

Road to Lorne – 2012

Where do I start? Perhaps with a warning. This is not so much a report, as a self-indulgent recollection of the long, long road to complete my second marathon.

A bit of history before I get stuck into it.....

I ran Melbourne '04 in 3:38. After a far from ideal preparation I was happy with that result. And while I didn't say "never again", I didn't have any real desire to revisit the distance.

Running with the Milers for any length of time can make you re-evaluate your goals though. True, I'd run a marathon which 95% of the population never would, & I'd run it faster than half of the few who do run marathons. But I thought that I was better than a 3:38 marathoner. I didn't want that to be my lifetime PB. So the seed was planted & started to take root.

Fast forward to 2009. With my 50th birthday on the horizon, the marathon bug bit again, but a bit harder this time. A steady start to the year, & solid cross training courtesy of plenty of kilometres on my nice, new flat bar road bike, had me in pretty good shape by the end of March. Things kept going well in April, with a good run in the VRR Westerfolds Half & a weekly average of over 70k. A pretty good base (for me), & I pretty much locked in Melbourne in my mind.

A week & a half later I ran a PB around the Tan. Having run that during a solid training block, & without getting out the racing flats, it seemed like picking up another 7 seconds for that slab of Boags would be little more than a formality. My focus at that time was the Great Ocean Road Half though, so the Tan would have to wait ... and wait

I didn't have to wait long to see the first chink in the armour appear though. Just some shin soreness, following a not-so-slow Sunday long run, but enough to see me having my first taste of deep water running. I was not impressed. However, the results did impress me. I toed the line for the GOR Half with no expectations & destroyed my PB for the Half. My legs felt 100% for the whole journey. I felt that it was the best run of my life – up to then. The only downer was the question mark over the accuracy of the course distance. So I've got a self-imposed asterisk beside my time from that day.

A plan hatched in my mind as I was basking in the euphoria of that run. I decided that I wanted to come back one day & run the full marathon. Not race it. Just run it, with no time pressure. I felt that to be able to do that, I'd first need to run a quick (for me). A time that I'd be happy to live with forever as my lifetime marathon PB.

Anyway, with the distraction of the GOR out of the way it was time to start really focusing on Melbourne. I did have the Corporate Cup season to finish off first though. Rounds 4, 5 & 6 went okay, but I was getting slower instead of quicker. I just felt tired all the time, but we've all been there.

Then out of the blue, on a gentle run to work one morning, my right calf decided without warning to tighten up on me. So I took a week off before the final round of the Corporate Cup. I got through the lap – just! Fast enough to defend my lead in the series, but nowhere near quick enough to stop NFM from taking his umpteenth old farts' championship race. It also cost me 2 weeks on the sidelines, before I re-started my campaign.

By the end of July I'd only managed to get my "long" run back up to 12.6k, & my calf didn't even like that. So Melbourne '09 got scrapped, & I headed back to square 1; again. And again. My calves kept playing up through August & September despite the comparatively low mileage. By the start of October I decided that enough was enough & hung up my runners for nearly a month. After starting the year with monthly totals of 124, 142, 249, 293, 250 & 232 km, (1290k) the rest of the year totalled 468k (89, 100, 17, 20, 114 & 128).

Those final 2 months of '09 did give me some hope that 2010 would be better. The year was going really well too – for about 21 hours! I was moving a desk & dropped it on my foot breaking my big toe. That delayed my first run for the year until April. Not the ideal start to the year, but 6 months was still more than enough time to prepare for Melbourne '10. Even off a base of zero. I liked the sound of 10-10-10, & I also liked the fact that it marked the 6th anniversary of my previous marathon on 10-10-04. There was plenty of time & the numbers lined up beautifully. What could go wrong?

