



IVANHOE RUNNER'S WORLD

AUTUMN EDITION
SEPTEMBER 2014

Featuring:

The Wall: Ian
and Tim's
ultramarathon

Kev at the
Commonwealth
Games

Shakespeare
Marathon by
Gabby Smith

Focus on Laura
Graves

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Where has 2014 gone?

It doesn't seem two minutes since I was badgering you all for material for the Spring Newsletter and here we are (almost) Autumn already. Summer has been a great success for the club: a change of venue with Wednesday Evening training moving to Hicks Lodge has seen a large group of regulars at Andy and Nick's quality sessions, we have fielded strong full teams at all the LRRL and BDSL races and our new website has been successfully launched thanks to hard work by Ian Bolton. There have been excellent individual performances by many, with the Ironman distance Triathlon successes of Trish, Nick Teresa and Julian particularly impressive. Between us we have also collected some impressive silverware with Andy Jeyes, Becca Hallam, Laura Graves, Sally Jeyes, Alistair Chambers, Amanda Bradbury and dog Beau amongst the individual winners along with team triumph for the ladies at the Gate Gallop. (I meanwhile am still recovering from the "offal" shock of a 3rd place podium finish ...) We have also had great fun at numerous social events, have welcomed many new members into the club, held a successful Conkers Parkrun takeover and are excitedly preparing for the biggest ever Ashby 20 next year. Enjoy the newsletter and thanks to everyone who contributed!

Ruth



*Please keep your ideas,
comments, criticism, articles
and photos coming to:
rhgreen@doctors.org.uk*



Chairman Kev's reports from Glasgow

Commonwealth Games 2014 - a volunteer's perspective

Most of you know that I spent 12 days in July/August as a volunteer at the Commonwealth Games in Glasgow. Ruth asked me to do a bit for this newsletter, but rather than bore you all with a tedious article, I have done a list of the top twenty facts which hopefully give you some insight to the most amazing experience I had.

Top Twenty Facts about the Games:

1. 50,000 people volunteered to be Clyde-siders back in January 2013; through an interview and selection process this reduced to 15,000 volunteers by March 2014.
2. The vast majority of volunteers were Scottish, many from the Glasgow / Edinburgh "belt".
3. Volunteers had to pay for their own accommodation for the period of the Games. I was lucky to be able to (cheaply) rent a flat from a fellow Clyde-sider I met on training. Whilst this was in Lanark, 25 miles south-east of Glasgow, it was ideal for driving to the mountain biking venue which was between Glasgow and Lanark, and had a direct rail service into Glasgow.
4. Most of us had no clue about the specifics of what we were doing until arriving on venue / at marshalling point. The pre-organisation was a bit "patchy". The full time salaried staff for the Games was only 1,400 people, with a much smaller budget than the Olympics, and this was reflected in the communications, organisation and training before the Games. They did what they could with the resources they had.
5. There is a whole sub-culture of games volunteering. Over half the volunteers I met had done previous events, many London 2012 or sport specific roles e.g. mountain biking race organisers, road cycling commissaries etc. Many folks I met are already learning Portuguese as it is a pre-requisite for volunteers for the Rio Olympics in 2016, while some had already signed up for the World Police and Fire Games in Virginia in 2015, and the Pan-American Games in Toronto in 2015. And of course we were all looking ahead to the next Commonwealth's at the Gold Coast in 2018.
6. I must have met or spoken to well over 50 volunteers over the 12 days, and only came across one twat. Excepting him, the team spirit among the volunteers was tremendous. I spent three days at the mountain biking where about 20 of us remained as a team managing one sector of the course - we had the cross-over in a figure of eight bike course. When we dispersed after the mountain biking finished, to support other events with different groups of volunteers, we met after each event for beers in the centre of Glasgow at the Counting House

(Spoons'). The Sector 3 team was born, and Facebook and email is still alive with banter. A reunion is planned for early 2015.

7. The team leaders for the cycling events were superb. They were fellow volunteers but had particular expertise in their sports and were generally very good leaders. What was impressive was that they were generally fairly young but more than capable of organising and motivating a team of very varied individuals. Of course it helped that we all wanted to be there!



8. The volunteers saved the marathon, as the organisation was dreadful! The team leaders for the marathon were clueless, and on the morning of the marathon at 6am we had no specific instructions as to where we needed to be. About 30 of us were led through central Glasgow and simply dropped off in two's and three's at drink stations or crossing points. I could see how this was

going, so grabbed a wee lassie I had been with at the mountain biking, and her mate, and a couple of other women. Spotting a Wetherspoon's open for loos and coffee, we volunteered for that point and ended up with the busiest pedestrian crossing point in the centre of Glasgow with Queen's Street station one side of the course and George Square the other! My role became leader, monitoring the race progress and instructing the team when to close the crossing point. I also had the radio and so was the communications link with race control. And blew my whistle a lot!

9. The whole city embraced the volunteers. Wetherspoon's gave a 20% discount to anyone wearing a volunteer uniform. Priceless. Whilst transport on buses and

trains was free to volunteers on certain routes and when on duty, this was incredibly relaxed. And when I was left stranded after the marathon at a railway



station in Coatbridge, some 1.5 miles from where I had left my car at 4.10am that morning, a kindly gentleman of at least 75 years of age gave me a local history guided tour through twisting streets all the way back to my car. And wouldn't go until I had safely crossed the dual-carriageway. I felt like my mum was seeing me off to school!

10. This was not the Olympics, and in some events this was very clear in the quality of competition. But to me, this added to the whole event. In the mountain biking for example, some of the entrants were clearly there simply because they could ride a road bike, and their Federation must have thought, "while you are there, have a crack at the mountain biking". In the actual race, the two Kenyan ladies walked down the first very tame slope - one even Bob White would have ridden down. But at the front end, the competition was sharp.



11. Don't mess with Alistair and Jonny. They are a class apart, and the poor wee Scottish lad who tried to go with them on the bike leg of the individual triathlon simply disintegrated when they wound it up. Most competitors had only one view of the boys.



12. The competitors enjoyed their interaction with the volunteers. You will have seen Bolt's interaction with the kit bin carrier in the stadium, but also at the mountain biking the competitors were happy to chat on practice days. Some of them were riding the tough sections several times over, and were asking for advice on the fastest lines through.

13. The cycling road race was a war of attrition. Only 12 men finished the race, with competitors pulled out once they were 10 minutes behind the leader due to it being just a 14.4k lap course. G's win was brilliant and thoroughly deserved, he rode a very strong race. It was also brilliant to see young Jack Bauer in Silver after he was so unlucky in that long solo effort in the Tour de France. The conditions were dreadful; a "Sector 3" colleague of mine spent the



entire race with four others trying to brush floodwater uphill into a drain, to simply keep the course open. Once the heavens really opened the large crowds dived for cover and it was only the marshals and riders left in the open. I also discovered that even the waterproof kit wasn't.



