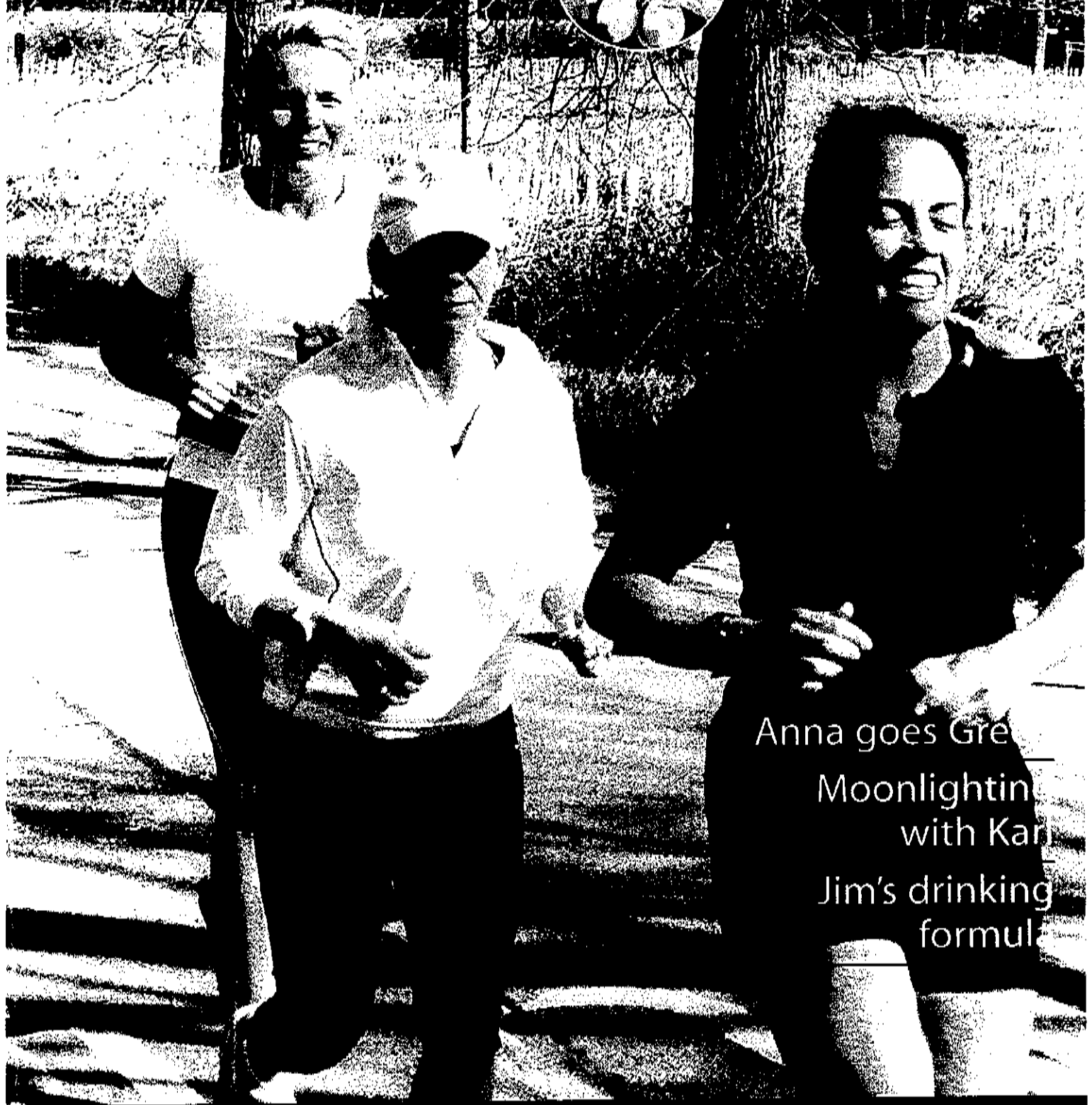


The Run



Vol 8 Issue 7, Spring Edition 2007



Anna goes Gre
Moonlightin
with Kar
Jim's drinking
formul

The Magazine of Benfleet Running Club

The Last Page has the last laugh!



**Steff and Jez
await the
bin men's
re-cycling
day**

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Editorial

Firstly, and I know I say this every issue, but sorry it's taken a while to get this issue out. In my defence it does take a while to get everything together, printed and collated. Anyway, we are here now, and hopefully you will enjoy the read.

Thanks to those of you who contributed, maybe your articles will inspire others to submit their experiences in print for the next magazine.

Check out page 18, Clive's letter, give it some consideration and give Clive back the reply slip on page 19, I've left the back of the form clear so you can cut it out without destroying any articles.

Also on the colour page 11 is included the montage that Dom and Jenny were presented with at the presentation night, for those who didn't attend, and didn't see it. As you will be aware Dom and Jenny have moved to Northampton and for some reason will not be able to make club nights very often.

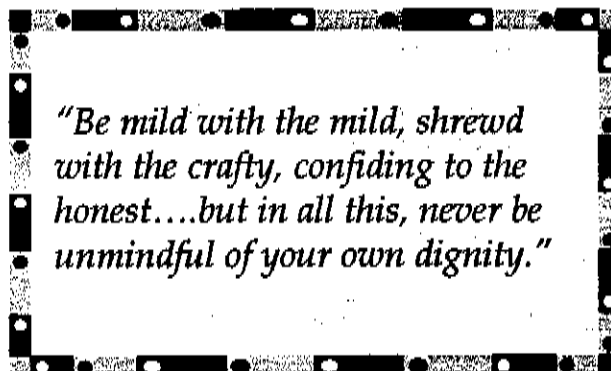
Finally good luck if you are running The London, all the best of luck, and most important of all,

enjoy the day.

John

The front Cover:

Tarnia, Nikki and Lorraine enjoying themselves at the 12 mile mark on the Ultra Run



CHAIRMAN'S COLUMN

As most of you will be aware there are widespread changes going on within the organization of athletics. The biggest affect to our own operation is that we will not now be under the control of the SEAA. We will be governed by England Athletics/East.

As I briefly told the AGM last November one of the changes imposed on us is a registration scheme. As from April 1st we will be paying an affiliation fee of £50 to eastern region and we must register each individual active member with the governing body. The Registration fee for this year is £3.00 per member. This will go up to £5.00 on April 1st 2008.

The good news is that at our last committee meeting we decided not to collect the £3.00 fee from each individual member but to pay it out of club funds.

As far as next years £5 is concerned we will discuss at the AGM (November 2007) whether or not we will put up the annual membership by that amount to cover the payment to the governing body.

One of the moans that road running clubs have had in the past is that whilst we are the major contributors of money to athletics it is the track and field clubs that get the lions share of funds spent on them. We get virtually nothing except for insurance cover.

It does look however that there is more good news in as much as there are signs that the controlling body is making an effort to treat road running seriously.

They have made a promise that money raised by road running clubs and events will only be spent on road running matters and not used to subsidize track and field.

They have set up a Road Running Leadership Group to develop road running within the Eastern region.

They have set up courses for road runners to be coached by top England coaches.

They have promised to set up coaching courses specializing in distance running as opposed to the ones that our people have attended under the old regime which for 50% of the time covered basic athletic skills in track and field and only concentrated on endurance training part of the time.

