

# ROUGH RUNNING NEWS (CROCKED EDITION)



T . A . C . H .  
(TOWN AND COUNTRY HARRIERS)

Also see: [www.tach.org.uk](http://www.tach.org.uk)

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<b>THURSDAY RUNNING IN THE DARK.</b>		
<b>ALL RUNS START 7 for 7-10 (Don't forget your torch!!)</b>		
<b>WHEN?</b>	<b>WHERE?</b>	<b>WHY?</b>
Nov 16 <sup>th</sup> OS	Ring O' Bells, Hinton Blewitt ST594568	One from the Outer Rim, because it's a 5 Thursday Month. An excellent pub with access to good running
Nov 23 <sup>rd</sup> MN	The Old Inn, Westerleigh ST698796	Cider pub. Usual run <b>plus brisk walk for the injured organised by Alli</b> (see below)
Nov 30 <sup>th</sup> MS	Prince of Waterloo at Winford ST540651	(Inner 5 South) Entertaining running from a good pub
Dec 7 <sup>th</sup> C	Swan with Two Necks –Wade Street, St Jude's, Bristol ST598735.	This used to be a Temple to Beer according to Bob-a-knob. It is no longer that, but it seems to be back in good hands.
Dec 14 <sup>th</sup> MS	Dundry Inn, Dundry ST557668	This is bound to be hilly, but there is a shorter alternative along the edge of the escarpment if anyone wants to lead it.
Dec 21 <sup>st</sup> IN	Wellington Hotel, opposite junction of Gloucester Road and Muller Road ST595768	This will be a pre-Christmas social. Do we want a special or shall we just run on Purdown?
Dec 28 <sup>th</sup> MS	Battle Axes, Wraxall ST495715	Ruth will lead this one. Apparently the Barn has gone off lately. Alli will lead a <b>crocks' brisk alternative</b> .
Jan 4 <sup>th</sup> MN	Swan on A38 at Almondsbury ST605838	Cheaper than the Bowl. Route should be relatively nettle-free at this time of the year!
Jan 11 <sup>th</sup> IS	Coronation, Dean Lane, Southville ST584719	Rough cider, Hopback ales and pizza – what could be better!
Jan 18 <sup>th</sup> IN	The Black Swan, Stoke Lane, Westbury ST568768	In the current Good beer guide – run in Blaise
Jan 25 <sup>th</sup> OS	The Crown at Churchill quite hard to find if you don't know it (right at the lights and then first left – it's the second pub) ST439585	By popular request, a visit to the limestone rim. Turtle volunteered to lead. Alli has offered a <b>crocks' brisk alternative</b> . On my current Mendip form I may well join her!
Feb 1 <sup>st</sup> C	<b>Meet at the Water Tower!</b> <b>Then:</b> The Port O' Call, off the top of Black Boy Hill, Clifton ST573747	Preferred to the smoky pub by many. It's bound to involve the Downs
Feb 8 <sup>th</sup> MN	Old Lock and Weir, Hanham Mills ST648700	Probably the river-run – It can be exciting if the River is in flood!
Feb 15 <sup>th</sup> OS	<b>Prom Run</b> , Weston Super Mare (See Westonac website for details). Afterwards at the Woolpack at St Georges ST375625	Requested by three TACH members so it had to go in. <b>NB wear club kit.</b>
Feb 22 <sup>nd</sup> MS	Black Horse, Clapton in Gordano ST474738	One of the best pubs around Another <b>crocks' brisk alternative</b> available
<b>Alli has crocked her knee but would still like to come out with us, so she has volunteered to lead a brisk walk of about three miles once a month. Anyone recuperating from an injury or just not in the mood for running in the dark (is that possible?) welcome to join her.</b>		

# BEDRIDDEN?

Clearly many TACH members thought that the Ironwood Challenge was a challenge to see how long they could stay in bed, because a paltry three Tachers were on the line.

I took advantage of the fact that I live 100 yards from the start by getting ready in my kitchen, and then advising anyone who would listen that a fast start is necessary due to the stile at the top of the track. You don't want to be caught up with the slow markers now do you?