14. The conversion of Hampden Park into an athletics venue, by building a track and infield above the existing pitch, was brilliant. It just looked like a top-class athletics track. Apparently this solution is now being looked at by other potential venues. We had tickets for the Wednesday night and so witnessed Greg Rutherford's gold, Rudisha's run in the 800 semis, the final 800m of the women's heptathlon among others. By Wednesday they had sorted out the teething problems and we got into the stadium very quickly despite the airport style security manned by the police and the military.



15. In addition to the 15,000 volunteers there were about 35,000 contractors involved. This included the "security" people who were paid and generally brought in from outside the area. On the events I was involved in they were basically under our direction. The problem was that generally, they were not very interested - it was just another job - and not terribly bright. At the mountain biking one asked me what colour the Russians kit was. When I pointed out that it was the Commonwealth Games, he replied, "ah yes of course, that will make it easier for the Americans then". I gave up. For the bike road race, my security chaps had arrived at 8am having driven up from Lincoln after being on nightclub door duty until 2am. They were frankly not a lot of use, we usually resorted to using them as mobile bollards.

16. Glasgow is an amazing city with brilliant people. We have now spent over a month there in total over the last 18 months and love it. There is a buzz to the city and so much going on, whether it is culture with the Kelvingrove, Hunterian, Pollock and so on, the pubs, clubs and restaurants, sporting activities, great parkruns (Glasgow Pollock, Strathclyde Country Park and Victoria Park all ticked off so far), shopping and plenty of IHG hotels to choose from! Even the drunks are friendly; on bike road race day as I walked across the city centre at 5.45 am the only folks I met were heading home, including one very worse for wear who berated me for not knowing where to get a taxi from! I guessed at Queen's Street station and he went on his way happy.

17. Most of the Scots I talked to were against separation. They were happy to discuss it as I was clear that as a Sassenach I had no detailed idea about the issues or strong view on it! They may not have been a representative group, as they were predominantly Glasgow or Edinburgh conurbation based, but the general feeling was that there is not enough known about the consequences of change to rock the status quo. Even those in favour cannot stand Alec Salmond - which is a good thing.
18. They called it the friendly games and they certainly were. The Glasgow crowds came out in force for the free events, including the marathons, triathlon, road races and time trials. Even though most of them had no clue as to what was going on. They were very vocal when the blue Saltire clad athletes came along, but were also supportive of all the home nations. And, were very supportive of some of the poor back markers who were clearly a class below the elite but were giving it a go.
19. Having been exposed to the organisation of the marathon, and been party to the radio communications on race day, it reinforced my belief that our own Ashby 20 is simply one of the best organised races in the calendar. In fact the Commonwealth Marathon could have learnt from what we do, NOT the other way round.
20. Without exception we would all do the same thing again. It was a tremendous experience, and the crack was simply brilliant. Whilst the days started very early - for me, up at 3am one day - and were long, with periods of inactivity interspersed with crisis management, it was great fun. But you do need to be able to make the time commitment for the pre-games stuff as well as the games time, and be able to afford travel to the area and accommodation once there. That said, I am already in training for Rio - so adues, tenhas um bom dia!



Member's focus: we turn the spotlight on.....Laura Graves

This edition we turn the focus on Ladies Captain Laura Graves who is having an incredible season with personal best performances race after race across all distances. Here we try to unlock the secrets of her success....

When did you first start running and how did you get into it?

I started running in 2007 after a neighbour asked me to run with her. I had never done any exercise before then and even when I was at school I tried to get out of doing any sport. In fact, most P.E lessons were spent round a friend's house burying dead animals, that's a story for another time. A few months into running I joined a small group of women who met at Measham and upped my mileage from 2 to 5 miles. We were then taken, kicking and screaming, to Hood Park to join Ivanhoe, which was the winter of 2008.



How did joining Ivanhoe Runners help your running ?

Because I was running at least twice a week I could see a big improvement in my stamina and could even laugh politely at Tim's jokes! There were some very encouraging members of the club that really helped me in the early stages. Thanks Brian, Tim, Bart and Paula Hough.

You have made amazing improvements this year, what is your secret?

I have always been prone to injuries but after having an operation on my back in January 2013 I was determined that if I ever ran again I would give it everything, and I also promised to do all the cross-countries, which was a bit mad! Someone told me that beetroot juice is fantastic for runners and since drinking it my running has improved, this might have nothing to do with beetroot juice but I can't take that chance now.

What is a typical week's training for you?

I run 4 times a week and try to do a long run, a quality session, a steady and an easy run. I also do yoga, pilates and aerobics once a week.

What was your favourite race and why?

My favourite race has got to be the Benidorm half, firstly because there were a lot of Ivanhoe runners and the atmosphere was great and secondly I was so surprised with my time that it will always be the race that made me feel that I was back to full fitness again.

What is your next Running Goal?

I have decided to do the Boston Marathon next year instead of London which I hope will be the start of more overseas marathons.

What advice would you give a new runner?

My advice to new runners is that you will have the occasional bad race and the occasional injury but you must believe in yourself and come back stronger. Also buy yourself a foam roller and drink beetroot juice!



The Wall.....by Ian Kirk (and Tim Sturla)

So why would you want to run 69 miles ? That's the question most people ask when they hear about "The Wall" shortly followed by are you mad - well we all know the answer to the second question but let's see if we can answer the first one.

It all started a couple of years ago rather unsurprisingly at the pub one Friday night where Tim and myself were talking about what the next challenge should be. We'd done a number of long cross country events and marathons and decided we were better suited to these type of races than the shorter distances where



we are only just getting going and they are finished so we decided with the aid of a few beers that The Wall sounded like our kind of thing and that we'd run it in 2013. Can't remember what hurt most the next day my head from the beer or the thought of what we'd agreed to do but as all blokes will testify if it is agreed in the pub then it is legally binding - although for a number of reasons it didn't quite happen in 2013. So as I was planning my races for 2014 my wife informed me that she had put The Wall on the calendar for June - "oh great" I think I replied or something similar but if it's on the family calendar it happens so I let Tim know there was no way out of it this year and let the training begin.



So how do you train for an Ultra marathon ? I'm not sure I really know other than the Park run doesn't feature too heavily in the schedule. I did ask a few of our more experienced club members but I think the only advice I really got was don't train for longer distances than a marathon, and don't go too far in your first ultra i.e. don't try the whole 69 miles in one go but scale it up over time. So we duly entered The Wall event electing to do the two day "Challenger" version rather than the one day event reserved only for "Experts" or more realistically the complete nutters and set about training.



We'd both only ever ran further than the marathon distance once at the Ponton Plod where Tim was telling me what a great navigator he was and we missed the turning and ended up running 29 miles so we were hoping The Wall would be well signposted. The basic aim of our training was to get up to marathon fitness in early 2014 and maintain it by doing a combination of off road and on road marathons as training runs just a few weeks apart. After running in the London marathon I went on to run the

Milton Keynes marathon and the Flying Fox marathon along with a leisurely Syston 8 and a few long training runs all in a 6 week period averaging 40-45 miles a week and likewise Tim ran a similar schedule. Although we were confident we could run the 32 miles on day one the real test was going to be getting up and running 37 miles the day after but that was going to be hard to prepare for so we'd just have to see how we managed.