They are setting up seminars and discussion groups to discuss ways of improving race organization and club development.

They are asking road runners to let them know how we want our section of the sport to be developed.



If you want to keep up to date with how things are developing go to the web site :-

www.englandathletics.org/east/roadrunning

I am now a member of the Essex AAA committee and a founder member of an Essex road running working group whose aim is to promote road running clubs and get better communication between us and the organizing bodies.

If you want to keep up to date with what is happening in Essex road running go to web site:-

www.essexathletics.org.uk

on the home page you will find a link with the road running site.

Clive

How much to drink?

I prefer not to talk when I run but I like to run in a group with other people who talk. I find that listening to others takes my mind off the fact that I may be hurting and often what is talked about is interesting and, when it is, I surf the Internet to find out more. This article stems from a run when people talked about "how much water to drink when you run"

In a previous article in the magazine we talked about a distance runner being like a car. A car uses oxygen from the air to convert the energy stored in fuel into motion; a distance runner also uses oxygen from the air he breathes to convert the energy stored in the body into the energy needed to move his legs and arms. Certain things about a car are fixed - the volume of the cylinders and the stroke of the piston - but other things can be changed to improve the car's performance, for example:

- increasing the energy content of the fuel (e.g. from 2* petrol to 4* petrol),
- increasing the supply of air to the engine (e.g. by injecting the air under pressure), and
- tuning the engine so that it burns the fuel more efficiently.

Similarly, certain things about a runner are fixed - the volume of blood circulating in the body (about 5 litres) and the length of the legs - but other things can be changed to improve the runner's performance, for example:

- increasing the energy content of fuel stored in your body,
- increasing the supply of oxygen to burn the fuel, and
- tuning your body so that you can convert your fuel into movement more efficiently.

The key to distance running is to use the body's energy (stored in the form of glucose) efficiently and to do this you need to get oxygen to the glucose. As you run your heart beats faster (starting from around 50 beats/min up to around 150 beats/minute) resulting in the blood circulating faster around your body. Blood picks up oxygen as it flows through the lungs and as your blood circulates faster around your body a greater amount of oxygen also circulates around your body. Oxygen attacks the glucose stored in your tissue/muscle and as glucose breaks down it releases energy (in the form of a chemical called ATP), which a person can use for movement. There is always a small amount of energy immediately available in muscle so if insufficient oxygen is getting to the muscles to make glucose decompose, a runner can use this small store of already-broken-down glucose, but this is only small enabling a person to sprint for about 30 seconds or so.



So to the original question: how much water to drink when running? Water (H_2O) is a polarised molecule, i.e., it has a positive end and a negative end - just like a magnet. If water is in a column, such as a tree trunk or an artery in your body, its electrostatic charge will cause the water

molecules to line up, positive, negative, positive, negative and so on. Using its intrinsic magnetic attraction water can pull itself along a column, for example, up to the top of very tall trees, such as the giant redwood trees in California, or to the extremities of your body - your hands and feet. Water will always reach the parts that "other beers can't reach".

Blood transports lots of things around the body; red blood cells, white blood cells, nutrients, plasma etc. If you drink too much water during running the excess water will displace some of the oxygen that your arterial blood is carrying so reducing the amount of oxygen available to burn glucose to give movement. If you don't drink enough water your brain will send you a signal that you are thirsty - always listen to any message your body sends you. The optimum balance is to drink only small amounts of water during running and replenish water lost in sweat by drinking liquid (tea/coffee/water) after you finish your run.

During past winters when I ran I would sometimes eat a handful of snow as a substitute for water. Will snow quench your thirst as much as water? Although snow is simply frozen water, the body will extract more water from its cells to provide the energy needed to melt the snow into water than it obtains from the melted snow. So the more snow you eat the more thirsty you will become. Eating snow is a no-no!

For distance running it is essential to get lots of oxygen circulating in your body as oxygen will cause the body's store of glucose to break down and, in the process of breaking down, it releases energy that you can use for movement. The more efficiently the glucose breaks down the more efficiently a person can run. The breakdown of glucose by oxygen is, as with most chemical reactions, made up of a series of steps with each step triggering the next step in the chain. The ease with which these steps occur is controlled by nutrients in your body, which are there from the food you have eaten. So to run well, eat well - something that might be talked about during a future run.

Jim

30 mile Kent Moonlight Challenge 20TH January 2007

"It seemed like a good idea at the time", I mused just after Christmas. I was organising my race weekends and realised I had booked into the Kent 30 mile Moonlight Challenge. Don't ask me how it came to pass, it is bit of a blur. Something about a conversation with Gary, Ernie, Lucy and the devil, I think.

Anyway, the Saturday night loomed and I was trying to get my head around running 30 miles for the first time, ever. Oh, and the race started at 10pm in the middle of a field in Kent.

I had got my head torch, via Santa so I was set. Mike Mason took me through Hockley Woods in the dark, the Tuesday before the race so I had some idea of what running in the dark was all about.

The initial weird part was having three full meals inside me prior to a race, normally it is a hurried bowl of porridge, or a banana in the morning gloom.

I collected Gary and Ernie and we set off for darkest Herne Bay. If finding the "pub" in the daylight was easy, then finding it at 7pm on a January evening was something else. But, Gary's true tracking ability came through and we arrived at the Pub safe and sound.

Having registered, signed our life away (Health & Safety policy, apparently) and been given our glow-stick ("must be warn at all times") and our Mars bar, Lucy and Jez arrived (with Paddy in toe) and we were ready for the off.

The race had, I guess, about 50 runners (hard to tell in the dark) and the lapped race (6 miles each lap) took us first through the village (quite well lit) onto farmland (not well lit) and then to the back of beyond.

We split quite quickly, with Gary chatting to all and sundry, Ernie sprinting ahead to chat to a fellow Grand Union Canal comrade, and me trying to get my night vision in focus.

The first lap nearly over, and the glow of lights within the Pub called us in. Ernie had jogged back and we were in a comfortable pace together now. We checked in, had our number recorded and had a 2 minutes comfort stop. Food a plenty in the pub meant we were spoilt for choice; bananas, crisps, tea. Coffee, soup !

On the second (or was it third?) lap I did comment to Ernie that it had just passed midnight, and what the hell

were we doing in the middle of a field, but it fell on deaf ears !

The next three laps seemed to go reasonably quickly. We were 10 minute mileing, and apart from severe icy hailstones in the middle of the penultimate lap, we had got away with good weather. I had hit the wall quite badly at 20, and with the hailstones was ready to quit. But again, the glow of the Pub beckoned. The rain had eased and we both agreed "One more lap and we are done, let's get inside have a quick drink and get the last lap over with." When I checked in and joked "we are only doing one more lap..." we were told that the race had been called short, and we weren't allowed out for our last lap. Runners were being called in, and the weather was closing in. A couple of trees had been blown down on the course and it was not safe to continue. We had completed 25 miles....

I had joint feelings of relief it was over, but annoyance and frustration that I couldn't finish my first ultra. I wasn't a happy bunny. Ernie fell asleep in the back seat on the way home, and I rolled into bed at about 5am. Mad, or stupid ? Answers on a postcard please.



Karl

CROSS COUNTRY LEAGUE

I would like to give a big thank you to all the club members who have turned out for the club in this season's Cross Country League matches.