Plenty, as it turned out. I don't want to go into the numbers too much in this report, as you'll find them in the attached summary. But here are some of the highlights:

May – rolled ankle

July – back related hamstring/quad issues

July – inflamed peroneus brevis

July – You Yangs 30k (against physio's advice)

July – took spill off bike

July – despite everything had still ticked enough boxes to register for 10-10-10

August – podiatrist removed ugly growths from feet (no, not my ankles)

August – great run at BRT

September – strained calf in Burnley Half

September – got car doored

September – got rear-ended in my car on the way to the pool for deep water running (just to put the icing on the cake)

October – 4 days before the marathon, calf gone!

To say I was gutted would have been an understatement. Despite all of the dramas along the way I felt I was in shape for a sub-3:10 marathon. I'd spent a small fortune on doctors, physio, osteo & a pool pass, & it was all for nothing. I didn't even know what I'd done wrong, so I couldn't take any lessons away.

Four weeks later I was back in training, thinking that I might still be able to salvage something out of it. There was 2 months to go until Hobart, & I did have a good base to launch from. My legs had other ideas though. It was 2009 all over again. It seemed my legs had decided that they'd done enough for the year. So I backed off & tried to just enjoy running for a while, & see what 2011 could bring.

It started with much promise. Finally things were looking good. I had my biggest ever January mileage, including a couple of 20k+ runs. But it couldn't last. I'd like to be able to say that I took one for the team, but the truth is that it was my ego that brought me undone. At an AV Shield meet I did a triple jump to score points for the team. It was legal & got measured, but it was awful & I wanted to do better. On the landing on the "step" of my second attempt it seemed that all of the muscles in my upper leg collapsed. Adductor, quads, hamstrings, all were in pain. I didn't know where to put the ice. At least this time I did learn my lesson. Not to compete in events for which I haven't trained.

Four weeks later & my long run had extended to 5k. January total 258k; February 42k. Forget Canberra & other early marathons, but Traralgon looked possible with Shepparton as a backstop. I had no intention of donating more money to Melbourne after not being able to use my entry in 2010. Although at least my Melbourne race number made a cameo appearance.

So I slowly & carefully built up. Treating myself to my first post-triple jump 20k run on my birthday. 208k for March with everything moving in the right direction had me confident that with a bit of care I'd make Traralgon. It wouldn't be as quick as 10-10-10 promised to be, but it would still be reasonable, & maybe satisfy that goal of achieving a satisfactory lifetime PB. By the end of April I'd banked my 1st 30k run of the campaign, followed a few days later by a sub-90 Geelong Half. 240k for the month. Two more 30k+ runs had me feeling good & I'd made it to the taper.

Two days later it was all over – Again! My calf went on me during my warm up jog to the Pillars. No warning. Probably back-related, but not much comfort from that. So I sat out yet another marathon, & pondered what to try. I still had Shepparton there as a fallback, so that was the plan. A few weeks rest & try to pick it back up. Got a couple of 20k+ runs under my belt with 2 months still to go before the race, but then got a nasty dose of flu that knocked me around for a couple of weeks.

Finally felt that I was over that with a good River Run, but a couple of days later it was over. Calf gone again. Once again on an easy run. By the time I was running again I'd lost over a month, so Shepparton was out. Maybe I could have re-grouped to have a crack at Melbourne, but by late August I was still struggling on the Meander. So I decided to once again back off to try to enjoy running again.

It didn't work. I struggled through a massive 86k in November, followed by 37k in December. There were extenuating circumstances for the low December mileage though, as I was under doctor's orders to not run until the stitches came out of neck, from where a nasty little growth had been removed. On one of the few MMM runs I joined in on during December I was chatting to Mitho. He had a radical idea. Reverse my marathon plan. Get out there & just run one to get it under my belt, & then worry about that quick one. The more I thought about it, the more it seemed worth a shot. So the goal for 2012 was simply to get to the start AND finish of a marathon.

So I looked at the marathon calendars for the 4th year in a row. Canberra was a bit close coming off so little base. The GOR looked good though. It was already on my to-do-list, & fitted well with the goal of just getting to the finish. The terrain & extra distance add to the difficulty here, but that was why I'd decided originally that I wanted to run rather than race this particular event.

