

Hardmoors 110 Saturday 28 May 2022 to Sunday 29 May 2022

If you think you can, you can, but if you think you can't you can't.

This was always going to be a test of my fitness which have been trying to rebuild over the last five months, 110 miles is a long way. A long way in a car let alone on your legs I made a plan of somewhere around 29-30 hours for completion I thought this was reasonably realistic I have completed the race before in 2017 completed it in 27 hours 35 I was fit then I had crew support in the car with John, Jane and Kim running with me through the dark hours the following year I did the race completely unsupported it took me 33 hours. This year I had Billy Supporting me in the van. Many of the checkpoints were no support so I picked in between places for Billy to meet me this meant I could just run through the checkpoints or top up with some water and just move on till I met Billy.

Some basic rules of the race.

The compulsory kit for unsupported

Hat and Gloves

Waterproof Jacket with taped seams

Minimum of 1 litre water/sports drink to be carried

Headtorch/Torch

Spare Batteries or powerbank for charging etc

Cleveland Way Map or OS Maps

Whistle

Survival Bag (Not Blanket)

Emergency food supply (chocolate/energy bar)

*Full leg cover (carried or worn) eg windproof bottoms/ Tights/Tracksters etc

*100 weight fleece or similar, e.g Polartec/merino wool base layer etc

Mobile phone (Emergency contact numbers are on race bib)

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Cleveland Way Map or OS Maps

Whistle

Survival Bag (bag, not just blanket)

Mobile phone (Emergency contact numbers are on race bib)

Emergency food supply (chocolate/energy bar)

Only the 2 items different in kit, I put those in the van. I also had a small first aid kit, waterproof trousers, a couple of extra foil blankets and extra food and gels with me. I also had a power pack and spare battery for my big head torch and a small emergency torch.

Unsupported runners can also hand in a non returnable drop bag at about every 20 miles. My spare food was with Billy.

There is also food and drink available at most checkpoints with Ravenscar and Kildale being indoors.

Supported runners could have someone run with them from Saltburn at 53 miles, only 1 runner at a time. I decided not to have any support runners this year.

We had booked a B&B in Seamer to reduce travel on race day and had had a lovely meal at the Copper horse the night before the race. We had slept well and were as ready as we could be.

Race Day

It was a chilly start to the day Filey Brig, It was sunny and bright but there was a biting wind from the north. I felt really nervous at the start. I signed to say that had the right kit collected my number and tracker and listened to the race brief.



Filey to Scarborough

We hadn't got to Filey Brig until about 7:15 so we hadn't had long to wait before the start of the race but I wore a jacket to the last moment possible thinking I'd warm up as I ran. I was in the middle of the pack as the race started just before the Cleveland way stone and headed along the clifftops the ground was hard packed and slightly uneven it was hard on my ankles, I soon started to wish I had worn road shoes, people passed constantly and I felt I was running really slow, by the time I got to Holbeck car park in Scarborough at 7.7 miles I was feeling a little low, I felt I was running quite fast for me, but still going further and further back in the pack it just felt hard work. It was good to see Billy can get a fresh bottle of energy drink.



Scarborough to Ravenscar

As I set off through Scarborough started to feel a bit better running on pavements I didn't have to watch every step, all too soon it was back to the clifftops the wind was relentless making my eyes water and chilly even though the sun was shining the wind was bitter I thought I was overdressed wearing a merino base layer but actually I was glad I had



it on. The runners were now much more spread out and finally I started to get into my own pace I had an achy hamstring, very annoying. I was glad to approach Ravenscar, it's nice to be able to run against the other runners for a short while and just see how everybody else is getting on everybody was smiling I popped into the checkpoint topped up one of my bottles with water.

Ravenscar to Robin hoods Bay

I phoned Billy and put in my lunch order, an eighth of quiche and a rice pudding. Running down the brick path as it headed under the trees in the dappled light and as the ground changed slightly I stumbled and fell headlong arms out in front squashed my water bottle there was water everywhere glasses somewhere down the lane I rolled over and other competitors help me up, I took a moment to assess the damage, scraped knees scraped elbow, scraped face, scraped hand but nothing too bad 23 miles I was just starting to get into the run and I'd taken a tumble I was covered in mud and blood and grit I found the top for my bottle popped it back on I carried on to Robin hoods Bay and my lunch. Once I reached Billy I sat on the grass to eat my quiche while he cleaned up my scrapes a bit and took the grit and mud off my glasses. My right hand and thumb was fairly sore and a cut above my left knee was small but deep we decided not to cover it as a plaster would come off or hinder movement anyway.



Robin hoods Bay to Sandsend

I soon caught up with Sean, one of the 200 runners (they had set off from Hull at 8 am Friday morning and had 24 hours to get through the start point of the 110, from then on they had the same cut offs as the 110) I walked and chatted to Sean for a short way and then set back off on my own. It's good that I am happy in my own company as I spend a lot of time on my own on these types of event. I was really happy to see the abbey as I approached Whitby Abbey. It was lovely to see Keith and Annette there. I set off through the crowds down the steps, all 199 of them, and through the town. Whitby is always so busy and some people cheer you along and others look at you as if you have two heads. Through the whale bone arch and along the road. I always feel like this is a long section, its not. I caught up with Shelly and we ran together to Sandsend. Billy had found a roadside space and I had more quiche and



some coffee before setting off for Runswick Bay with Shelly and Hayley.