I know that many of you "hate" cross country but have still shown a great "team spirit" and turned out regularly.

I think that last year it was a pleasant surprise when we won the league after quite a period of Thrift Green's dominance.

This year proved that it was not a fluke win and although, Thrift Green regained the title we are now competing with them on an equal basis and the final results could have gone either way.

We are now evenly matched and next year's competition will depend on which team can turn out their strongest team over all the 5 matches.

Last year when we received the shield I presented it to the man and lady who had been our best aggregate scorers - to qualify they had to compete in all 5 races.

The winners were (men) - Graeme Booty
(ladies) - Lucy Mancer.

If we had won this year I would have made the same presentation to:

(men) - Graeme Booty 43 points
No lady completed all 5 rounds

As well as giving Graham my congratulations I would like to say thank you to the following who also turned out in all 5 races:

Steve Desborough	Scored 113 points
Andy Morris	130
Steffan Cohen	131
Ian Pike	164

NB lowest is best

I realize that many more of you would have also have achieved 5 races but missed our event due to having an obligation to Marshal.

Clive

Joke

There was a guy who had been marooned on a desert island for about 10 years. He was watching out to sea one day when he spotted a very tiny dot on the horizon.

This dot gradually got larger and eventually a beautiful young woman came out of the sea wearing a wet suit. She smiled at him and said "Would you like a cigar?". "Yes please" said the man, so she unzipped the left side of her wet suit and gave him a large cigar.

She then asked him if he would like a drink. The man couldn't believe his luck, "Oh, boy, yes please." So she unzipped the right side of her wet suit and gave him a beer.

With her hand on the long zip down the front of her wet suit she asks him if would like to play around. "Oh, God," said the man, "you haven't got a set of golf clubs in there as well, have you?"

Meet Steffan, judging by his interests he has a taste for all action. He has a desire to run the BG round, which involves running 42 summits with 30 000 feet of ascent in the Lake District all to be completed in 24 hours...wow! Steff has only just come to terms with the fact that Guinness is not vegetarian, and by the way don't upset him, he is a keen martial arts exponent! Read on...

Member Profile

Name- Steffan Cohen

When did you join BRC?- September 2005 (I think!)

Favourite races- Halstead marathon, all the xc rounds, Southend 10k and the Great Bentley half.

Do you have any other hobbies/pastimes?- Shotokan karate, surfing, skateboarding, making/listening to music and I've just started lifting weights!

Describe the way you run- As fast as I can!

Your favourite food- Vegetarian.

Your favourite music- I could fill loads of pages here so I'll just list a few bands on my ipod! Arcade fire, Alkaline trio, Cursed, Ceremony, Dead swans, Deftones, Echo and the bunnymen, Ladytron, Righteous jams, She wants revenge, Some girls, Tear it up.

Your favourite film - The grudge. (Actually, most horror films!)

Your favourite book- I've just started reading Deception point by Dan Brown and so far it's very good!

Who would be your ideal dinner guest?- Bruce Lee.

Do you have any embarrassing running moments?- Ummm... Taking it steady for the first lap at Weald park xc last year, ready to blast the second and realizing that the runners in front of me had finished the race! (it was a one lap course!) Performing a front flip after running full pelt into a bollard on a club run! ouch!

Why do you run?- For the pleasure and the pain!

What is your best running moment?- Every moment I'm able to run is the best.

Describe yourself in three words- Lives Life Fully.

How competitive are you when racing?- Against myself, very competitive!

What is your favourite piece of running clothing?- My lucky gold coloured safety pin! Oh, and my collection of shoes!!!

What brand of running shoes do you use?- Asics. (Four different pairs of them at the moment!!!)

What is the best piece of advice you could give to other runners?- Get one of our superb club coaches to design you a training plan and stick at it!

What pb are you most proud of?- Ask me that after London 2007!

What are your running goals?- Sub 3 at London, keep enjoying my running and keep improving. Eventually I'd like to do a 50+ mile ultra. Anyone heard of the Bob Graham round?!!



PRESENTATION NIGHT REPORT

The gillerati were out in force at Benfleet RC's answer to the Oscars the Club Presentation Night. The prize for the best dressed man goes to the event organiser and Social Secretary Kevin Steed resplendent in DJ and red bow tie. He should also be very proud as the event was a resounding success. I'm sure the vote of thanks given by our Chairman to Kevin whilst he was in the mens room was not deliberate so that he was met with rapturous applause as he appeared through the door of the gents no doubt wondering which of his many talents had been spotted whilst in the smallest room. Thanks Kev and well done on great organisation (and even better comedy timing!).

Our inimitable compere Mikey presented the Oscar hopefuls with their trophies.

The battle of the fast boys was settled at Ingatestone in the Club Championships. Jez was the victor and took the mens trophy just pipping Graham Booty at the post. The ladies trophy was won by Julia Palmer. The VETS prizes went to Dave Spain (VET) Tom Dawson (O 50 VET) Vic McCloud (O 60 VET) for the men and Sue Nel (VET) Debbie G (Super VET) Bobby Oliver (Super duper VET) for the ladies - it's not polite to mention a lady's age. (I understand a PR lady is fair game though so mine was the over 45's!)

The team prize went to Jez, Paula, Anna and Vic who for the first time in Presentation history were all present to receive their prize.

Unfortunately the satellite link to the Spain household was not working so Dave's reaction to his fine victory could not be captured. However our esteemed host Mike did promise to give the other absentee Sue Nel a surprise at the Virgin gym. I hear the local police have already been alerted.

The red carpet was then rolled out for the Merit Table contenders. A hard fought contest saw the hard working Steve Dear just sneak in after his last race in 3rd place for a well deserved prize. Runner up was Steff who has undoubtedly had the most outstanding season of any of the fast boys rising from someone who ran his first couple of runs at the club with me (and I couldn't stay with him then!) to becoming one of top male runners in the club. Awesome Steff well done.

But the victor was a late entrant into the Merit Table race Lorri Gibson who in the latter half of the season became the most prolific racer smashing huge chunks off her PB's over all distances. Congratulations Lorri.

Then came the not so hotly contested Challenge Cup

(in its last year). The little seen at the club but regular racer Sue Nel ran away with the ladies title. The mens title was taken by our esteemed captain Steve Des. Mikey kindly pointed out to the nearly man Graham that had he turned up at all the Challenge Cup races he would probably have won it. Hard luck Graham but at least you had the pleasure of seeing Dessie walk off with the trophy must have brought a tear to the eye. (I realise at this point that the threatened crushing of my toes may be carried out by you Graham so I checked with Osama Bin Laden and he has a spare bunk in his cave for me to lay low in for a few days).

And whilst on the subject of our captain Mr Popularity also walked off with the Club Personality of the Year trophy. Congratulations Steve - well deserved. However I know everyone was grateful that as you were about to respond to the cries of "speech speech" Steve, you took pity and respected the even louder cries of "no no". I know we are all waiting with baited breath for Tuesday night though...

Bobby took the trophy as Clubman/person of the year and I think everyone agrees that it's hard to think of anyone who does more for the club and club members. Thanks Bobby.