So the full 45k ('ish) GOR marathon became the primary goal. I always had in the back of my mind that I could do Traralgon or the Macleay River (which looks like a nice event) if things didn't go to plan, but I didn't want to waste any time planning for failure.

My campaign focused around one key ingredient: The long run. As I wasn't worried about my finishing time, I just needed to do the long runs so that I could make the distance. The next ingredient was lots of rest days, so that I wasn't stressing tired muscles.

My first "long" run for the year was 12.9k on 15 January. The culmination of a 39k week. The maths was simple enough. Add 10% to each of those distances each week; throw in a couple of lighter weeks along the way; & bank three 30k runs by the end of April. Weekly kilometres would peak in the low 70's. A January total of 168k was hardly record breaking stuff, but I was on target.

I ticked off my first 20k run in mid-February, but within a few days had developed tendonitis of the peroneus brevis again. Memories of 2010 came back! The culprit was probably the solo, barefoot Yasso derivation I'd done at Gosch's a couple of days earlier. I decided that with the appropriate R-I-C-E treatment (well, maybe not much of the "R"), that I could run through it. And a combination of that and massage allowed me to keep running. I did see my team of medicos (physio, doctor, podiatrist) to confirm that there was nothing more sinister going on.

The next week though my foot didn't matter. My calf went on me. For a change I had the sense to stop immediately, go home & ice it. Two weeks off wasn't in the plan, but I was still hopeful that I could somehow absorb the lost training time. The real question would be what happened when I started back up.

First tentative run went okay & I dropped back into the routine that I'd followed before the injury, i.e.: Tuesday, tempo run to work; Thursday night, "speed" session at Vets; Friday recovery run (the birth of the Friday Fitzroy Flogs, a.k.a. F-Troop); & Sunday long run.

By the end of March things were back on track. My long run was just short of 30k, & my weekly total was back over 60k. I ticked off my three 30k runs (31.6, 33.5 & 35.0) during April, with a tempo Geelong Half thrown in on my "easy" week. That was the extent of me compromising my program, to make up for the 2 weeks I'd lost. April was my biggest month understandably with a total of 268k & a biggest week of 72k. Very light by most Milers standards, but I'm not most Milers.

Cycling along with the boys doing Oxfam provided a bit of cross training. But it was also the forerunner to an incident that could have had a disastrous effect on my GOR campaign. Having ditched the bike for runners at the start of the final stage, I managed to roll my ankle in a rut while running the final stage with the boys. Fortunately I stayed upright & no serious damage was done. I was blown away with House's response, with whom I was running at the time. Near enough to 100km into the event, here he is offering to stop for me who has run about 4 or 5km. I declined the offer though & we kept on running. Albeit a little more painfully than before for me. More R-I-C-E on my left foot/ankle when I got home, & for the next few days, but no interruption to my training. I think I definitely used a Get Out of Jail Free card there.

While my legs had otherwise been coping well, apart from that "always tired" feeling, my back wasn't so good. It flared up just before the 33k run. As is so often the case for me, that resulted in upper leg problems. This time it was my quads, which hurt for that whole run. Especially on any down hills. That made for a very tough run, leading to probably the hardest decision I had to make during the final stages of this campaign. Coming up to a fork in the path where I either went straight ahead to home, or turned right to run a lap of the lake. Coming up to the fork in the path I'd pretty much decided that I didn't need the extra 1500m from the lake lap, as I would have still clocked up 32k without it. But at the very last minute I took that right turn & ran the lap. One of the most telling 1500 metres of my life.

The next day I saw the osteo who straightened my pelvis (again) & that sorted out my quads. Unfortunately it didn't stop the back pain though. Apparently 30-odd km of pounding away on hard surfaces when you're back's screwed up isn't the best thing you can do. So I headed off to the physio for the first of many visits for treatment on my lower back; specifically my facet joint. The one thing that made running with the back pain a bit easier to take was that it was sore pretty much all the time. At least when I was running in was only bad every time my left foot hit the ground. And it's just possible that my back problems were helping my running by forcing me to hold better form. Sounded good in theory anyway. Besides which, it was only a bit of pain & running wasn't make it any worse. (Just possibly stopping it from getting better.)