Sandsend to Runswick Bay

The high tide is always an issue at Runswick Bay, on Saturday high tide was due 15:38 which meant that for some time before and after runners would be diverted by just over a mile, a longer distance but flat and easier underfoot than the beach and the steep hill to the checkpoint. I hoped the tide was out enough for the beach after Shelly told me that the last time she was diverted that there had been a large cow blocking the path on the diversion. We ran and walked and I got a little ahead of the others as I approached the drop to the beach, the sand was soft I walked as I didn't want to get sand in my shoes. The climb from the beach to the checkpoint was brutal, as always, next stop Saltburn, via Staithes.



Runswick Bay to Saltburn (Cut off Midnight)

I hoped to make Saltburn by 9 pm to give a good buffer against the cut off time and to get as far as possible in daylight. The run through Staithes is lovely, but that climb out, gosh that is energy sapping, not helped by looking over towards Boulby cliffs and knowing I still had to get up there. It's a tough section this one, but one foot in front of the other, finally I could see Skinninggrove, a good point to aim for. My knees were starting to ache on the steep descents, but I could sense the daylight getting away from me and pushed onwards. The sandy beach section was made worse by the nasty sharp grass prickling my legs. I was glad to get off the beach and empty my shoes of the superfine sand. Now I was on my way to Saltburn, this section is so much longer in reality than in my head, It felt like it took forever to reach the charm bracelet, the sun was sinking and glaring off the sea, glasses on, then hiding in the clouds, glasses off, this went on all along the cliff top. I was happy to descend to the Ship Inn with my sore legs. I went to the main Carpark where Billy was waiting with chips, vinegary chips, they were not warm, but they were amazing. I had coffee and soup, put on my jacket and we walked together to the checkpoint.

The view had been much the same for the majority of the last 53 miles It was literally a turning point to head inland.



Saltburn to Slapewath

The sinking sun now behind me I headed through Valley Gardens, again, it felt further than I remembered, I must be getting tired. There were groups of young people gathering in the vending light, they wished me luck as I headed for the viaduct. The route is still diverted through Skelton, but I don't think it makes much difference, its straight forward enough. Climbing out through Skelton there were a group of youths larking about drinking and there was a strong smell of alternative cigarettes. I was a little nervous passing them, but they paid me no heed. I couldn't believe how fast the sun was going down, the light was fading even in open ground and it was dim under the trees, I needed my head torch, I just used my little one for this short section. I got my big torch out when I met Billy at the Fox and Hounds pub. I had more to eat and drink and sorted my bottles.



Slapewath to Gribdale Gate

Big torch on, it was time to wander the woods, the ground was uneven so I walked more than I ran through Guisborough woods towards Roseberry topping. The woods were quiet, just the odd rustle as something moved in the undergrowth, I came out onto a wide path where the woods have been cleared up to High Cliff Nab. It was a clear night and you could see for miles back to the coast. I set off for Roseberry Topping, there were head torches behind and one floating in the distance ahead, alone but not alone. With Roseberry topping being an out and back, its good to see the others coming towards you. "Well done." "Well done." "Well done." "Well done." People said as



they passed on the steps. The steps just glowed white in the torchlight, dry but still steep, I was super cautious and glad to get to the top and head back down. I headed for captain Cook's Monument and Billy in the car park.

Gribdale Gate to Kildale

Billy was resting, I felt guilty knocking on the window, he got up and I had more food and sorted my bottles, the next time we would meet would be Clay Bank, half a marathon away. I would pop into the checkpoint at Kildale and get a crack on.

Captain Cooks Monument, that climb just goes on and the woods are a bit spooky, I'd better not hang around, at least there is a nice downhill road section on the way into Kildale.



Kildale to Clay Bank

I checked in at the checkpoint and got a couple of extra gels from the table of spares, that people leave behind from their drop bags. I left the village eating my flapjack from my pack and a salted caramel twix. The hill from Kildale is not too bad, its long and steep but smooth tarmac so its easy to shuffle up it. Crossing the moors about 4 miles to Bloworth Crossing was the only time the strong wind, which had not let up since the start, was a tailwind, it was a cold wind and at the turn point, it felt as if it intensified, freezing cold headwind, I got out my gloves, put a buff on my head and another on my neck, my jacket did not seem to stop it. The next few miles were tough, mentally and physically, the sky was lightening behind me, I hoped the day would warm up when the sun rose. I was so glad to get to Clay Bank where I put a hoody on under my jacket, a woolly hat on and another pair of gloves on. I had some food and drink and told Billy I would have breakfast at Square Corner.



