

YOUR NEW EDITORS

MELANIE CHRISTODOULOU



Hi everyone! Most of you probably know me by now, and if you don't, I am usually the one at the back complaining that it is cold!

As some of you know, I don't particularly enjoy running, I do it to keep fit and healthy. However, the reason as to why I run with the Harriers is for the social side of it; I love the friends that I have made, as well getting to socialise with so many friendly members at events and races. This just shows how the Harriers are so different from most other clubs, there is a real sense of "family" in the club. Happy reading!

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TOM MILLARD



Hello Harriers! In order to free up some time for our esteemed Chairmen for his numerous duties and to help out my friend, Mel and I have offered to come on board the newsletter team. I joined the Harriers three years ago straight from the couch-potato club and have become addicted to running. Not only have I lost three stone of fat I have also run my first marathon and met some really good people through the club. A plea to all members - please do send in articles, points of interest, run reports and photos as this makes our job so much easier instead of chasing around for contributions. It is great to be part of such a vibrant and friendly club!

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the hill is not so daunting!

SPOTLIGHT: KAREN HOULT

What is your story about how you got into running?

I have never been particularly sporty but do love walking and swimming. One Saturday morning walking home from the swimming pool I noticed some runners on Tankerton Slopes and thought that might be fun and signed up to Parkun. The first time around the course was tough. I struggled with a run/walk but found everyone at parkrun welcoming and encouraging. That was three and a half years ago. I continue to participate at parkrun when I can.

What is your favourite training session?

I like the hill sessions at Elliots best, I think the reason being that it's a winter session and is done in the dark so

What is the most beautiful spot you have run in and why?

I was persuaded to compete at Minnis Bay. This was my first race as a Harrier, I hadn't even have the club kit or trail shoes but what a hoot! The race started on the beach on a crisp, sunny wintery morning. It then continued on the muddiest, slippery lane with Reculver looming large in the distance. I laughed and skidded my way around. The dykes had been filled with straw bails to assist the runners but by the time I got there it had dispersed into the water. I plunged into the water and emerged a bog-monster. Straw and mud up to my neck. The marshals were great offering a helping hand. Before the race I had been told there were 250 runners. I came back at 252, 5th from last! I loved it and became a cross-country convert!

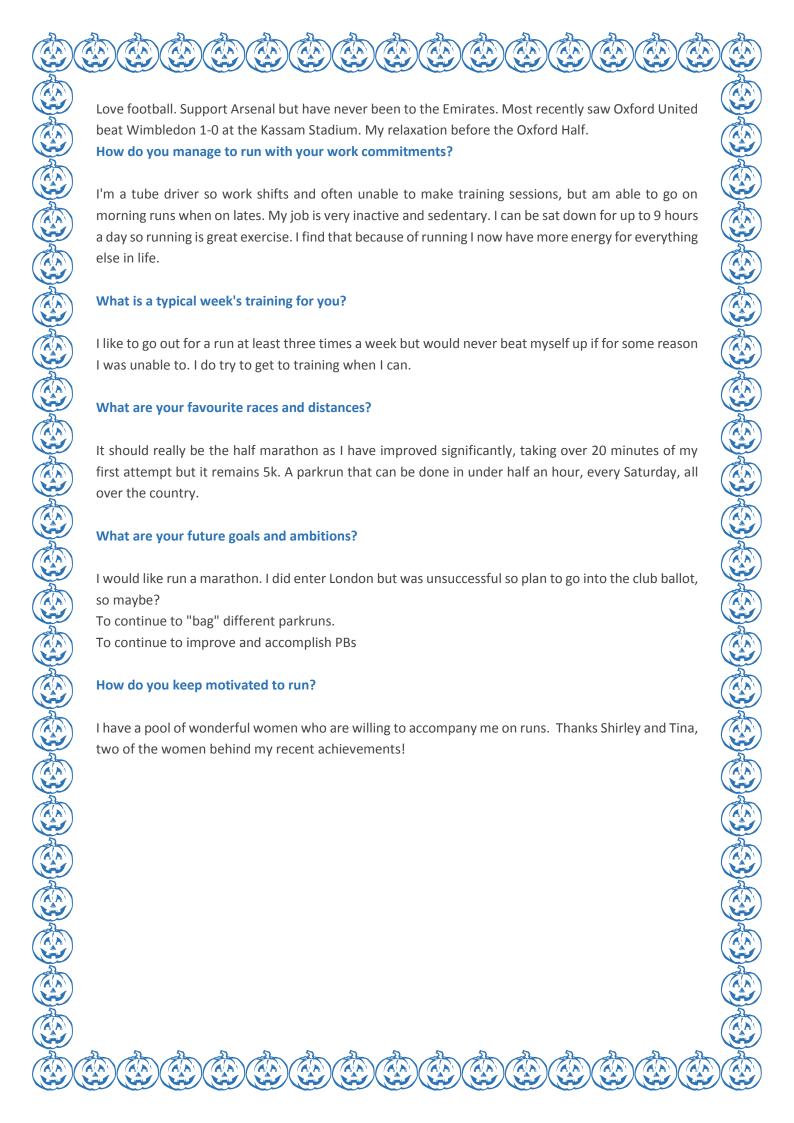
What shoes do you run in?

