

Surely not again

Rewind to the weeks and months following our 2009 Oxfam assault, and there wasn't a hope in hell I was doing it again. It had been a very satisfying and rewarding event, but it was a mentally and physically shattering experience that I had no desire to repeat.

Somewhere along the way my mind set made a subtle shift from "never again" to "I don't know what would ever motivate me to do it again".

AL, House & Smoothy on the other hand were pretty quick to suggest that when our record inevitably fell that they would go around again.

It wasn't all that surprising that the record fell last year, but this coincided with me being in a bit of an injury and illness riddled rut trying to prepare for Boston marathon. I thought Boston would be my last meaningful campaign. Not surprisingly I ran an average race there, but the phenomenal atmosphere and experience of that day put all the fun back into running. A few weeks without running as we travelled the US, and by the time we got back the body was refreshed and I was ready to look for the next challenge.

So I guess it must have been around June 2011 when AL, House and Smoothy confirmed they were keen. I had a chat with Stacey where much to my own surprise I admitted my desire to give it another go. Stacey had obviously known long before me that this day would come, and she had her conditions ready – "if you're going to do this you better be better prepared than last time because I never want to see you like that again". Amen to that, and the 4 of us were committed.

Training

Our training plan was pretty much the same as last time. ie: Prepare as if we were training for a marathon with the addition of a few 50-60km runs.

This simple approach, as per last time, was not without its risks. However, the reality is that 42.2kms on the road is our pet event. None of us has ambitions to become regular ultra-marathoners. You could debate for hours whether one event is more difficult than the other. It's not an entirely accurate comparison, but the easiest way I can describe it is that to my mind the marathon requires me to run as fast as I can for 2 hrs 40 mins whereas 100kms demands you run as slow as you can for as long as you can.

It would be unrealistic for us to completely transform ourselves from one discipline to the other in a few months, so our approach was based on running to our strengths and hope we could "pinch hit" a one-off solid 100km. Essentially we were relying on the knowledge gained in 2009 to help us find the 36 minutes required to achieve our goal of sub-10 hours.

There is no denying the absence of any training runs beyond 60kms meant there was a risk that we might come up short.

By race day my perception was that:

- Smoothy was looking the best of our group. He looks so comfortable on the trails and has the most experience in terms of runs beyond 3 hours.

- House was below his best, but that'd still plenty good enough to have AL and myself covered.
- AL might be in for a very tough day. He and I are of comparable ability, but his preparation had started a bit later than mine and this had seen him battle a little more than me on the longer training runs. The two things you can bank on with AL though are that he will have timed his preparation to perfection and that he will be savagely resilient on the day.

As for myself, I felt I was in as good a shape as ever. Never before have I enjoyed such an extended period of solid (almost) injury free training. In the 6 months prior to race day I had 500kms more in my legs than in 2009. I was pretty confident I would perform much better than 2009 and ferociously determined not to again be the weak link in the chain. Two things weighed on my mind however. Firstly, my tendency to roll an ankle on uneven ground, especially when running downhill. Secondly, the absence of any training runs beyond 60kms meant we had no idea how our bodies would stand up in the later stages of the event.

The race

The plan was to meet at 6am at Jells Park. A bit of tension in the ranks as House was a little late in arriving, but soon enough it was final well wishes from family and friends (including Smurf and Moo) and then time to step on to the start line. G'days and good lucks to/from Team Muttley and some of our other main rivals for the day, a few photo's and then we were off.

The early stages were reasonably uneventful. We took the lead on the first significant hill at about 14kms, all was going well with the exception of some unwelcome rain. On the approach to Lysterfield Lake at about 19km we could see Slips waiting to join us. Just before getting to him though we were forced on to an unexpected little detour taking us off the main trail and onto a winding narrow trail. Strangely the organisers had issued an update earlier in the week saying this detour was closed, however the course markings suggested otherwise and so we thought it best to take the long way around. Slips met us a bit further down.