I noticed that Alex Copping and Brian Penny had turned up again, both fast runners, as well as a certain Mr Bird who spent a long time telling everyone that he was going to beat me. Peep went Tony Target's whistle and we all shot off – the whole field having heard my advice about the stile and so pushing the pace. Foolishly I led up into the woods, aware that the others behind me didn't appear to be panting as much as I was. Slowly they overhauled me and I found myself shooting down a steep path in third place. Martin Bird created a psychological advantage by shouting at the spectators that he was going to catch me, and then fulfilled his own prediction.

Jim Plunkett-Cole from Somer AC caught up with me and the three of us continued our pursuit of Messr's Copping and Penny. Up the lane at Gatcombe and into the woods, and we were all startled by Simon Spedding from Hogweed trotters sprinting past as if chased by the Long Ashton beast. Martin rose to the challenge and upped the pace, leaving the two of us to fight over 5<sup>th</sup> place. I thought I had lost this little battle until Plunkett-Cole slowed going up a hard bit. I pulled alongside him and said 'come on' in a friendly way, but he replied 'errr'; whereupon I knew I had the advantage.

Across the field and into Ironwood again. Grind through the mountain bike course, then turn for a flighty extended sprint back to the village hall. Much handshaking and backslapping ensued, as well as comparisons of blood loss, as my daughter pointed out that all of us seemed to have bleeding legs. Plunkett-Cole rolled in but was unable to accept my condolences due to not being able to stand up, heh heh.

Back to the hall for good old cakes and tea, then the usual laid back NRC presentation of prizes.

The only sting in this races tail was that when I went home I realised that the soles on my Inov-8's had parted from the uppers – clearly my speed had heated them up and melted the glue.

For the record, other TACHers with an Ironwood story to tell were Patrick Winstone and Peter Ellis. At least they turned up!

Mark Wilkins

# HANDICAPPED

8<sup>th</sup> April saw a throng of multicoloured TACH-ettes skittering about Clifton Suspension Bridge in an attempt to keep warm and dispel pre-race nerves. We were to be contesting the club championship, surely a grand honour even in a club our compact size.

While we waited for everyone to get sorted out and ready, Pete deB entertained us (and passing tourists) with his planetarium striptease act. "Here is the full moon, and for my finale, Uranus". Surely not?

Anyway, attire restored, we set off for Leigh Woods – a location more accustomed to prehistoric battles than a mad scuttle dressed in lycra and Sauconys.

Chris told us that the course was marked out with flour, like a hash. I dismissed thoughts of paths strewn with the reproductive organs of *cannabis sativa*, and kept my eye on PK, who was slathering and champing like a scene from a Jack London novel.

I was all for letting the 'slower' runners have a head start to make the run more sociable, but some of my twitchy-legged club-mates seemed to want to go from the front, so I felt forced to oblige. Off we went, in a mad dash toward the viewpoint, remembering in the nick of time to turn left and avoid the precipitous drop, and charging into the thick of the woods. PK clearly wanted to stamp his mark on the run and set a hot pace with myself and PdeB content to follow. Through the hole in the wall, down a path, down another path we careened, scaring mountain bikers, who scattered like sheep.

The drop down to the tow path is steep and either rocky or muddy, never smooth, and here is where the race was decided. 'Whippet' Kennedy found the going difficult and slowed down, whereas your correspondent shot down the hill like a teenager being offered a can of White Lightning. Down on the towpath all that remained was to maintain the advantage and glory would be mine.

Primary school teachers always prefer crossing out mistakes rather than using a rubber so that they can see what the student was thinking

about, but in this case, a poorly corrected piece of path marking nearly led to the tables being turned. I saw a turning marked and shot up it, only to realise that it wasn't Nightingale Valley. Quickly returning to the track I waved at PK so that he would think that I didn't mind an extra detour and wasn't really out of breath. Onwards, and up the correct path, lungs burning, but nearly home.

Now, here I have an admission to make. Chris gave me the results, which I carefully placed on the kitchen table. However, my son decided to build it into paper mache' landscaping for his Warhammer figures. You can't put anything down in this house. Subsequently the results may be incorrect, for which I apologise. However, it is safe to say that Pete Brown came last, claiming a knock.