Addidas for trails and road running

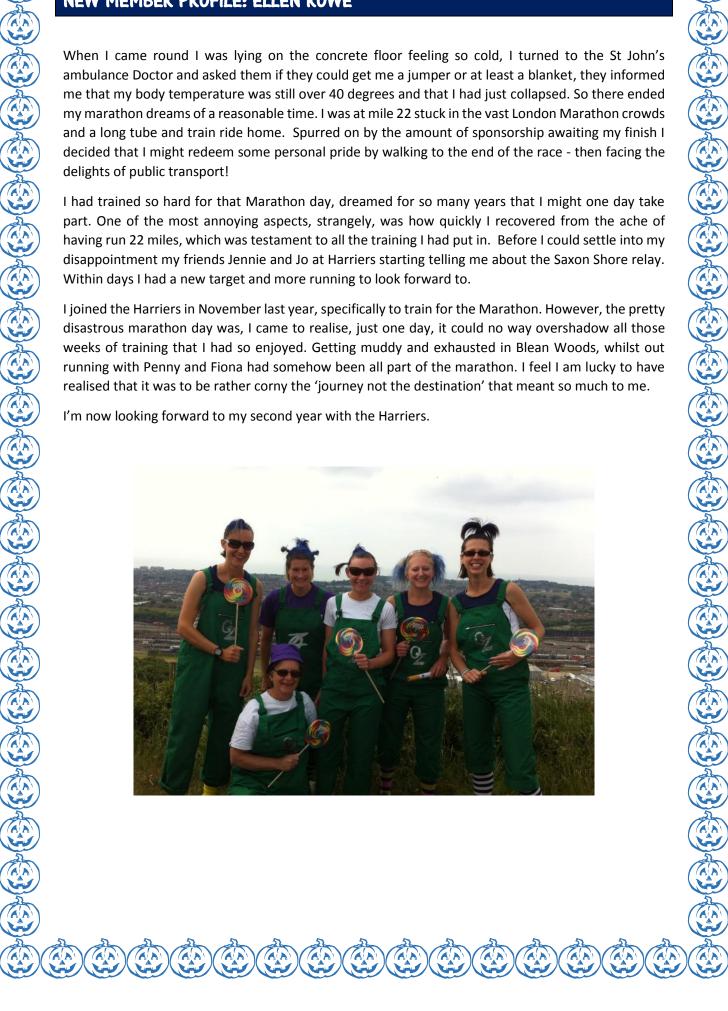
What is your favourite post run snack?

A couple of pints at the Tank then a pizza but only after races longer than 10k. You do need to work for your treats.