Heading across the bridge and into Lysterfield Lake picnic area to be greeted by a warm round of applause. This is the first point at which support crews can meet their teams so it's also by far the biggest gathering we will see for the day as the field will inevitably spread out. Picked up some supplies quick time from our crew, passed through checkpoint protocols and on our way again. 22km done, a couple of minutes ahead of schedule, a reasonable gap behind us. All good.

The next few kms was nice to pass by Slips and Racer a few times, looking forward to their video's and photo's. Eventually it's time to start preparing the mind for some serious climbing. Approx 30km the road turns upward and we are climbing toward Belgrave. A tough section but we get through it ok and start looking forward to meeting our support crew at McAwbers pub. To get there though required what can only be described as a dangerous descent of Lipscombe Track which was terribly slippery due to the rain. A rope had been put up to assist you down this section, I grabbed it but there was no tension in it what so ever so it was pretty useless. Fortunately we all managed to stay upright.

Just before the bottom Racer meets us to advise that organisers were not permitting our crew to hand over supplies at this point. The official rules allowed for handovers at official check points only, but historically (and again this time) the leading teams had agreed that a couple of extra unofficial

check points would be acceptable. This was based on the theory that the rules were written for a charity event rather than a genuine race. Never the less if an official was eager to enforce the rules then we were in no position to argue. A quick rethink by the crew and they instead loaded up Slips with our needs and we meet him a short distance further down the trail.

All this meant that Smoothy had to skip a planned shoe change here, but a couple of us changed shirts and I must admit it was nice to get dry and a little warmer. Also my race bib had come off many miles earlier so the fresh velcro enabled me to resolve that annoyance. As we set off to tackle the appropriately named and challenging Hillclimb Track, Smoothy and I noticed AL was missing. I'm still not sure what happened but I gather he was taking a moment longer gathering his supplies from Slips. Smoothy went back to check and eventually called out to confirm all was ok. House hadn't noticed so I set off to alert him, but with probably a 30 sec head start on twisting trails there was no way of catching his attention. The track had its slippery sections so I gave up the chase and just concentrated on getting to the top where I figured we'd all get back together, and that's how it worked out. A tough section though so by the time we arrived at Ferny Creek checkpoint at 38km we were all appreciative for the little rest while we went through the check-in/out procedure.

This checkpoint was not easily accessible to crews (hence the planned meeting a few kms earlier) so we were in and out pretty quickly, a quick g'day from a friend helping another team. No sign of the 2nd place team.

The next section is just 7kms but involves a steep descent through Alfred Nicholls gardens, a slip-n-slide flat and uneven trail, the very steep Hacketts Road and then the grinding climb up to Olinda.

Heading toward the gardens we saw Team Muttley's scout and I figured they must be not too far behind us. Slips and Racer also kept bobbing up and confirmed they were about 5 mins behind. Must admit I was starting to keep an eye on AL and wondered whether he starting to feel the pinch a little. He looked well in control but I was consciously trying to make sure that his pace was dictating mine.

Somewhat by surprise, just before Hacketts Track I suffered a little calf cramp. Needed a few walked steps to shake it off and since Hacketts was an unrunnable hill anyhow, by the time we got to the top I'd forgotten all about it.

By the time we got Olinda, 45kms including some big climbs is always going to tire you, but we seemed in pretty good shape. Met up with what was a growing support crew, check point formalities done and on our way again. You double back about 500m here, and Muttley passed by on their way into the check point so we knew for sure now that it was game on.

Nervous moments for me as we embark upon the steep downhills where I have a bad track record of rolling ankles. For the next 10kms I needed to focus on every single landing point, and was very appreciative for the good work Parks Victoria had obviously done in clearing the trail in preparation for the day. The first downhill here behind the golf course is where I first encountered cramps in 2009. I couldn't believe it when the calves started to nibble again. At the bottom its 400m slight uphill during which I managed to run out what had become a reasonable cramp before embarking on the next and longer downhill section. I was pretty happy to get down here safely and on reflection I'd stop thinking about my calves so I guess they'd come good too. Some nice flattish trails

followed by 4kms of very rocky roads and then one final ankle trapping descent, all safely negotiated and I was pretty happy.

