

A view from the rear – The Treggy 7 4th September 2011

I occasionally arrive at the start of a race having wished I'd volunteered to help marshal the event rather than paying for the apparent pleasure of running it. This was one of those occasions! As it turned out, it wasn't so bad.

Ten, yes ten BWR Club members entered the race: Emma H, Amanda, Katherine, Alison, Shirley, Emma E, Pauline, Sharon, Hazel and Jennie.

The some nervous, some resigned to their fate pink ladies gathered for their pre-race, team photo shoot outside the Eagle House Hotel before walking the short journey through the castle green past the plaque which marked the place where a famous Quaker suffered imprisonment and untold suffering in some distant past date and up to the picturesque square in Launceston (pronounced 'Lancen') I can't remember the man's name who was imprisoned in the castle but will find out if you want me to! I read the plaque on a trip to the portaloos earlier. That was when I was nearly run over by the reversing paramedic trailer! Running 7 miles must be more pleasurable, I decided. I therefore set off in a more positive frame of mind. It was a crisp but bright Sunday morning.

My experience of most races is usually from the rear and this was no exception. I have the pleasure of seeing the array of colourful running vests and often funny running styles meandering along the winding country lanes in front of me. The very attractive cluster of pink vests separated as the different paces and abilities in our Team Bodmin negotiated what lay ahead, varied. We felt important as the traffic had to wait for us to cross the main road and most of us made the most of the descent to the bottom of the hill for a 'warm up.'

Always look out for a race with an immediate 'down'. It fools you into a false sense of security so that by the time you reach THE hill you are deliriously happy and you don't think it's that bad. There was only one mountain, too! I'm not sure who ran it, though. By the time I got there (about three miles in) most people in front were waking in front of me! One Falmouth veteran female runner overtook me running part of the hill and received my praise and admiration.

Oh, and there was apparently a river we ran alongside before that hill. Pauline told me this afterwards. Not sure how I missed the noisy ducks and the sight of the river. Was it my focussed determination, the distraction of talking or the fact that I couldn't see over the hedgerow anyway?

Most of the race was along attractive rural roads and we passed fields of hay bales and sheep and extensive country views. Some local natives came out to see the spectacle and supported us. I'm sure some isolated residents were pleased or otherwise to see so many people all in one day! There was even a whole family standing in one front garden clapping as we passed! Oh and did you see the ginger cat sat at the road side at one point fascinated by what was happening?

The drinks stations were well stocked and well organised with youngsters were assigned the task of picking up the littered plastic cups we dropped. We passed a beautiful pub-I think it was called 'The Elliot'? It was covered in Virginia Creeper. Because none of us had money on our person we couldn't use it as an unofficial drink station after all!

The sun which we would normally welcome became quite a challenge on the course but provided clear views for us although there was a welcome breeze to cool us at one point.

We passed a few hamlets which sounded familiar- like Trebursye and Tregadillet. (no apologies for my spelling attempts) The race apparently gets its name from the latter- Nellie Hart says so, any way!

The last mile was through the more civilised town where there was a lack of people out and about on foot but loads in cars! The marshals must be congratulated for supporting us safely across the last two roads before the ascent and back through the stone arch to the castle green and a very supportive cheer. A special thanks to Bruce, our official photographer. More running happened than would have been done due to his presence and encouragement at various locations- usually at the top of a hill!

In a nut shell to sum up the race: a good interesting route, apart from one mountain, nothing too challenging. Would I do it again? Why not?

Well done girls. Excellent times ranging from 56 minutes to 1 hour and 21 minutes.

Jennie