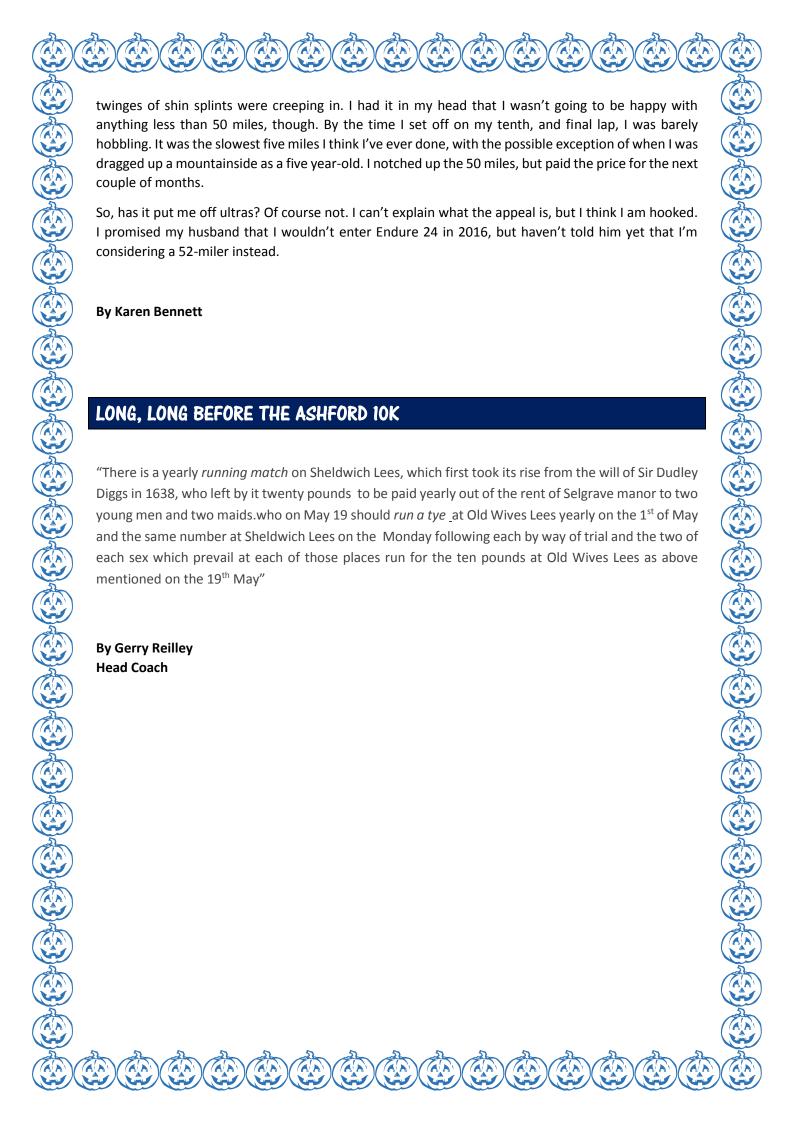
What other sports are you interested in watching?



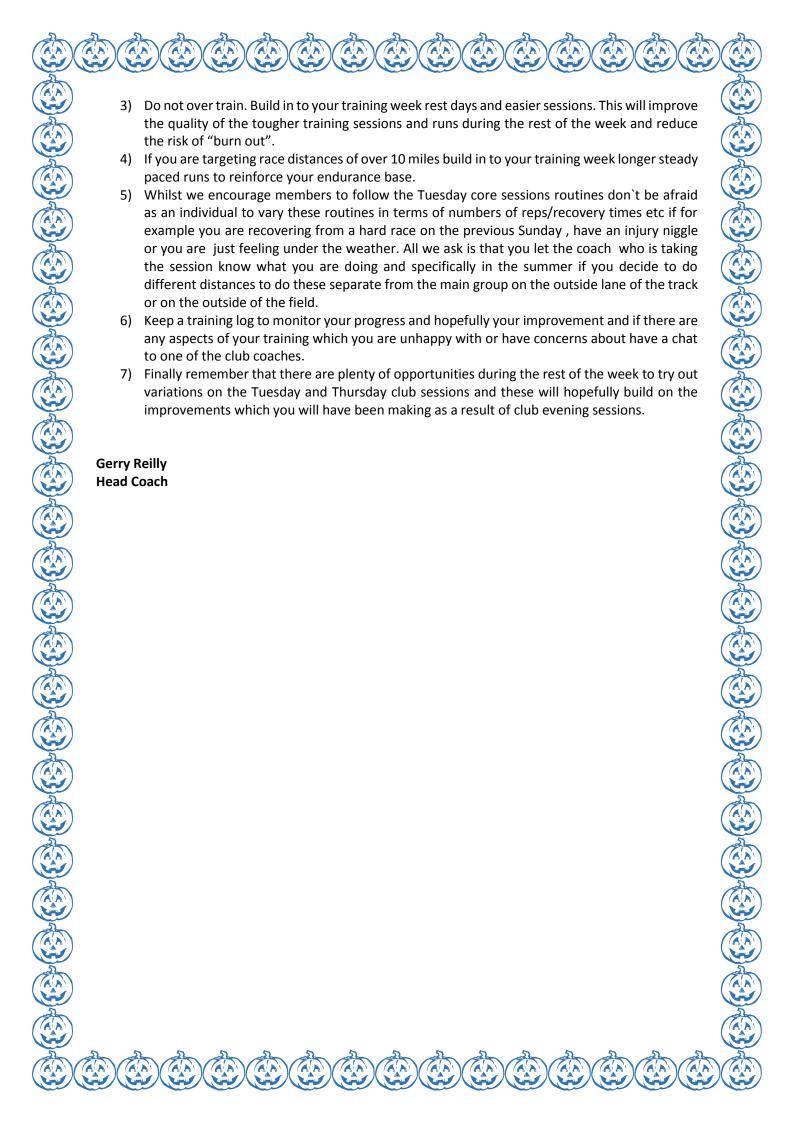














men in the family had fallen victim to this cruel and pernicious disease; so it seemed to fit. Months soon shortened into weeks and weeks into days; until before we knew it we were preparing for the road trip to the North.