Results:

1<sup>st</sup> – Mark W  
2<sup>nd</sup> – Pete K  
3<sup>rd</sup> – Pete de B  
4<sup>th</sup> - John McD  
5<sup>th</sup> – Chris B  
6<sup>th</sup> - Pete E  
7<sup>th</sup> –

The proposed visit to the Coronation Tap was dumped in favour of the pub up the road (Grapes Tavern), due to the Tap being full to bursting point with students. However the pint of Bishop's Tipple I had was very nice, and if other people's experience was similar we didn't do too badly.

The whole evening was capped off by running home across Ashton Court in the dark. Plenty of opportunity to burn off the beer, although I believe that metabolising alcohol instead of sugars results in lactic acid as a by-product. If only we knew a dietician to check my facts...

Mark Wilkins

# BEDRAGGLED

Libby and I were not sure that anyone else would turn up, when we arrived at The Plume of Feathers by a convoluted route to avoid the awkward turn into Rickford. So we were delighted to see Mark Brough...But he was getting into his car beside the brook – was he going to drive off? Then Pete Kennedy and Rob came into view – Libby was ready to give up and get out her book, intimidated by the quality of the field. However, it turned out to be a proper mixed bunch including John Mc D and Jan and Sue Baic and her John with Pete Brown at the last minute to bring us up to ten.

So we all set off alongside the brook at ten past seven to cross the ford towards the RUPP into Burrington – Pete Brown was horrified to see that bikes were banned from it! We came out near the beginning of the Burrington Race and began the climb up the Link past Liz Greene’s house (and the finish of our race) on up to the start of Joe Greene’s race (no relation), where we veered off the main track to begin the main ascent up Blackdown.

‘Relentless!’ said Sue.

‘Brutal!’ said PK as I passed him on the way up.

I began to get anxious as the thunder began to growl and forked lightning lit up the stunted trees near the summit. With visions of fried runners before my eyes and the weight of my keys heavy around my neck, I urged the front runners over the top to the relative safety of Tynings Farm and went back to encourage the back markers who were driven on to greater efforts by fear.

Over the top above the farm, I could see lurid orange-brown clouds massing on the right and inky purplish-black clouds gathering over to the left, and a thick cloud of black flies swarming over the gate post. But there was a clearish patch straight ahead – so we carried on.

We went straight on up the lane past Tyning’s Gate and then left through Ashridge Farm yard and across the fields towards Charterhouse Farm. I looked back and saw Sue waving her arms about as if fighting an unseen foe. Then as we turned left along the farm road, the expected downpour began.

‘Let’s shelter under this Leland cypress!’ said Pete Brown, ‘It doesn’t look as if it’ll last long.’

‘Suit yourself,’ I said. ‘Once you’re wet, you can’t get any wetter!’

On the road, I discovered that Pete had seduced Sue, Jan and a few others into sheltering under his tree; so, with the field split, PK and Rob set off on their own.

As we set off up the easier slope back onto Blackdown through the sheep, it became apparent that Sue and Mark had picked up a royal

escort of flies apiece. But Pete Brown was right. The rain had eased.

At the top of Blackdown, we passed a group of off-road cyclists, nursing a puncture.

‘Do bicycles attract lightning? I enquired solicitously.

‘Are you going around twice?’ they rejoined, acidly.

On the way down to the top of Burrington Combe, Mark smiled considerably at me out of his cloud of flies and volunteered to loop back up the hill to encourage the back markers, but, alarmed by his gathering swarm, I urged him down to the road. I looped back myself to find Sue similarly endowed.

The rain was picking up again when we reached the road at the top of the Combe, and I had difficulty checking the map. However, we soon set off into the gathering gloom on the bridle path down to Burrington village, in spite of a detour under the influence of Pete Brown, who had found a spur off the main path, which led to yet another sheltering tree.

The bridle path was obvious enough, but it became difficult to keep our feet in the dark as the path disappeared under the trees.

‘We’ll be needing torches next week,’ I remarked.

‘We need them now!’ John snapped back.

It was so dark at the bottom of the path that we nearly ran into a woman walking a dog, which was just as well, because I could no longer see the map, which was rapidly turning to pulp, and we had to ask for directions.

We ran back to Rickford down a lane that was nearly as wet as the ford. So I decided to run back along the brook – a mistake, I discovered, as my nostrils caught the sweet smell of washed out cesspits.