So having established a truly professional training plan we needed to focus on other preparation such as the logistics of getting there, as the start was in Carlisle and the finish in Newcastle so we elected to drive to the finish and then get the train to Carlisle as well as a hotel room. We had also mutually agreed we weren't camping at the halfway point (a shower and a comfy bed were a must) so we also needed to get a B&B nearby and transport to and from the mid-point all of which needed to be arranged all courtesy of Sturla travel agents.



Finally kit, neither of us really had what was recommended so we set about getting the appropriate hydration packs and rucksacks, foil blankets, whistles, first aid kits and other essentials (including toilet roll) and being the ever professional we even managed a couple of short runs in advance wearing it which was a bonus and together with a few last minute additions such as sun cream bought on the way there so we were ready. Oh other than a nutrition plan but we didn't really have one as exemplified by Tim looking for a McDonalds at the start - any way there were a few stops along the route and other than taking a few gels we'd survive (I had been watching Bear Grylls just in case).

So having taken the best part of 5 hours to get to Newcastle on the Friday thanks to the road works we left the car near the finish line wondering if we'd ever see it again and headed off to the station with all our gear and caught the train to Carlisle. Fortunately, we needed the last station as neither of us were fluent in Geordie and didn't understand a single word of any of the announcements but we did get a good view of the terrain we would be running over in the next 2 days. Having then checked into the hotel and being reassured we had a twin room with separate beds not the honeymoon suite we set off to register and see the start line followed by some carb loading at a couple of bars where a few like minded participants had also headed and then a relatively early night.



Next morning having got our packs ready and dropped off the rest of our kit for transportation to the mid-point we were stood on the start line with around 250 participants - the runners doing it in one day had set off an hour earlier and by 8:00am we were off and running out through the castle gates and along the river and had soon clocked up our first mile only 68 more to go. The

first 8 miles were relatively flat and mainly on roads and paths (a feature of the race) and we fell into a steady 10 min/mile pace whilst talking to a few of the other participants along the way until the roads started to get a bit more of an upwards incline on them and we took advantage of a few welcome walk breaks. After a few toilet stops on the way which I was surprisingly leading Tim 5-4 and which became a theme of discussion throughout the 2 days we reached the first big pit stop at around 14 miles and were able to refuel and put on some much needed sun cream as we'd forgotten to do this at the start and Tim was already taking on a bright red glow.



After 17 miles I had a call from a developer in Cambridge to inform me the apartment I was interested in buying was being released for sale and what did I want to do ? Fortunately, we were at a hill and needed a walk break and after their disbelief of what I was actually doing on a sunny Saturday morning and in between some heavy breathing we agreed a price and by the top of the hill I had bought it so on with the race. We were making steady progress and is the one thing that we can both do well is find a steady pace we can keep up and were starting to pass the “one dayers” as they became known along with quite a few of the two dayers that had set off much quicker than we had but were now struggling in the heat and the hills. Whilst it's called “The Wall” as it follows Hadrians Wall the truth is we didn't really see that much of it perhaps a few miles in total and it really

will need some significant work if Scotland vote for independence as we discussed with a number of the Scottish participants along the way.

After another water stop we hit the 26.2 miles mark in 4hrs 50 min only 6 more to go for the day and after another 3 miles we were now in un chartered water as being the furthest we'd run, we had also just about run out of water as it had been hot and the water stations weren't up to the Ashby 20 standard and so it was a welcome relief when we saw the mid-point camp in the distance and there was a noticeable speeding up of the runners around us. However, it wasn't to be that simple and from being within touching distance we were led off to the right and a further 2 mile loop before heading up a steep track to the finish for the day. We crossed the line in 6 hrs 6 min and a somewhat surprising 27th position and wondered if had we gone too fast but we'd soon find out and for now needed to rehydrate - wasn't there a bar somewhere round here ? Having satisfied our thirst we watched the runners finishing and those setting out on the second half thinking glad that's not us.



We were staying in a hotel in Haydon Bridge and after a taxi ride were in bed by 3:30pm in the afternoon - fortunately another twin bed room. Obviously we were too

excited about the next day and didn't sleep and by 6pm were hunting for food and a beer or two. By 9:30 we had been to all 3 pubs in the town and were back in bed although the beach themed party going on in the bar downstairs courtesy of the local football team had us awake at 1am as the bottles were being thrown outside and the inevitable fighting commenced and we weren't anywhere near central Newcastle.

We both got out of bed on day 2 expecting not to be able to walk and were pleasantly surprised our legs were still functioning and after some breakfast were able to get down the stairs and back on our way to the start. There was a 1 hour start window for day 2 between 8am-9am and by the time we were underway at 8:20am most people had already set off and we wondered if we would see them again. After a brief downhill run to test the legs out we were soon greeted by a huge hill and peppered all the way up it most of the runners that had set off ahead of us - oh dear. After 25 mins we had covered the first mile of day 2 only 36 more to go - we hoped they weren't all going to be like that and we started to settle into a steady pace again and found a few more runners to run with over the first 12 miles until we reached the first big pit stop in better than expected shape. After a bit of a rest we set out and slowly over the next 5 miles passed a number of runners as we ran at a similar pace to the previous day and ran most of the hills before reaching the next water stop at 18 miles. The next section was downhill for about 4 miles before reaching the river and where I discovered that the wet patch on my shorts wasn't sweat but a hole in my "water" bladder and I ran the remainder of the race with dried energy drink all down my legs, fortunately I'd also got 2 water bottles - I wasn't taking any chances. The next 8 miles we both kept thinking we'd gotten further than we'd expected and wondered when the wheels were going to come off but they didn't and we passed the 26.2 mile mark in 5 hours so very similar to day 1.

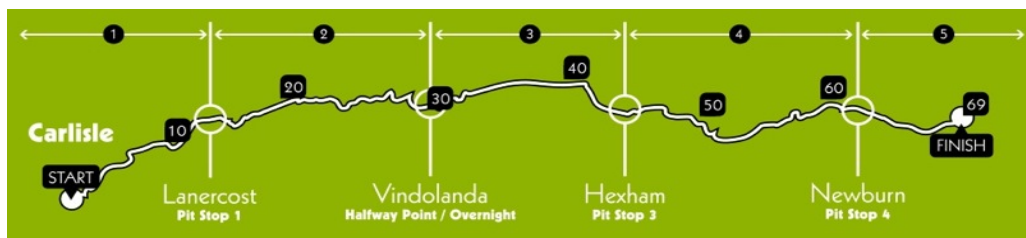
A highlight of the day for me was the surprise a husband and wife got as they turned the corner to find Tim with his hand down the front of his shorts as he was re-vaselining his unmentionables - that kept me laughing for a good few miles. At the final pit stop at 30 miles we filled up with water again not wanting to get caught out again and set off armed with cups of coffee most of which you will see down the front of Tim's vest. The next few miles were hard work and just keeping going was a struggle but we were still catching people up and going past them which was quite motivating and we were now well into countdown mode - just 10k to go, 5 miles, 4 miles, a park run, where is that bloody Tyne bridge? Eventually, with a mile to go we could see the all the bridges in the distance and a slight quickening of the pace as we passed under the Tyne Bridge and could see the Millenium Bridge in the distance all we had to do was run through the middle of a crowded Sunday market there were people everywhere. Finally we were onto the Millenium Bridge and the Finish line just on the other side. Wow we'd done it -69 miles in 13 hrs 9 min and 21st place overall and the 3rd pair to finish but most pleasing of all was that we kept running and didn't really walk (other than steep hills).