We headed up the A1 on the Thursday afternoon before the race day on Sunday. Blue sky and sunshine all the way. Newcastle (it turns out) is a fabulous place. Our friends and fellow Harrier Brian and Tina had briefed us on the delights; Brian having lived and worked there for many years. If you get the chance we would urge you to check it out. Friday was spent exploring. We walked for miles. Saturday provided the opportunity to be Parkrun tourists; visiting South Shields Parkrun. We woke full of beans only to look upon a grey, dark morning. The rain was horizontal, the wind gale force. Seriously if you think Whitstable can be a bit blowy, this was something else. A brisk 5K along the cliff tops and a look at the stunning coastline was further enhanced by a chance to check out (what turned out to be) the finishing area for the big day. What a stroke of luck. Boosted by the sneak preview we retreated to our hotel in Smonside. Bedraggled and windblown but enthused and excited. Just as well we had taken spare running shoes we thought as we squelched our way from the hotel car park back to our room. We spent the rest of Saturday in Newcastle and were treated to the spectacle of elite athletes running in the centre of Newcastle. BBC coverage was wide spread with giant screens everywhere. All around us we watched para-Olympians and household names; a real thrill.



Before we knew it, it was the night before the big day. Sunday morning was met with trepidation. Would it still be raining? Would the wind still be howling? The answer was a relief...no! The sun shone like a mid-summer's day. Mr Blue Sky had arrived back on the scene. Feeling fuelled by the previous night's carb over load and a bowl of porridge for breakfast we set off for the Metro in to town. Nervously we waited for the promised processions of trains that "would arrive every 10 minutes". We waited...and waited...and waited until after around 45 minutes, panic started to set in.

We had set off with 2 and a half hours to spare (plenty of time for the short journey) or so we thought. Finally a train arrived and we squeezed ourselves through the doors. London

Underground at its busiest x10 is the picture you must have in your heads. But we were on and



THE CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP - Ashford Givauden 10K







line. Loads of hubbub and noise from the thousands waiting for the start. As the sun beat down, the Mercury hit 82f (28c) and we sweatily inched forward waiting for the gun.



With a bang we were off and the usual charge at the start began. Funnelling through the narrow high street was an experience to say the least. Once clear of the cobbles, the race was on; out along the prom, with its fantastic sea views, we wound our way along the coastal path and up past the mouth of the estuary. Once away from the cooling sea, the heat really kicked in and it soon became clear that

a PB was not for today. The second part of the route took us through the pretty residential areas lined with pine trees, that offered some shady relief from the sun. I hadn't seen any other Harriers from the start but as I neared the finish I spotted Marco. The athletics stadium hosted the finish line and as the tannoy blasted out music and the booming tones of the Frenchmen, I felt a huge sense of relief that I had reached the end. The time was respectable considering the heat and first run of the route; but that day for me was not about the time. As I sat on the grass, waiting for familiar faces, including my favourite face (Deb), I pondered on thoughts of fellowship and kindness. We had met people that day that we didn't know. Colin Kent, Marco, Andy and others and as it transpired Deb was the only lady. None of this mattered though. We felt welcomed. We felt included. We had been embraced by something that seems to pervade groups like the Harriers. We've experienced the feeling here and elsewhere like Parkrun. The day ended on a high with a brief stopover for a drink and a well-earned ice cream. And I had ended on a high, boosted by the knowledge that we were now fully fledged Harriers. With Colin at the wheel of the Minibus, we careered in to the Port of Calais at alarming speed. Colin seemed to be on a mission. After several high speed manoeuvres, we ended up in the high security compound area, but being the trooper that he is Colin; with the help of a short journey up a one way street the wrong way, we got to the right gate. Parked alongside each other the day ended as it had begun. Hilarity and laughter with Colin now the target of gentle (and harsh) ribbing. Colin blamed the 12 back seat drivers... We parked up and looked forward to the ferry ride home. And so the day ended. A day that had started at 4.30am ended wearily at midnight. As we sipped our tea at home; I returned to my pondering. Overall, runners seem to be the most friendly, perceptive and empathetic group of people that one could wish to meet; supporting others when they may be struggling, showing empathy and shouting encouragement in equal measure. And this same attitude goes down the food chain. From the very best amongst us, to the slowcoaches at the back. No matter what your abilities, no matter what your achievements. What counts is the group result. Last or first every effort counts. I for one hope to be part of this world for many years to come. **By Daren Parris**