Until now I'd held off submitting my entry for the GOR. Call me paranoid if you like, but I wanted to have as many boxes as possible ticked before committing. My back was a concern, but I thought it was manageable. So I decided that it was time to put my entry in, & book my accommodation. Having left it so late meant that I couldn't get accommodation in either Apollo Bay (first preference) or Lorne, but I found what looked like a nice motel in Aireys Inlet which was only about a 10-15 minute drive to the start. I booked myself a deluxe room because I wasn't going to risk not having facilities I wanted for the sake of the extra \$10.

That left just a 3 week taper separating me from the marathon. My back was still an issue, & my glute had decided that it wanted to join the fun but I could manage those niggles. I was still running. Nothing else mattered.

Never having gone through a taper before it was hard to know what to do. After a fair bit of research, I went for approach of keeping to the same number & types of sessions that had gotten me this far. Just dropping the duration each week. So I managed to get to a couple of Tuesday Milers sessions, where I was a little less than open about my impending plans. Apologies to anyone I misled, but I still felt the need to keep things under wraps.

With my replacement shoes still not in, I decided to try my last 20k run in racing flats. Not the best idea I've ever had. About 18k into the run my feet were getting very sore. By the time I got home about 4 1/2k later I knew what shoes I would NOT be wearing in the marathon. I didn't do any damage though, & I had 2 weeks of my taper for my feet to recover.

The rest of the taper went to plan. The only threat came in the form of my replacement shoes arriving with about 10 days to go. Brooks had replaced (free of charge) my Summons 2 with a shiny new pair of Summons 3. A shoe I'd never worn before. They were lighter & felt nice, but should I take the chance. I walked around in them for about half an hour quite enjoying the feel, before I came to my senses. I quickly took them off & put them back in their box, not to be looked at again until after the marathon. There are some mistakes that I don't have to make for myself.

There were a handful of Milers who knew my plans & gave me some great support along the way. I'm not going to name anyone, but there was one Miler in particular who has been there through all those trials over those 3 years, because he'd been there & come through with flying colours. The inspirational efforts of other Milers have also been great motivating factors for me & helped me to get through some of the toughest mental challenges that I faced during those years. So thank you all.

That's about it I guess. Included for your convenience & edification are the report I posted on the Forum on the night of the marathon, & the "Road to Melbourne – 2010" that I started writing back then in the mistaken hope that I was going to post it as part of my 10-10-10 marathon report. Better late than never I guess.

-----000 **The End** 000-----

APPENDIX A: MMM Forum - Race Report

Time to come out of the closet I guess. As Smurf indicated, there was a Miler running the GOR full today & it was me. I wasn't the only one though. Hef was out there in his kilt running his **200th** marathon! Hef's decision apparently was very late. My decision was made some time ago, but after the false hope of a number of attempts over the past 3 years I decided to keep this campaign very low key.

If any campaign warrants a report detailing the road to the start line, then I reckon this is it. But you're going to have to wait for that, because from the time I step on board the Pacific Pearl on Tuesday, until I return the following Thursday, I won't be on-line. 😊 In the meantime, here's a report that I'll restrict to just today's activities. The saga of the epic journey I've been through to get to the start line today will have to wait.

I woke up in my Airey's Inlet motel room feeling as prepared as I could be. Relieved that the day had come, but still very nervous about whether or not the legs would hold out. Having taken over 3 years to get to this point, the primary goal was to finish. If I could just do that, then I could be satisfied & this run will have achieved what it was meant to do.

But we runners are a competitive lot, so we can't help thinking about times. Primary goal aside, I couldn't be happy with a time over 4 hours. So I set the alarm on my watch to go off 4 hours after the scheduled start, so that I'd know whether or not I'd made it. But I had second thoughts & decided that doing that couldn't do any good, & would more likely sabotage my run. So I turned it off. Today I was going to run according to how I felt. Whatever that speed happened to be would just have to do.