So after food and a shower and the obligatory beer we set off home - with the question **Why did you run 69 miles ?** answered - **because we could.** Now the next question - would you do it again ? Well not over 2 days but let's see but in the meantime we have the Brecon Ultra in November.

As for any advice to anyone else wanting to run a long distance event - I'd say it's important to tailor your training for the event it's hard to train for both short and long distance races at the same time and you need to prioritise or you compromise your goals. For the longer distances whilst speed training is always a good base to have I focus more on endurance and mental toughness as these are what will get you through the last hard miles - even running a marathon as a training run where you will go through the mental fatigue can be more beneficial than some of the shorter faster club races. On the race setting a sensible pace and sticking with it is vital - you really can't bank time and miles in these types of event and if you have a running partner then all the better as you get each other through -although you really wouldn't want to know what Tim and I talk about for 13 hrs on a run - maybe that will be the Christmas article ?

Ian (and Tim)



Coach's Column by Andy Hough

Build your strength base

It's a good time of year to start building your strength base. During the autumn, Wednesday night sessions will have a strength element to them, which usually involves different types of hills.

Why do we do this ?

Most runners will complete off road during the winter. This requires more strength than running on the road.

If you are planning on running a spring marathon, it is important you start your preparations with a good strength base. This is the foundation that you build on, when training for your marathon. This base takes time and a lot of people tend to avoid it, and they suffer later on in the training cycle.

As usual, this is a big subject, if you need specific advice, then talk to me. I am not down on Fridays now, so speak to me on Wednesdays.

Remember to run fast and hard, it all starts with a strong base.

Andy Hough UKA level 3



**DON'T FORGET TO
REGISTER ON OUR NEW
WEBSITE:**

www.ivanhoerunners.uk

**Here you'll see all the
latest news, results,
fixtures and other club
information**

**Submit your personal bests
and check your progress
against the club standards**

2014 Fixtures

August

31st Belvedere 10k BDSL - Grand Prix

September

7th John Fraser 10 LRRL summer

14th Calke Abbey 10k

**16th Tues 7pm: Adrian Smith Handicap - Hicks Lodge
(provisional)**

21st Tamworth 5 BDSL - Grand Prix

28th Robin Hood full and half marathons

October

26th Leicester full and half marathons

31st Hope Skeleton Run (5 mile off trail, Beacon Hill)

November

2nd Shepshed 7 - Grand Prix

8th Seagrave Wolds 15.5 miles all terrain

23rd Donington Park half marathon

29th Lanzarote 10k, full and half marathons (club tour)

December

14th Turkey Trot half marathon - Grand Prix: entries open and will fill up online on 22nd September

NB Derby Runner Cross Country fixtures yet to be released

See club website and Facebook pages for up to date information and how to enter

Team Updates.....by our Club Captains:

From Martin.....

I am writing this report having just heard about the outstanding achievements of Teresa and Julian at the Outlaw Ironman event today. Over the last few months Ivanhoe men have been churning out numerous P.B.s and stretching their boundaries. We have also recruited several new members who already are proving to be valuable assets to our club both on club nights and at official



events. Just to mention a few- Osian, Dave, Will, James and John. Many congratulations again to Tim Sturla and Ian Kirk who did "The Wall Ultra Marathon" a 69 mile off road ultra marathon along Hadrian's wall starting at Carlisle and finishing in Newcastle. Also well done to Nick Teige who recently did the Austrian Ironman event in under 11 hours. Also well done to Andy Lindley and anyone else who did the Outlaw half ironman and Julian and Teresa today in the full Outlaw event. There are many interesting events coming up in the coming few months including -ride London 100 (see more elsewhere in the newsletter - Ed) , Belper Rugby Rover, Nick Teige's 10 marathons in 10 weeks, Belverdere 10k, John Fraser 10, Tamworth 5, Nottingham half and full just to mention a few so all the best to anyone doing any of these or anything else I've not mentioned.

Martin

And Laura.....

So Well done to all the ladies who have run the Burton and Leicester league races this year. After the latest race in the LRRL we were 6th out of 10 in division 1. The B team were 6th in division 2 and the C team 8th in division 3. The vet women are doing well coming in 3th out of 8 in division 1. In the BDSL we are currently 2nd.



I would just like to give Clare Fowell a special mention on her great performances so far this year, she has smashed her PBs in every race. Keep up the good work Clare. Also a mention to Ruth Green who is our only 100% attendance lady in the Burton League. Also, it has to be said that Teresa Talbott had an absolutely amazing Ironman and I am so very pleased for her.

We are now halfway through the year so hopefully those of you who are going for standards this year are well on the way to achieving these. If anyone needs help with finding races or just help with motivation please ask me and I will try to help or at least put you in touch with someone who can.

Happy Running
Laura

Congratulations to Ivanhoe Ironman Triathletes 2014!!!

Trish McPherson: Lanzarote Ironman
15:38:20 (4th in category) - next stop World
Ironman Championships, Kona, Hawaii,
October 2014



Nick Teige: Ironman Austria
10:50:57 - next stop “10
marathons in 10 weeks challenge” raising funds
for the Brain Tumour Charity
(www.justgiving.com/nickteige10in10) 17.8.14
- 19.10.14



Nottingham
Outlaws



Teresa Talbott:
13:11:34 (45th lady,
8th in category)



Julian Rawlings:
14:23:03

Teresa's amazing debut performance at this super-tough endurance event is down to many months of hard training and commitment. She has also been working with Mark Perry, of Sportspredict who has been monitoring her “lactate threshold”. We asked him to explain this approach and what he can offer...read on to hear more!

Lactate Threshold Testing by Mark Perry, Sportspredict

I have been asked to write an article about my business, Sportspredict, which is based at the “Springboard Centre” in Coalville, Leicestershire. Rather than talk about what we can and can’t offer as a business, I thought it might be interesting to explain the main idea behind it.

As endurance athletes, there are so many different approaches and ideas that we can use towards our training and racing. Many of these are based on sound, proven research, along with years of practical use. Others are picked up from articles, books, fellow athletes and coaches during our athletic journeys. So how do we go about sifting through all this information to find out what will work for us personally?

