

Storm Force 10

Everyone can picture this.

It was the night before the race: Storm Force 10 that is. My daughter thought she would assist me.

“What’s your race plan, Mum?” she asked.

“OMG! To finish would always be good.” I said.

Having woken at 6:30 am. I have more than enough time to eat breakfast. I knew the day was going to be tough, but Hazel, one of our leaders, said

“You’ll be alright, just treat it as a training session. It’s not a hard course, and only one up hill.”

That’s what worried me - the one up- hill.

I was getting a lift to the race start, so that was taken care of. Three of us in the car travelling down to Camborne. Out comes the Imodium - no one likes to be caught short, two ibuprofen for that little niggle, and, Oh! Lets not forget the sports energy tablets.

Now I was ready. Five hundred and nineteen people entered the race, including 10 from our club. Our pink tops stood out. The first part of the course was my idea of heaven. Yes! Downhill!

I didn’t start off too fast, but at a steady pace. What a great atmosphere, people chatting, saying it was their first race since Christmas, saying the weather was not too bad - just a little windy, saying the pace was not too bad a rate, and commenting on the several steep hills they were not looking forward to. Again I could hear Hazel: undulating was another description she used. That was an understatement!

I plodded on keeping a couple of our group in sight. I was very grateful for the water stops along the way. Many marshals lined the course, and many shouted words of encouragement. What would we do without them?

The last mile was downhill. This I thought I would be able to sprint, but actually my legs had other ideas. A Looe Pioneer runner overtook me, then I overtook him. This carried on for a while, with us exchanging small talk, then, just when we got near the finish line, he grabbed my hand and said

“Come on, we’ll cross the line together!” and we did.

The Pinks gathered in the hall where the refreshments were. Plenty of lovely homemade cakes plus soup and rolls were all on offer. What a pleasant way to finish a 10 mile, undulating, one- hill course, Hazel.

Would I do it again? Yes, I expect so.