The evening also saw a presentation to Dom and Jenny who sadly are moving and will be leaving us for good. I for one will never forget how much Dom helped me to improve. We had many runs together where he helped pull me along to a better pace and 2 years ago we ran the Paddock Wood Half together which was probably a first for Benfleet as the men and ladies captains (as I was then) both crossed the line in identical times. Both Dom and Jen have done so much for Benfleet and they'll be sorely missed. Not least Dom's legs they are legendary I gather Swan Vesta have already approached him to recruit him as a model.

Once again the evening was a triumph. Most of us who normally treat our bodies as a temple (I'm not including you in this Graham) succumbed to the lure of the wicked alcohol. Much drinking and dancing was enjoyed by all and as I left almost crawling out at just after 1pm I heard talk of an all night session at Kirste's. My these runners can drink!

To all of my fellow marathon runners I hope you all felt as bad as I did on your long run Sunday. Mine was a run to be forgotten the only plus points being I was still alive at the end of it and managed not to throw up during the run.

I'm on the wagon now till 22nd April.

Debbie G
PR lady

WHEN IS A VET NOT A VET.

Will we get claims that we are losing 5 years of our lives?

Will men of over 35 suddenly feel old?

What am I talking about! Well it is just to let you know that U.K athletics have changed the men's vets categories in line with the women.

i.e male vet 40 becomes male vet 35

male vet 50 becomes male vet 45

male vet 60 becomes male vet 55

I feel sorry for the likes of Tom Dawson who this year has got himself in amongst the 60 year olds and is now one of the top 4 or 5 in the county and picking up a few trophies. Now he finds he has got to compete with a new band of young whippersnappers aged 55.

Tony Mead who only became a vet 40 last October and has been the fastest vet overall in this year's cross country races suddenly has to compete with young upstarts of 35.

Graham Booty is one of the upstarts - little did he know when he had his 35th birthday a few weeks ago he suddenly became old. Now we know why he staggered up the hill at the end of the Essex 20.

Not to worry though for the moment. Evidently this change appeared some time ago in the athletics rule book but the fact was not advertised and, as not many people bother to read rule books, it is taking its time to filter through to the grass roots and to race organizers. Further to that it is up to race organizers to decide the age categories that will receive trophies.

I think the county associations will have to come into line with the rule book but club organized events may stick for the time being to the original groups.

It is not too much of a surprise that the change has been made. For years people could not understand why the men's and ladies categories were different but most people thought that the ladies should be changed in line with the men. This is borne out by looking at race results and noting that there is always a vet lady in the top three. The Essex 20 was won by an over 45 lady and 2nd & 3rd were both over 35 vets.

Why the change? I suspect that once more as the decisions at the top are made by track and field based people they have made the change to suit their athletes. If you take the average age of road runners it is certainly much higher than track based competitors, which probably means that the age categories should be different for the two sections of our sport.

Maybe we should come more in line with triathlon events and split competitors into 5 year age groups! What do you think?

It is a decision that our committee will have to make later this year when we sort out the 2008 Benfleet 15. Also when Ian attends the annual cross country committee meeting they will have to decide whether to keep the vets as is or fall in line with the rule book. I personally feel that it should be left alone because of my reasoning above but maybe we should change our scorers to include one vet 35, one vet 45 and one vet 55. What do you think?

Maybe Ian should do some research into our club members ages and Thrift Greens, to work out which age grouping would give us an advantage, so that we could win next year!!!!

Oliver

doke

Three men, one American, one Japanese and an Irishman were sitting naked in a sauna. Suddenly there was a beeping sound. The American pressed his forearm and the beep stopped. The others looked at him questioningly.

"That was my pager," he said, "I have a microchip under the skin of my arm."

A few minutes later a 'phone rang. The Japanese fellow lifted his palm to his ear. When he finished he explained, "That was my mobile phone. I have a microchip in my hand."

The Irishman felt decidedly low tech, but not to be outdone he decided he had to do something just as impressive.

He stepped out of the sauna and went to the bathroom. He returned with a piece of toilet paper hanging from his backside. The others raised their eyebrows and stared at him. The Irishman glanced around behind and said

"B-Jesus , will you look at that, I'm getting a fax!"

Ken's Quiz

Test your logic, knead your knowledge, and if this blows your mind, blame Ken not me!

Question No.1

A recycling factory makes its own paper cups for canteen use. It can make one new cup from nine used ones. If it has 505 used cups how many can it possibly make in total ?

Question No.2

Which three letter word can be attached to the beginning of the following words to give six other words ?

ROCK, POST, SPREAD, TIME, EVIL, CLOTHES

Question No.3

I am a fire. Change one letter and I am a knife. Change another letter and I am a clearing. Change another letter and I am a rank. Change one final letter and I am a fruit. What was I and what did I become?

Question No.4

What letter should come next?

MYVSEHMSJRSNUSNEP?

Question No.5

Details of a check at a stationer's are shown below.

78 - Pencils

152 - Paint Brushes

51 - Files

142 - Felt Tip Pens

? - Writing Pads

How many writing pads should there be?

Question No.6

On each line place a three letter word which can be attached to the end of the word to the left and to the beginning of the word to the right to give two other words. The first letters of the three letter words will give another word reading downwards. What is it ?

TALL HOOD

COVE RAFT

FOND HEM

ROB TILL

DOUGH HATCH

FORE PAGE

Question No.7

The following words have a connection. What is it ?

ARCHIVE, DILLY-DALLY, MESSAGE, BAYONET

Question No.8

Insert the vowels into each group of letters to form a word.

Three of the words are connected. Which is the odd one out?

DHL, RSN, RCHD, FCHS.

(answers on page 17)

TEAM BENFLEET HITS THE ALGARVE*By Bobby*

Persuaded by our Men's Captain, Steve Desborough, seven of us agreed to go with him to Marathon Training Camp in Portugal which he had attended last year.

Not quite knowing what to expect it was with some nervous anticipation we met at Luton Airport on Thursday morning. Within minutes of our arrival Sarah (Norton) produced from her pocket in true Paul Daniels fashion a boiled egg and proceeded to peel and eat it with much relish. Got to Portugal on an egg.

Debbie (Smith) had come well equipped with two suitcases and a large holdall. Unfortunately this meant she ended up paying £52 in excess baggage. However, I have to say she did have an outfit for every occasion. She had packed on the premise that if you are running two sessions a day for seven days you need fourteen matching outfits. Obviously she looked the part and while the rest of us spent five minutes washing our smalls or larges as the case may be, she spent her time eating and looking gorgeous. When we collected our luggage in Faro there was a fist-sized dent in one of her cases. I feel a claim coming on. On the return journey she paid no excess, but if you had been there you would know that she had eaten her way through half the contents of her luggage.

An hour after our arrival we went for our first run across the cliff tops and back along the beach or track. The views were spectacular and weather great so we were looking forward to a good week.

On this first run we encountered Lycra Man. A Scottish chap with a face like a disgruntled cod and dressed in fluorescent skin tight yellow lycra. This led us ladies into having a deep and meaningful conversation on the merits or otherwise of men's running attire. I've never heard such a lot of cock and ball stories in my life.

That night after dinner Steve Des showed us the way down by road to the beach. At the bottom of the track our headlights picked out two parked cars. Now I've seen cars with nodding dogs in the back before, but what we saw bobbing up and down in the back of one car was quite a novelty. When Des flashed the lights of our bus a hand appeared in the window of the car giving us a signal which I took to mean that there was only one person in the car. I could be wrong. During the week there was a lot of speculation as to who the occupants of the car were, fuelled by us seeing a lilac thong on the back seat of a car in the hotel car park.