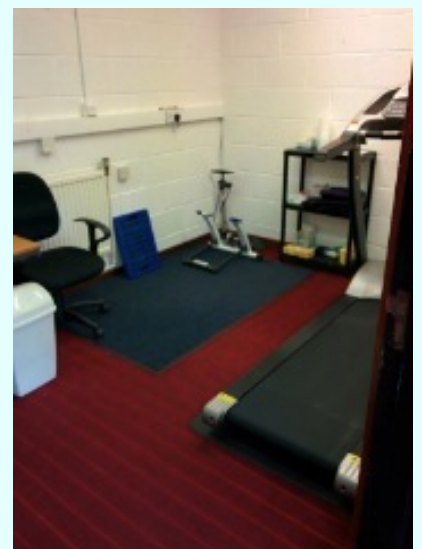
Fortunately, there are some proven fundamental training principles that have stood the test of time and I think it is important to build a training programme around these principles. One of these is known as the “lactate threshold” and it is relatively easy to measure and record on a regular basis.

In simple terms, when we exercise, we use carbohydrate as a fuel. Lactate is a by-product of this process. The harder we work, the more fuel is burnt and the more lactate is produced. We can measure this lactate, at different levels of intensity, to gain an insight into how well our metabolic systems are working. We can then adjust our training accordingly, depending on our own specific needs. By re-checking lactate levels on a regular basis, we get a clearer picture of our fitness at that particular time, helping us to achieve our personal goals.



By combining lactate readings with other sound training principles, we can now put together a more personalised, dynamic training plan, that will give us a much better chance of success in our chosen events.

Mark Perry
Sportspredict
www.sportspredict.co.uk



Shakespeare Marathon.....by Gabby Smith

As I sit down to write this article I'm starting to get excited about the prospect of a 2015 marathon so, at least in retrospect, my first marathon can't have been that bad. Right?



After months of blood sweat and tears (literally), I lined up at the start of the Shakespeare Marathon in Stratford-upon-Avon feeling ready for the challenges ahead. Training had been a nightmare - I'd battled shin splints, boredom, and the overwhelming urge to hang up my running shoes for good, but somehow I'd got through. My target time had slowly slipped away from me as I struggled to keep up with training but I knew that, at the very least, I could get round.

As we headed off the scenery and crowd were great - a first mile lap of the town gave every personal fan club the chance to cheer them on, and every runner the chance to take in the quaint beauty of Stratford's centre. We all headed out feeling motivated and determined, looking forward to the end of the first lap where we could get cheered on again. The course winds through the Warwickshire countryside, taking in a number of villages along the way. Despite being rural, the support was great in these villages with everyone seemingly out to cheer on those crazy people who are running a long way. At around 8 miles a hill breaks up the rhythm but doesn't prove too tough and besides, the view from the top is phenomenal (at least I assume it is - the weather was far from kind at that point!). As we turned back towards the end of the first lap the course heads off-road down a poker-straight trail that heads back towards town. At first the change of scenery was welcomed - pretty trees to look at and a bit of concentration needed as to where your feet go making you forget that you've already run 10 miles. On this first lap the trail was about three miles long - otherwise known as the perfect distance to stop you getting bored as hell.

At mile 13 was my fan club - I picked up some water and energy gels from my mum and boyfriend and even commented "that's the fastest half marathon I've ever run!" Spirits were high and I felt ready to do it all again. At mile 14 that changed. The prospect of doing that whole loop again filled me with dread - my legs were only going to get more tired. The support had dwindled in the villages (not that I blame them - three hours later I'd go in for a cup of tea, too) and, without the half marathon runners, the race became very lonely. I cruised the next few miles but at mile 18 I got hit by what felt like a double decker bus. "That hill was never this big last time" was all I could think as it sapped every last ounce of energy from my legs. Step after step of uphill torture reminding me that I didn't get the miles in training and that I wasn't fully prepared. As the miles ticked by there was no breakthrough - just a very literal feeling of having nothing left. When we turned onto the off-road section it only got

worse - my legs struggling to haul my feet from the sticky, well-trodden mud. And, to add insult to injury, this trail was three miles longer second time round.

So to my only issue with this race - this section is completely boring! It comes at a time when you need a couple of twists and turns to take your mind off the pain, not an arrow straight path where every mile looks the same. As I approached mile 23 I couldn't for the life of me remember passing 22, or 21 or 20 for that matter. It was monotonous. Nevertheless as I headed through the last half mile the crowd was amazing, lifting my spirits and carrying me through the last 800m of pain. The finish line in the park was great - beautifully open with a chance for everyone to see you - and the announcer calling your name as you turned onto the home straight was a great touch.

Overall the race was brilliantly run - smooth, efficient, with regular aid stations for you to refuel. Personally I found it a tough course but it did take in the best of the Warwickshire countryside and was stunning once the sun made an appearance. What I have taken away from the whole experience, though, is a massive respect for everyone who runs a marathon - whether they do it in three hours or five. It's an incredibly tough thing to do, both mentally and physically, and takes a lot of guts to even get to the start line, let alone the finish. Now that the first marathon is in the bag, and I've got Ivanhoe behind me to help with training, I can't wait to do it all again - better and faster. I think I need my head checked.



Gabby Smith

News from the Running Leagues

Burton and District Summer League:

Going to press there are two races remaining: The Burton Belvedere 10k on Sunday 31st August and Tamworth 5 on Sun 21st September. Both men and ladies teams are in strong positions close to the top:

MEN:

South Derbyshire	47
Hatton Darts	33
Ivanhoe Runners	28
Burton AC	24
Peel RR	17
Tamworth	17
Uttoxeter	12

LADIES:

South Derbyshire	47
Ivanhoe Runners	35
Hatton Darts	33
Washland Women	31
Peel RR	29
Uttoxeter	23
Tamworth	6
Burton AC	5

100% finishers with 2 races to go are Alistair Chambers, Ramzi Sidani, Andy Lindley, Kev Wright, Karl Savill and Ruth Green

Leicestershire Road Running League: There is just the one race left in the 2014 LRRL (John Fraser 10, 7.9.14) and the league has finally released current league tables:

MEN: DIVISION 3

West End	169
Ivanhoe Runners	158
Leicester Tri	144
Stilton	136
Badgers	126
South Derbys	124
Shepshed	100
Whetstone	89
Nuneaton	82
Harborough	70

LADIES: DIVISION 1:

Barrow	189
Huncote	148
Charnwood AC	135
Birstall	128
Barrow B	125
Ivanhoe Runners	123
West End	116
Wreake	112
Desford	112
Roadhogs	94

The VET MEN are currently TOP of DIVISION 3 with 187 points (2nd are Birstall with 167). The VET LADIES are currently 3rd in Division 1 with 147 points (behind Barrow with 190 points and Huncote with 168 points and ahead of Wreake, 4th with 138 points). The LADIES have also fielded a B team, currently 6th in Division 2 & a C team, currently 8th in Division 3). The only 100% finishers are Dave Morse & Martin Yeomans

A View From The Back..... by Julie Henfrey



I started running in September 2012, I ran my first 5K in February 2013 and a 10K in November 2013. In January 2014 I decided to join Ivanhoe Runners where I was greeted by a really friendly bunch of people. I can't say I joined the club with the intention of running races as I wouldn't have thought myself to be at race stage. I did, however, wish to have a bash at the Ashby 5. I remember sitting on the sofa seeing the Ashby 5 cancellation notice feeling disappointed. Within 5 minutes I said to Rob "Well, I will just have to train for a 7 miler instead then".

