

The British Masters.

Fell races are full of lithe individuals, eating nuts and seeds and putting linament where only fell runners can tolerate it. XC races are full of mad people who enjoy clogging up their spikes with the vestiges of cabbages and municipal playing fields. Road runners love tarmac, garmins and lucozade gels.

So, how refreshing to turn up to a race where setting out the tea trolley and oiling the hip replacements took precedent over all the other paraphernalia usually associated with a gathering of lycra.

We had arrived at the British Masters. I'll just repeat that in case you are skip-reading – the British Masters..... With a speed that belied our age we erected the tent, warmed up and headed to the start. I put to the back of my mind the jibes about sitting in the front on the way there, window open, just in case.....(I had been to a Ball the eve before, and yes, I am that dedicated, I drank orange all night – eugh), ignored the fact that I was banned from racing because of a foot injury, and started to – now I want to say enjoy the atmosphere – but actually started to feel really sick as the last person on leg 1 came in 2 mins faster than my 5K pb. These old folk can't half run!

Sally (leg 1) brought us in in an impressive 2nd place, then Jann took over. More nausea swept over me. Jane came to see me and said 'Sue, you're here, without you we wouldn't have a team.....we all know the translation for that.....). I felt yet more sick. I waited for Jann, eyes shut, not wanting her to come back. But then she appeared. It was that Calderdale Relay moment all over again..... I set off, no i-pod – I thought the sight of modern technology may be too much for the old folks to bear.....with only the sound of my wheezing for company. I was here, I had to do it. I did it, slowly, only had the one little walk (sorry guys!!), but managed to swallow the vomit at the turn.

Then Jane took over ran a stormer and got us back to tenth overall.

10th!!

I had sat stone cold sober all the previous night at the aforementioned Ball trying to work out my strategy for telling Ed that we had actually come last.....But bloody hell – the Girls Did Good.

10th!!

Result.

Been there, bought the T-shirt (did I mention that it was a BRITISH MASTERS event?)

Ice cream, then home.

Seriously though, we're never going to compete successfully against the young whippersnappers of the Northern Stage Relays. We aren't, as yet, a young club, we're full of very fast old people (in that statement I obviously preclude myself), but our strength is in our Vets . This could be our time, this event could be our moment.....rousing chorus.....this is our moment.....!