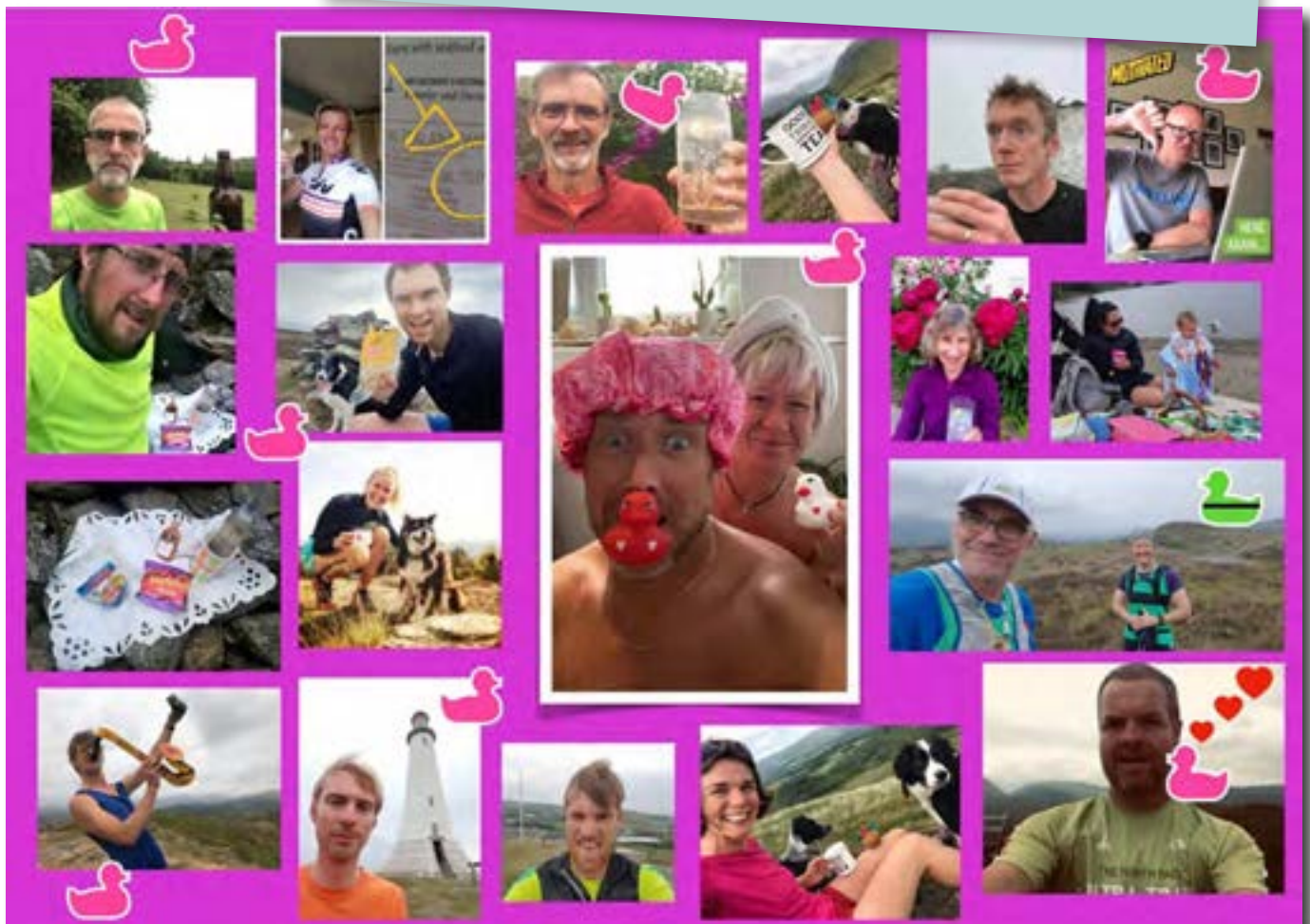
## The Grand Finale!

- 1) "Lucky for some" - How many number 13s can you incorporate into one run?
- 2) "Bakers Dozen" - Any point this week go bake something fun
- 3) Tuesday anti social "Celebration selfie"
- 4) "Strava crowns" (Strava - Course records)

## Highlights

Beth Ripper not only baked a Black Combe Bakers dozen but also ran 9.13 miles in n 2hrs, 49 mins and 13 seconds (that's 13 x 13 minutes, plus 13 seconds) at 13:13:13 on Saturday 13 June, starting 13 miles away from Broughton, passing a 13 reg car, following a NY 13 easting...completed some casual 13-themed Strava art and passing through 13 gates.

See Facebook for more... there are lots!



# BCR climb Everest in 24 hours? Sure!



Beth came up with the brilliant idea of the Everest challenge! The idea being everyone had to run for an hour at any point during Saturday 30<sup>th</sup> May!

Here's Josh's write up as part of the covid-cup summary:

Thank you to Beth for co-coordinating this weeks Everest Elevation challenge, and a massive thanks to all those who took part "because it's there". Everest is 8,848m. A bluebird day makes for a successful summit bid...thankfully with not too many queues, bottlenecks or processions (I think they we're down the east side of Coniston!). Anyone see 'Green boots'?

When all the scores were in we fell just 1500m short, thankfully not quite into in the death zone! Too many efforts to list, if you missed it read the thread posted by Beth Ripper on May 20th at 4:32 (you can search in the fb page, makes for a good read, 269 comments!).

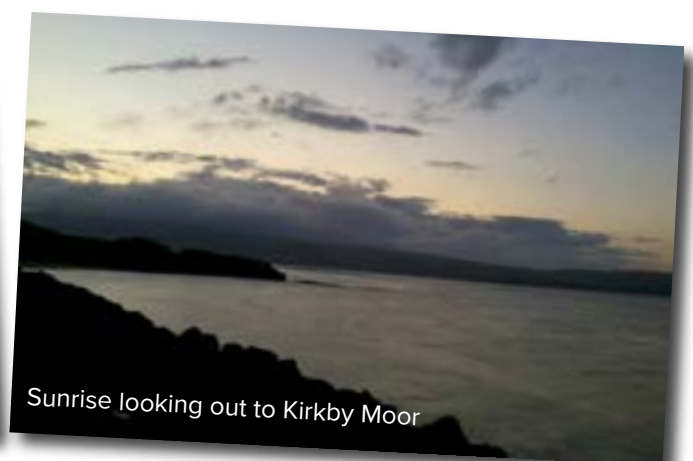
To me all the runs were superb, but to draw out my personal favourite, Rob Browne out of nowhere SMASHED up Blencathra in what was described by the man as a 'Euphoric' run (great to see you niggle free again!). p.s loved the mid climb phone call from Lizzie Browne checking in.

We totalled an epic 16,132m of climb....just ~1,500m short of a second Everest summit, but we absolutely smashed our original target, so huge well done to everyone for giving it a proper crack.





	Target (m)	Target (ft)	Reported (m)
Alastair McDonald Re	700	2297	666
Andy Gittins	1.5	5	1.5
Beth Ripper	600	1969	801
Charmian Heaton	350	1148	606
Claire Watson	400	1312	488
Dan Hartley	650	2133	637
Dave Watson	400	1312	494
Gav Henry	585	1919	671
Hazel Tayler	550	1804	640
Helen Walker	500	1640	472
John Millen	600	1969	598
Jon Bailey	585	1919	593
Josh Hartley	900	2953	829
James Goffe	700	2297	659
Mark Roberts	900	2953	879
Pat McIver	900	2953	903
Paul Managh	700	2297	666
Pete Tayler	550	1804	700
Richard Walker	600	1969	582
Rob Browne	500	1640	738
Steve Wathall	600	1969	834
Tim Ripper	1000	3281	1044
Will Ross	800	2625	745
Lizzie Browne	600	1969	885
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>14,672</b>	<b>48,135</b>	<b>16132</b>
<b>Single Everest</b>	<b>8,848</b>	<b>29,029</b>	
<b>Double Everest..?</b>	<b>17,696</b>	<b>58,058</b>	



Sunrise looking out to Kirkby Moor

# The BCR Lockdown Flag and Cache Manoeuvres

During April this year I was following the travels of Flaggy McFlagface, a small red flag which was being moved around the southern Lake District by Ambleside AC. When it was placed on Kirkby Moor by Ian Barnes I couldn't resist the opportunity to intercept it and leave a BCR calling card.

When I got home, I raided Steve's rag bin and butchered one of his old green T-shirts to create a BCR version of the flag and added a takeaway container with some goodies before going to Walney and leaving it under some trees at a path junction. (There was a suggestion that I should have butchered a pair of Pete's old shorts but thankfully, I didn't have access to any!)

