

## Beamsley Beacon 2010

I have changed my race strategy – I used to try hard, now I turn up and think of it as a run in the sun with lots of other people (for a while at least), with the promise of a drink at the end.

I'd managed to convince Emma and Paul to reinstate the Bunny Run Dream Team and go for the Beamsley Beacon Fell Race. Emma was reticent, Paul was decidedly un-keen, but I felt at the end of Brian's party on Tuesday that a fair amount of commitment had been received.

Numerous text messages over the next few days re-assuring Emma that we'd all run together resulted in us all turning up at the Swan tonight as promised. I for one, was amazed, I was sure Emma would blob.

So, we positioned ourselves at the back of the start line and set off. All was good all the way round. Emma had chosen to leave the whistle, compass, map, full body cover, thermal blanket and emergency rations that husband Paul had equipped her with in the car.....it's only Beamsley for goodness sake!

We ran, got to the first field, managed that, into the woods, managed most of that, then adopted the age-old strategy of walk-run. White T-shirt guy kept us going. We were reeling him in slowly. We knew we would pass him eventually, and we did, and with a jolly 'lovely evening for a stroll' we ran past him – this was the only time we actually ran upwards....Passed Robo running down on his exploratory new descent route.....

We could hear the top. Some cheery souls from Whafedale had stationed themselves up there and were still there when we arrived – thank you! – and then we began the descent.

Downhill, always a bonus, but still hard. I knew that we had the gully to negotiate.

But where was the Gully? We ran down and down. Met tarmac, tarmac.... Usually there are people to follow. Not tonight. Thank goodness for Paul's GPS that told us we should be heading right otherwise we could still be out there running aimlessly forever looking for the gully. A minor back track sent us on our way. Narnia and home.

And what a welcome. All Harriers were there at the finish to cheer us in, there's nothing better than a sea of red and green, clapping and whooping to make you think it was all worth it – big thanks – that is what makes us a fab group.....

We'd done it, Emma had completed her first Fell race .....we weren't last. Result!

We waited for White T-shirt man. The only person we'd managed to pass in the entire race. He didn't appear. The tail-enders came in – Lynn well done – if I'm still running up Beamsley at a comparative age I'll be well impressed. Then someone said that White T-shirt man wasn't even in the race!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Bugger – our only scalp.....

Into the pub for the finish. This is where Statto vs friendly comes to play. I know that pretty much if you stay long enough, a prize will be on your way.

A bit of snuckling up to the guy from Wharfedale who was doing the results led to Emma and I being asterisked.....

It was fairly tense as the cans of Carlsberg diminished in front of us – but we were asterisked.....

Get in, Emma and I both won a prize..... 14<sup>th</sup> and 15<sup>th</sup> lady and Lynne got 16<sup>th</sup>.

Sorry to all you guys who ran your hearts out and didn't win. Tough luck. It's a fell race – it's hard, but at the end of the day it's all about the snuckling.....

Sx