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# ROUGH RUNNING NEWS

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## From the Editor

So here we are well into 2014 and for all mud lovers what a great winter it has been! Emma Postlethwaite has been so inspired by the conditions underfoot that she has written a short piece devoted entirely to the wet brown stuff!

Aside from mud, 2013 ended Jim's 365x10 challenge with a run around the Green Man route on December 31st - 'The Last Day'. Many TACH members either ran or helped out at this event and Helen King has written an honest account of how the day went for her. As a participant i can only say it was momentous and Helens writing floods my memory.

Congratulations of course are due to Jim and Neil and all the people who helped and supported them over the year. A result of 365 x 10 has inspired over 80 people to pledge to run at least 1km every day for a year named 2014Kx365 - quite a few TACH members are involved -good luck to all.

Personally I am waiting impatiently for some warmer, sunnier and especially drier weather so i can run properly again! Race season is approaching and training is hard when it's slippery slidey muddy YUK!

Enjoy this edition and please provide articles for future editions.

Keep on running.....

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## A few thoughts on Mud.



This winter's record rainfall has given runners a lot of mud underfoot to contend with. Usually a bit of mud doesn't bother me but lately the volume of the squelchy stuff has started to test my TACH fondness for it. I found myself pondering whether in English we have a vocabulary that describe all the variants of mud that we come (or slip) across, maybe even a bit like the Inuit's 50+ words for snow?

Looking first at the Inuit's claim, it turns out that the claim on 50+ words is perceived by some as incorrect. The Inuit dialects have a feature known as polysynthesis, which allows speakers to add on large amounts of information to one base word, by plugging on suffixes.

For example (and trying saying this after a cider on Thursday): In Siberian Yupik, the base "angyagh" (boat) becomes "angyaghllangyugtuqlu" to mean "what's more, he wants a bigger boat." The counter argument is that the author (Franz Boas) who researched this was very careful

to only select words which were distinct in their meanings. Read all about it

here: [http://www.washingtonpost.com/national/health-science/there-really-are-50-eskimo-words-for-snow/2013/01/14/e0e3f4e0-59a0-11e2-beee-6e38f5215402\\_story.html](http://www.washingtonpost.com/national/health-science/there-really-are-50-eskimo-words-for-snow/2013/01/14/e0e3f4e0-59a0-11e2-beee-6e38f5215402_story.html).

Back to the English language, and disappointingly our range of muddish words doesn't come close to competing with the Inuit dialects. An online thesaurus gave up a paltry seven synonyms: clay, silt, slush, ooze, mulch, sludge, mire. This only goes to show that those authors haven't ever been running in the West Country. Here are a few more mud synonyms: Bog, clag, slime, slop, muck, earth, sod and grime. As well as these nouns, English offers up ways of describing our beloved mud: Claggy, cloddy, slippy, shoe-sucking, farmyardy, heavy, watery, mushy, gooey, gunky, and last but not least, our very own, "tachy". If an Inuit joined a TACH run, how would they describe the mud this winter, maybe Gooeycloddyslippywateryfarmyardydeepandextensivelostmyrightshoe? ooeycloddyslippywateryfarmyardydeepandextensivelostmyrightshoe?



## 12th Night Dinner

What a great time we all had eating, drinking socialising and dancing. Massive thanks to all the people involved in organising the event.

There were some fun and challenging quizzes - Name the baby (or younger self) and a general knowledge with a very local theme. For Name the Baby contest the winners were- Jayne King, Sam, Pete Brown, Diane, David and Jane Giles. For the general quiz the winners were - Anthony, Jan, Jason, Ruth, Tim and Emma - congratulations and i hope you enjoyed the liquid prizes.

The annual awards went to - The winners of the most championship points, a first ever joint prize, to - Lucien and Sam. The trophy for the person contributing most to the club in the past year and voted on by the membership went to - David Higgenbottom and last but most certainly not least a special lifetimes membership award was given to Jim Plunket-Cole for his impressive achievements, not only running at least 10km every day (and often further) but also fund raising at the same time. I'm sure everyone is very proud to have him in our club and not forgetting Alfie, the dog, who accompanied Jim on his challenge and also ran 10km every day in 2013.