Clay Bank to Scarth Nick

It was now light enough not to need a head torch as I headed up Wainstones. I hate that climb, It's long and the steps are a bit sloped and I worry about falling, the cold wind was not letting up and even though I was working hard I was only just warm enough. I wished I had got my poles at Clay Bank, they would have helped with the steep climbs of these hills. As I got to the rocky section I found that my right hand and Left arm were sore and weak from the fall. I really struggled with the clambering section. I realised I would not be able to use my poles anyway, so I just had to get on with it. I jogged and walked, my toes on my left foot were sore, blistering. I could have done without that. There were more runners for company now, it was daylight and I knew I was going to finish. The hill climbs were cruel on tired legs but my biggest concern were the two known cow fields coming up. They occupied my thoughts constantly. Fortunately, the first field, the highland cows and calves after Scugdale was empty, PHEW!

Scarth Nick to Osmotherley Square Corner

My toes were getting more sore and could no longer be ignored, they affected my ability to run, I was mainly walking with Jayne and sometimes with Tina. I was with Jayne through the second cow field. At first I thought they were not in that field but then I realised that they were just in a different part. The cows paid no attention to two tired women walking through their home and soon we were in Osmotherley, quietly through the village, lots of people would be sleeping on a Sunday morning.

It felt like forever to get to Billy, each step now agony had toe socks on and it felt as if I had got holes in the two smallest toes and that they were strangling my toes. Billy stripped off my socks. No holes in my socks but the last two toes were totally covered in big fluid filled blisters. Billy dealt with them and a hotspot on the inside of my heel whilst I ate my yogurt and banana. I drank my coffee. I had got cold, stopping longer than I would like, but it was necessary. It seems bonkers now that I would consider running and walking on such a ruined foot, but that never crossed my mind, I squeezed my sore swollen foot with its fresh clean sock on, into my shoe and hobbled off. I arranged to Meet Billy at Sutton Bank rather than the White Horse as I knew I would not be there before 11 am when the road was closing for a bike race.



Osmotherley Square Corner to Sutton Bank

This is a nice section, well after the initial climb out of square Corner, it is a wide track and most of it has short grass at the side which is easier on sore feet, I was jogging and walking and felt like I was still going well. It started to warm up as I passed through High Paradise Farm, the sun shone but the wind still blew. I could see over Thirsk way that it was raining but the wind direction made it a reasonable chance of not raining this far over. I stopped, took off my pack, put my jacket, woolly hat and hoody away and walked up the sheep field. I was slowing, people were passing, I wasn't bothered now, I knew I could finish, and my foot really hurt. The views are stunning from the cliffs at Sutton Bank, on a clear day you can see the industrial estate a Leeming Bar. That in itself is not necessarily a good thing but it shows how far you can see. I can see the cliffs at Sutton Bank from my patio in Aiskew. Today you could just see rain and the rain was just starting, so I had stopped and put on my jacket again. I was very happy to turn to the visitor centre. Billy had the chair out, it was so good to sit a moment and eat some quiche and rice pudding. 12 miles to go.



Sutton Bank to White Horse car park

I took my bottle of lucozade with me for glucose on the go. It is not far to the White horse, I took the route down through the woods to the Carpark where the crew there were in high spirits. I turned down the offer of sausages, I just wanted to get back to Helmsley now.

White Horse car park to Helmsley Sports Centre

I forgot how high each step was, I pulled myself up the White Horse Steps at 102 miles by the railings. I felt a huge sense of relief when I reached the track at the top. Now I could tick off the features all the way to the end. The horse track, Cold Kirkby, the long lane, the gully to the shooting lodge, stepping stones. What!!! The track by the fishing ponds glowed brightly in the afternoon sun, the track had been re laid with thousands of golf ball sized rocks, agony for tired feet, I picked my way along the lane to the road. Along the road to the humpback bridge, Revieux Abbey to the left and the 2 mile sign leading to the woods. Up the hill, through the gully (more steps) along the track, a view of the castle, through the gates. I caught my jacket on a nail on one of the gates, annoying. Down the lane to the stone, but this is not the end, carry on past the stone and take the road between the hotel and the church. I met dawn and Paul there, they were just passing through, they stopped to wish me well. Up to the cemetery and up the lane to the

sports centre, I really should run, but I couldn't, I marched onwards towards the finish, into the sports pavilion and STOP.

Phew!!!

Made it.

What's the time?

32:08:25 well inside the 36 hour cut off.



Massive thanks to Billy for giving his weekend up when he is recovering from his Ironman in Lanzarote.

Thanks to all the people who stopped to ask if I was ok, or wished me well

Thanks to my family and friends who tracked me and are reading this.

Thanks to Jon, Shirley, all the volunteers and other competitors and their crews.

Thanks to Julian for strapping my knee up. It's not as bad as it looked at all.



Position 42/75

Female 11/20

Age cat FV50 3/5

Full results

<http://results.opentracking.co.uk/event/22hm110>

I am stiff and sore with grazes and bruises, but glad I did it. 110 miles is a long way for a medal and T-shirt and I am so proud of them.