Paul Managh quickly took up the challenge and after brushing up on his nav. skills he recovered the flag and cache and took it for a longish run up the West coast to Dunnerholme where he left it under a gorse bush enjoying lovely views of the estuary. Helen and Richard were next to pick up the baton and after visiting all the gorse bushes on the little peninsula, they eventually located the flag and moved it to the end of the Kirkby slate road. Unbeknown to them Pat had also been searching but claims some discrepancies between Google and OS hampered his attempt.

The 27th April was a busy day and Dan was next to nab the cache and was just exiting the raid when he encountered Pat who wrestled him to the ground and took off with the flag to Urswick Fort.

Next to step up were Kitty and Flo who were relentless in their practical geography assignment to locate the sweets and move the flag and cache to Birkrigg. Quick off the mark was H-Bomb Harry who gave the Taylers a tricky navigational challenge by moving the cache to their garden. Pete moved it up the Hoad from where John Millen retrieved it and hid it behind a large tree in Ford Park.







It was 29th April before the Rookies ventured out in the rain to find the cache and hand it over to dad Matt who put his own navigational slant on the challenge by offering an orienteering style course to find his hiding place at Subberthwaite. Josh Hartley persevered and indulged in a spot of rock climbing to find the spot and transfer the flag and cache to a log pile at Broughton. James Goffe made a big effort to move the flag up to Whitfell to be in Ripper range but sadly he left the cache in the log pile! So after another big effort the flag and cache were reunited on 15th May and Tim Ripper repeated his long run to move them to Mainsgate where Charlotte practised her nav skills and map reading. On 17th May, Tim left the flag and cache on the outskirts of Gosforth with a special treat for BCR honorary member Joss Naylor who moved it part way up Irton Pike.

Charlotte Ripper studied the photo carefully and successfully located the hiding place by an old tree stump. She was especially pleased to find the Wackos. Then the flag and cache started their return journey via Mainsgate and back to Whitfell from where Beth moved it to Black Combe on 24th May.

Jon Bailey stepped up on 25th May to move the flag to Silecroft and added a miniature of whisky for Gavin who collected it and moved

it to Millom. Intrepid adventurer Karl Fursey then picked it up and bravely navigated the estuary channels to relocate the flag and cache to Kirkby village hall with a clue relating to the KM fell race. Not to be outdone this time, Pat beat local Josh to the hiding place and moved them to Kirkby Moor where a Patinapuddle episode led to some "runny ink and stuff". Dave Watson was next to pick up the challenge and move it back to Birkrigg from where Alastair Macdonald transferred it to Dendron War Memorial on 1st June.

Then it was back to Kitty and Will to move the flag and cache on 8th June to White Combe Beck where it rested for a couple of weeks until club captain Matalan transferred it to Slaters Bridge on 20th June. Josh decided to play again and "hid" them in Lord's High Allotment where it took Steve two attempts to find them and get them to the Knott on 28th June.

Finally, on 30th June, Hazel and Charmian took the opportunity of a walk around the Dunnerdale route to move the flag and cache to Stickle Tarn where it stayed until recovered and brought back to Marton from whence the journey began on 24th April.

*Thanks for the write up Charmian Heaton and to Matt for the brilliant map!*

# The BCR Lockdown Flag and Cache Manoeuvres breakdown!

Move	Date	Moved by	From	To
1	24-Apr-20	Charmian	Marton	Walney
2	25-Apr-20	Paul Managh	Walney	Dunnerholme
3	26-Apr-20	Helen and Richard	Dunnerholme	Kirkby Slate Road
4	27-Apr-20	Pat Mclver	Kirkby Slate Road	Urswick Fort
5	27-Apr-20	Will, Kitty and Flo	Urswick Fort	Birkrigg
6	27-Apr-20	H Bomb	Birkrigg	Pete & Haze Garden
7	27-Apr-20	Pete Taylor	Pete & Haze Garden	Hoad
8	27-Apr-20	John Millen	Hoad	Ford Park
9	29-Apr-20	The Rookies	Ford Park	Subberthwaite
10	01-May-20	Josh Hartley	Subberthwaite	Broughton
11	03-May-20	James Goffe	Broughton	Bank End
12	15-May-20	James Goffe	Bank End	Whitfell
13	16-May-20	Tim Ripper	Whitfell	Mainsgate
14	16-May-20	Charlotte	Mainsgate	Mainsgate Mole Hill
15	17-May-20	Tim Ripper	Mainsgate Mole Hill	Gosforth
16	17-May-20	Joss	Gosforth	Irton Pike
17	17-May-20	Charlotte	Irton Pike	Mainsgate
18	22-May-20	Tim (again)	Mainsgate	Whitfell (again)
19	24-May-20	Beth	Whitfell (again)	Black Combe (Home Turf)
20	25-May-20	Jon Bailey	Black Combe (Home Turf)	Silecroft
21	29-May-20	Gavin Lloyd	Silecroft	Millom
22	30-May-20	Karl Fursey	Millom	Kirkby Village Hall
23	31-May-20	Pat Mclver	Kirkby Village Hall	Kirkby Moor Fell
24	31-May-20	Dave Watson	Kirkby Moor Fell	Birkrigg (again)
25	01-Jun-20	Alastair Macdonald	Birkrigg (again)	Dendron War Memorial
26	08-Jun-20	Kitty and Will	Dendron War Memorial	White Combe Beck
27	20-Jun-20	Matalan	White Combe Beck	Slaters Bridge
28	21-Jun-20	Josh Hartley (again)	Slaters Bridge	Lord's High Allotment
29	28-Jun-20	Steve Wathall	Lord's High Allotment	The Knott
30	30-Jun-20	Haze and Charmian	The Knott	Stickle Tarn (The End)





# Top BCR question during lockdown. Cheese. Or carrot?

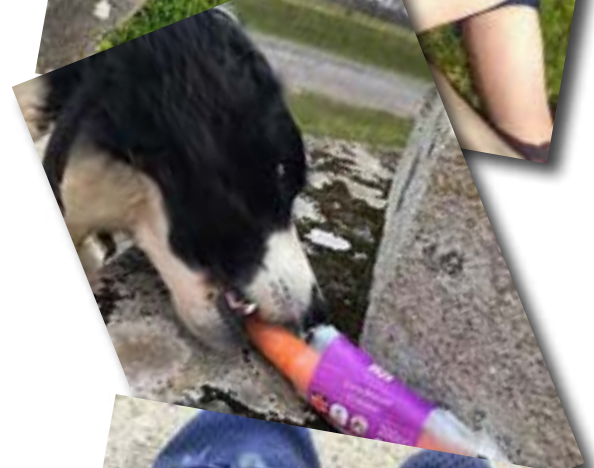
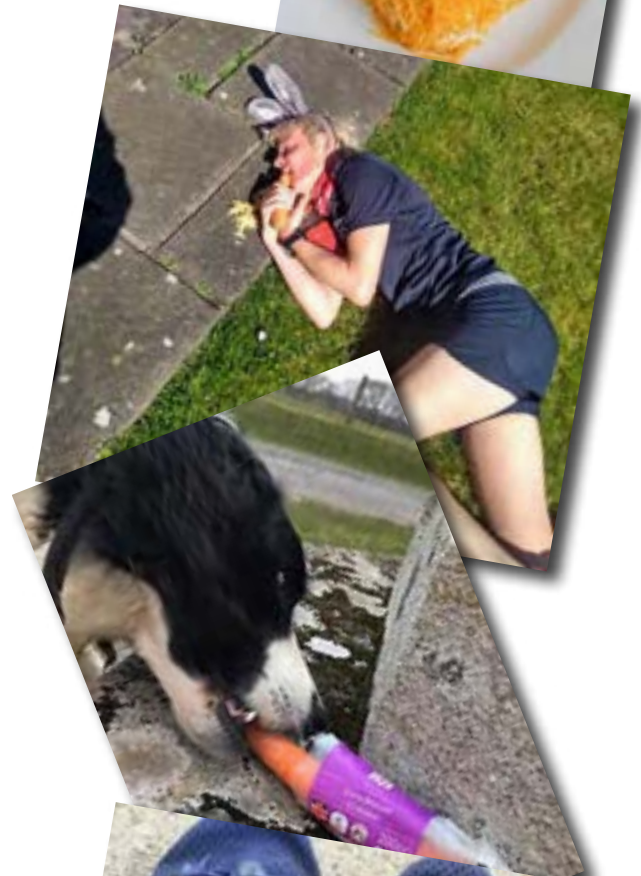
With the last social run from Corney top cancelled just before lockdown I headed down the motorway leaving behind my fell shoes knowing there are no real hills near home. At least there are fields, parkland and canal tow-path nearby which is more than some had as our 1 hour exercise window closed around us. When the COVID challenges started I was disappointed that I wouldn't be able to take part in the majority of them as even with being inventive with canal foot bridges only gave me a climb of 130ft. Hence my post showing the closest mountain I could find.