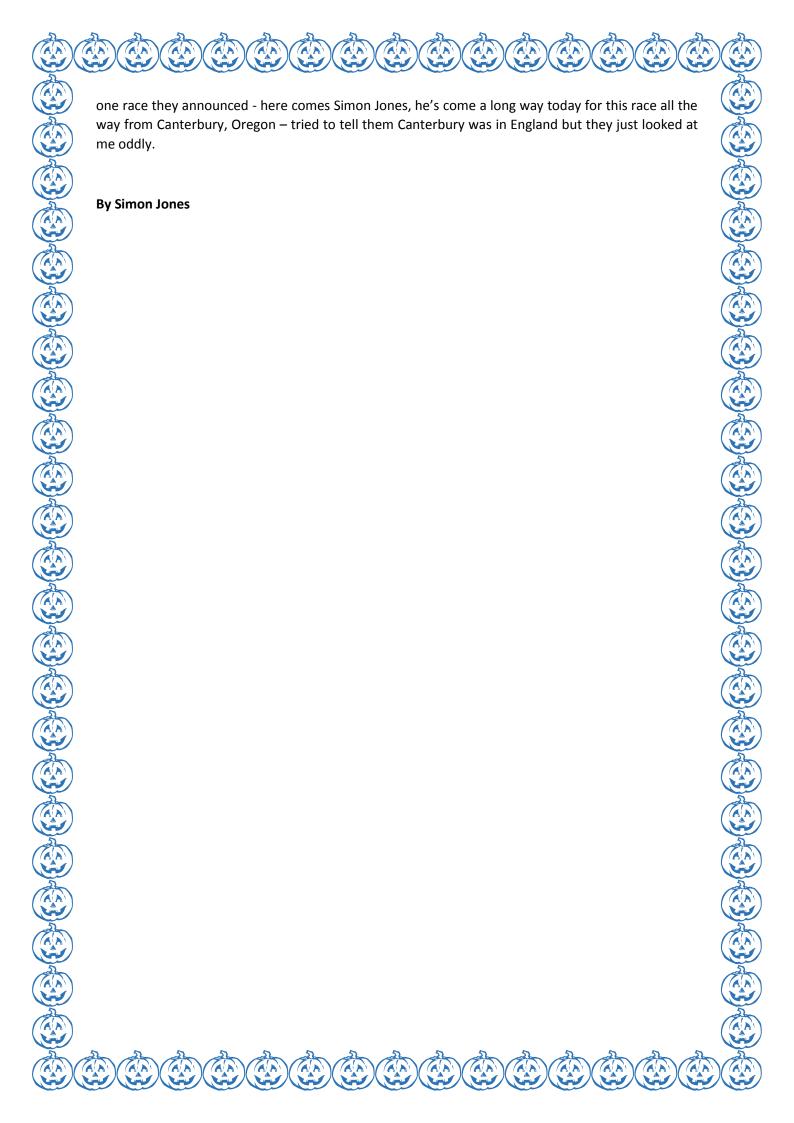
danger in Central America were the packs of dogs - scary chaps.

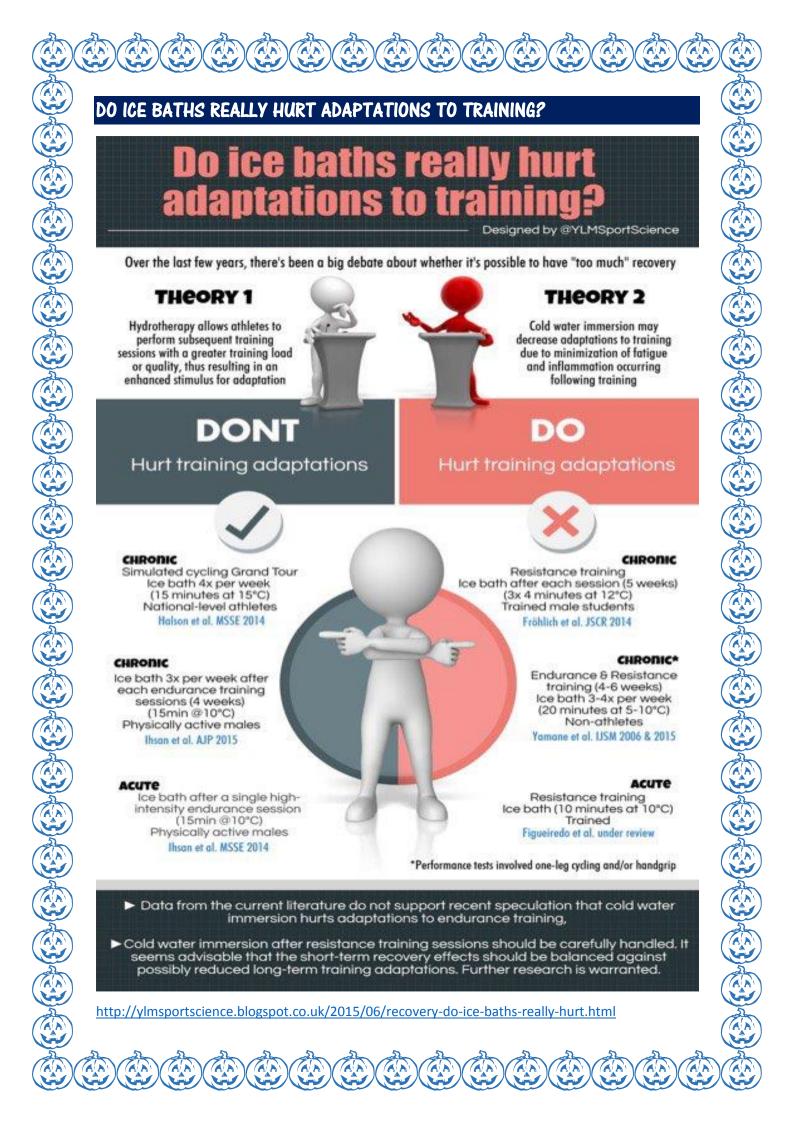
Once I left Central America and started travelling through the US, things were all a lot easier, I managed to get into a rhythm