## Race Director - Q & A with Tilly

**Your roving editor caught up with Tilly in a quiet moment to ask a few questions about the race director role. Timely as this turns out to be - Tilly is stepping down from her role at the end of 2014 and is looking for a keen replacement to start the transfer of skills during 2014 's race series. If anyone is inspired by this article or just fancies doing the job please talk to Tilly or one of the committee members.**

**Many thanks to Tilly for all her hard work over the years and for giving her time to talk to me for this article. Read on.....**

### **1. Can you outline the role of Race Director in 5 sentences or less!**

Easy: my goal is that on race day, nobody dies; and if that doesn't work out, then my goal is that nobody goes to prison. Apparently I also have to clean the Chief Marshal's daps when he leaves them behind at the pub.

What does a Race Director not do?

You never have to marshal.

### **2. In organising a race, what external authorities or organisations do you need to liaise with?**

We have to apply for insurance through a running association (like UKA or ARC) and book St John Ambulance nice and early, we couldn't run without them. Then we write to the Police and the local council, and tell all the landowners and obviously, our host pubs. We also deliver notes to any houses on the race route, so they know what to expect –for this year's Moorland Multi I even pinned a note up for the local travellers camp. There's a few bottles of whiskey given out afterwards too. It seems a lot of work, but it's worth keeping everyone on your side - last year at Burrington we realised that we'd forgotten to liaise with a farmer and he was taking down the course markings as fast as we were setting them out.

### **3. Do you ever wish you were just running the race?**

It's much more stressful to race, I think. Anyway time passes much quicker than it would if I was racing – after seeing the runners away, there's the finish funnel and drinks station to set up, calls from marshals about crazy cows, sprained ankles and so on, and then there's just time to check the results crew are all happy before dashing over to see the winner come home. It's good fun.

**4. What's the most number of times you've recce'd a course (and why)?**

Probably Wrington 2013. We had loads of gales and rain, and I kept going up there to check for trees coming down. Apart from a massive tree that had blocked Goblin Coombe during the winter, it was all fine. Then a week or so before race day, a tree fell across the path about 100m from the finish – I got on the phone to my lovely dad, who spent a whole day sawing it up. Aren't retired people useful?

**5. What single thing would make your job easier?**

If everyone who ran checked in at the finish – we have lots of trouble with “missing” runners. Nine times out of ten someone has dropped out and gone home without telling anyone, or a number has been written down wrong at the finish line. But until I know that for sure, I have to be ready to send out a search party, the ambulance crew can't go home, and I can't relax.

**6. What's the most challenging race you've had to Direct?**

Obviously there have been some challenging moments over the past 2 years... I recall waiting anxiously while a hedge trimmer pruned our course markings as we stood on the start line...discovering that we had nothing to write the finish results on...trying to contain horses using course-marking tape...finding the water butt had things swimming around in it... and of course, stretchering a runner off Burrington. But also some brilliant moments such as being invited to see a host of newborn piglets... buying mistletoe from the farm where we finish the Wrington race...crowding under the smoking shelter at the Mason's Arms in the pouring rain to hear Ant's speeches...giving Jim his £365... and not forgetting the many lovely strangers who support what we do, such as the noble Bristol Council worker who works late to leave the Stapleton car park open until 10pm for us every year.

**7. Race Director is a very responsible and highly respected position. What next?**

I am planning to lie down in a darkened room for a few weeks.

**8. Which is your favourite course of the Summer Pub Series, and why?**

Tough call. I'm going for Dundry just because of the evil double hill. And the giant dung heap.

**9. What part of the job keeps you awake at night?**

It's a massive team effort- most races involve 30+ people to make it all happen. And everyone is doing it for free and in their own precious time. So my main worry is that I've given someone too much to do, or not enough, or I've forgotten to include someone's input.

**10. What is your favourite brand of beer or cider?**

If anyone is buying I'll have a Butcombe Bitter, cheers. In fact, TACH is investigating a Butcombe-Brewery themed race ...watch this space!

**11. What is your favourite off road running piece of kit and why?**

Probably Butcombe bitter again, it does keep me warm. Or my Ronhill convertible glove-mittens (sadly AWOL at time of writing).