So I headed to the start line at Lorne. Got a reasonable park outside the police station, although I was a bit concerned about having to walk up that hill later. 😊 Lots of people milling around & queuing at the main toilet block. No-one at the next block though, or at the block just up past the start. Went for a nervous little run & sort of felt fine. Paranoia is not a pleasant condition to suffer from on days like today. We couldn't ask for any better weather. It was cool & clear, with light winds forecast. Days like that don't come along every day in May on the Great Ocean Road.

We got the word to line up, which we did in a fairly relaxed and orderly fashion. I left the front rows for the few genuinely quick runners & those who wanted to start quickly, so that I'd have people to pick off for the rest of the run. With simultaneous starts for the Full at Lorne & the Half at Kennett River, there was a 10-9-8... countdown that was supposed to culminate with a gun. I didn't hear any gun, but at zero I started my watch & commenced walking to the start line. 19.36 seconds later I simultaneously crossed the start line, took my first split & started running. Well shuffling really, but you get my drift.

Did the usual mid-pack thing of trying to find running room. Went to the outside kerb for about the first km & then made it onto the road. Settled into a rhythm & continued picking people off. At about 3k I saw the unmistakeable garb of the kilted Hef, so I dropped into stride with him. We ran together for a while (maybe 10k), but I felt that I was dragging Hef along quicker than he wanted to go. So I said something & we went our separate ways.

Things were going along pretty smoothly for a while. My 5k splits were quicker than I'd expected them to be, but I was feeling relaxed. Well, except for a wake up call around the 13k mark when my breathing got a bit laboured. But I backed off & got that back under control reasonably quickly.

Around 25k my left calf started feeling tight & my stomach responded with a sinking feeling of its own. I'm not sure whether or not it helped, but I started using the unsealed shoulder any time there was one. As you'll see from my splits things got a bit tougher around here. But I was managing to keep at sub-5min/km pace (just!), so there was no reason to panic.

Fast forward 10k or so & I'm thinking my left calf is going to hold on. So my right calf decides that it isn't happy. Maybe I'd been favouring it, but there wasn't much I could do except keep things as smooth & light as possible; & hope.

Through 40k & I allowed myself to think that I'm going to at least get to the 42.195 mat. My calves were still hanging in there. My quads weren't enjoying downhills & the uphill were becoming harder, but I thought I could still hold the pace. Then seemingly all of a sudden things got much harder. 45k was no longer the goal. Just the regulation marathon. My breathing got quite erratic & very noisy. I don't know if it was *The Wall*, but it was hard work!

But I crossed the timing mat at 42.195 over 17 minutes ahead of my Melbourne '04 time. Happy on the inside, but I'm sure I wasn't showing it because I knew I still had nearly 3k to go & I didn't know where it was going to come from.

Many of my long training runs had ended with a lap or 2 of my local lake, at just over 1500m per lap. So I told myself it's just 2 laps of the lake. If I could maintain my pace, it would be 15 minutes. So when I looked at my watch nearly 8 minutes later I told myself just one more lap.

The finish of this run is a bit of a tease. The last 3k is basically one long, gentle bend, & even though you know the finish line is getting close, you can't actually see it until you've only got about 200m to run.

As we all know, a finishing chute lined with cheering spectators & kids calling for high fives gives you a lift. So I tried picking up the pace a bit, as you do. Both hamstrings immediately sent me quite emphatic warnings that if I tried any of that nonsense then I would find myself writhing on the ground in agony. So we compromised & I just finished it off at a more sensible pace.

There are so many timing mats at the finish, that I didn't know which was the actual finish. I stopped my watch on the last mat, with a time of 3:35:01.01. That's 3 1/2 minutes quicker than my previous best. To say I was happy (and still am 😊) would be a gross understatement. I'd finally (!) actually started & finished a marathon. Not only did I finish, but I'd exceeded my wildest expectations. 3:38 was my dream time. You know the one. The time you have in your mind but you know it's not realistic. And somehow it happened.