Stilton 7 was tough. I had walked the hills and could hardly put one foot in front of the other at the end! (I nearly gave up half way!) I have never walked in a race again since that day!

The highlights of the year have been:-

Desford 6 which was my comeback race after Stilton 7, a friend ran this with me.

Westend 8 as this was the first time I had run 8 miles.

Beacon Hill 5 mile was certainly an achievement to remember!

Hermitage 10K and Huncote 5 will also stay in my mind as break-through races.

I have thoroughly enjoyed the races and team spirit is evident. After I'd been in the club a couple of weeks, a club member said to me that you enter races and then train for them. I remember thinking that is crazy, surely you need to know you can do the job before you enter. At the end of June, only ever having ran 8 miles, I entered my first Half Marathon!! (Birmingham 19th October 2014)

Thank you to all club members for their encouragement. I am proud to be an Ivanhoe Runner and I look forward to continuing my running journey with the club.

Julie Henfrey



A View from a Newbie.....by John Lewis

I've joined a running club, really, me, no! I could never run, and I've a particular aversion to joining clubs for personal reasons, this just doesn't make sense. But then it's been a journey and it's not finished yet so why not. Truth be told the first time at anything is daunting, however confident you might feel, and I really only came along initially to support a friend, but the friendliness and encouragement has just gone and got the better of me and motivated by that and my lack of fitness I've just carried on, even gone and got some new trainers again.



I really never had been a runner, but in my early 40's and realising how unfit I was, having not really done any exercise for ten years, I needed to turn it around stop smoking and drinking and get fitter. Travelling a lot for work at the time meant joining any sort of regular club wouldn't work but a conversation with a couple of friends persuaded me that my best option would be to start running. A very big thing for someone utterly convinced they had never been able to run, as all those memories of being one of the last to finish school races attested to that conviction.

The initial challenge was one month to run 1k nonstop as slow as you like, and back then that was really hard work, but I got there, with a lot of encouragement and determination. Seems pathetic now but it was a major achievement at the time. Next 6 weeks became a 5k target, and now I was addicted, got fitted for shoes and stuck to a plan. In that time running every other day, only 3 runs went wrong and you learn more from those bad ones. The final hurdle came with committing to a 10k run in memory of a friend, setting a target (under the hour and run the lot) and hitting it. Felt an incredible transformation in just under 5 months. By the end of the first year I was running 13-14 miles every Saturday morning, and even more surprisingly it was for pleasure.

One run in particular sticks in my mind, at the time I could only managing 5k, but going out on my usual route knowing there was no time constraint and, feeling great, I just carried on, seeing how far I could get. How free it felt to just be comfortably paced and enjoying the freedom and the landscapes. How frustrating to map it later and find it was 9.5k total. This was before I knew about smart phones and GPS watches. That was about five years ago, and whilst continuing to run, I went and bought some bikes, canoes, was still climbing regularly did some triathlons and we had moved our family from London to Derbyshire.

A couple of years ago a job change and work started to get in the way again and regular training started to fall apart, I'm still keen to complete a marathon, even booking into one last year but failed to find the time or motivation for training, after all I can't really maintain all these activities simultaneously.

Ok so I've gone and joined a lovely welcoming running club, and now I KNOW I can't run! But I can jog, and maybe, just maybe, if I jog enough and keep up those horrid speed and hill sessions (I know, speed not really the right description for my best pace just yet) one day it might just be possible. Who knows, once I couldn't even manage a 1k jog.

All the friendliness and encouragement really makes a huge difference, keep it up, and I know I'll keep up the training. This is really the first time I've compared my running to others since school and it's all a bit daunting right now. I've really only developed distance so far. No more cycling or Tri events booked, I'm back focused on running. If you're happy to potter away at 11-12 min/mile pace with the old fat lad at the back, feel free to drop me a line. Any faster I'm still up for giving it a go but don't expect any conversation from me, other than maybe the occasional breathless profanity. ☺



GRAND PRIX STANDINGS AFTER Race 6 (Hermitage 10k)

Ladies

Laura Graves	119
Victoria Smith	109
Fiona McKean	106
Julie Henfrey	88
Sally Jeyes	72
Amanda Bradbury	63
Ruth Green	62
Heather Swan	58
Angela Wheeler	49
Becca Hallam	48
Carolyn Osborne	46
Julie Blewitt-Jenkins	45
Ruth Enion	40
Teresa Talbott	39
Karen Hartland	39
Seran Bradley	36
Allie Sturla	35
Kelly Finney	32
Gabby Smith	31
Bev Trilloe	31
Karen Bell	25
Lynda Revill	25
Judith Webster-Sanders	23
Rebecca Wilkinson	20
Emma Kirtland	19
Angela Bebbington	18
Emily Starkie	17
Helen Horn	16
Elaine Moulton	14
Shirley Marlow	13

Men

Kev Wright	135
Martin Yeomans	118
Kev Sanders	110
Andy Jeyes	100
Dave Morse	86
Andy Lindley	80
Ramzi Sidani	70
Nick Rowles	61
Damon Bland	60
Alistair Chambers	48
Karl Savill	47
Chris Finney	32
James Cox	31
Andy Pole	29
Ian Kirk	21
Gerard Eivors	21
Osian Flowers	20
Nick Lee-Smith	20
Tim Sturla	19
Dave Hobbs	19
Richard Bebbington	18
Mike Sharpe	17
Tim Caukwell	17
Kev Marsh	16
Duncan Ross	15
Jason Green	14
Nick Teige	12

Remaining fixtures:

Burton 10k 31.8.14,
 Tamworth 5 21.9.14,
 October XC (tbc),
 Shepshed 7 2.11.14,
 Keyworth Turkey Trot
 half 14.12.14

Ride London-Surrey 100 (86) (Mrs. Green's boys on tour in London).... By Jason Green & Martin Yeomans

Part one.....The Build up...

"Facebook has a lot to answer for. One minute you're stalking workmates and ex girlfriends, the next someone is tagging you to volunteer for a charity event. For the second year running, I was unlucky in the ballot for Ride London-Surrey 100, so when charity places were advertised on The Ivanhoe Runners website Myself, Martin Yeomans and Bob White signed up pretty quickly to raise money for Wishes 4 Kids."