It was still chucking it down when we reached the pub. So, some of us opted to change in the pub toilets. I overheard a woman’s voice from the ladies’ who interrupted Jan, Libby and Sue to ask if she might use the facilities for their appointed purpose. But she was very complimentary, when she emerged, about the transformation in the appearance of the three, who had entered the pub disguised as drowned rats!

After a little while, we had all responded to the restorative effects of beer, cider, red wine and crisps and had begun to feel rather pleased with ourselves.

‘That was a classic!’ said I.

‘Really?’ said Libby.

CB

# BEJAZUS!

Sun 22 October and a race I have never done before. An early start down to Minehead (not as long as I thought though - only 1.5 hours). Rain starts intermittently on the way down, settling to a steady drizzle as we arrive.

Preparations for the Exmoor Stagger and Stumble are militarily efficient. Marshals park us in serried ranks, and in the college hall I pick up my number and then get a cup of tea, admiring the rows of sandwiches and scrumptious cakes with a view to serious calorie replacement after the race. There is a profile of the race on a pinboard nearby which looks like the polygraph test of a congenital liar.

I spot a few runners I know from Nailsea - Emma Parfitt is there to do the Stumble as part of her comeback to fitness with her sister, on her first race, being escorted round by Em's husband John whilst Em disappears off into the distance. I also see a tall, long haired bearded runner who just beat me at the Muddle, but whom I beat at Joe Green's race from Burrington. I have my target man for the race.

Going to the car, to get changed, I see that I am not the only TACH runner - Patrick Winstone is there wearing his usual trademark union Jack shorts. We have a brief chat then it's time to get suited and booted ready for the race. I face all the usual dilemmas - which shoes to wear? I ask the car park marshal what the conditions were likely to be out on the course. He advised a fell shoe. Having worn fell shoes for the Muddle the previous week on the basis of similar advice, I finished tiptoeing round on the road because the balls of my feet were so sore, so elect for trail shoes. Despite the inclement weather, it is quite mild so I go for the singlet but tie a Helly round my waist on the basis of a conversation in the loo queue with a similarly sartorially challenged runner who had advised me that the forecast he had seen indicated a storm to hit just as we were due to arrive

at Dunkery Beacon, the highest part of the course.

We cross the road to assemble for the start with the usual dire imprecations inaudible to all but the 5 nearest people. A good field for both races (Stumblers peel off a few miles in) of about 300 at a guesstimate. I greet Emma Oughton of GWR, who I know as a friend of Rob's. Horn blown and stopwatch running, the first mile or so is along narrow lanes so it is hard to make progress through the field. We soon peel off onto woodland climbs which separate the sheep from the goats and about 3 miles in I hear 'hello John' and find Pete Grigg on my shoulder. We have a chat then I urge him on so he doesn't feel obliged to wait for me.

The race settles into a rhythm of climbs and descents through autumnal woods with the odd field thrown in. It is warm work and I am glad not to be wearing more than a singlet. We finally debouch into open moor, with the Stumblers peeling off after the photographer. Away from the protection of the woods, the weather is much more overcast but not much cooler. An hour or so in, we start a long steady grind which must be up to Dunkery, still invisible in the gathering mist. The track is a swine to run on, being stone outcrops with loose stone, puddles and the odd island of turf. With such conditions underfoot, it is hard to make steady rhythmic progress and it becomes a matter of run a bit, walk a bit as you can. Looking for Dunkery, I espy Patrick's shorts up ahead, and use them as a guiding beacon for the rest of the ascent. Suddenly the cairn at the top of Dunkery appears out of the mist. The race marker points down, but I follow the example of the 2 runners in front of me and make the extra effort to go up and touch the cairn itself before turning down.

Any hopes of taking advantage of the descent are rapidly dashed, as, following a marshal's warning about the treachery of the conditions underfoot, I make a slow, sliding and inelegant

descent. Having turned at the beacon with no other runner in sight behind me, I suddenly find a whole host stacked up when I hit the bottom. My initial feeling of being disheartened is further compounded when I see a sign which says 'half way'. From my studies of the course in the hall, I thought I would be at least 2/3 of the way round. Having had my last squeeze as I started to climb Dunkery, I am also hungry. It is at precisely that moment the heavens open and torrential rain beats down. I have one of those moments which sometimes hit in races where you have a stark choice - do I push on or sit down and have a bloody good weep? Fortunately the decision is made for me as it is a 1-person track and I have a stack of runners up my chuff so I push on hard. Half a mile later, there are only 3 of them left and I let them by and then try to hang on to them. I then see Sylvie and Ruth waiting to take photos; they had an eventful day after I went through as a runner collapsed and they had to load him in the car with all our coats on him and take him back to race HQ.