**12. With all this mud around and your previous plumbing issues - how do you clean your shoes now?!!!**

I've found a toothbrush dipped in vodka works wonders. Once you've finished brushing your teeth, you don't care about the shoes.

# The Last Day

## 10kx365 The Last Day: the Green Man Challenge Helen King, Town & Country Harriers, Completer

I first got into running about 12 years ago, at the age of 30, when I met my future husband, Dave Critchley. He was training for the London Marathon when we met and ended up doing it with a cold he'd caught from me. One of the many wonderful things he's brought into my life is running; he took me out for short runs, espoused the benefits of technical gear and gave me the support and motivation to do the Great North Run in 2001, just 6 months after I'd first started running. More than anything, it's been Dave's support and willingness to let me run free that enabled me to even think about trying the Green Man Challenge; and he was there at every checkpoint with tea, coffee, biscuits and the right words to get me through.

I fell in love with off-road running whilst living in the US for a few years; I met a lovely ultra runner called Jo who accompanied me on trail adventures round woods and regional parks. I've always been a tom boy (I played rugby for 20 years), so relished the mud, scrambling and getting down with nature. When we returned to the UK in 2010, I moved to the Bristol area for the first time so needed a way to get to know new friends; what better way than off-road running! Five minutes of Googling later I'd discovered the Town & Country Harriers (TACH <http://www.tach.org.uk/>). My first run with them was from West Harptree and around the Chew Valley; I loved it! What a fantastic group of people! I'm pretty sure it was on this first outing that Chris Bloor mentioned the Green Man Challenge to me. 'Mmmm, no I don't think so' I said, 'that's too far for me'.



And I continued to think it was too far until one day in September 2013, Jim proposed 10kx365 The Last Day. I'd run with Jim a few times during the year, on the first day through the floods from Farleigh Hungerford and at various races and TACH training runs. I avidly read all his postings on Facebook

feeling touched, sympathetic, proud, amazed and finally inspired beyond my own bounds. As soon as I read that post on 22<sup>nd</sup> September, I thought 'I could do that; I want to do that'. And so I did.

Jim kindly gave us enough notice so I could do some reasonably thorough training using a Runner's World marathon training schedule. I press-ganged two lovely friends into accompanying me on two of my longest training runs; we ended up recce-ing the Green Man Route and giving each other the belief that we could do it.

On Monday 30<sup>th</sup> December Liz and I drove to Cathy's for bolstering spaghetti and a bed for the night in Long Ashton. We were all nervous but excited and, hence, slightly hysterical. We needed the company, the shared feelings and the support from Andy with his lovely pasta and amazing porridge breakfast. Breakfast was at 04:30 on The Last Day. I don't think I've ever felt that bouncy at that time in the morning before! I was raring to go. We arrived at the Dovecote around 05:45 – there were so many people there! We were milling around, chatting, having last minute visits to the bushes; the usual beginning to an off-road run. But this was no ordinary run. Everyone was chatting to everyone, it didn't matter who you knew or not: you were there, they were there, so you automatically had something amazing in common. I'm normally a bit shy but everyone was a lovely, comfortable friend that day.

We did photos; Jim arrived; more photos; and then we were off! At last! After so many weeks of training and months of following 10kx365, this was it! I felt so energised and light on my feet, skipping through the mud and puddles, heaving a dog over a high stile, climbing up a nearly vertical section of Dundry, milling around at the top, seeing a friend from work, chatting, running, laughing, imagining all the thousands of people in Bristol below still in bed and being so happy to be out there, running with the pack.

At the 10k point, the group broke up a little. The faster runners sped off; Cathy, Liz and I, keen to keep going, set off soon after. We knew this stretch well, nearly home territory and we'd got most of it right when we recce-ed it. The rain held off for a couple of hours but as we were nearing Norton Malreward we looked back and saw the clouds pursuing us; soon it started coming down, but not too hard and the wind was behind us; hoods up and keep going. At Pensford the first sign of the wonderful support crew who would be there for us all day, particularly Andy, Jo and Judith with their smiles and boot-fulls of drinks and snacks; a very welcome sight. Then we were off again: lots of mud, water, giggles and chat, horses, dog walkers, more mud and then Keynsham. Neil's parents, sheltering under the bandstand with water bottles, pointed the way and as we walked up the hill to the road, Dave and Andy with cameras – so we pretended to be running and put on big grins.