Day two and the afternoon session is a mile trial on the track, which provided the placings for a handicap race to take place at the end of the week. I had never run on a track before so it was difficult to know how to approach this but we all did well and proved that Benfleet were a force to be reckoned with.

After every training session we would all stand like flamingos up to our unmentionables in the freezing cold pool. It was like torture but it did seem to work on our tired muscles.

Steve Drummond had a bonus one night. He managed to find in his meals that day, two hairs, one snail and a fly. Debbie made up for this by telling the waiter that it was Steve's birthday (not) so he was presented with a sparkler covered ice cream while the staff sang an unending version of Happy Birthday in Portuguese.

On one of our morning runs, Sarah, Tarnia and I were chatting so much, as you do, that we managed to get lost among the orange groves. We came across another runner with her own personal sat nav. She knew the sun rose in the east but had trouble working out where north was. However, Sarah realised she had the same facility on her watch and in no time we were back on route. Now as you know I don't do technology and I would eventually have found my way back, but in this case it worked so, well done Sarah and Garmin.

Sunday was the day of our long run. It was four miles out and back with a three mile loop which you could do however many times. The two Steve's did really well and Tarnia did 17, one of several good runs for her. When the day of the handicap race dawned several of us were not at all keen. Sarah had developed a cold, Brian was suffering with his heel injury, but Peter was going to give it a try after being injured for two days. It was a five mile race, 4 laps round a cross country course with three hills in each lap. Heaven!!! We all survived, some better than others and that night after more than a few drinks we went back to one of our terrific apartments and were treated to champagne by Debbie to toast our achievements. There was a lot of laughing going on but nobody seemed to know quite what about.

Thanks must go to Steve Des for all his work and organisation in getting us there. And thankfully Peter was able to take over the driving so a lot of Portuguese kerbs are still intact.

The weather, place and company were great so all in all we had a good time and I'm sorry to say we didn't miss the Grizzly once.

The Ultra

Sarah N flies in with the Dambuster



Elaine, Listening to the call of the Great Crested Grebe



Lorri and Sally do their rendition of YMCA



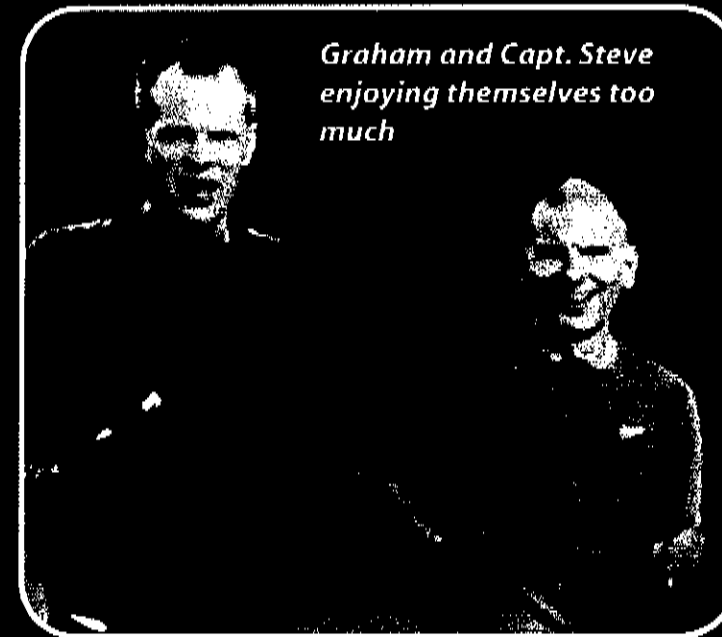
Graeme, Sharon and Debbie at the 5 mile mark



John H and Lucy cruising in the sun



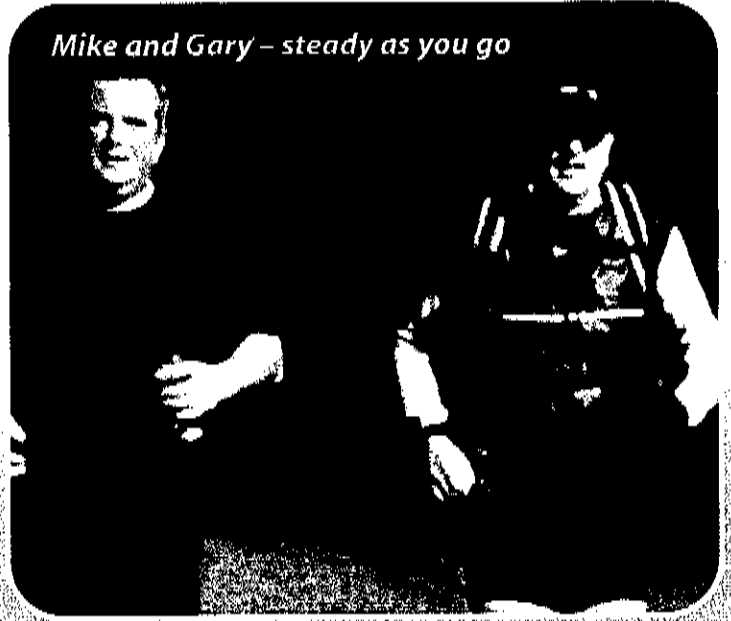
Graham and Capt. Steve enjoying themselves too much