I thought it was fairly clear what it was once the question of cheese or carrot had been released there was not stopping the it. What followed was some very imaginative, impressive and sometimes a little disturbing (but not as disturbing as some of the posts from Harry) carrot or cheese inspired images. The picture reflected the change from local lockdown to being able to be get back on the hills. Although the prospect of being dragged off a hill by MRT appeared to keep people local for a while. But my favourite was Hilary's cunning use of carrot/cheese for the ASBO challenge.

From ASBO's to Everest, OS (I still don't think a Halt is a train station) to VE day I really enjoyed seeing how people threw themselves into the challenges. On the plus side at least my fell shoes had dried out by the time I got back to them.

John Shevelan



# Beth's winter challenge

It was dark and cold and storm Dennis was unleashing 60mph winds across the Irton levels. I hastily tightened the cuffs on my jacket, rubbed my hair out of my eyes and pushed on along the trails... Cumbria's wild west gets a total battering when the storms come in - you only have to look at the trees to see: frozen in a permanent lean with their bare branches reaching towards the east. It was late, a Sunday evening, and I only had a few miles to go before I could retreat from the gales. I looked down at my watch guiltily, hoping that I'd run far enough...there, done...time to turn tail and head for home.

Last autumn I was really struggling to get back into my running. I'd have a weekend where I'd easily manage 25 miles, then weeks at a time when a 5 mile run seemed to be a ridiculous, momentous effort. It was probably more of a mental block than any real time constraint; it was so much easier to collapse on the sofa in the evening after sleepless nights, a rough day at work, business travel or bath time battles, than contemplate getting changed again to head out in the dark.

I decided that wasn't good enough. If I waited for a day that I felt on form, I'd be waiting forever. I was getting nowhere and knew that I needed some kind of target to get me back on track. It needed to be something achievable but challenging, and something that would help me to get out consistently. Having a race in the diary to train for wasn't going to work for me (I'd just forget about it, maybe do a few panic runs the week before and 'get myself round' in an unsatisfying way). That wasn't going to help. So I decided to set myself the 'Half Marathon Challenge'. That was it. Quite simply, get out and run a half marathon distance every week throughout winter. Rain or shine. In sickness and in health. Ideally on the fells, but any running would count.

26 weeks, starting in October and ending in March.

I know it's not a huge target - a couple of years ago, we were easily covering three times that distance in weekend - but I've needed to adjust my expectations as the demands on my time have altered. It was only as I got going and the challenge went on that I realised - for me - how good the target was. It was relatively easy to get two five mile runs in during the week, but planning a third was often more tricky. Doable, but not super easy...

The hardest things:

- Getting out in the dark, in a storm, for a 'measly' 3 miler on the trails when I was ill.
- Getting to a Friday evening having done zero miles during the week.
- Fitting in the miles when I was away on business in Harwell (...although a nice reminder of how lucky we are to be able to live and run in the Lakes).
- Picking up a niggling nerve injury in my foot after Christmas.
- Dragging my a\*\$e around the Whin Rigg WTL route when I was feeling rough and waiting for everyone to overtake me (which they did...well... everyone except for James of course...).





The best things:

- Feeling the rapid improvement in my fitness in the first 6 weeks.
- Running a time I was pretty happy with at the Dunnerdale fell race in November.
- Feeling mentally better as I had a stretching target that I was actually achieving.
- Finding a better work-life balance by prioritising my running a bit more.
- Some wonderful, liberating solo runs on the fells - super sunsets, starry nights and seeing the seasons change.
- Some fab fell running dates with Tim on Friday mornings.
- Heading out of winter with a good baseline level of fitness and feeling that it could only get better as the days were getting longer...

My challenge officially finished on Sunday 29th March with a final run up Muncaster Fell from my home - one of my daily rations of exercise at the end of our first, surreal week under coronavirus lockdown. It was a beautiful, peaceful and calm evening with a lovely sunset - quite a contrast to the dark, stormy runs that characterised much of the rest of winter for me.

I completed a grand total of 468.8 miles (an average of 18 miles per week), but most importantly hitting my 13.1 mile target every week, without fail. My lowest weekly mileage was 13.2 and my highest 32 (when training for the ill-fated Bob Grieve Challenge!). Here's a nice graph to show how inconsistent I was!

If you need a target to help you get out more regularly, I'd definitely recommend something like this, at whatever distance fits best for you, whether that's 10km, half marathon or more. Hopefully see you on the fells soon... :)

Beth Ripper



# Social Runs are a huge part of our club



Social runs have always been a huge part of our club. When I joined, 6 years ago from my junior club Broughton Runners the idea of going out on a Tuesday evening into the fells with a group of like-minded people was something that sounded brilliant!

We are a smaller club, even with the vast area all of our members hail from, yet not many other clubs make sure to plan a social outing each week throughout the year. The first social run I went on was a snow covered run up Black Combe, as Will led me up the climb the views were non-existent and I couldn't feel my fingers, but after this I was hooked! Still a junior, evenings like this led to the decision to not join Broughton's feeder club Ambleside and instead join a small club with a big heart.

During lockdown as we were not able to get out together on a Tuesday evening that did not stop us! A special mention here needs to be made to Josh Hartley in setting up all of the quarantine activities to keep everyone going and all of us connected as a club each week.

Another thing about social runs that we all enjoy is meeting new members from far and wide who are perhaps even brand new to the sport of fell running. Getting out on a Tuesday night as a club

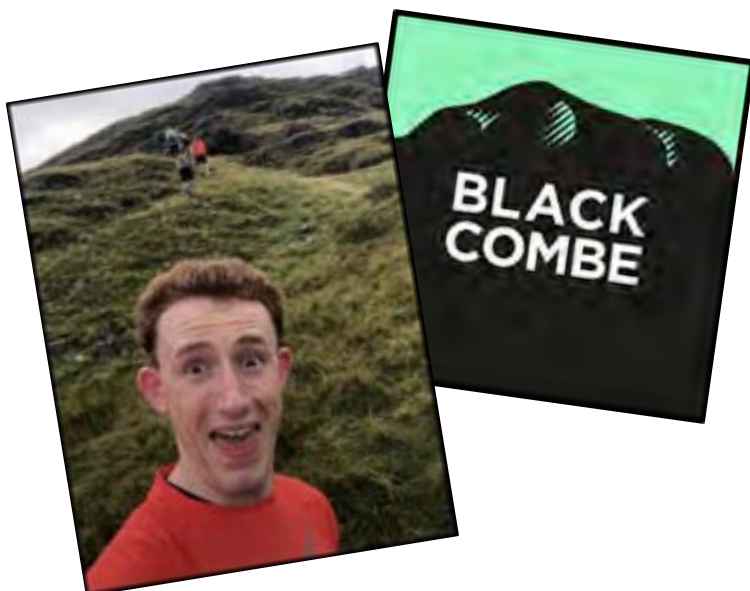
has also given us a chance to discuss the weekend full of racing and sharing stories of how it all went or more than likely share excuses. More often than not why we went the wrong way! As they say, never follow a Black Combe Runner! Further discussions are always enjoyed usually at the pub afterwards as well.

Over the years, social runs have also given us all a chance at some point to explore a new area or a new route with others or share a view together for the first time. There has also been some cracking special social runs. Such as, last summer's Scar fell picnic! Everyone brought some food to enjoy with everyone as we sat and enjoyed the breath-taking views towards the top of the climb. Magic!

Taking photos during a social run to post on our Facebook page has now become a thing! With each group seeming to have its designated photographer! You know who you are. Notable evenings for capturing scenes have been a night in mid-August this year, where the rain had battered the fells and a storm was eminent as around 30 of us parked up in Tilberthwaite for a run over Wetherlam. All braced for the onslaught of the bad weather with Sue telling us her weather app made for interesting reading!