JASON

"Back in January when I 1st saw a post on Facebook from Richard Bebbington about there being some charity places left for Ride London for "Wishes 4 Kids" I straightaway commented asking how much we were expected to raise as normally these charities expect around £1000.00 minimum but when I found it was only a minimum of £200.00 I couldn't believe it. I straightaway committed and started training up alongside my running. Jason Green and Bob White also signed up and compared with me are both experienced cyclists."

Along the way I entered 2 other sportives, 1 in Stratford up on Avon which was 100k and another in Bridgenorth in Shropshire which was a lot hillier and 70 miles but both these events I think set me up well for this challenge."

MARTIN

Part two...Pre-race preparation....

"So training all sorted and logistics, accommodation, food and entertainment all booked by Directeur Sportif Ruth, we set off for London. Only it wasn't just ourselves racing down to the South East. That well known British summer weather phenomenon, the hurricane, was also making great strides towards the capital, with Bertha expecting to make her grand entrance on the morning of the ride. Still it was sunny enough for shorts on the Saturday as we made the gruelling across-London trip to 'register' at the Excel.



Like most expos, this is just an advert fest which whilst making it easier for the organisers to work out how many bananas they'll need for riders (honest), it is designed to make you part with well earned cash in the Wiggle store. Still all four of us, armed with purchases, enjoyed the bike stunt videos (but not seeing the guy in the film in his wheelchair) and taking it in turn having comedy photos taken with the many props around. Martin took the opportunity to sit on Wiggo's throne, probably hoping some of the Olympic champions road skill would rub off (like the other 19,000 people who'd sat on it thus far). So after a carb loading fest and the obligatory "London prices" round of drinks (sorry Bob but it was your round), it was early to bed and a final check of the weather."

JASON

"For months I have been looking forward to this event and finally the weekend came round but unfortunately the weather forecast wasn't good. Saturday morning we travelled down to London in 2 cars , checked into our hotel the Premier Inn at Waterloo just across the square from the London Eye ,went off to the expo at the Excel Centre to collect our final ride info whilst there we had the chance to look around trade stands and sit on Bradley Wiggins's 2012 throne before returning to the hotel before we went out to carb load at a local Italian with Pasta and Pizza."

MARTIN

Part three....The Start....

"A late email from the organisers warned of potentially shortening the route in the event of inclement weather which was confirmed the following morning. The iconic climbs up Leith and Box Hill had been removed, shortening the route to 86 miles. Nevertheless, the three of us met at the eye watering time of 0545 to cycle seven miles to the start.



This presented the first biblical reference of the day - by the time we'd got the bikes on the road, we had attracted two other cyclists whose taxi hadn't turned up (lightweights) and by the first roundabout, I felt like Moses leading the Israelites, as more and more waifs and strays joined the Ivanhoe peleton. Even if you never compete in Ride London, riding through the capital at this time of the morning has its moments. The number of drunk people on the streets is astounding and I particularly enjoyed by conversation with the bloke with his WKD bottle who asked me if I was doing a marathon that day as I waited at some lights (I didn't have the heart to say no).

The Ride starts from Olympic Park - flanked on all sides by flint gravel paths and hundreds of cyclists fixing their first punctures of the day. We made it to our starting pens safely (but not necessarily the right ones eh Martin?) and as I waited to go, Bertha arrived. Not so much a hurricane but more of dreary drizzle to send us on our way."

JASON

"Sunday morning up at 5.00, set off at 5.45 on our bikes to the starts of the ride at the Olympic Park at Stratford. As we cycled we were joined by others also making for the start. Bob and Jason then left me as they were on a different start area from me and I carried on along with other cyclists. When I arrived at the start I learned the organisers had shortend the course by 14 miles due to the forecasted bad conditions cutting out 2 of the major hills (Box and Leith)I got myself sorted and made my way

to my start zone only to find I was on the yellow start when in fact I should be on orange, I spoke to a marshal who told me to stay where I was and follow these cyclists as they would be starting around the same time I should be starting, it turned out to my advantage as I started 10 minutes earlier than I should have done."

MARTIN

Part 4...The Ride:

One of the highlights of this sportive is the chance to ride past London's famous landmarks on closed roads and pretend to be a 'pro' cyclist for the day. Once into central London, it's hard to keep your eyes on the road as you wind your way round the city's tourist attractions. Even at such an early hour, there are loads of spectators on the route, including Ruth, in her running gear at 0730 in the morning. The route heads west out of London, through Hammersmith and past the Fullers Brewery at Chiswick (sadly not yet open when we went past) towards Richmond Park. The route through the park is quite narrow with crash barriers, partly to stop cyclist stopping for a pee and partly (I imagine) to stop you being run over by disobedient dogs chasing deer. Out past Hampton Court Palace and Bertha is starting to make her presence felt - the rain's getting harder and the wind is picking up.

As I enter the Surrey countryside and start to see fields rather than suburbs, Berth lets rip with rain of Biblical proportions - I'm soaked within seconds and its getting harder to see due to the amount of water covering my glasses and the tide running down through the vents of my helmet. Not much point stopping to change into my race cape at this stage as I'm already wetter than an otter's pocket. Still, I've worked out if I keep my mouth open I can drink the water falling out of the sky rather than that in my bottles. We quickly meet the first (and sadly only) climb of the day at Newlands Corner. Not a hard climb by any stretch of the imagination, but hard enough when you can't see where you're going and you're having to dodge round people walking up the hill and a bloke on a Boris bike. I stop at the hub at the top and am pleased to hear the rain stop - for the duration I'm in the cubicle - and then it batters down as I set off again. We pass the starts of Leith and Box Hill which are coned off to stop the proper lunatics having a go.

At times in Surrey, the roads were horrendously flooded - I've never cycled where my feet were under water at the bottom of the pedal stroke and I'm surprised that Ive not seen any accidents. There are loads of people at the side of the road doing running repairs, including Bob, who as we later found out, fixed more punctures than Kwik Fit that day. "

JASON

"Lovely atmosphere cycling out through the Capital spotting various landmarks including the Shard and the Poppies spilling out of the Tower, it was just spitting with rain at this stage, then came Richmond Park .I was going well but all was about to change when everyone in front came to a grinding halt on this hill, no-one was going anywhere, think there had been a crash. Whilst stationary the heavens opened and this carried on for about 2 hours. At Hampton Court Feed Station the road was all flooded and the marshals were having to warn us of the kerb stone as the water was over them."

MARTIN



Part five.....The finish and beyond....

"The final thirty five miles is largely downhill and easy going. Support on the route has been amazing considering the weather, with cow bells and people in fancy dress giving a 'Tour' like feel to the day. The rain starts to abate too and more and more people start to line the route. I pass Ruth again at Putney Bridge, armed with a broken umbrella (how much!) and the route passes into Westminster. The finish of the route is amazing, passing Trafalgar Square and under Admiralty Arch onto the Mall. The finish line is in sight and everyone does a 'Cav' and sprints for line (but without the faceplant). All the finishers are soaked but smiling and with medals and goody bag collected, I head to the meet and greet area to stand under the 'I for Ivanhoe' tree.