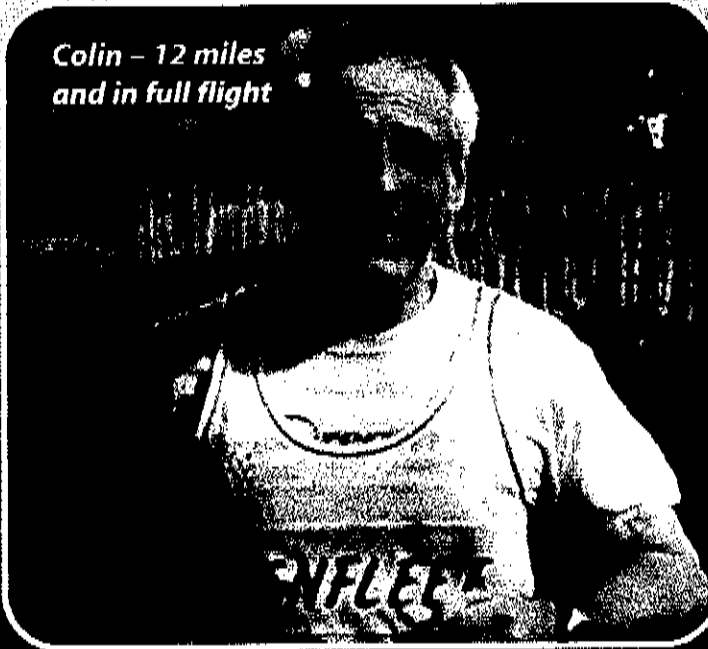
Run 2007



*Kirstie and Anna give a smile
at 12 miles*



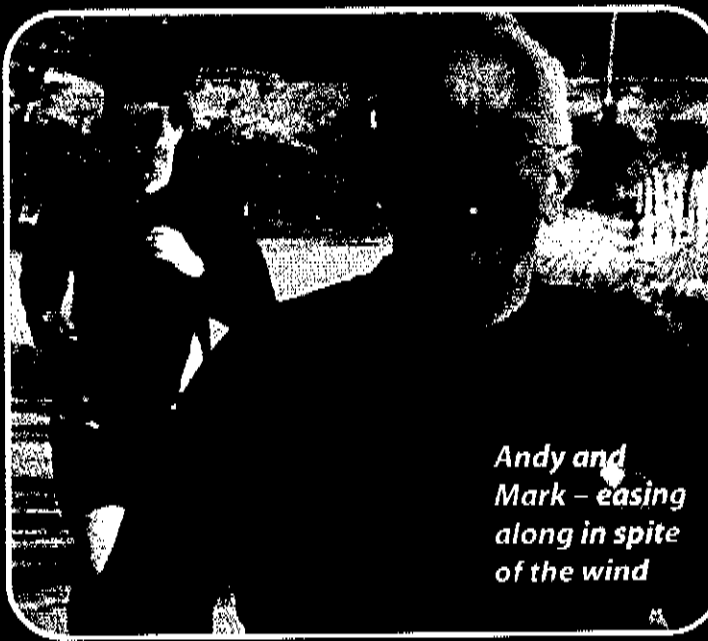
Mike and Gary – steady as you go



*Colin – 12 miles
and in full flight*



*Andy and Fred
the boys of
town*

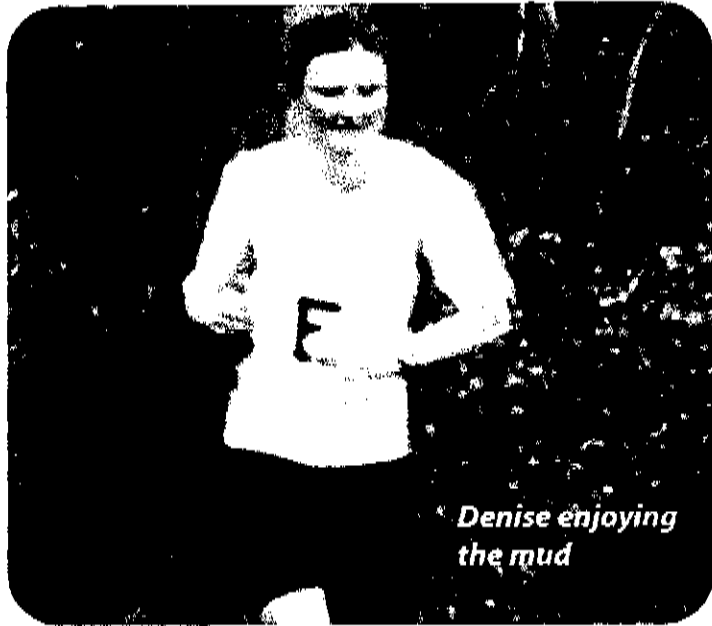


*Andy and
Mark – easing
along in spite
of the wind*

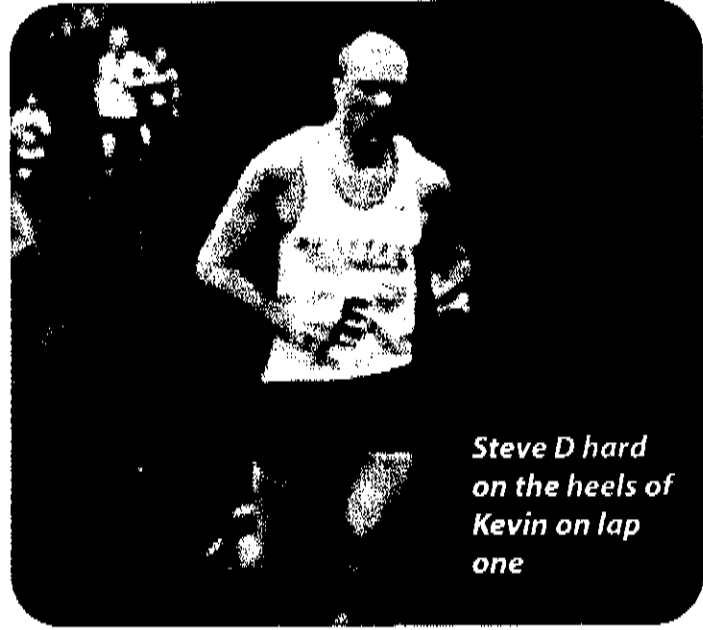


*Bobby and Sylvia
arrive at the*

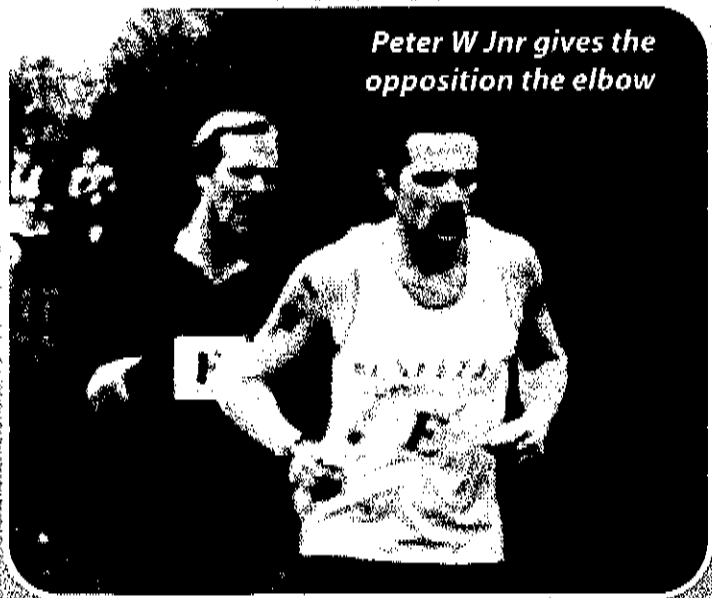
One Tree Hill X-Country



Denise enjoying the mud



Steve D hard on the heels of Kevin on lap one



Peter W Jr gives the opposition the elbow



Ken advances on the Sontze



Charlotte somehow glides over the gap



Caroline, Denise and Chris descend into the quagmire

FRIENDSHIP AND RUNNING – A GOOD COMBINATION ?

by Anna

As Kirste and I set off in the car for the Thrift Green Trotters 10k we were excitedly talking about the merit table, as you do, and feeling rather positive about the race. It was a hot morning but nothing compared to the Southend half marathon so we were looking for a PB! I should have known it would all go horribly wrong.

It took us forever to get there as neither of us had bothered to find out where the race was or how to get there, so after about half an hour of aimless driving around Romford it was time to ask for some help. First we asked a bunch of what looked like cadets or scouts with copious amounts of orienteering equipment to which they replied “sorry we’re not from round here” great. Then we managed to seek out and ask probably the only Scottish tourist in the area, and unsurprisingly he had no idea either so it was back to the aimless driving around and praying we’d accidentally happen upon it, which ironically we eventually did.

As we arrived I happened to spot someone who looked uncannily like Ronnie O’ Sullivan, to which Kirste quickly told me he actually didn’t, and that I was being ridiculous, why would he be here?