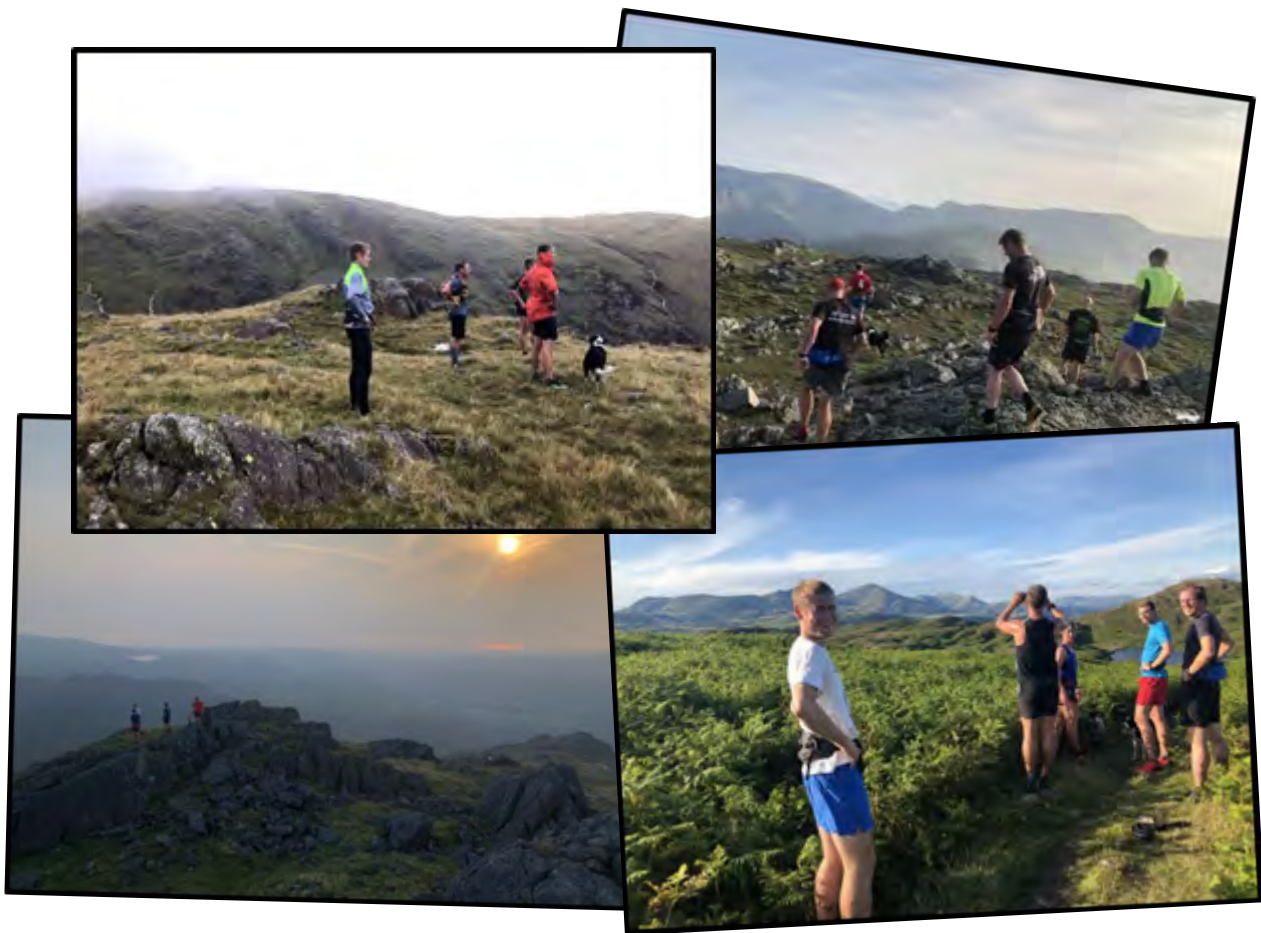
However, after 10 minutes and after most of us realising the weather was improving we were met by rainbow covered sky's, an orange sunset glow to the clouds and raging streams as the sound track. Wetherlam downhill has never looked so good, with low-lying cloud over Coniston Lake as a back drop!

If you are reading this and have never been on a social run, then why not give one a go! We regularly run around the South and Western Lake District, from our namesake Black Combe over to Wasdale and the Coniston fells too. Recently, we have been adhering to all of the guidance with covid19, by running in smaller groups and parking separately, which has worked very well and we can all say how amazing it has been over the past few weeks to get out in the fells together again!



Gavin Lloyd





*Here is a little poem inspired by our Tuesday night social runs! See you all out one evening soon! ...*

### **Is the social run on this Tuesday?**

With quarantine challenges week after week, we stayed in touch something we all enjoyed so much! Selfies with the weird and wonderful, pics of shoes in the air or a cache box hidden somewhere.

We made the most of what we could, so thank you Josh for doing us all some good.

Until...Social runs are back on Tuesday nights! "I am off to a social run," we say to loved ones, as they wave us on our way!

Mudclaws, x-talons and VJs a like in hand ready for the climb, meeting at 6:30 is always the time.

Who is supposed to be here? We say whilst those running late throw on their gear.

We set off in groups, all moving as one, studs snapping twigs, splashing puddles and clawing through mud, is this graphene grip really any good?

Hill, moor and mountain, following the map or forgetting it all together and getting out in even the most horrible weather! Nevertheless, all wearing a smile!

Discussing new kit and deciding you can never have too many shoes, whilst taking in the spectacular views.

Racing short, medium and long, ultras or rounds all of us looking to break new grounds!

Sharing experiences, sharing ideas, sharing the scenery. Before contemplating the all-important question, when does the pub close?

We come back to the cars from amazing places most don't even see, into the fells on a Tuesday night, what a wonderful place to be!

# A Bob Graham - The Other Way

I blame Beth really. It was Wednesday evening, and we were chatting about fell running challenges.

“Do you think you’ll ever do the Bob Graham again?” asks Beth.

“Yes, probably,” I reply. “But I’m not sure if I’d rather go for a fast round with loads of support, or a solo, unsupported round. Though if I did that, I’d have to go anti-clockwise, just to try it that way round.”

“Well...the weather looks good on Saturday. And we’re due to be in Keswick Friday afternoon anyway. Why don’t you just go Friday night?”

And so after a quick rush to the shops on Friday afternoon, a burger dinner in ‘The Round’ in Keswick, and a quick change into some shorts in the pub toilets, I was once again stood outside the Moot Hall.

8.20pm - a quick kiss goodbye to Charlotte and Beth, and I’m off.

The plan was to run free for the road section. Beth would drop my bag at Little Town (along with a pair of fell shoes), and then also leave a small bag of extra food at Wasdale on her way home. I received no other support on the round.

It was a lovely cool evening and even I was enjoying the fast road running, cruising along and off for an adventure, just as everyone else was finishing up their evening stroll. I passed Beth on her way back from Little Town and off home.

“Go smash it Tim-o!” Beth grinned out of the car

window.

“Go ‘mash it, Daddy!” came a repeat voice from the back of the car.

And then after a quick shoe change and loading up with my backpack, it was off up into the darkening evening. The sunset on Robinson was stunning and it was great re-remembering all the little lines here, but in reverse.

Time seemed to slow down and my legs were feeling strong. Grey Knotts came and went surprisingly quickly and before I knew it I was round to the familiar home turf of Great Gable and Kirk Fell, and then dropping down the long, slow descent off Yewbarrow to arrive in Wasdale after 7 hours. It was still warm down in the valley and I topped up my bag with the pizza and sandwiches Beth had hidden at Brackenclose before starting on the long haul up Scafell. I reversed the normal descent route, and apparently gained myself a Strava segment crown on the way up - the last person must have spent a while enjoying the views!

The rest of leg 3 passed fairly smoothly (apart from my phone battery dying, meaning I could no longer let Beth know how I was doing), and I remember thinking it wasn’t long before we were dropping off the higher fells down to the Langdales. It’s always a bit of a splash across Martcrag Moor and up to Pike o’ Stickle, but nice running once you get there. I even started to see a couple of early risers out on the fells around here. As I neared Dunmail more and more obvious BG contenders started to pass in the opposite direction. It was quite nice knowing I was out on the same route, but having a very different sort of







adventure and I was only very briefly jealous of their heartily stocked support tables at the road crossing!

Seat Sandal is where the action really picked up - first Adam Perry flew past shouting "he's flying along!". Who? Doing what? Turns out this was Kim Collison's 78 peaks in 24 hours run - a phenomenal effort, and probably the most outstanding run of the year, for me.

Next was Jack Wright also flying along on his own BG. I certainly felt quite slow in comparison to these speedy racing snakes!

Having had a busy day with little rest the day before, I was starting to feel quite tired by the Helvellyn ridgeline - my eyes weren't working too well and I was seeing double for a while. It's quite tricky trying to run along a rocky path when you keep seeing every rock in double. Now, which one is real (and will send me flat on my face) and which one is imaginary?! I figured out the one on the right wasn't really there and carried on regardless...

Crossing the main road at Threlkeld gave me a renewed buzz and I always enjoy the little scramble up Halls fell. The short exposed bits certainly woke me up a bit more! Running down over Mungrisedale Common wasn't quite the dreamy long downhill I imagined, and I lost a bit of time in the heather out there, but finally I was on top of Skiddaw (in clag!) and started the long trundle back into Keswick.

It was kind of strange arriving at the Moot Hall, on a busy Saturday evening, but not knowing anybody there. I just touched the green door, stopped my watch, then had a little sit down on the bench. With my phone still dead, I didn't really know what to do next. Fortunately, I came across the large smile of James Harris, happiest man in fell running, who helped me track down Beth (who had spent the last 12 hours wondering where I was!) and got us back to the car.

So, how was an anti-clockwise Bob Graham? I really enjoyed going solo and unsupported - it felt great just being totally self sufficient for the whole round, and I didn't even manage to eat all the food I took in the end! I think anti-clockwise is probably slightly harder than clockwise - I reason that this is down to the longer, gentler climbs (that would normally be long runnable sections) with sharp descents (Yewbarrow, Steel Fell, Clough Head) that aren't that much faster going down. It's probably just because everybody knows it so well the other way!

