

Running moments

Before blogs were called blogs, a number of us who were addicted to running posted photos and words about the strange and quirky worlds of cross country running. Total madness, often, but it also included many *random acts of kindness and not a little associated insanity*.

I thought it would be fun to post a few pics from my own running adventures, particularly alongside Devon Axe Valley Runners Grizzly friends, Dave and Phil. Take a visit to the home of the AVR: <http://www.axevalleyrunners.org.uk/>



Harlow Marathon



From about 1987 to the early 2000s, I ran in over 70 marathons or longer, even having a go at the World 100 kilometre championship and the World Trail Championship taking in 80 miles of the South Downs. I did run in the London, Rotterdam, Majorca, Stratford and other road marathons such as the Southern Counties Marathon at Harlow – and even got a silver medal in that one! But, mainly it was the buzz of being out in the Wild Countries, up hills, along pebble beaches, in and out of mud baths. Run and Become we were urged. And I helped a bit with Dave, the Dungbeetle in the T-shirt designs for the now infamous Grizzly races and the Midsummer Madness marathon (or more) run from Seaton in South Devon.

Not sure whether I'll ever get back into it in a big way – too many nagging injuries etc along with excuses galore!

Phil, Dave and Alan



On the Grizzly course

Running is certainly a kind of masochism, but it also brings with it some ecstasy – amazing highs when the endorphins kick in. But to get there is a trip through a pain barrier or four. You have to be prepared to hurt and then some. Basically, it's about running anaerobically – going into deficit – and that in the course of time raises your aerobic limits. Put simply, you can run a bit further, a bit faster and not get the same feelings of being an old bus about to conk out.



I've had a go at a few triathlons – but my swimming lets me down. I managed to make up some of the time on the cycling and running – so still had some enjoyable times. The formal cross-country league fixtures and even the National championships are a totally different sort of experience. Whilst you are still running for yourself, you are running more for your club. Back then I ran for Harlow Running Club and Racing Club Le Ram, part of Harlow Ruby Club. I also ran for Bro Dysynni, a very friendly club based in Tywyn in mid-Wales and the home of the infamous Race against the Train: <http://www.racethetrain.com/>

Tom 'Loony' Scriven (with me below) holder of a variety of world ultra-long distance records is one of my running mates. An amazing man, great Guinness drinker, and well into his 70s and still going strong.



And here are a few more running memories including Mister Jim'll Fix-it Saville at the end of the Windsor Half Marathon.