Not too far ahead was the Warby trail and we knew GGO would be waiting here for us. I wanted to send a positive vibe to him so when we rounded the relevant bend I consciously gave him a big smile, to which he responded favourably.

On to the Warby trail, about 2kms to go till the next check point. In 2009 I arrived at Graham in quite a state and some distance behind the others. It's still a laugh on our video review nights. I knew Stacey would be anxiously waiting there so again I intended to send a positive signal by being on the front of the group and arriving with a positive attitude. I also wanted to get some fresh shoes, as did Smoothy, so we skipped a little ahead of AL & House. It was a pretty good vibe as we sat down for the shoe change. I never saw him but I could hear GG taking control of check in procedures for us. Probably didn't give the support crew much eye contact here though, being 60kms in you tend to start thinking more about your own needs.

As we exited the checkpoint Muttley again appeared so the gap was largely unchanged, maybe a little closer even. No big surprise, the last 2 sections would have suited their trail running abilities.

On to the Warby trail again where the flatter sections and sound surface should be to our advantage. The 13kms to the next check point at Woori Yallock however certainly cracked open the jar of fatigue. Although we kept it going, AL was tiring and House was doing a great job keeping him company. I was finding the slower pace to my disliking, so instead would run at a slightly quicker pace for a km then enjoy an increasingly needed 10 sec walk. Smoothy was adopting a similar tactic, though I'm not sure if this was to suit his needs or just to be somewhere near me.

At one stage I dropped back to AL and House took the opportunity to stride out a little. AL & I had a little chat about how stuffed we were both feeling, and we began to contemplate how we might use the 10 minute buffer we had built up against our goal pace. Muttley meanwhile was within sight on the long straight sections behind us. My pace was fluctuating a fair bit in comparison to the groove AL had found, so I called House back to provide him company again while I went back to my run/walk strategy.

Met up with the support crew just before the Woori Yallock primary school checkpoint at 73km. Took on supplies and confessed to Stacey that this was getting tough now. Across the school grounds and one of the classes had formed a nice little guard of honour for us on the oval, that was good for morale. We again crossed passed with Muttley.

A short while later I copped a massive cramp in my right calf. I've become pretty accustomed to running with cramps in recent years, but this was a shocker and my leg shot involuntarily side-ways. Needed a few steps before I could run again. This happened a few times and I was trying all my tricks to get through it, including walking/jogging backwards a bit. This of course gave me a good sighter of Muttley who bizarely didn't seem to be closing the gap. Around here somewhere a friend, Simon (a pretty handy ironman) and his daughter had pulled up along side on their bikes. I don't remember much about this little section through to Don Road, so I'm guessing his conversation was proving to be a useful distraction. I recall heading down Don Rd alongside House with AL battling away maybe 20m behind. I figured as long as I could stay in front of AL with my stop/start strategy

then eventually the cramps would subdue to a manageable level. A few times AL caught me and I dug in to find a stride, but my form was shot to pieces and I kept veering outside of the kerb side cones and onto the road. Eventually AL went past me and I was in deep trouble now. When I did get going I was setting little goals about 10m in front. This was getting ugly.

Simon had phoned Stacey to advise we were in trouble, but being a renowned joker he wasn't taken too seriously, particularly since we'd seemed ok at Woori Yallock not so long ago. Eventually Stacey realised this was no joke. Amazing how quickly things can change at 80kms.

I couldn't believe Muttley were still behind us. I recall now someone had said one of their runners was struggling to keep his fluids down, but in the moment I thought they were executing a devious and cunning Steve Waugh like mental disintegration plan, and that it was working a treat! Funny how the mind works under such conditions.

As the road turned a little upward, I was in big trouble, I simply couldn't run and as we were reduced to an extended walk Muttley finally went passed. Wished 'em well as they went by. I was becoming distressed and Simon was doing all he could to put positive thoughts in my mind, but I remember looking at my watch and sooking about how far there was to still to go. Even walking was starting to hurt.