Am I done with the Bob Graham now? Well.... never say never! But I think I'll look to a few other things first!

Oh, and for the record, I maintained tradition by getting as far as Portinscale on the drive home, before throwing up at the side of the road!

Tim Ripper

# The Diary of a Winterleaguer

## 1 Jan 2020 Dunnerdale

*Miles competed before the race: 0*

*Running fuel: Mojitos, Prosecco*

First run of the year! Despite being responsible for the handicaps, I managed to finish nowhere. Had the race finished on Stickle Pike it would have been hotly contested, but with the entire field going past me two thirds of the way round, I found myself alone.

*Highlight:* Trying to prevent Harry from going past me on the downhill, by just deliberately getting in the way.

*Lowlight:* The sloshing alcohol inside

Post run refreshment: Bizarre buffet of leftovers in the hall

## 11 Jan 2020 Giants grave

*Miles completed before the race: 3*

*Running fuel: A flat white from the Shell garage*

*Storm: Brendan*

The Winterleague races are just not long enough for me, given Saturdays my long run days, and so I thought I'd have a go at the Ulverston park run beforehand. A few parents from school do it, and I thought it'd be nice to beat someone for a change. Dave Grieves had not long started running, and I pretty much reckoned I could teach him a thing or two. I'll run behind him and do him on the last lap, I thought. We set off at 200m pace. I managed about 50m before realising that this wasn't going to work out. I hung on painfully for a long as I could whilst he gap widened, finishing a good couple of minutes behind him, utterly spent. This had not gone to plan.

I'll teach him, I thought and convinced him to come along to Giants Grave, even though he was wearing trail shoes and had no spare clothes, had not had breakfast and had no money. He had also just 'popped out' for a quick

park run. Still, he was easy to persuade, and I thought that if I bought him a bacon bun and got Matt to set him off after me, he was certain to lose. Also, he had never run on the fell before.

This did not go to plan. As it turns out, doing a race before the race doesn't work well for me. I was running on 33 and everyone else was on 78. I think I may have been last. It was not a triumph.

*Highlight:* The flat white from the Shell garage

*Lowlight:* The sad dawning realisation that I am a lot slower than my inner self thinks I am.

*Post run refreshment:* Soup in the Square Café

## 25 Jan 2020 Birkrigg

*Miles competed before the race: 0*

*Running fuel: Eel, scallops, parsley moss, oysters, caviar, seaweed custard, frozen cheese, 8 different wines and some Gaviscon.*

After my stellar Giants Grave performance, Matt had adjusted my handicap position to 'old duffer', a welcome if not humbling development. My sole mission now was not to be overtaken by Beth who started two minutes behind me. John Bailey also started after me and had, rather rudely, overtaken me on the first lap. This is simply not the done thing. Luckily it was just before the top and I managed to retake him on the down, staying ahead until we were out of the woods on the second lap, when once again, I inexplicably ran through treacle (or was it seaweed custard?). I blame it on the petit fours.

*Highlight:* Staying ahead of Beth

*Lowlight:* Being overtaken by almost everyone else

*Post run refreshment:* Kids party buffet at a roller-disco



## 15 Feb 2020 Broughton x-country

*Miles completed beforehand: 5*

*Running fuel: Mrs Crimble's macaroons*

*Storm: Dennis*

The pre-race Dunnerdale was pretty horrible, with the weather deteriorating to horizontal freezing rain. I hadn't actually thought to bring another set of running clothes and so by the time I turned up at the start of the Winterleague, I was soaked though and cold. I started 30 seconds behind James but couldn't gain on him at all. Although Beth had started a couple of minutes behind me, she was past me within half a lap, clearly having had something illegal for breakfast. I nearly gave up after the first lap until James noticeably slowed, and I decided to go on. Although I managed to take James, I just couldn't turn over my legs on the railway line and he got me back fairly quickly.

*Highlight: The mud slide*

*Lowlight: That bloody railway line*

*Post run refreshment: Welsh Rarebit in the Square Café*

## 22 Feb 2020 Not Whinn Rigg

*Miles completed beforehand: 0*

*Running fuel: Porridge*

I didn't have a hangover, and I hadn't done any running beforehand, so today was the day. We couldn't go up Whinn Rigg due to the intense winds, and so Tim had flagged a course through some woods. Although it was very well flagged, the sheer speed at which I was travelling meant that the trees and flags were just a blur. No-one passed me, I was flying, I had won. Yes! No! I had chopped off a mile. Bum. Conversely, James had a very long run indeed, finishing with a couple of miles on the road.

*Highlight: Winning!*

*Lowlight: Not Winning!*

*Post run refreshment: Fried egg butty at T & Bs.*

## 29 Feb 2020 Black Combe

*Miles completed beforehand: 8*

*Running fuel: Porridge*

*Storm: Jorge*

Another windy day, but at least it was not raining. I thought a trot round the Black Combe race route would be just the thing and finished just before the start of the start of the race. Trying to race, after a race is really hard. I was good to go but the legs weren't having it and I just couldn't run. I had set myself off first with James but had no chance. I was fine and could have gone on like that all day, but I had no speed whatsoever. Having been up Black Combe twice already, I decided a third time that morning was not necessary and stopped just before the final push up to the top so at least I could have a run down with people. This too proved a bit challenging, not least as my contact lenses were nearly blown from my eyes.

*Highlight: Seeing the fiery ball in the sky*

*Lowlight: John Millen*

*Post run refreshment: Soup in the Square Café*

This was not the full set of races – there were another two which I didn't go to. I would like to thank Matt Allen who took on the lion's share of the organisation, everyone else who helped to make it work and everyone who took part. For those who didn't do it, the Winterleague was won by new member, Dave Grieves.

Sue Ross



# Haven't you heard, Bull to Bulls are where it's at this year?!

Thanks for these articles to give us an insight into your day of adventure!

## Bulls on parade

Lockdown, what lockdown? Walking my dogs, going for a run, and doing fancy dress are normal activities for me regardless of a global pandemic. However, as an alternative to dressing up as John Wick or just posing semi naked - nobody likes wearing clothes in public, right? - Josh messaged me at 6pm on a Friday night in June proposing we have a crack at the Bull to Bull the next day and possibly break the world record set by Lord Harvey a few years back.

The Bull to Bull is a point to point jaunt between the Black Bull Inn, Coniston and what must have been a pub near Silecroft called something bull-ish but is now a house covering twenty miles and about 7000ft of ascent taking in numerous fells: Coniston Old Man, Stickle Pike, and Black Combe, to name a few. It is a BCR custom devised back in the 80s and many people have done it; you can run it either way round and we decided to do it East to West. Furthermore, this was supposed to be Josh's stag do weekend before everything was cancelled so it was fun to do something cool and Jess, had organized a group of us to surprise him in the evening at their house for a little get together. Therefore, I was instructed to keep my lips sealed and not destroy him too much on the run.

Waking up on Saturday the weather was near perfect and I left my car at Silecroft while Josh drove us to Coniston. We took a socially distanced selfie in front of the Black Bull Inn and started to make our way up the Old Man. I set off like a raging bull resulting in Josh telling me to, "slow down, it's twenty miles", but I pretty much ignored him. Nevertheless, we kept nicely ticking the summits off and stayed ahead of Lord H's schedule. It was only on our way down to Ulpha that Josh hit his ankle on a stone protruding from a wall that was hidden by bracken and one second later, like a total twonker, I hit the exact same

stone! I made no biggy about it because I am well 'ard, whereas Josh required a couple of minutes to compose himself and bathe his wound in the beck.

After this incident, we ran through the totally illogical diversion that is Rainsbarrow Wood and then started the long slog up Whitfell. This is where we both became fucked! I was very dehydrated, and Josh had run out of weird cycling grub: avocado gel or some kind of bullshit. The remainder of the run was tough, but we trudged on and made it into the finish breaking the record in a time of 3hrs 47minutes.

Later, as planned a group of us surprised Josh for a pint or two in the garden making it into a truly brilliant day. Big thanks to Josh for the idea as I thoroughly enjoyed it running well whilst having a good craic with a mate. I would recommend it to everyone for an awesome day out on the fells.

Harry Stainton





# A bull initiation!

Me and Kev moved to the area in April, and have been trying to keep up with you all on Tuesdays for a while now. So we thought we'd have a go at the Bull to Bull. Armed with a map and compass, sandwiches, and a sense of humour, we set off from Coniston on the most humid week of the year. We were aiming for a bit more of a gentle pace than the course record, or as I'd like to brand it, we wanted to get our money's worth with a full day experience. None of this 'under 4 hours' malarky. We did make it to Ulpha in the time it took Josh and Harry to complete the course though. Go us.