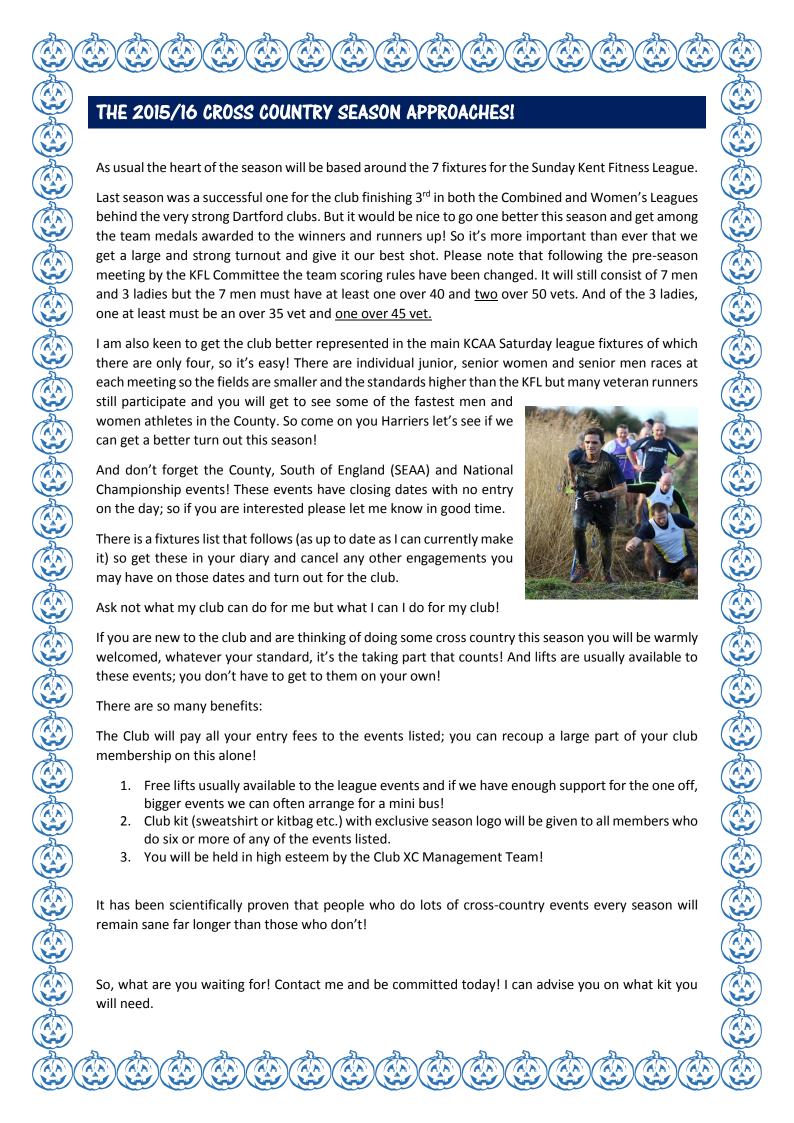
of just going straight out the door to run whenever I arrived in a new location – sometimes this meant running in a beautiful national park of which there were many, sometimes it just meant running up and down a dusty road in a middle of nowhere town in New Mexico. I have been managing about 5-6 runs a week, which is obviously made a lot easier by not having to work – life is hard.