On leaving Keynsham we fell in with a bigger group again; new faces, new chat, new mud! A car driver went past too fast through a puddle on the bridge soaking us all – thanks mate. Through the mud and flood by the old Cadbury factory and then on up through Willsbridge to the railway path. This was really familiar to me (Dave used to live in Longwell Green and I once broke my front teeth falling on the cycle path) but it didn't make it any easier; a long tedious grind along the tarmac path. Then back on the Dramway and up through fields again. Alfie found a big stick but couldn't get it through the gate, fortunately there was an even bigger stick on the other side and he trotted happily off the field with it towards the Shortwood checkpoint.

A few miles before Hambrook I was thinking about going back to work on the Thursday, maybe I could take that day off to give me extra recovery time; I wasn't paying attention on the rocky path. My toe caught and I found myself falling; it was slow motion; I flung my arms forward, Superman-style, and shut my eyes. Falling along, rather than down, eased the blow; my right knee was bruised and bleeding, my lovely new running tights torn but I was OK; the cold and wet numbed everything a little bit. Catching up with the others in front I found Jim bathing his sore knee in the river; more inspiration – my bumps, bruises and aches drifted away to nothing.

More people joined us at Hambrook, fresh legs and friendly faces. But this was to be my toughest leg. So much tarmac, long featureless paths, no stiles or gates to catch a breather, tedium, tedium, tedium; I want to stop, I need to stop, no, got to keep going, this will pass, everyone's going faster, need to stop, no, no, run, run, The Traveller's Rest, f\*\*\*king hell, stop. Never has a cup of tea and a chocolate digestive tasted so good. I was mentally so drained, almost in tears, couldn't speak.

But the short break had done its magic, my brain was back on track and I skipped through Aztec West, shouting 'No! Go Left!' as the runners in front nearly made the mistake we did on our recce (20 minutes of wandering round the soulless business park had not been a huge lot of fun). Liz

told me Cathy's motivational comment: 'If we stop now, we'd have to do it all again another time' – that got me through the next 13 miles! And then over the M5 and back into green fields and mud. A lovely long chat with some nice bearded guy; trying not to slip on the paved path through the churchyard at Easter Compton; through the fields and then an opportunity for a bit of a walk and fabulous views up Spaniorum Hill. The sun had come out, the vista across to Wales was stunning. Salute to the sun!

Liz and Cathy were still with me, as was Jim, Pete (I only found out his name the next day but he was amazing, he didn't care that our conversation was a bit one sided, as long as I could give a thumbs-up he knew I was OK). This was Jim's toughest leg, I remember him writing about it in his account of the first time he did the Green Man, I could see it in his body. But he just kept going.

By the time we got to Blaise, Cathy and I were at the back of the group, going slowly but still going. Let's walk up the road, then run into the checkpoint when we get round the corner. More big smiles for the camera, genuinely feeling bright now. New supporters gave me tea and I had a last biscuit to see me to the end. Leaving Blaise was so funny; our group set off again at the same pace. The new runners who joined us at Blaise set off at normal '7 mile run' pace – they dropped us in less than a minute. Cathy and I stuck together, plodded together, did slow motion Fartlek together, we could still see Liz up ahead – our gang was intact. It was all heavy going now, just one foot in front of each other until we get to the end. Laura and Rob kept sheep-dogging back to us, few words but so much motivation from their caring support. Then the slow slog up to the Clifton Suspension Bridge, Jim talking about waiting for Neil to catch-up; he's not far behind, making up ground. Running along the narrow pavement, no energy to push past pedestrians, run / walk around North Road then, suddenly, Ashton Court!

It was just about still daylight and we trotted round the mountain bike path in a long line. Met the road, and there, more runners waiting and Alfie! Off down to the Green Man himself. I clamber up, stand on top, raise my arms – feeling so good! More photos with the big group, then it's time to set off, it's getting chilly, Jim will wait for Neil.