It was a sweaty, claggy and atmospheric start, with poor vis from just under the Old Man, until we dropped off White Pike. I promise that's where we are in the picture. There was some lovely and squelchy running under Caw, and an amazing welcome downhill from Stickle Pike. After some dithering, we decided it would be rude not to strip off and have a swim at Ulpha. Excellent decision, and we only scared a couple of picnicking families. After hacking our way up to the top of Whitfell, we finally got to some flatter / more runnable terrain, and I realised my knee was knackered. But firm in the belief that I am still 21, I decided it

would be fine. Kev fed me some magic gel and we carried on. Weirdly, Black Combe had moved further away. Pesky hill that. We tracked it down in the end though.

After 7.5 hours, with around 6 hours of moving time (thanks for that generous interpretation Strava, but what were we doing the rest of the time??) we got to the second Bull. The atmosphere and drinks selection were a bit disappointing, so we headed down the beach for a paddle.

Thanks BCR for inspiring an awesome day out visiting our new local hills, some for the first time. Will the running be as nice and warm in winter?

Emma Seery



## Here he goes again...

My second ever B2B was done in July, as with my 1st attempt, it was mostly in the cloud. This time I was joined (socially distanced) by my mate Bob Overton, who a few may know from a few of our Fell Races & the occasional Winter League race. We dropped down too far after White Pike, so added a bit of extra Distance/Elevation.

Similarly, we got slightly off line after crossing the Corney Road & nearly ventured towards White Combe. Two minutes under 8 hours, just one minute different from my 1st attempt.

Six weeks later, on the 1st of September I had another opportunity to run the route. It was another solo attempt, but I was lucky to have good conditions. Having learned from last time, I stayed high on the way to Kiln Bank Cross. I think I packed too much food & not enough fluid this time, but luckily I was able to help myself to the blackber-

ries that lined the road up to Bigertmire. Once at the John Bull (6Hrs 47Mins), it was onto Millom via the Beach. The Cafe was open, so the final 10k was fuelled by Iron Brew.

Marathon distance was achieved in 7Hrs 50Mins. All good learning towards my eventual attempt at the Stoppie; though I do need a bit more stamina in the legs.

Jon Bailey



# MapRun — what you need to know

## What is it?

MapRun is a set of applications and web-tools to provide timing, checkpoint recording, and post-run analysis for navigation based sporting events.

It was developed in Australia and funded by Orienteering Australia. Coronavirus related lockdowns in 2020 have seen significant growth in world-wide use. In addition to orienteering clubs a number of fell race organisers have been using it including Kong and Keswick AC.

## How does it work?

The smartphone app MapRunF, or Garmin smart-watch app MapRunG, uses GPS to track your location. This is compared to the coordinates of the checkpoints on the event course you have downloaded through the app in advance. Your route is recorded along with the time at each checkpoint. Progress is displayed in the app (time, controls visited).

When you reach the finish your time will stop and the app will upload your result to the MapRun server (If no data this can be done manually on WiFi later). You can then see the live leaderboard and, assuming the course planner also included a georeferenced map, your track overlaid on the map. The Routegadget and Splits Browser tools are available for a analysis of your route against everyone else.

Course planners will also usually make a PDF map available to print and use for the actual navigation. Remember your compass!

## Why should I use it?

Several of the BCR Virtual Fell Champs races are available on MapRun. If taking part use the app if you can to maintain the leaderboard.

Please do! It'll make Captain Matalan's job of compiling results much easier, and comparing routes and times makes it more interesting for you and everyone else.

## How do I use it?

1. Install the app from Apple or Google Play stores.
2. Make sure the app has permission to run in the background and when your phone is locked. Check battery saving settings. Turn up your volume! Put the phone at the top of your bag to get the best signal.
3. "Select Event" in the app and navigate to UK/Cumbria/South/Black Combe Runners. Pick an event.
4. When you are near the start press "Go To Start". The app will show you where you are to help you get to the start. As you pass through the start (within 5 m) your phone will beep and vibrate and your time starts.
5. Run! The app stops showing you where you are. Did you remember your compass?
6. As you pass within 5 m of each checkpoint your phone will beep and vibrate.
7. Finish. Manually upload if necessary.

8. Look at the results and compare your navigation wobbles to your competitors.

It's possible the app won't detect a checkpoint. If you know you are in the right place just keep going. Either you have poor GPS signal or control coordinates aren't perfect. When looking at your result in the app you can use HITMO to increase the position tolerance till it detects the control and then re-upload.



## What if I don't have a smartphone?

If you don't have a smartphone or a fancy modern Garmin, but do have any other GNSS device, you can upload a GPX file to get on the leaderboard.

That's amazing! What else can it do?

The app has a CreateKMZ feature that lets you georeference any map image very quickly, and QuickStart allows you to create an event using aerial photos or your CreateKMZ map. You can create a course for training in minutes.

For better accuracy you can use OOMap.co.uk for

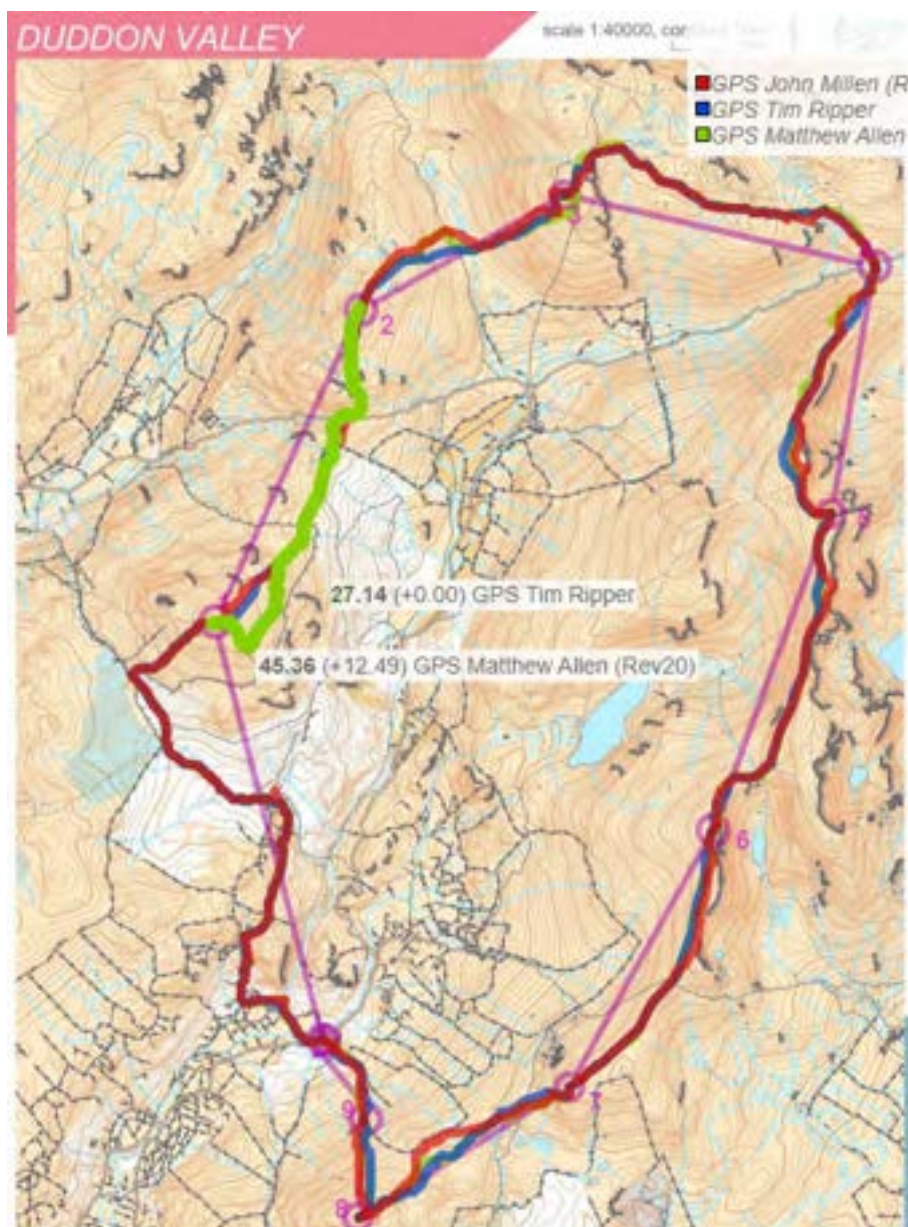
a georeferenced map and Google Earth to plan a course. The CheckSites feature allows you to share events with others for testing.

Matt Rooke is the BCR MapRun admin if you want to make an event live. Maybe it could be used for Winter League timing (or even live tracking!)? Perhaps we should put on our own nav training or club mountain marathon? <http://www.p.fne.com.au> (results and GPX upload) <http://maprunners.weebly.com> (app details and instructions).