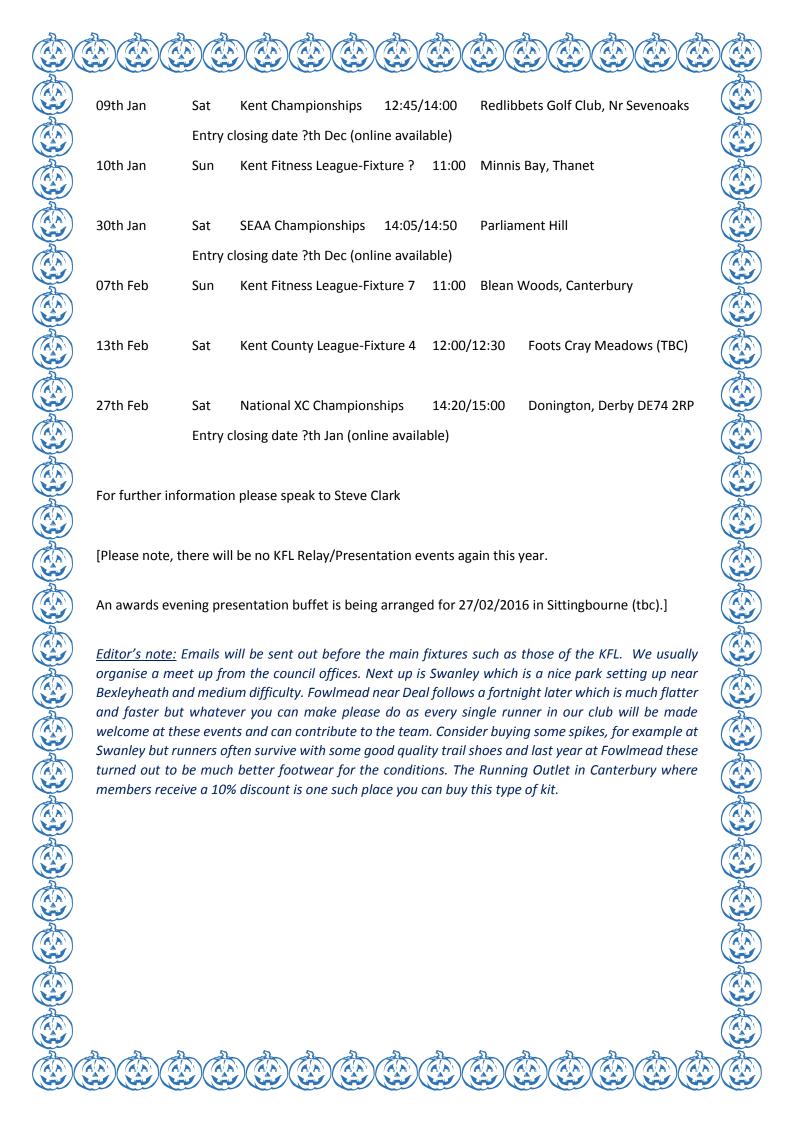
A few of my favourite runs included running both the south rim of the grand canyon and down into the canyon and out although the trekkers on the trail didn't seemed to impressed with the sweaty runner pushing past them. Other highlights included running through Yosemite with stunning backdrops and also almost every run along the Californian coast, maybe with the coastal run from Monterrey being the most spectacular. Up into Oregon a personal favourite was running along the trail where the Goonies was filmed -' I love you Chunk'. I also managed to get to the running mecca of Boulder, Colorado and searched out a famous trail that ended up being a dusty road up a hill - I think maybe I got lost. In my head I had convinced myself that all runs in the US were safe, I was wrong - I decided to go for a run outside Glacier National Park up a track near my campsite - the campsite owner told me that a Bear crosses the road at the top of the hill but only on a Saturday and only once a week, this being Friday I would be fine, I remember thinking that it seemed odd that the Bear would know his days of the week but the guy seemed to know what he is talking about so I went out for a run. In retrospect it shouldn't have been a shock that as I climbed the hill about 10 yards in front of me a big black bear came tearing out of the woods, it seems shocked to see me so ran back into the trees. At this point I probably should have shouted loudly as advised in various Bear aware posters but instead backed off and start ringing my small bear bell, looking a bit, I imagine, like a skinny looking Morris dancer, I now think I backed off a bit too sharpish and started looking a bit like prey so the Bear comes back out stands on its hind legs and gives me a growly face - bit worried by this as don't think this is a good sign not fancying my chances against a 7 foot bear with big claws. I stop backing off and ring my little bell a bit more - seems to do the trick, Bear 0 Me (looking like a demented Morris Dancer) 1, he ambles away and I scarper down the hill breaking my 400 meter record on Strava. Moral of the story, Bears are big and scary and i'm not very brave. Our next stop is the East coast and the Maritimes so hope to add some more great runs in the next 3 months whilst avoiding big growly bears hopefully. Races on my travels One of the things I have found in the states is that due to the spread out nature of the country finding a good quality race that doesn't cost a fortune to enter is a bit of a challenge especially when we were purposefully avoiding big cities to stay within our pretty tight budget. Also the focus of most races seems to be less about competition and more about completing and raising money for one cause or other, running clubs also don't seem to be a big thing - I have rarely seen any runner in club running tops which is very different from home. One other big difference seems to be that the price for any race seems to go up steeply the closer to the race you get – often doubling in price, not great when you don't know where you are going to be from one week to the next. I have managed to pick up 3 races though, a 10k in Phoenix that I was leading until I went the wrong way with 1k to go and ended up second, a ½ marathon in Salt Lake City that I managed to win and a ½ marathon in British Columbia where I came in second – the standard in most races doesn't seem quite as high as a regular race in Kent, but they are quite generous with the prizes so I have managed to keep myself in running shoes off my winnings. I thought my Harriers running vest might attract more attention than it has but it seems that most in the US assume Canterbury is somewhere in the US (and it probably is), as I came into the finish line in