About 8 of us run the last half a mile together. As we come down the field towards the pub we hear the whoops, whistles and cheers. Tears fill my eyes ('Woodwose' whispers through my mind); got to keep it together. Across the playing field, more cheering, I'm bouncy again now, I can see the pub, the people. We burst through the archway to a cacophony of noise and there's Chris Bloor writing my name, Dave with a celebratory cider, friends, dogs, tea, stollen, a blanket, I don't want to go into the pub, it's cold but I want to wait for Jim. The minutes tick by, more runners appear. Then, lights in the field, it must be Jim. Come on Jimmer! Then, through the arch, Jim, Neil and Alfie, 10kx365, they've done it!

10kx365 The Last Day was the second most amazing day of my life (after my wedding to Dave, of course). The whole shared experience, the sense of achievement, the emotions, the strength of the support and the inspiration of Jim and 10kx365; and then the outpouring of inspiration on Facebook, the New Year's Day raffle, it kept on going. A truly life-changing and life-affirming experience; I feel so proud and privileged to have been part of it; and, in the end, it wasn't too far for me after all.

## Exmoor Weekend



Huge thanks to Laura and Rob for organising the recent weekend to Exmoor. Those who went had a great time staying in a luxurious bunkhouse, surrounded by running routes and practically next door to a fabulous pub! What more could TACH runners ask for? It was thought that this could become an annual or even bi-annual event.

Laura shared her account of the weekend.

I think everyone will agree that Exmoor bunkhouse made a great base from which to step out the door and start running. In a relatively small area we had everything; endless routes to choose from along the dramatic rugged coastline, through the beautiful wooded valleys alongside the river and over open moorland.

As Rob and I did mostly walking we found ourselves becoming expert innov8 trackers, following runner's footprints in the mud.

Thanks to the National Trust the bunkhouse was brilliant and we had all we needed; really warm, great showers, drying room and of course free access to a foam roller for those sore muscles courtesy of Emma.

Would definitely recommend another TACH trip here – perhaps in the Autumn.

As a runner all I can say is we were very lucky with the weather and could not fault the location. 4 of us (Emma P and Andy, Cathy and myself) did a 12 and 15 mile run respectively on Saturday and even stopped at a lovely National Trust cafe for tea and cake after 10 miles (yes seriously) as novel as this was i wouldn't actually recommend eating a big chocolate brownie and then continuing to run for 5 more miles with significant ascent, not great on the digestion, but you have to experiment with food and running..... The run was mostly in sun and spectacular coastal scenery and enjoyed by all.

On Sunday some people had to head home, some went biking, some walking and i found myself running alone along the coastal path to Porlock. I chose the lower sheltered route as it was blowing a hoolie and even enjoyed some tail wind in places! Another great run of 12 miles, as it





turned out, finishing in the little town perfectly timed to meet the bikers and my lift home. Can't wait to go again!

## Thoughts on Training

*"This past week I received numerous, generous responses regarding the importance/necessity of a long run while training for a 100. After reading all the responses, there is definitely a common thread that answered my more general question about the best training plan for a 100.*

*Because there is one, and just one, best training plan. It's that which you in your head believe is the best plan for you. The mileage covered was as varied as the personalities. Some said nothing over 20. Others a long run of 60. But each person believed that their training was right to get them to the finish. And it had.*

*There was not a single response which had even a sniff of narcissism, arrogance, or demeaning what another suggested or would suggest. But there was a strong conviction in each suggestion. There was belief.*

*This tied in with something else I was told. That the first 50 is training and the second fifty is a great deal mental. (I'm not saying that running 220 miles a week doesn't help the second 50, but for me with a job and life I just don't have the time or interest in doing the uber-mile weeks). So this training has to be something that I can say "OK, I've put in the work, and lots of it, so as a result I believe I can do this."*

*So, the best training plan for me is the one that I believe in for my life, and for future results. I'll put the work in, but not to sacrifice time with my sons, or job performance. Find a plan that gives me the physical training, but also mental confidence, and I think I have a better chance of getting through those final miles than if I just had no plan and hit mile 70 thinking "I didn't train well and I'll never run another 30."*

*So, this is a thanks. Each person taught me that no matter the training regimen, what is critical is that I do it, commit to it, and mentally*

*believe that it gives me the best chance to be happy during training (with a hell of a lot of work, of course) and physically prepared."*



## **Aunty Pearlytex**

**Q.** My wife goes out every evening, sometime for over an hour. She comes back sweaty and a bit breathless with a big smile on her face. On New Year's Eve I only saw her intermittently and then she kept running off. I didn't see her at all on her birthday and later discovered she had been getting dirty with a whole group of people. Should I be concerned?