The second half of the race does not seem as hilly and once into a rhythm I am again making good progress. Suddenly though, without any warning, I hit the wall, and am reduced to a trot whilst my body tries to sort itself out. Several runners come by, one of whom is Jesus. I shake my head; it is in fact my target man. Desperately I try to get my feet to move but he is getting further away from me. We pass a marshal.

'How much further to the finish please?'  
'5 or 6 miles'

Now I do feel like lying down and having a bloody good roar.

The course we are on leaves the road and goes up a huge hill. Jesus has stopped at the bottom and is talking to the lady marshals, one of whom gives me a jelly baby as I pass. Jesus and I walk up the hill together. When I ask him how far we have come (he is wearing a Garmin),

he says 2.5 to 3 miles; a friend of his clocked the course at 15.7 miles last year, so it is longer than advertised. Suddenly encouraged, I thank him and stride on up the hill, topping out maybe 50 yards ahead of him. The top is exposed and the rain is coming sideways. I see Emma Oughton in front of me and use her as a pacemaker. Another runner comes past and asks me if I am not cold; I don't feel it but he sows the seed of doubt and I put on my Helly. I see a runner ahead who has blown up; he is walking like a zombie and I stop to tell the next marshal to get him off the course a.s.a.p.

We then turn to descend through woods, the course littered with puddles and running streams which make some of the corners a bit on the exciting side. I track Emma as she tries to escape me and we must pass 20 other runners on the way as she is setting a good pace. Suddenly we pop out onto tarmac and, feeling good, I decide to push hard. Emma acknowledges my pass with a 'Go on, then' and I am striding out with a good rhythm. As the spectators near the finish are few and far between given the weather, I have to ask one which way. Suddenly the tendon on the inside of my left leg starts to twinge; I pray that it will hold up and suddenly the end is in sight.

What a fantastic race!

**Congratulations Emma P on winning your class in the Stumble**

**Results**

**Patrick Winstone 2h 39.39 24/48 V45**

**John McDonough 2h44.32 13/30 V50**

**Tony Hogg (aka Jesus) 2h44.43 22/35 V40**

**Emma Oughton 2h44.44 4/9 V35**

**Nailsea**

**Emma Parfitt 1/7 F35**

**Martin Bird 5/35 2H13.21V40**

**Pete Grigg 2H27.17 10/48 V45**

**DON JUAN**

## RACING PICTURES



Le Dejeuner sur l'Herbe, 'new man' edition

## EXMOOR STAGGERS



John staggers in the dark and



Patrick staggers patriotically into the light, both ignoring alien attack

## HOLIDAY SNAPS



One Green Man in North Devon



Another in Biarritz



Libby confronts her demons

## **SWEEPINGS.**

### New T-shirts.

Have you seen the fantastic new T-shirts featuring our green man logo? If not, here is one modelled by our very own editor, Chris Bloor. To order, contact Antony Clark (see front for phone no.)



### **TACHOGRAPHS.**

Please get your Tachographs to Pete Deboer as soon as possible. Since Pete is not on-line at the moment, please send them to him at :

33, Crabtree Lane,  
Dundry, BS41 8LP.

### **Bon voyage.**

Good Luck and happy travels to Brian Burr who is off to Thailand for a few months. We shall be welcoming him back in time for the Summer Pub Series! Enjoy yourself Brian.

## Membership

### Reminder Reminder Reminder

Have you forgotten to pay up?  
Have you lost your renewal form?  
Then this issue of RRN is complimentary.

Don't worry - just go to the web site (tach.org.uk) and download a new form and get it to Libby as soon as possible.

New membership card enclosed which will entitle you to affiliated status at races (£2 off entry fees) and 10% discount at shops like Easy Runner.

### London Marathon Club

#### Entry.

Please send any rejection slips as soon as they arrive to Libby Bloor. If there is more than one, the committee will make a decision on how to allocate our one free club entry and will advise as quickly as possible - an announcement will be made at the Club Dinner. See enclosed flyer.

