

Welcome to our Spring Newsletter

Spring is here and the evenings are light again. After the winter training months we will all be raring to go. Good luck to everyone with Marathons in April (London & Lochaber) we will look forward to hearing all about them.

24th Smokies 10 – Sunday 4th March ***Race Report by Mary Towns***

Dictionary definitions:

Smokies - a traditional and locally available delicacy made from haddock slowly cooked in oak smoked barrel

Smokies 10 - a traditional and locally available delicacy made from 333 women trying to run up cardiac brae and enjoy the "undulating" 10 miles ahead

Difference? One is fun ... And the other one is running.

After a wee meet and greet ... Footers little helpers (FLH's) were all organise dishing out all the bits and pieces required for a smooth running saunter. The FLH's then ushered up the gaggle of gals out to the start line, all fingers on the garmins, and away!

There is quite a happy chatty atmosphere until the cardiac brae approaches. Silence. Even a few ladies turned on their heels and went back to the cosy sports centre for a cuppy! Thinking better of that, purely because of the relentless teasing I would get from the FLH's, I plodded on. The rain had now disappeared and some good running weather appeared, and spurred on the runners, and the jovial atmosphere returned.

Having my first try at smokies I am guaranteed for a PB, but I can live with that as I had put in every ounce of strength I could muster!

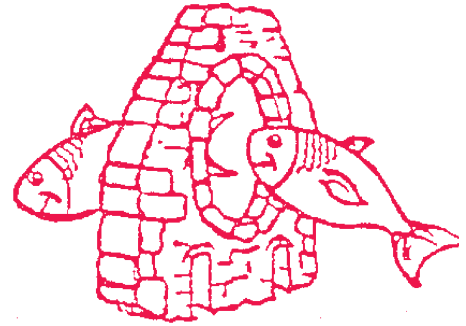
This race is truly a well deserved addition to the running calendar, one where we footers know the route is tough but fair ... And a goodie bag fit for the Olympics!

Thanks to Alan McDonald for organising the event and to all the FLH's you did a great job ... And a special mention to Bev for her new found knowledge of the camel.

Footers times were:

Tracey Paterson: 1h 7m 53s; Gillian Sangster: 1h 10m 15s; Tina Fowler: 1h 27m 42s; Susan Ruark 1h 31m 02s; Christina Marek: 1h 31m 04s; Mary Towns 1h 31m 25s; Beverley Halliwell: 1h 41m 34s & Joanne McDonald: 1h 43m 36s

Please email any news or race reports you would like included in the newsletters to me
secretary@arbroathfooters.com



Forfar Multi Terrain Sunday 5th February– Race Report by Steve Gray

Anxiously watching the weather forecast in the days running up to the race I thought there is no way this thing is going ahead. Thankfully Forfar RR are made of sterner stuff and despite a sprinkling of snow followed by a hard frost, the race was allowed to provide it usual amount of pain. This decision as it turned out proved to quite popular as almost twice as many people as any of the previous years arrived to take on the 'bog'. My own arrival to this year's was made more interesting by my own ability to always leave my mobile phone back in Glasgow and also Mary's joyriding skills as the chance to park Pamela's car in car park entirely composed of black ice just seemed like too good an opportunity to miss.

For the race itself I arrived in better shape than I have even done at this event. A dam fine Xmas and new year was followed by a monster hang over, then a digestive, chocolate, crisp and beer amnesty coupled with 50+ miles weeks which got me running some sick times in training but smudged out by a severe lack of chat due to the fact running had taken over my life! I call this approach 'Monk Zone' after Ricky Hatton's famous phrase he used to describe the harsh training he did before his fights. I liked doing it at this time of year as lots of my non-running friends are being equally health conscious but I couldn't live my whole life like this as while healthy eating does make me feel good, am a firm believer of enjoying ones self as well.