Bob and Martin are not too far behind, Bob being delayed by his world record attempt at puncture fixing, and Martin by throngs of weirdy-beardy cycle nerds who are giving his recently restored Claude Butler bike admiring glances. I haven't seen any other finishers with gear shifters on the downtube which goes to show you don't need a five figure Italian bike to complete the route.

All in all a great day cycling despite Bertha's best efforts and a great Ivanhoe weekend on tour for the four of us. You'll be pleased to know our men's captain hasn't been completely converted to the Dark Side - he had a pre-breakfast run on the Monday!"

JASON

"Later on in the day it cleared up and the sun came out and the final part of the ride was more pleasant as we left Surrey and headed back into London via Wimbledon to finally finish on the mall. I crossed the line in 6.05.13 clocking 86 miles, collected my medal and goody bag and kit from the baggage lorry and went off to find a happy Jason who did 5.08 a fantastic ride but not quite so happy Bob who had experienced 4 punctures and walked a mile to buy 2 inner tubes but despite that still did 6.25.



Mrs Green bought all her boys coffee and flapjacks before we headed back to the hotel. Later that evening we headed out to celebrate our day with a meal at a top class restaurant. Monday morning I went out for a 5 mile run along the embankment before we met up for a leisurely breakfast (full works) before homeward bound."

MARTIN

All in all a great weekend and Mrs. Green was very proud of her boys! To hear Bob's story (and find out what was behind all those punctures)read on.....

'How are you feeling Robert?'

I open my eyes to see two smiling nurses at my bedside.

'Fine thanks', I murmur, 'What have you done with Teddy?'

But hang on, this isn't the end of the usual dream, unless I've decorated my bedroom in the style of a hospital. No this is a hospital bed.

'The consultant asked us to give you this and said you are lucky to be alive' said one of the nurses, handing me the now infamous piece of glass.

It all started with an innocent soup n' sandwich lunch at home, early December last year. Clumsy me broke a glass and thought I had picked up all the pieces, except the lump that dived deep into the hot soup. Next thing its stuck in my throat, and the best option seemed to be wash it down with a drink.

Then I start coughing up blood, enough to call an ambulance, actually enough to decorate the inside of an ambulance. Not that I got a chance. The paramedic stayed with me until the coughing slowed and said it would be alright, it would 'pass through'. Great.

More blood the next day and a trip to A and E. After a 2 hour wait, I was told that I would be alright, it would 'pass through'. Great.

Several trips to GPs over the next 6 months, all of whom scoffed at my suggestion that the glass could still be in there and that was what was making me cough, wheeze and struggle to breath. I was treated for asthma and allergies, but not the lesser known 'glass in the airway' allergy, and told that it was ok to carry on as normal.

'Normal' during the 8 months before the glass was removed included;

- Several attempted parkruns - times getting slower and chest pains getting worse
- 3,000 miles on the bike
- 12 days at sea on a tall sailing ship. You would have thought the sea - sickness would have dislodged it
- 2 O'seas trips, including a remote part of Romania, nice, but not noted for their medical facilities
- A 4 day mountain bike 'holiday' in the Lakes with Messrs Sanders, Jeyes and Bevan
- 3 offences of Dad - Dancing at Christmas, a great Ivanhoe Wedding and a 60th

Eventually referred to a real Doctor at Nottingham City hospital, who arranged an immediate blood test (yes I still had some) and a few weeks later a CT scan which showed a 'solid object' in my airway, just above my right lung.

A week after the results I have an appointment for an endoscopy, (that's a camera down your airways via your nose, just hope they remember to take off the tripod). So I'm dropped off by a good friend an hour early for my appointment, not nervous when arriving, but they were running an hour late and 2 hours of reading 'Take a Break' magazine doesn't help your nerves or sanity.

'Robert White please'

Oh, we're off. Questions to answer, forms to sign, needles to look away from. Just as the consultant was explaining what was going to happen, I'm asleep, and then back again, endoscopy over. Things seem to be speeding up now;

'We're going to Theatre now'.

'Great, what we going to see?'

After what seemed like an endless trolley dash (we must have been in Derby at the end), there are 6 people surrounding the trolley, including a reassuringly elder consultant gent who is oozing credibility and professionalism, explaining what was happening next, oh and there's another form to sign, just in case.

Another sleep and then the smiling nurses, who seem to have enjoyed events. Apparently there was a round of applause when the consultant pulled the glass from my throat, a successful bronchoscopy, using what sounds like a tube with a pair of pliers attached at the end. I check my chest; no incision, nice work team.



(The 50p is just for effect. I didn't have that for pudding)

Down to the ward for 3 nights stay, shame I hadn't packed a bag. Keen to escape, I did get home for 2 hours after day 2, then quickly back as my neck started to swell up; surgical emphysema apparently. I'd sprung an air leak and its back to hospital at midnight, quick before I fly round the house like a deflating balloon.

Felt such a fraud in a ward with so many people who are really quite poorly. Being on oxygen for one night and having a drip attached for a day helped my credibility, but

not when I walked down to the coffee shop and asked for it to be filled with cappuccino. Stats are ok; resting pulse of 52, not quite to Andy Jeyes super - human standard, but half that of the guy opposite, who is asleep at the time.

Great to have texts, FB messages, visitors, clean clothes, pj's and a stack of magazines that made the 3 day stay bearable, quite relaxing actually.

A final 'swallow test' to make sure I'm not still leaking and I'm phoning the kids to get a lift home.

Now its 2 weeks since the op and we've been out to celebrate (no beer squirting out of my neck so that's good). I'm back on the bike, and hoping to run in the next few days. There have been some pathetic parkruns, and crap cycle rides this year, so something to improve on.

Hospital clichés;

'Oh he's in the best place, better off there than at home, I'll tell you, oh he's in the best place, he is.'

'Oh, I couldn't do that job, not for all the tea in China, those nurses have the patience of a saint, ooh I couldn't do that job I couldn't.'

Lessons to be learned

- If you insist on eating glass, get your mum to cut it into nice small pieces
- Don't believe everything you hear; my friend Samantha says she's a nurse, but now I'm not sure she is, as the nurses I saw weren't wearing tight red and white pvc uniforms.
- If you are really tired you can sleep anywhere. I often complain about the slightest noise or leak of light in hotel rooms, but had a great night's sleep with lights on, machines bleeping, trolleys dashing and staff chatting.
- Sometimes its better not to know. I would have probably stayed in bed for 8 months.
- Ask someone you trust; a 10 min consultation with our very own Drs Ruth and Jason, whilst on a busy underground was more use than several trips to GP's

Now I have Thank You cards to send and complaint letters to write. Not that I will be complaining about my two front teeth that were chipped during the operation. I may have swallowed the missing bits, but it will be alright, they will pass through. Great.

