

BIDEFORD HALF MARATHON

I set off, my race number was 417,
I was heading for the half marathon in Bideford Devon
T'was my 4th time down to the little white town,
It's so tranquil – the jewel in the crown.
Devon is such a stunning place,
I was pleased to be back – for another race.
Some came to escape the noise of a city street,
To do the 'Half' in Bideford – now that's something you can't beat.
We got there by bus, train and car,
We journeyed from near and far
So we gathered from miles around
And agreed no better race can be found.

Race morning arrived at last
We all hoped for a PB – to run fast
The day was great, the sun came out
The race will be the best yet, without a doubt..
But the 'limit is reached' the announcer said
Some faces turned quite red.
The announcer informed with dismay
Latecomers will have to run another day
First timers were heard to say 'Bideford is stunning
Just the place to do some running
It's such a beautiful place
The whole day will be just ace.

For those who feel unwell, not up to the mark
There's an undertaker across the street by the park!
But those not ready for a funeral pyre
The music system was blasting 'Chariots of Fire'
So Dave Sheppard set us on our way
A test umpire – the best they say
From the town and along the front we all run
Even working hard, it was tiring but great fun.
Up to the 'Puffin Billy' then heads were turned for home
It was dead straight now – no more hills to roam
Was so tempting to call in for a beer
Put it out of your mind – go up a gear
And so on our way back along the Tarka Trail
We gave it our all – we could not fail
Then it's onto the home straight
Looking back some will be late
Across Long Bridge with 500 to go
No way now I could slow
But my tactics I had to switch
What a time to get a bloody stitch!!
So with heavy breathing, aches and pain
To reach the finish line was my aim
Victoria Park was reached at last.
I didn't know I'd run so fast
After belting out thirteen point one
My legs feet and knees were quite numb
Now to the club for refreshments and drink
To mull over the race – what do you think?

So back to the valleys by train
Return to Pontypridd Roadents, adoration to gain
It's only four hours – next year I'll be back again
God in His wisdom took a piece of heaven
Put it on this little island and called it Devon
Here's to the organisers, helpers, marshals and all
Thanks for doing your bit and answering the call.
You excelled yourself, stood out from the rest,
I must say you know how to treat a guest.

Your club is friendly I must say,
So may laughter and PB's come your way.
This rhyme is not worthy of Oscar Wilde
It may be tame and a little mild
But anyone reading this, I want you to gleen
It's one of the loveliest places I have ever seen.
So if you're thinking of a half marathon to run
A good day out mixed with fun
Come on why not get on board
And I'll see you next year in Bideford.