### TACH Winter Race.

By popular demand the Burrington Combe-Over is back! It will take place on 21<sup>st</sup> January and we shall need lots of help - please contact Jan Clark on 0776 978 0024. If members want to run the race, please could they supply a friend (or alien) to help!



**The TACH 12<sup>th</sup> Night dinner  
will be held on  
Saturday 6 January 2007 at**

**Primrose Café & Bistro  
Boyces Avenue  
Clifton Village  
(near Clifton Arcade and Victoria Square)**

**Time**

6.00pm onwards meet in the Albion pub (or Hop House if I get lots of complaints)

7.00 move to Primrose café

7.30 place food orders

**Who**

Club members, old and not so old, and other halves are most welcome

**What**

As well as lots of scintillating and sparkling conversation with your charming running chums and their partners, the entertainment includes...

- Illuminating speeches from enlightened committee members
- Presentation of The Club Championship (pending availability of trophy)  
Get your Tachographs to Pete de Boer in hard copy format please, by Thursday 4 January latest.
- Presentation of the Green Man Trophy awarded to the person who has made the biggest contribution to the club in the year, sponsored by Antony Clark Enterprises.
- Presentation of the club's London Marathon entry.
- Testing and demo of restaurant sprinkler system by our own health and safety consultant.
- Be prepared for a sortie to a late night venue afterwards for more drinks and chat

**To book your place(s)**

If you would like to attend, please let Jan know by 15 December either at club nights or 0776 978 0024. A £5 deposit per person is required – please give to Jan. Balance to be paid on the night.

**Dress code**

The TACH Twelfth Night Dinner operates a non-discriminatory sartorial policy. Anything goes – from ball gowns & black tie to casual casuals.

**Primrose Cafe**

The Primrose Café people are happy to take food orders on the evening rather than have a menu in advance. Approximate costs to help you budget are starters £6, mains £13, desserts £5. The club will provide some wine and once this runs out, it will be on a pay as you drink basis.

Here's a quote I found on the Venue website about the Primrose Café: "Evening fodder is distinctly above the cafe average, with Cornish fish and seafood a speciality, and all their meat is organic, from the Somerset Levels. Soil Association-certified organic ice cream is made on the premises."

# RACE CALENDAR

To begin at the end, I have been casting about for a suitable date for the Forest Path Relay. I had originally thought the a date close to the Spring Equinox, which is on or about the 21<sup>st</sup> March would be a good idea. The Cotswold Way relay takes place in midsummer to coincide with the longest day to maximise the light. The Forest Path is only half as long, so spring seemed a good idea. But as you can see the calendar is rather crowded at that time.

4 <sup>th</sup> Mar 11am	<b>Butleigh MT</b>	Somerset – Wells Harriers	About 10K if I remember correctly –good cakes
11 <sup>th</sup> Mar 10-30	<b>Hogweed Hilly Half Marathon</b>	Horton Village Hall. On lanes around Hawkesbury Upton	If you haven't got into the Grizzly this could provide some compensation
18 <sup>th</sup> Mar	<b>Ironwood Challenge</b>	Long Ashton Village Hall	Lets keep Mark company this year
25 <sup>th</sup> Mar	<b>Cleevevold</b>	Near Winchcombe (past Cheltenham)	14 miles a challenge for those who find the Bath ½ too tame
This is also the date of the Forest of Dean ½ and the Bath ½			
1 <sup>st</sup> Apr	<b>Chedworth Roman Trail</b>	Chedworth, past Cirencester	10 miles off-road in the Cotswolds
This is also the date of the Taunton Marathon and ½ Marathon.			
8 <sup>th</sup> Apr	<b>Hanham Horror</b>	Bitton RR at Hanham	MT 10 with some dodgy steps
22 <sup>nd</sup>	<b>Pensford 10K</b>	Pensford Village Hall	Road Race.
Also London Marathon			

April Fools Day is possible. The Chedworth Trail does not attract many from our neck of the woods and the Taunton event is a road race. This is also the day when Brian returns from his travels.

The Hanham Horror is put on by Bitton, who might be expected to be interested in the Relay.

I suggest either April 1<sup>st</sup> or April 15<sup>th</sup>. Do you have an opinion? If you do; contact Chris Bloor.