About another 1500m along we were to meet the support crew and a few Milers were planning to run with us from there. Our delayed arrival meant they had jogged back towards us, from memory Slips, Licka, Racer and Moo, but I was in my own living hell now and not taking a lot of notice. Simon had to leave us, GGO was still close by. Past the crew which had again grown in numbers, but I'm not sure what was said/done here. Every attempt to run was a mess. Another 500m up the road and there is a steep 500m narrow rocky trail that takes you up to the aquaduct trail. Even though everyone was walking I was dropping off the back and there were a couple of occasions where both legs were seized up and I nearly fell over. I was grabbing tree branches to pull myself forward.

Slips was near enough for me to ask him something like "tell the others that if that want go ahead without me then that's fine with me, they should try and achieve their goals. Tell 'em I'll get there but I think it's gonna take a while". The message was passed along but I never got an answer. Everyone was waiting for me at the top. Garmin data shows that km took 16mins 43 secs ! From goodness knows where Slips pulled out a tube of Deep Heat. He suggested I sit down to relax the muscle for application, but this meant sitting on the ground and I was pretty sure there'd be no getting me up from there so we did what we could while still on the move.

I was happier to be on flat ground again and kept trying to run, but every attempt saw one leg or both shoot out side ways from under me. My quads were also starting to go and even the lower parts of my hulking biceps were getting in on the act. I simply couldn't run and was seriously hurting now. If there is a runners hell, I was banging loudly on the door.

At one point a spasm drew a pathetic little yelp from me and I looked back as if someone had kicked me from behind. A few of the guys were behind me and I noticed their eyes were pretty wide open and someone was pointing toward my lower legs. I looked down to see some pretty queer shapes trying to burst through the skin on my left calf. I guess that was the moment I conceded I needed to

stop trying to run and was going to need to walk for a while (we'd probably already walked 3-4km by now) before trying again.

We walked and walked and walked, about 10 mins per km, all the while the realisation that sub-10 and the win were gone was sinking in for the group. Thinking back now everyone remained remarkably upbeat and chatty. In some respects once the pressure of such a massive goal is released, the world suddenly seems a brighter place. I think House and I started to toss a few scenario's around, contemplating how far beyond 11 hours this might take us. As far as I could tell we still had 12-15kms of walking to be done.

Eventually the pain subsided and I started to think about trying to jog. I figured we must be getting somewhere near the Dee Road checkpoint due at 87kms and knowing there was a nasty little dip and rise to get into this checkpoint (which was not accessible to support crews), I decided to wait till the flat ground on the other side of it before having another go. I think just before the checkpoint we passed by a Trails+ scout standing on the trail, which meant 3rd place must be closing in on us. Through the check point and on to flat ground, some very tentative baby steps at first and low and behold gradually into something that resembled a stride. To everyone's joy and relief we were on the move again.

The legs were nibbling away at me, but now they were manageable and pointing in the right direction. We had 4kms of flat trail and then 2km steep downhill. I was hoping that I could get the flat section done and presumed the down hill would be walked. Mysteriously it wasn't too bad and I got to the bottom of the hill still on the jog. Licka was providing some entertainment, tearing down the hill like a school boy forlornly chasing a runaway ball. When he got to the bottom he bloody well turned around and started running back up so he could do it all again. Some welcome comedy.

Without looking back I knew AL would be finding the downhill tough, his toes would be smashed and he'd be running hurt, so I walked the final 100m into the last checkpoint at Warburton Golf Club. Again I'm not sure what the conversation was at the checkpoint, but you could sense a mix of disappointment, empathy, compassion and unconditional support in the air. I tried to make eye contact with as many of the crew as possible, just trying to find a way to show my deep appreciation for their presence.

I had originally planned to change into some lighter shoes here, with just 7kms to go and a good dose of it unrunnable hills I figured it would be beneficial to get as light as possible. For whatever reason I still did it, but needed Stacey to do all the work since there was no I could get my hands down to my feet. We probably lingered here a little longer than necessary, but I won't deny I was a bit flat and needing to soak up some words of encouragement before continuing.

As we set out the clock was up to about 9hrs 30mins. I thought with a bit of luck we might still get through this last tough section before 11 hours ticked over. Managed to jog to the base of Mt Little Joe, but found the first of the two big hills pretty tough going. Never the less at the top of this climb we got a little jog going and suddenly the prospect of finishing within sight of our 2009 time became a possibility.