Anyway as the race kicked off 'Monk Zone' had me dreaming of a lofty position comfortably inside the top ten, I quickly realised this would be a big ask as I saw the amount of lean, wiry hill runners around me as we punched out the early flat and frozen couple of miles. I took my usual if it's not at least -10 wear a vest and only a vest approach, I have to confess this was awful in the first 3 miles but as the race wore on and the sun got higher in the sky I actually felt quite comfortable. Well kind of. I was wearing mayfly's which in case you don't know are made of poor quality paper and weigh less than an envelope. This is fine on the track but not so nice when you're running through fields, frozen fields.

I can't really remember much about the race after this as well I kind of go into my own little zone when am racing but the things I do remember are as follows. Running into the man who stamps my number as I was desperately trying to find a way of stopping for this but not actually stopping for this, later on in the race I bettered this by stopping in front of lady who was chatting to the man holding the stamp waiting for her to stamp it. I also remember at the water stop the man wouldn't let go of the cup so I had to haul it off him, I am still confused by this? Also there was no bog this year but there seemed to be a very confused man standing next to the small puddle that was left, was he holding some sort of service for it? Waiting for it to grow back? I am hoping when I go back next year he will have move on with his life and will no longer be standing in that same spot?

My favourite memory by far was when I reached to top of THAT hill, and just when I was about to pass out I looked across to my right and saw the most amazing views of the Angus Glen's. I love living in the city but I have to confess you're really lucky up here with what's on your doorstep. Unusually for my races up here I found that I was not in my own wee gap in the middle of the field and there was both folk around me I could catch and also be caught by. This meant there was no more sightseeing for me but I did enjoy the last few miles, but only in that way you enjoy something that's really painful but you don't die! It's great to be back home, ***Mon the Footers!***

Footers times:

Steve Gray: 84.23, Ian Beattie: 95.35, Gillian Sangster: 100.43, Chris Elliot: 103.13, Beth Christie: 105.34, Pamela Brandie: 114.46, Tina Fowler: 123.31, Mary Towns: 134.51

Mighty Deerstalker 17th March - Race Report by Gillian Sangster



The mighty deerstalker is THE maddest, most mental thing I have ever done - it was unbelievable.

I did know that you had to run up and down hills and I did know that it was in the dark, I even knew about the water obstacles and the mud obstacles and the cargo nets - but nothing can prepare you for the mighty deerstalker experience. I did think - 6 miles - cant be that bad - I've done longer hill races than that - and the hills WERE pretty full on, the scree slope WAS fairly hardcore and the steep slopes in between the trees were really slippery but the difference was doing it all in the dark !!! As you all know - I do like to run around and bike around in the dark, so am not a big scaredy cat - but it does add a certain edge to the experience when you are running along the side of a very steep hill, with jelly legs and slippery, mud covered trainers and you can't actually see properly where you are putting your feet - it is really not for the faint hearted !!!!

As soon as I arrived, and could see that everyone had taken their fancy dress very seriously - I knew this was definitely a mad crowd - I was so impressed with the effort that had gone into some of the outfits and I did think on several occasions "these people really are nuts!!"

The atmosphere around about the marquee and the camping area was fantastic - it really didn't seem to suggest that we were about to run a seriously hard race for a seriously long time !!

You do, however, only take it as seriously as you want - and you really cant take it too seriously when you have just run through a stinking mud pit, then up a really steep hill to find three balance beams that you have to walk along !

The obstacles were great fun - no really, they were, even the hike up the river was just funny. The mud pit was my least favourite, however, I did love the disco in the trees, where I was doing my 'big fish, little fish, cardboard box'.

I was warned by my boss not to break anything and so my biggest achievement was probably finishing in one piece - although I did headbut a tree - at the bottom of a slope that is so steep you have to use a rope to get down it - anyway it was only a minor scuff (the blood made it look much worse than it was !! Ha ha), and I was covered in bruises from falling over in the river and had a few scrapes from going through the trees !!!

Of course, I did love the whole thing from start to finish, it was a crazy, mental experience - I'm still having flashbacks !! (and my legs at the time of writing this, four days later, are still sore). I would absolutely, thoroughly recommend it - as long as you are slightly mad !!

Gillian finished in 1h 55m 57s, 21st in her category and 211 overall out of 1620 mental people.