**A.** Well my advice would be one of 2 actions - 1. You need to hire a private detective to follow your wife - this behaviour is very out of order indeed!

You clearly need to find out where she is going, who she is cavorting with, and where, but also why she is getting so dirty and enjoying it. 2. You need to join the same CLUB and do it yourself, its obviously far more fun than being with you! Get a grip!

**Q.** Is this the real life? Is this just fantasy? Caught in a landslide, no escape from reality. Open your eyes, look up to the skies and see, I'm just a poor boy, I need no sympathy, because I'm easy come, easy go, Little high, little low, anyway the wind blows doesn't really matter to me, to me.

**A.** Hard to see any issue whatsoever - you're obviously completely high (hopefully on running) and living in a better world than most of us. Enjoy!!

**Q.** How do I stop my trainers from becoming stiff?

**A.** One assumes you are referring to the special clayey mud one finds locally which indeed turns previously flexible shoes into cardboard? I think I can help you on this problem. How about keeping your trainers on all the time? A nice bit of natural body warmth will keep them lovely and supple together with regular showers and baths the problem will be solved. You never know when you might spontaneously want to hop off on a run too.

**Q.** "My family has until recently lived a really very peaceful life underneath the stairs of one of your members. They have now started to store their wet, muddy and VERY smelly trainers in the same cupboard. Unless I do something about it, my wife has threatened to leave me, the kids are refusing to eat their cheese and I have a constant head ache. A friend came to tea the other night. The smell was so overpowering and he collapsed. Luckily I am a Red Cross First Aider and I knew how to do mouse to mouse resuscitation. I use to enjoy playing my favourite instrument, the mouse organ, but I just can't seem to concentrate anymore. I even hired the kids their favourite movie (The Three Mouseketeers), they refused to watch it. They would normally go into the cupboard every evening and play their favourite game (Mouse and squeak). With the kids under our feet all the time, me and the misses haven't had an opportunity to do what us mice do best of all. ;-).

We had some new neighbours move in last week, half way through their mouse warming party they declared that they could not live in the cupboard and moved back to their hole in the wall next to the open sewer at the bottom of the garden, apparently the air is fresher there.

You should know that I have a very famous relative (Julius Cheeser) and I am looked at with the utmost of respect in the mousing community. Sadly my fellow mice have already starting squeeking about me behind my back.

I normally like smelly cheese, like most mice I enjoy a nice ripe Camembert with a glass of fine port. These trainers are something else though, they make a Epoisses de Bourgogne smell like the finest most delicate rose.

So PLEASE can you suggest a way of cleaning and storing trainers so that they don't smell, if not, are you able to provide some marriage counselling to help us save our marriage.

Alternatively, you seem like the sort of person who likes to have nice and clean shoes, could we move into your cupboard under the stairs.

Your friend

Mouse Tse Tung XX

Squeak, squeeeek squeek, squeek squeaaaaaaaak squeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeek

Can you read mouse code?"

**A.** I'm afraid I have to disappoint you - I'm not a clean trainer type of person - but you sound like a very nice mouse family and would be welcome as a mouse guest in my cupboards (do you like cats?). As to the smelly trainers... why not borrow a few clothes pegs from the laundry cupboard, pop them on your noses, and hide in the shoes just before Thursday evening. Then when the cheesy trainer owners come to collect, they will get a surprise! This should discourage them from storing their smelly trainers in your abode in the future. Don't forget to pop the laundry pegs back. Alternatively how about moving mouse, you've maybe just overstayed your welcome and as we all know familiarity brie-des contempt, or try staying a while in the Stilton Hotel until the mud dries up?! Without being too cheesy i couldn't resist some jokes - try these on your friends they're bound to increase your standing in the rodent community -

What cheese to you use to entice a bear down from a mountain? ... Camembert

What did the cheese say when it looked in the mirror? ... Halloumi

What cheese do you use to disguise a horse? ... Mascarpone

## Race Diary

Up and coming races - get entering!