By now our Garmin's had confirmed our pre-race presumption that the course was likely to be up around 103km rather than 100km. Spotted a sign saying 5kms to go, but Moo and Racer had

apparently gone over this section earlier in the day and suggested it was more like 5.6kms to go. I've had better news!

A steep and nasty decent takes you to the base of the final climb for the day. The descent was not an enjoyable experience, AL and I very slowly picking our way down. I was dreading this final climb. Looking ahead and few of the guys had started. I was particularly impressed to see Rafa running it. We hauled ourselves up and up, and strangely concurred it in reasonable fashion. Maybe it was the lure of the finish line, or just having become familiar with it in training.

100m further along a flat trail and you get a sighter of Wesburn Park, the finish line. We were all now attuned the prospect of sneaking under our 2009 time, but there was still 1500m including a nasty descent to get through. It was going to be a close call. Again AL and I inched our way down the hill at the back of the group. I think safety was as important as time to us.

At the bottom Moo advises there is accurate count down signs from 500m. The 4 of us come tight together and manage one last final effort as we emerge from the bushes, onto Wesburn Park and across the finish line – 10:33 on the clock, a massive 2 minute PB over 100km! Check in done, a quick team photo before the clock ticks over to 10:34 and then into the delightful arms of loved ones.

Reflections

On the one hand:

There's no doubt I'm disappointed with the result, and angry with myself. 7 cramped kms was the difference between 10:33 and 9:59. 6 min pace through that section was all that was required.

When you sign up for a team goal like this, you put huge faith in your team mates. AL, Smoothy and House have done nothing but complement me on getting through it and express their appreciation for me enduring so that we could salvage a PB, but it's inevitable I carry a burden of guilt in the circumstances.

I'm a reasonably competitive runner and I love receiving the accolades and rewards for achieving a good result, but to my mind that means anything less deserves a kick up the backside. The guy in the mirror is my judge. If mediocre results were satisfying to me then I doubt I'd be performing at the level I do.

I take some solace from the fact that on the start line I had put myself in career best shape. Sure, cramps are cramps and what can you do, but I regret not doing a couple of 70-80km runs. Might have made the difference.

With respect, I'm still a bit raw so please don't rush forward with suggestions on how to resolve my cramping issues. I've heard 'em all, tried most of 'em, and executed a hydration and nutrition plan on the day that had been thoroughly tested in training. Back to the drawing board I suppose.

On the other hand:

It's selfish for me to wallow in self pity when AL, Smoothy and House (and their families) also invested so heavily in this campaign, each faced and conquered their own demons on the day in a magnificent display of endurance running, and are entitled to celebrate their achievements with unbridled gusto.

AL in particular turned himself inside out on the trail to get to the line. His ability to keep slugging it out under extreme fatigue was awesome to witness. If this was truly his retirement run, it was a mighty legacy to leave behind.

House and Smoothy are quality runners but believe me 100km is an awfully long way and they still had to fight their guts out to get this done.

There are only 5 people who have ever covered this course quicker and our team is entitled to feel dam proud of what we've achieved. Despite the wheels falling off we dug in, stuck thick, never wavered from team ethos and brought home a PB. Pretty darn good for a bunch of amateur runners with jobs and families to balance.

Yep, still some mixed feelings and self reprimanding going on. Never fear, I'll eventually turn all this into motivation for whatever the next goal becomes, but those 7kms will sit heavy with me for a while.

Would I do it again? This may surprise, but probably yes. It's a magical event to be a part of with the right team around you. If not physically then certainly mentally sub-10 is beyond me now. Twice scarred and I won't be chasing that again. Sometimes you gotta know when to walk away.

The wrap

Firstly to my team mates, AL, House & Smoothy. It's been an absolute privilege and delight to go through all this with you guys, and I greatly appreciate the sincere empathy you have afforded me. A big chunk of Oxfam is the spirit of team work, and I couldn't have asked for better team mates. These events have linked us forever and in years to come I'm sure the tales emanating from all this will become legendary.