I grabbed my clothing bag & headed to the beach to soak my legs for a while. A bit cold, but definitely worthwhile. My calves felt much better afterwards & have been behaving very well. My feet are a different story. Walking barefoot back over the sand dune, one foot cramped. I stopped & managed to get it to release. A couple of steps later the other foot cramped. While I'm trying to get that to release, my fist foot cramped again. All I could do was stand there trying to wriggle my feet & wait, smiling to the other competitors squeezing past me on the path. Once I'd washed the sand off & re-shod my feet it was all good though I'm happy to say.

Post-race there isn't much to say. Unfortunately I didn't get to see any of the other Milers. Congrats to Racer on his PB, & to Hef on his 200th marathon. I suspect his day was probably longer than Damo's. Diggler was supposed to be running as well, but I don't have any news of how he went.

I don't have a Garmin, so the only splits you get are from the markers that were placed every 5k:

23:28 5k
24:06/47:24 10k
22:50 15k
22:49/45:39 20k
23:50 25k
24:41/48:31 30k
24:06
24:38/48:44 40k
24:33 (3:21:09 42.195)
=====
3:35:01
=====

With all of the talk recently about retirements, & coming off such a landmark run, now seems like the perfect time to announce that I am definitely not retiring. The marathon & I might have patched up our differences, but there are some other distances/courses that I can't say that about. No hurry though. As the peasant said in *Monty Python & the Holy Grail*: I'm not dead yet. 😊

GGO

Appendix B: Road to Melbourne 10-10-10

01 Jan: Dropped a desk on my toe. Pretty sure it's broken.

03 Jan: Ate some dodgy prawns on a pizza, resulting in an anaphylactic reaction. Trip to hospital. While I was there got an X-ray confirming broken toe.

16 Jan: First exercise for the year. 1km swim.

22 Jan: 55min on exercise bike at local gym - better than swimming

24 Jan: 75min on exercise bike

25 Jan: Follow-up X-ray still clearly showed break.

27 Jan: 60min on exercise bike

29 Jan: Physio cleared to me get back on a real bike.

Total for January (3h50m): Swim - 1km; X bike - 3h10m; Medical - physio x 2, doctor x 2, hospital x 1

01 Feb: Cycled to & from work for the 1st time this year. Commuted daily on bike from then on.

21 Feb: Joined Marvin for a pleasant Diamond Creek-Kinglake loop. About 86k. Jealous of runners I pass.

Total for February (22h51m): Bike - 583k; Medical - doctor x 1

03 Mar: Told by doctor not to run until end of month. :(

Continued to commute to/from work on bike.

31 Mar: Kayak - 60min

Total for March (16h34m): Bike - 426k; Other - 1h kayak; Medical - doctor x 2

01 Apr: Bike - 30min; Kayak - 48min

02 Apr: Kayak - 87min

03 Apr: Run - 5.4k in 25:57 (First run for year!) :)

05 Apr: Bike: 86km Kinglake with Marvin

06 Apr: Run - 5.4k in 25:28 (Getting quicker :))

Back to cycle commutes & slowly building up runs. Decide 10-10-10 is 6 months away & has a nice ring to it. Write a checklist of milestones to achieve before registering.

Total for April (28h39m): Run - 91k (longest 12.9k); Bike - 519k; Other - 2h15m kayak; Medical - massage x 1, doctor x 1

01 May: First "race" for the year, XCR01 @ Jells. Surprised & happy to break 25min.

Continued building up runs & cycling to/from work. Joined gym, as work subsidised cost.

08 May: Lardner Park - rolled ankle twice & hobbled to finish. :(

10 May: Spin - 1st ever spin class. Create pond with sweat.

12 May: First run since rolled ankle. Taped up & tender, but manageable.

14 May: First core strength session.

21 May: First 20k run for the year (thanks Dozer). Tick box. :)

Total for May (37h37m): Run - 186k (longest 20.5k; biggest week 45k); Bike - 472k; Spin: 3 classes; Core: 3 sessions; Medical - massage x 2

June: Pretty uneventful, with things building up & boxes being ticked.