Sunday, March 16, 2014 The Big Cheese - Cheddar Running Club

Sunday, March 23, 2014 The Wiltshire Scrambled

Sunday, March 30, 2014 Hogweed Hilly Half Marathon

Sunday, April 06, 2014 Hanham Horror

Sunday, April 13, 2014 The Magnificent Eastnor Castle Seven

Sunday, April 13, 2014 Offas Orror

Saturday, April 19, 2014 Sugar Loaf race

Sunday, May 04, 2014 Sarsen Trail & Neolithic Marathon

Monday, May 05, 2014 Devauden 10K

Saturday, May 10, 2014 Marlborough Downs Challenge

Sunday, May 11, 2014 The Jack and Jill Challenge

Wednesday, May 21, 2014 Tyntesfield Ten

## **Recipe Corner**

Recommended by Cathy Fagg

### **Alice's fruity fridge flapjacks**

This unbaked, dairy-free flapjack is from Alice Meller, wife of Gill, head chef at River Cottage. It's now a firm favourite in our house. Makes 15-18.

**100g dates, stoned**

**100g prunes**

**2 ripe or slightly over-ripe medium bananas, peeled**

**150g honey**

**2 tbsp coconut oil**

**325g porridge oats or jumbo oats**

**100g raisins, currants or dried cranberries**

**100g dried apricots, finely chopped**

**25g each of shelled hemp seeds, linseeds, sesame seeds and sunflower seeds (or 100g of whichever seedy mix you like)**

Put the dates, prunes, bananas, honey and coconut oil in the bowl of a food processor. Add two tablespoons of water and blitz the lot until you have a thick, fruit-flecked purée.

In a large bowl, combine the oats with the raisins, apricots and all the seeds. Stir in the puréed fruit mix and combine well.

Line a shallow baking tray, about 20cm x 30cm, with baking parchment or clingfilm. Tip in the fruity, oaty mixture and gently press it out as even and level as you can.

Transfer to the fridge for two to three hours, to set, then turn out and slice into bars. Keep the flapjacks in in a sealed Tupperware box in the fridge.

Cathy says - It takes a full 10 minutes to throw it all together. After a few hours in the fridge they firm up nicely, I cut them into portions and wrap them in foil. They are suitable for vegans and taste delicious. I've tested them on long runs - they are easy to eat and contain a good mixture of quick and slow release carbs. They are also good in lunch boxes.

# Championship Points

<b>POINTS</b>	<b>Treasure Hunt from The Three Tuns</b>	<b>The King William,</b>	<b>The Old Crown</b>	<b>The Angel Inn</b>	<b>The Plough, Pilning</b>	<b>The Plough, Wrington</b>	<b>The Blue Flame</b>	<b>The Lock Keeper</b>	<b>The George</b>	<b>TOTAL</b>
<b>TABLE</b>	<b>January 20</b>	<b>January 21</b>	<b>January 22</b>	<b>January 23</b>	<b>January 24</b>	<b>February 2</b>	<b>February 3</b>	<b>February 4</b>	<b>February 5</b>	
Sam Edwards	10	5	5	17	7	5	7	12	7	75
Catherine Fagg	10	7	5	20	7	7	7			63
Emma Bagley	8		10	13				16	5	52
Jayne King	10	5	5	5	0	5	5	10	5	50
Andy Fagg	10	7	5	20	7					49
Luke Taylor	10	5	5	5	15	5				45
Matt Milkins	10	7	10	5	8		2			42
Helen King	0	0	18	10	0	0	0	10		38
Mark Vogan	12	2	5	2	7	5		5		38
Alex Foster	13	7	17							37
Rachel Foyle	10	5			5	5		5		30
David Giles	8	5				5		5		23
Sara Vogan	12				8					20
Liz Noakes			13	3				3		19
David Bignell		2	2	10	2					16
Lucien Campbell-kemp	0	10	0	0	5					15
Ruth Pitchers	8	3								11
Chris Bloor	10									10
Emma Postlethwaite	10									10
Jason Pitchers	8									8
Hannah Gamlin		3	3							6
Chris Smart		5								5