*Thanks Matt! You can contact Matt via email if you have any questions: [mattrooke87@gmail.com](mailto:mattrooke87@gmail.com)*

## Long Duddon route

Showing Matt and Jess's detour and the time lost to Tim. (To show the MapRun capabilities)





# Josh takes on the mighty Bob G!

I'd talked here and there about having a bash at a Bob Graham next year (2021), the plan was to go fast racing this year.... by July I thought I can't do anything else thanks to Covid so I'll have a crack at the Bob Graham, what else is there do? And with that 'sod it' moment I set a date for about 6 weeks' time.

I rounded up a Harry for a few 15 - 20 mile training jaunts, notably the one where we found ourselves on Pavey arc several times "this look familiar" and the one with the dicky tummy on Raise "Harry, run the other way". With 2 weeks to go I needed to cram in a recce of leg 4, I'd been reliably told by Tim "don't worry about leg 4 Josh, I'll show you all the lines", so with time against me and while still getting over the stomach I dropped off Gable back to Wasdale (skipping the last bit).

So, with completely off the cuff 20hrs schedule, a 2am start, and a crack all Black Combe support team lined up we headed up in the van; I was bloody nervous, I got flustered trying to put the bed down and nearly lost my hand, I didn't sleep (neither did Jess) and it was still rather warm. Thankfully the alarm soon came and it was time for the most nerve-racking 20 mins ever.

## Leg 1

*Support Runners:* Dan 'go on without me' Hartley & Matt '1 minute' Allan

*Trainers:* Salomon S Lab Sense 7 – Super Light, drain bog water very well, enough grip for Doddic, minimal protection, look epic.

*Conditions:* Dark and cool, head torch off on Doddic.

A drunk chap wandered past, and we we're off, Matt and Dan nailed the scheduling, I couldn't believe that between summits they knew to the minute if I was up or down on schedule, and we stuck to it bang on. It started to unravel when Dan fell in the last Somme like bog just prior to crossing

the Caldew, it was pretty dramatic even by Dan's standards. "Don't worry about Dan he'll catch us up" gasped Matt, as I turned to look back 100yds up Mungrisdale to see Dan's laboured river crossing. It was at this moment I decided I needed to eat (fuel being key), "urm Josh Dan's got the food, don't worry I'll go get it", and with that Matt was off back down the hill while I pressed on. Matt caught me up halfway to Blencathra with some choc pancakes and baby food (breakfast), then preceded to face plant in a hill bog (Dan is 200yds back). Once consumed, time to wash it down "Matt can I have a bottle please", Matt checks his pack, and with a look of anguish on his face "oh no I must have dropped it when I fell", hands me his unused soft bottle and turns to see where Dan is, he was closing in. Fortunately, Dan's back was easing on the shallower slopes before the final pull to the summit and he managed to get back to us with the much needed dropped bottle (proper heroics). It's safe to say Dan and Matt were nervous about the leg and concerned about my schedule, it would make it a very fast outing for them so total hats off to them for burying themselves to get me round leg 1 bang on schedule. Thank you gents, nailed it.

## Leg 2

*Support Runners:* Harvey 'Lieutenant' Lord and John 'I'll do my bob next year' Evason. Rob Brown tagged in as a motivational speaker and player of terrible music on a few summits.

*Trainers:* Salomon S Lab Sense 7 – carried on, going well, not a rocky leg.

*Conditions:* Sunrise on Clough head, stunning clear morning, warming up.

After a quick transition with Jess (beans and rice pudding for the hike up Clough Head), Harv led us round a faultless leg 2, John fuelled me well, particularly water (I drank 3 large bottles, it was warm). I could see the entire route, not sure if this was a good thing, I was feeling good but heck did it hit



home it was a long way to go. Otherwise the Dodds we're knocked off with ease, all was serene and bliss.

We approached Dollywagon and thoughts turned to the out and back of 'Fairfield', maybe it was the thoughts of the wasted effort, the debate over the line (no comment Harrv....) the fact I was 6 or so hours in but we didn't see Jess and Sue who jumped out from behind the cairn. It was a big lift and good fun to chat to a jovial Sue on the awful off camber decent (don't know where Jess and Rob went). This was where my ITB also went "nah don't fancy any more" and started pulling on my left knee. I figured it would pass so carried on.

Dropping down Seat Sandal the knee hurt, my body hurt, I was empty and on the ropes in a real bad patch. As the lay-by came into view I could see a wave of red lycra....my other pleasure cycling, my pals in Lake Road club had arrived on mass (and surprisingly on time) to cheer me in for a major service.

### Leg 3

*Support Runners:* Tim 'the unbreakable' Ripper (dog – majestic Mae) and Harry 'packhorse' Stainton

*Trainers:* VJ Irock – Mega grip, light, good rock protection.

*Conditions:* Scorchio - Sunny, Hot, Clear, no wind.

Charmian and Steve sorted me out with a change of shoes, some foot lube and some toast and with that I was off again 15 mins ahead of schedule. It was getting warm so Harry was loaded up with litres of water. Somewhere near calf crag a small horse nearly took me out, it was in fact Floyd! Lizzie had caught us up and promptly turned back. I'd run a marathon by now, it was hot, the sun was

out and my knee hurt a lot. Tim then pulled out some magic ibuprofen, within minutes I was running pain free, it really was wonderful. We made it to the Langdale's, but I was feeling it, the 15 minute buffer I'd put in on leg 2 was now gone and I wasn't looking in good shape. It was hard to eat, I got some salted nuts and Discos down me but Tim knew I needed more so fed me marmite sarnies in little chunks, they really did give me boost to go along with Tim and Harry's efforts to keep me positive.

We hit the high tops kind of re-fuelled, it was truly stunning but flipping hot, water was out again so we sent Harry to the source of Calfcove Gill while we staggered up Great End. By Sca fell I was suffering, I hadn't factored in the climbers traverse and foxes up to into the schedule so lost a good chunk of time, which only grew on the long drop to Wasdale (except the scree run, went quick down that). I was so relieved to see Pete and Hazel, they sorted me right out, as did the pizza and flat coke....

### Leg 4

*Support Runners:* Tim 'the breakable' Ripper (dog – unbreakable Mae) and Hollie 'the hero' Orr.

*Trainers:* Salomon S-lab – Solid and reliable from many a long day out or so I thought. I didn't factor in feet swell and the resultant blisters we're painful.

*Conditions:* Yewbarrow to Red Pike – Scorchio.

Cooling for the rest of the leg, remaining clear.

It was surprisingly easy to get up and crack on for the flipping slog up Yewbarrow. In my head I knew I was on the home straight and despite being 30 mins down on the 20hr schedule I had loads of time in hand, Hollie had brought a fresh supply of the wonder drug (ibuprofen) so I may as well give it a go.



Yewbarrow was a slog, Tim was 20 yards back on the summit and Hollie did her best convince me he was fine, at Red Pike we were joined by Joe Kenny on his Bob which brought banter (mainly directed at Tim who was still 20 yds back) and a yardstick. Joe was on a tidy 18hr schedule but he was suffering (I gave him some of my wonder drugs), my Pizza and coke was starting to take effect. Hollie was feeding me a slice of pizza and a swig of flat coke every 20-30 mins and my god it was like rocket fuel, not only did I hold onto Joe but I was pulling back minutes on every top and preceded to drop him heading up red gully onto Kirk Fell (the last I would see of Joe). That was also the last we saw of Tim for a while, Tim had slightly overcooked himself focusing on looking after me on Leg 3, and had paid the price. I turned to Hollie as we headed to the summit of Kirk and said "so do you know the way?" this being the bit I hadn't recced...Hollie replied "no, I've only ever done it in the dark". Not ideal but all was not lost, the one thing I had carried the whole was the Bob map, I handed it to Hollie who pulled out her compass and we were off (GB orienteer as backup nav... could have been a lot worse!).

There was a slight snag, apart from a few cubes of fudge Tim had the rest of the food and water, BUT I was now back on the 20hr schedule and I was flying. Hollie did an amazing job, donating her water and scouting the lines to Grey Knotts where we found a chap sprawled out on a rock...it was Tim and the ever-energetic Mae. It was great to see Tim had managed to get back (it was a bit of a worry to see him in the state he was in), we asked for water which he obliged and then which way next (thinking Tim would lead us down), to which Tim pointed out the trod and gasped "turn right at the boggy bit" and slumped back down like a mortally wounded soldier. We dropped down bumping

into Pup Harris out Bob watching, to my final support of Hazel and team poised waiting at Honister.

### Leg 5

*Support Runners:* Pete 'the anchor' Taylor and Gavin 'first timer' Henry.

*Trainers:* Salomon Sense – Comfy trial shoes, ok on both road and easy fell.

*Conditions:* T-shirts, clear and warm.

It was weird, I was fine, quite fresh (didn't smell fresh), but after a quick refuel and a switch to trail shoes to see me home I cracked on. Beth joining us for Dale Head had to play catch up from my surprisingly prompt exit, but quickly got ahead taking pics and chatting away making what is normally a slog of a climb relatively painless.