To Deb, Jan & Kylie and kids, thanks for giving up your hubby/dad so we could do all this. It's been great getting to know y'all and no doubt there is many a good dinner catch-up ahead.

To Team Muttley, congratulations guys. You've worked diligently towards this achievement for quite some time now, improving each year. Phenomenal run. We threw down a significant marker in 2009, you took up the challenge and smashed it.

To all supporters and donors, thanks ever so much for your interest in what we do. Special mention to all who gave up their day to come and cheer us along on the day – Slips, Racer, Rafa, Moo, Licka, GGO, GG, George, Natalie, Steve, Lizzie, Emily, Erin, Simon, Sophie – and all those faces that's I'm now struggling to put names to. The most awesome support crew Oxfam has ever seen. I hope you enjoyed the ride. Our two campaigns in total raised nearly \$10,000 for Oxfam, that's pretty special.

And of course to Stacey, Hayley, Connor & Bevan – thanks for you unconditional love and support. You cop the raw end of all the training and other sacrifices made for this demanding hobby of mine, yet you provide nothing but support and encouragement for me to pursue my dreams and goals.

AL's analysis of the date is attached for those interested.

I'll leave you with these two images that I think capture the agony and ecstasy of finishing Oxfam.



	Per Km	Actual sum	average	5kms	10kms	20kms	Comment
1	0:04:28	0:04:28	0:04:28				
2	0:04:29	0:08:57	0:04:29				
3	0:04:27	0:13:24	0:04:28				
4	0:04:29	0:17:53	0:04:28				
5	0:04:28	0:22:21	0:04:28	0:22:21			
6	0:04:27	0:26:48	0:04:28				
7	0:04:31	0:31:19	0:04:28				
8	0:04:32	0:35:51	0:04:29				
9	0:04:31	0:40:22	0:04:29				
10	0:04:41	0:45:03	0:04:30	0:22:42	0:45:03		Glory Days - Doin' it easy
11	0:05:02	0:50:05	0:04:33				
12	0:04:46	0:54:51	0:04:34				
13	0:04:52	0:59:43	0:04:36				Solid checkpoint - No time lost
14	0:04:47	1:04:30	0:04:36				
15	0:07:01	1:11:31	0:04:46	0:26:28			Uphill Ch Park
16	0:04:18	1:15:49	0:04:44				Downhill
17	0:04:32	1:20:21	0:04:44				
18	0:04:30	1:24:51	0:04:43				
19	0:04:36	1:29:27	0:04:42				
20	0:05:24	1:34:51	0:04:45	0:23:20	0:49:48	1:34:51	Windy track
21	0:04:36	1:39:27	0:04:44				
22	0:04:29	1:43:56	0:04:43				
23	0:05:47	1:49:43	0:04:46				Lysterfield Lake CP
24	0:04:44	1:54:27	0:04:46				
25	0:04:47	1:59:14	0:04:46	0:24:23			
26	0:05:17	2:04:31	0:04:47				Up Hill - Near Wellington Rd
27	0:04:26	2:08:57	0:04:47				
28	0:04:56	2:13:53	0:04:47				
29	0:04:47	2:18:40	0:04:47				
30	0:04:46	2:23:26	0:04:47	0:24:12	0:48:35		
31	0:05:30	2:28:56	0:04:48				End of Birdsland
32	0:06:36	2:35:32	0:04:52				Start of Belgrave climb
33	0:06:02	2:41:34	0:04:54				Solid splits
34	0:05:28	2:47:02	0:04:55				
35	0:07:21	2:54:23	0:04:59	0:30:57			Hill climb track
36	0:07:25	3:01:48	0:05:03				Hill climb track
37	0:05:52	3:07:40	0:05:04				
38	0:07:45	3:15:25	0:05:09				Ferny Creek CP
39	0:05:28	3:20:53	0:05:09				
40	0:04:25	3:25:18	0:05:08	0:30:55	1:01:52	1:50:27	Donwhill - Alfred Nicholls Gdns
41	0:05:39	3:30:57	0:05:09				
42	0:07:43	3:38:40	0:05:12				Hacketts Rd
43	0:07:42	3:46:22	0:05:16				Hacketts Rd
44	0:06:09	3:52:31	0:05:17				
45	0:05:29	3:58:00	0:05:17	0:32:42			
46	0:05:54	4:03:54	0:05:18				Olinda CP - No Time lost
47	0:05:16	4:09:10	0:05:18				
48	0:06:34	4:15:44	0:05:20				
49	0:05:46	4:21:30	0:05:20				Dozer's ankle in 1 piece
50	0:05:12	4:26:42	0:05:20	0:28:42	1:01:24		