There are a few races left to add to your tally for the TACHOMETER. I know that there is a contingent heading for Merthyr Mawr for the sake of lunch at the pub in Monknash afterwards.

It is always worth taking a look at **Weston AC's Website** for interesting races.

I have noticed that there is a trend towards races that appear to be put on as commercial concerns. For example, there is a series of three races at Mallards Pike, near Parkend in the Forest of Dean. This is put on by Tri-coaching UK. This series may be worth a trip to the Forest on the Weston Prom Run principle, that it is fun to repeat an event to see if you are improving.

The Rough and Tumble 10, put on by Grassroots Events looks more fun and they put on several similar events in Wiltshire.

I have heard some enthusiasm expressed for Slaughterford and the Terminator this year, which are both worth go. However, there are some interesting choices to be made!

<b>RACES YET TO COME IN 2006</b>			
26 <sup>th</sup> Nov 11am	<b>Bicton Blister</b>	Bicton College, near Budleigh Salterton	11 miles scenic off-road PK special
Or 26 <sup>th</sup> Nov 10am	<b>Forest of Dean Winter Trail Series (1/3)</b>	Mallard's Pike, 2 miles northeast of Parkend. Various lengths	Off road equivalent of prom runs with laps. Choice of 5, 10 or 15K
Bicton Blister is the better race, but it is a long way away. The Trail Series is over the Bridge, but it could become habit forming.			
3 <sup>rd</sup> Dec 10-30	<b>The Full Monty Cute</b>	Monrtacute House, Somerset	10 mile 'popular' multi-terrain course- mud- 8 hills
17 <sup>th</sup> Dec 10-45	<b>Merthyr Mawr Xmas Pudding Challenge</b>	Near Bridgend. Notorious Sand dune - 10K <a href="http://www.brackla-harriers.org">www.brackla-harriers.org</a>	Pub at Monknash afterwards is the main attraction
Or 17 <sup>th</sup> Dec 11am	<b>Wyvern Christmas Cracker</b>	Weston College, Knightstone Rd, Weston-S-M	10K - half road - half flat sand Race Full
<b>RACES IN THE NEW YEAR</b>			
Jan 1 <sup>st</sup> 11am	<b>Hangover 10K</b>	Kewstoke Village Hall	Rural tarmac, undulating. Only interesting if you really have a hangover
Jan 7 <sup>th</sup> 10 am	<b>Forest of Dean Trail Series (2/3)</b>	See <a href="http://www.tricoachinguk.org">www.tricoachinguk.org</a> for further details	
Jan 14 <sup>th</sup> 11am	<b>Rough and Tumble 10</b>	Milton Lilbourne in the heart of Wiltshire	<a href="http://www.grassrootsevents.co.uk">www.grassrootsevents.co.uk</a> for details
Jan 21st	<b>TACH Burrington Combe-over</b>	Burrington	<b>Only those TACH members who have supplied a marshal to take their place may enter</b>
Jan 28 <sup>th</sup> 9-50	<b>Slaughterford 9</b>	Rudloe, Nr Corsham, Wilts	A tough one this. The Quarryman at Box is the usual venue for afters
Or Jan 28 <sup>th</sup> 11am	<b>Riverbank Rollick</b>	Mundy Playing Fields Thornbury	MT 8 Usually a mud run down to the Severn. Some hills. Fox at Inner Down Old Down. Hard choice!
I have heard a lot of support for Slaughterford this year. No entries on the day.			
11 <sup>th</sup> Feb 10-30	<b>Dursley Dozen</b>	Dursley	Good muddy start and finish with hard climbs.
Or 11 <sup>th</sup> Feb 10-30	<b>Tough Ten Challenge</b>	Weston-super-Mare	Known to its detractors as the fairly tough ten. Put on by Lions Club
Dursley is rally tough, although there is a bit too much road in the middle. Tough 10 much favoured by road runners who like a little adventure in the woods.			
18 <sup>th</sup> Feb 10am	<b>Forest of Dean Trail Series (3/3)</b>	See above	
25 <sup>th</sup> Feb 10-30	<b>The Terminator</b>	Pewsey Vale RC	10 miles. Hilly. Flat start lulls you into a false sense of security.