We approached the late entries desk and got our lucky numbers on our tops, stealing a few safety pins as we always do (why we never ever remember to bring them is beyond me), and we were ready, we were aching for a PB. Kirste programmed the hi-tech gadget on her wrist to our PB time and casually informed me it would tell us as we were running if we were ‘ahead’ or ‘behind’ our PB. How cool is that I thought to myself. After a small disagreement (a frequent occurrence when Kirste and me run) we decided it was best that I wore the gadget (I’m reluctant to call it a gadget as it’s the size of a laptop computer and weighs the equivalent) because she politely informed me..

“It’s slightly annoying when we’re running together and you constantly ask me “how far is that?” “Is that another mile yet?”

As I strapped it onto my wrist I was confident this was going to be the day I beat my 10k time.

We started running. Wow - it was hot, but we were doing fine. My obsession with the gadget on my wrist was quite distracting but also very exciting as it showed me a little speedy man running ahead of an-



other little slower man with a big caption in bold capital letters “YOU ARE AHEAD”

YES! I thought, I rock, let’s get a PB. As we hit about the fifth km, I lost the plot and the real fun started.

Kirste has the patience of a saint.

My legs – fine, my feet – fine, my breathing. What breathing? I thought I was going to collapse, I couldn’t breathe, I really honestly couldn’t breathe, yes Kirste, I COULDN’T breathe!! (She still doesn’t believe me and has dined out on impersonating me and this situation ever since!) The course, unbeknown to me had hills the size of Everest, and the temperature had soared to ridiculously high.

I tried to explain to Kirste that I couldn’t breathe.....

“I.....GASP FOR AIR.....can’t.....GASP FOR AIR.....breathe”

To which she replied... “Darling you can breathe otherwise you wouldn’t be able to talk”. That was really useful information of course. Anyway we got to the top of the hill, the stupidly steep, long hill (described by the race organisers as undulating – whatever), and there was a lot of traffic, including a fairly large lorry. This is where I first considered that death may be the easier option but probably not in the long term. As the road flattened a lovely old man marshalling the race politely asked Kirste and I to “keep to the left”, as they do, because he didn’t want us to get run over by the fairly large lorry. How thoughtful. Had I not just run up the “undulating slope” and had been able to breathe, I may have taken this polite request with more grace, unfortunately, I told him to F*** off. I am not gloating at my behaviour; in fact I am embarrassed and ashamed, but honestly at the time, they were the only words I could muster. After all, he hadn’t just run up that hill had he and he had the audacity to ask me to move in a direction other than forwards which was unreasonable in my opinion!

Kirste told me off and I realised I’d been a cow, but I really did feel totally ruined. What made it worse was the fact that Ken and several other runners then overtook me, twice! These intelligent people had the sense to WALK up the “undulating” parts of the course, thus allowing them to regain their energy and pace for the

(Continued on page 16)

(Continued from page 15)

flat sections. I was gutted and wishing Kirste had less pride because I couldn't have cared less if we had have walked up the hills, Kirste on the other hand took the "Well at least you haven't walked up any of the hills" approach with me. I think I managed a half hearted smile but inside I was thinking "ooh wow, woopy doo". That girl is too competitive and proud for her own good, a quality of hers which sometimes drives me insane. Things didn't get any better unfortunately. Shortly after the swearing incident I felt grossly sick, and at the time believed a full-on vomit was imminent.

"Kirste, Kirste I'm going to be sick...." Her patience continued.

We stopped. We moved over to the left (something I had just sworn at the marshal for), I steadied myself, held my stomach and bent myself over forward awaiting copious amounts of sick. Kirste was extremely supportive and waited with me during this period of unwell. Unfortunately for me, and to Kirste's delight I merely gagged like a cat with a miniscule fur ball and wasn't sick at all. This incident afforded Kirste months of 'story-telling' at my expense.

After the fur ball incident I had lost any ability to think with any clarity, and I must confess now that while running the last couple of kilometres I thought long and hard about what would be the best way to fake a collapse which would look real, but would in fact be nothing more than a tactic which would get me out of the race.

By now the hi-tech gadget on my wrist had now become my enemy; evidently it's not that high-tech anyway because the only thing it could show me was a whacking great big "YOU ARE BEHIND". I'd lost my head, I couldn't breathe, I was sick but not quite and didn't quite have enough guts to fall into a heap on the road, I had no choice but to finish the bl**dy race.

And that we did, I crossed the line to an applaud of Benfleet running club members who had appeared to have finished about an hour prior to me, no I didn't get a PB, that's blatantly obvious. Kirste finished with a smile (as usual); I finished with an expression which looks as if I've just been rescued from 2 months in the desert. Kirste kindly pointed out that the photo of me at the finish looks like the man is shouting "We're losing her" – and to be honest I was secretly pleased, at least HE thought I looked as awful as I felt!

But I did realise something about myself and about Kirste. She stood by me through thick and thin in this race and for that I am very grateful, despite wanting to rubbish her advice on many occasions throughout the race. Whether she did this so she had months of ammunition and joke telling at my expense I don't know, but it was appreciated nonetheless. As for me, once my head goes it's practically impossible for me to get it back, even with a great friend on my shoulder; something I need to work on. I've also learnt that I need to master the art of fake collapse (maybe Graham could coach me) and I must not swear at helpful marshals! For the record, it WAS Ronnie O'Sullivan, and I believe he did manage a PB!

When I think of this race it always makes me wonder why I run, I still don't really know the answer, and I definitely care less about the merit table than I did! I am sure when Kirste reads this she will have something to correct about it, and one thing I'm certain of is that she will continue to impersonate me "being sick"! And "not being able to breathe" for many years to come. Friends – don't you just love them!

Anna

MURPHY'S LESSER KNOWN LAWS

1. Light travels faster than sound. That is why some people appear bright until you hear them speak.
2. He who laughs last thinks slowest.
3. Change is inevitable, except from a vending machine.
4. Those who live by the sword get shot by those who don't.
5. Nothing is foolproof to a sufficiently talented fool.
6. The 50-50-90 rule: Anytime you have a 50-50 chance of getting something right, there's a 90% probability you'll get it wrong.
7. If you lined up all the cars in the world end to end, someone would be stupid enough to try to pass them, five or six at a time, on a hill, in the fog.
8. If the shoe fits get another one just like it.
9. The things that come to those who wait will be the things left by those who got there first.
10. Flashlight. A case for holding dead batteries.
11. The shinbone is a device for finding furniture in a dark room.
12. A Fine – is a tax for doing wrong. A Tax – is a fine for doing well.
13. When you go into court, you are putting yourself in the hands of 12 people who weren't smart enough to get out of jury duty.

Words of Wisdom

With sufficient ignorance of the magnitude of the challenge in hand, you have a good chance of seeing it through!

When you cease to dream you cease to live.

Some defeats are only instalments to victory.

Answers to Kena quiz (from page 9)

Answer to Question No.1 - '63'

Answer to Question No.6 - 'Brains'

Answer to Question No.2 - 'Bed'

TALL (Boy) HOOD

Answer to Question No.3 - 'Blaze, Grape'

COVE (Red) RAFT

Blaze, then Blade, then Glade, then Grade and finally Grape

FOND (Ant) HEM

ROB (Ins) TILL

DOUGH (Nut) HATCH

FORE (See) PAGE

Answer to Question No.4 - 'O'

Answer to Question No.7 - 'Each word contains a herb'

The letters are the first and last letters of:
MercurY, Venus, Earth, MarS, JupiteR, SaturN, UranuS, NeptunE and PlutO.

arCHIVE , DILLy-dally, mesSAGE, BAYonet

Answer to Question No.5 - '140'

Answer to Question No.8 – RAISIN, the rest are flowers.