I was running the climbs, I was stunned at how well my legs were coming back now things had cooled off and we reached Robinson in no time at all. Gavin and Pete were chatting away, I was super happy and the sun was starting to set on what had been a fantastic day on the hills. We reached the road and went full gas to Keswick, ok it felt fast to me, Harry had re-joined us in in casual clothes and kept up just fine...

It felt like the last few miles of a half marathon sort of pace, as we hit Portinscale to be greeted by Jess and Polly, but I had more so I kicked again (sorry Pete) and pressed home to the Moot Hall in 19hrs 23mins. What a day, I was ecstatic, I'd made it before last orders! Thank you to everyone who played their part. It's all in your head, it really is.

Josh Hartley

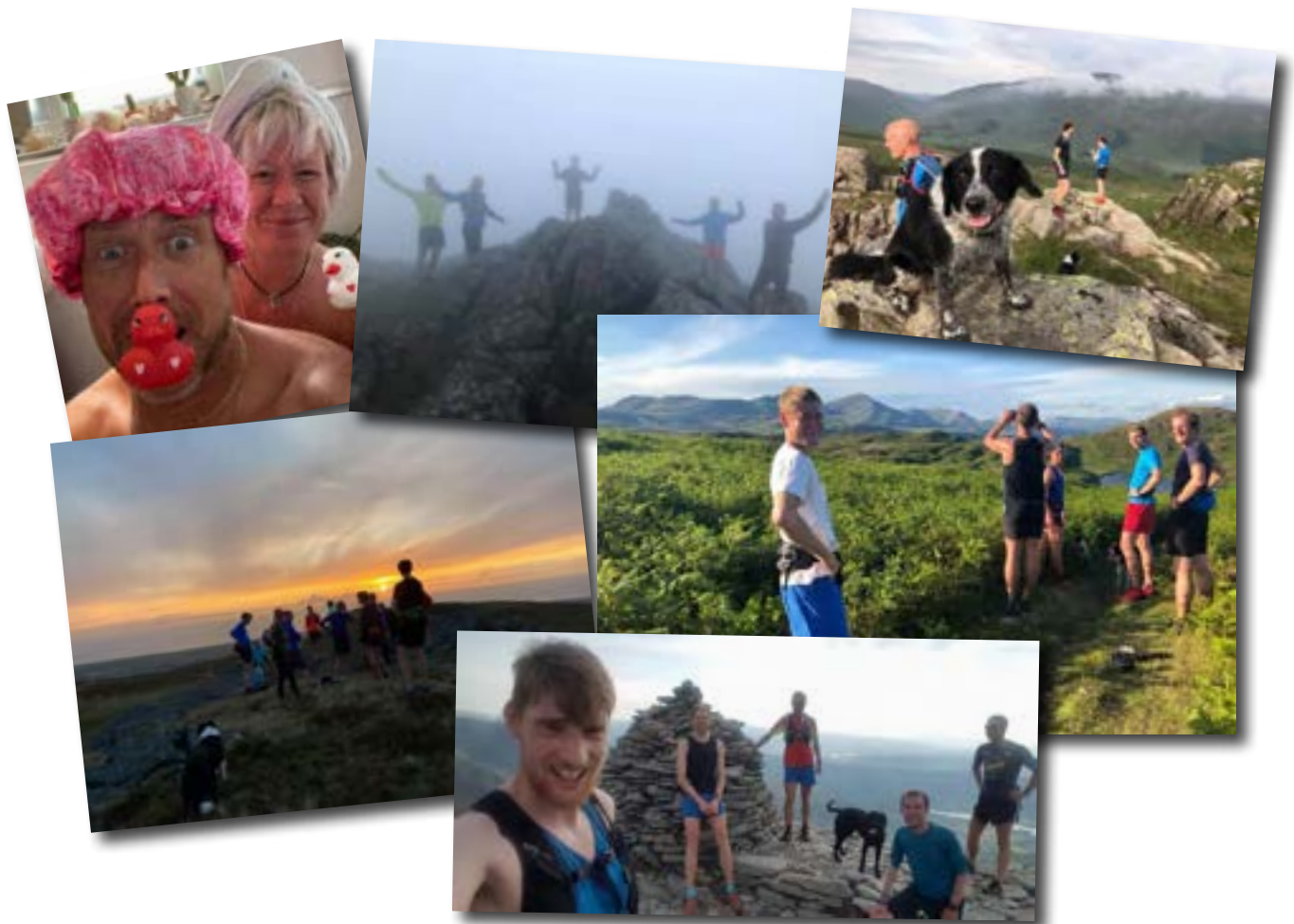
Note from the editor: Josh also made it to Blawith before throwing up! Good effort!



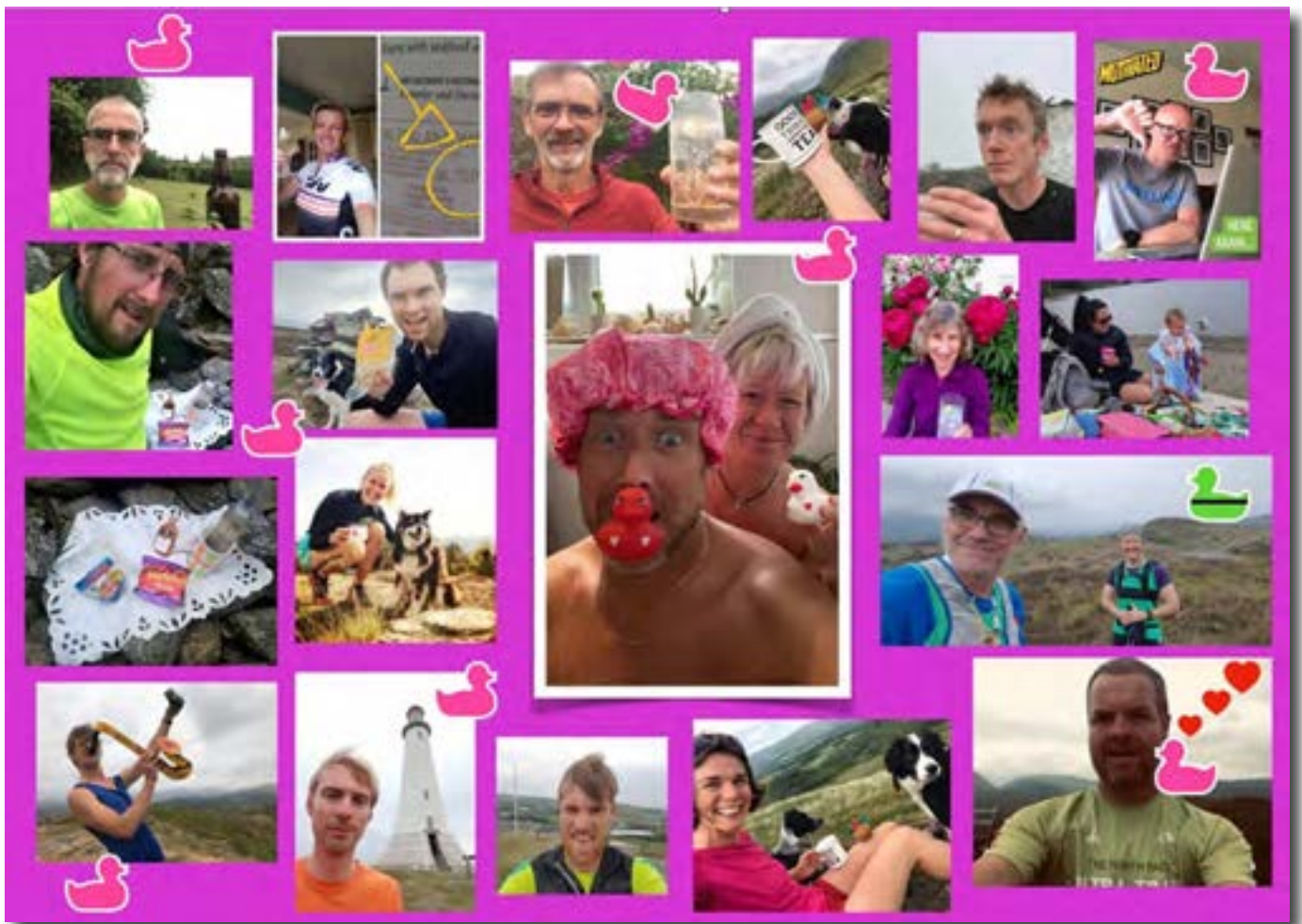




Pictures to make you smile 😊







Black Combe is the most southern and western fell in the Lake District and Black Combe Runners is a small friendly fell running club based in that area. We come from around Ulverston, Broughton, Barrow and Millom and we run all over the South Lakes.

Check out [www.bcrunners.org.uk](http://www.bcrunners.org.uk)