Total for June (47h59m): Run - 217k (longest 28k; biggest week 61k); Bike - 676k; Spin: 3 classes; Core: 3 sessions; Medical - massage x 2

04 Jul: 2.8k into Sunday long run quads in both legs seized up & I had to painfully hobble home. :(

04 Jul: Felt I had to do something, so went for a 40k ride. Hammie seized up periodically & lucky to get home. (Familiar back-related problem.)

05 Jul: Physio straightened my back out.

06 Jul: Did 4x2k session & felt okay. Relief!

13 Jul: Pain in peroneus brevis (left foot). Possibly triggered by new cycling shoes. Switched straight back to old shoes.

14 Jul: Did Meander with foot strapped. Sore but manageable.

15 Jul: First deep water running (DWR) session for year - 35min. (About 400m :))

16 Jul: Soreness in left knee on extended cycle home. :(

17 Jul: Came off bike on tram tracks. Slightly grazed & bruised, but pride was worst casualty.

20 Jul: Easy run. Foot still taped but feeling better.

25 Jul: Ignore physio & do You Yangs 30k. Very sore by the end, but survived & very satisfying. Possibly the toughest run I've ever done. Probably my most important session this year. Tick a big box.

Missed the next few days because of training course, but legs probably thankful for the rest.

31 Jul: Took a dose of HTFU & ran Brimbank. Foot still taped, but feeling better. Ran up THE hill both times. :)

31 Jul: Had run out of excuses & time for the early bird, so took the plunge & registered for the full.

Total for July (47h42m): Run - 185k (longest 30k; biggest week 65k); Bike - 716k; Spin: 3 classes; Medical - massage x 2, physio x 3, osteo x 1

12 Aug: Saw podiatrist to get annoying corns removed from sole of foot.

22 Aug: BRT 34k. Longest run since 2004. Quicker than expected & suggestions that a 3h10m marathon is possible. Everything is on track & looking good.

Total for August (46h53m): Run - 296k (longest 34k; biggest week 77k); Bike - 531k; Spin: 2 classes; Medical - massage x 2, podiatrist x 1

05 Sep: Strained calf 10k into Burnley Half :(

06 Sep: Started treatment including ultrasounds. No serious damage evident.

07 Sep: 1h DWR

08 Sep: Spin & 1km swim

09 Sep: 55min DWR

10 Sep: More treatment. Physio said I should go for 5-8k run & be back to full training within a few days.

10 Sep: Took physio's advice & broke down with same problem at 4.1k. Feel like it's time to give up.

Get over initial disappointment after leaving message on physio's answering machine & decide that I'm not ready to give up yet.

11 Sep: 1h05m DWR

12 Sep: 40k bike @ 30kph average

13 Sep: (AM) 40min DWR. Cut session short as left hip starting grabbing with every "stride"

13 Sep: Get car-doored on the way home from work. Cycled home & assessed damage. Plenty of bruises & abrasions, but nothing broken. More determined than ever about 10-10-10, but feel the need to have a couple of days off.

16 Sep: Spin class

19 Sep: 1h15m DWR

22 Sep: 1h DWR tempo session

24 Sep: 1h31m DWR

25 Sep: 1h14m DWR (56min of hard/easy)

26 Sep: 1h50m exercise bike (having decided not to take any chance with cycling on the road)
20min warm-up/down & 90min solid. 10 minutes after finishing had very sore Vastus Medialis (left quad). Ice!

27 Sep: (AM) Woke up with very sore muscles in back. 56min DWR (cut session short because of calf cramps). Book into osteo.

27 Sep: (PM) Geordie (osteo) straightened me out & both legs are almost the same length as each other again. :)

28 Sep: Spin class

29 Sep: 52min DWR

30 Sep: (AM) 45min DWR

30 Sep: (PM) Massage

Total for September (20h08m): Run - 51k; Bike - 203k; Spin - 4 classes; DWR - 11h13m; Other - stretch class x 2; Medical - massage x 2, doctor x 4, physio x 2, osteo x 1

I never got to complete the final stage of this "road".