The alphabetical positions of all the letters are added to give the amount.

DaHLia, RaiSiN, oRCHiD, FuCHSiA.

Junior Section Letter

Dear Member,

I am thinking about trying to start a Benfleet R.C. junior section.

This letter is to sound out all members as to what their view is on this proposal.

Why have I got this mad idea that can only give me more work?

1. The average age in the club is high and we do not have an avenue to attract teenagers etc.
2. A criticism of most road running clubs is that we do nothing to encourage children to take part in our sport.
3. There is much discussion at the moment on how obese our young generation is getting.
4. There is also much discussion on the raised level of juvenile crime in the country. One of the reasons given is that youngsters have not got anything to do or occupy their time.

With items 3 & 4 if, by starting a junior club, we can help youngsters to lead a normal healthy life it will be worthwhile.

5. I think it will give a great deal of satisfaction to anyone involved in organizing them to see youngsters competing in a sport that we ourselves get great enjoyment from.

Now, how do we go about getting this off the ground.

Well, firstly we need youngsters and secondly we need organizers and helpers.

My proposal is to start off by getting the youngsters from within our existing club members and, if successful, then trying to attract others in from outside.

I would hope that some of our adult members as well as parents of any prospective junior members would get involved in the organization.

If I get enough interest I propose to have an informal get-together with those adult members to plan how to proceed i.e.

1. What time of the day/evening would suit most people.
2. What day of the week.
3. What age groups should we consider.
4. Finances.
5. Anything else that develops from the above conversations.

If you are interested please fill in the attached form on page 19 and return it to me.

Yours in sport,

Clive.

PROPOSED FORMATION OF A JUNIOR SECTION

Name.....

I am interested in attending a meeting to discuss the above.

I have the following children who might like to join the club:

Name.....

Name.....

Name.....

I would consider volunteering to help organize the juniors when I know what is involved YES/NO**

****You do not need to have children involved to volunteer to help.**

It takes a while to get some of the profiles filled in for the magazine, now Anna being a midwife, I thought the delivery would be quicker, however she even went to Australia to avoid completing this one, but after six months here it is.

Anna admits to drinking tea and coffee with friends.... yeah right, and has unusual musical taste! 'Anna don't be hasty'.....Read on....

Member Profile

Member Profile

Name

Anna-Louise Spencer

When did you join the BRC?

Originally around 1984 ish with my mum when I was a nipper, but have been proper member since 2004

Favourite Races

London Marathon, Cardiff Half Marathon,

Do you have any other hobbies/pastimes?

Watching rugby and football, swimming, singing along to songs, drinking tea and coffee with friends, bugging Kirste.

Describe the way you run.

Slowly with considerable moaning

Your favourite food.

Crisps or Cheese

Your favourite CD.

Any album by 'Lifehouse', and Paolo Nutini - These Streets!

Your favourite film

Terminator 2, American History X or Cruel Intentions

Your favourite book.

'The Program - How to find a Husband after 30' - my mum kindly bought it for me, despite the fact that I'm only 28.

Who would be your ideal dinner guest?

Will Smith - funny and hot!

Do you have any embarrassing running moments?

Yes, after telling Lorri and Sal we'd finish the race together at the Ingatestone 5 club champs, my sprint finish and 'dip' for the line resulted in me stacking it in front of everyone. - I went flying (I won a trophy though so it was worth it!)

Why do you run?

Because I eat a lot and I need to balance it out!

What is your best running moment?

Finishing the London Marathon in 2005

(Continued on page 22)

(Continued from page 21)

Describe yourself in three words.

Ditzy, Mischievous, sensitive

How competitive are you when racing?

Not very, depends who's running in front of me

What is your favourite piece of running clothing?

My O'Neill woolly hat and my black Nike jacket

What brand of running shoes do you use?

Adidas Supernova Cushion

What is the best bit of advice you could give to other runners?

Always warn runners in front of you of your approach. Too many times now I have jumped out of my skin due to the surprise arrival of faster runners similar to a stampede of wildebeest. (Fast men take note)

What PB are you most proud of?

I don't have many as haven't been racing long so not really proud of any of them, possibly my Milton Keynes half marathon.

What are your running goals?

To run sub 4.5 hours in London Marathon, to run sub 55 minutes for a 10k, and to moan less about running.

Anna

Johe

A husband and wife were in bed asleep when they were woken up by a loud bang on the door. The man goes down and opens the door – its pouring buckets!

There was a chap on the doorstep who had obviously had a drink or two. “Will you give me a push?” he says. “What in this weather – no I bloody well wont.” says the man and goes back up to bed.

His wife asks him what it was all about and he tells her. The wife says “Well you’ve sure got a short memory, remember when we were stuck in that mud and those two blokes gave us a push in the pouring rain..... I think you should go back down and help him.”

So, like all husbands anxious to do what his wife says, he went down again. It was pitch black when he opened the door and chucking it down with rain. “Where are you,“ he yells, “Hello, Hello, I can’t see you, where are you?” A voice shouts back, “I’m here, I’m back here on the swing! Where else d’you think I am !!”

One Step Leads to Another

By Bobby

When I found out I had a place in the 1998 London Marathon I decided to join Benfleet Running Club because I knew I would need all the help I could get. As it happens this was one of the best decisions I have ever made. However, little did I realise at the time where this step would lead me.

I usually run three times a week, four when training for a longer run like the Grizzly or a marathon, and I estimate that my average mileage is approximately 26 per week. If my maths is right, this means that over 9 years I have run 12,168 miles, which makes me wonder where would I have ended up if I had just kept going.

Now my geography is not very good but I know that is further than Lands End. Maybe it's as far as the South of France, but then I might have been tempted not to go any further. And obviously my destination would be affected by whether I turned right or left when I stepped out of my front door. And thinking about that, why do I do most of my runs in an anticlockwise direction? Is it because my right leg is a bit shorter than my left and my body naturally leads me in that direction. Who knows?

Now having realised that I have probably run 12,168 miles in 9 years the thought of running another 12,168 is somewhat daunting. For a start, because of the passage of time my capability may decrease somewhat and therefore I may have to run shorter distances and less frequently. I calculate that it will probably be 17th February 2019 before I complete the next stage of my epic journey. Well if that is the case, I'd better get on with it. I will start with a six-mile jog tomorrow and then there will only be 12,162 to go.

How far will you be going?



POST MARATHON

There is a great lesson to be learned from preparing for, and participating in, a long-distance event. You've learned that your life as an athlete came down to taking each mile one step at a time. You have the chance to learn that life can be lived in exactly the same way, one step at a time.

You may find that if you're open to it, your training and your race can become a metaphor for living. You've learned that control is an illusion. You can't be more than you are, but you also can't accept less than your potential. You've come to understand that real growth develops not from the stress of activity but from the calmness of recovery.

You came to see that living is a long-distance event. Every day is a training day in one way or another. You may not have understood that when you began the programme, but you do now. You've learned how to assess your strengths and weaknesses with honesty and courage. You've learned to acknowledge those strengths and weaknesses without pride or embarrassment. Those lessons don't have to stop just because you've completed your training.