	Per Km	Actual sum	average	5kms	10kms	20kms	Comment
51	0:05:04	4:31:46	0:05:20				
52	0:05:27	4:37:13	0:05:20				Actual Half Way in about 4:36
53	0:05:19	4:42:32	0:05:20				
54	0:05:04	4:47:36	0:05:20				
55	0:05:39	4:53:15	0:05:20	0:26:33			
56	0:05:52	4:59:07	0:05:20				
57	0:06:45	5:05:52	0:05:22				Dozer's ankle still in 1 piece
58	0:06:44	5:12:36	0:05:23				
59	0:05:57	5:18:33	0:05:24				
60	0:04:52	5:23:25	0:05:23	0:30:10	0:56:43	1:58:07	
61	0:05:27	5:28:52	0:05:23				
62	0:07:54	5:36:46	0:05:26				Graeme Colling CP
63	0:05:18	5:42:04	0:05:26				
64	0:05:08	5:47:12	0:05:26				
65	0:05:01	5:52:13	0:05:25	0:28:48			
66	0:05:07	5:57:20	0:05:25				
67	0:05:08	6:02:28	0:05:25				
68	0:05:08	6:07:36	0:05:24				
69	0:05:05	6:12:41	0:05:24				
70	0:05:03	6:17:44	0:05:24	0:25:31	0:54:19		
71	0:05:27	6:23:11	0:05:24				AL Struggling slowing team down
72	0:05:22	6:28:33	0:05:24				
73	0:05:18	6:33:51	0:05:24				
74	0:05:14	6:39:05	0:05:24				
75	0:07:38	6:46:43	0:05:25	0:28:59			Woori Yallock CP
76	0:06:20	6:53:03	0:05:26				
77	0:05:44	6:58:47	0:05:26				
78	0:06:42	7:05:29	0:05:27				
79	0:05:26	7:10:55	0:05:27				
80	0:06:11	7:17:06	0:05:28	0:30:23	0:59:22	1:53:41	
81	0:05:52	7:22:58	0:05:28				
82	0:05:58	7:28:56	0:05:28				
83	0:08:24	7:37:20	0:05:31				Calf misbehaves
84	0:08:10	7:45:30	0:05:33				
85	0:11:43	7:57:13	0:05:37	0:40:07			Calf seizes
86	0:16:41	8:13:54	0:05:45				Dozer stuck on path to Aqueduct
87	0:10:19	8:24:13	0:05:48				
88	0:10:01	8:34:14	0:05:51				
89	0:09:52	8:44:06	0:05:53				
90	0:10:15	8:54:21	0:05:56	0:57:08	1:37:15		
91	0:07:05	9:01:26	0:05:57				Aqueduct CP
92	0:05:21	9:06:47	0:05:57				Calf loosens up
93	0:05:06	9:11:53	0:05:56				
94	0:05:59	9:17:52	0:05:56				
95	0:04:28	9:22:20	0:05:55	0:27:59			Solid section
96	0:10:01	9:32:21	0:05:58				Warburton GC CP
97	0:09:49	9:42:10	0:06:00				
98	0:11:10	9:53:20	0:06:03				Backstairs Track
99	0:05:59	9:59:19	0:06:03				
100	0:06:05	10:05:24	0:06:03	0:43:04	1:11:03	2:48:18	
101	0:05:42	10:11:06	0:06:03				
102	0:10:44	10:21:50	0:06:06				Mt Little Joe - Up
103	0:08:05	10:29:55	0:06:07				Mt Little Joe - Down
103.6	0:03:03	10:32:58	0:06:07				