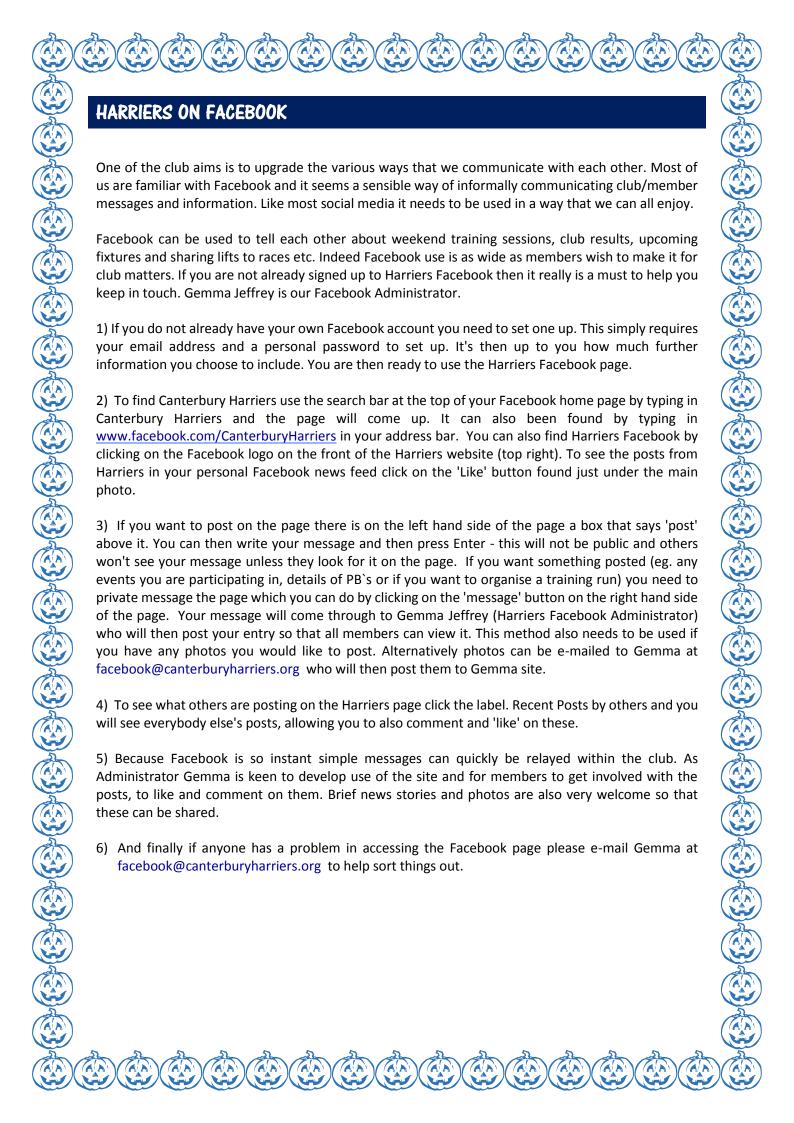
















Long sleeve cotton



Long sleeve technical



