

BIDEFORD HALF MARATHON – RUNNING REALITIES

While browsing the website, in search of my time,
I chanced across someone else's rhyme.

Generous it was in praise of the Bideford race,
But time to inject a little reality into the pace

1200 at the start, mostly handsome folk,
Then there were the rest of us, the ugly and broke.

Some had trained for months, some weeks, some days,
Pre-race preparations had been made in differing ways.

I'd had 3 portions of pasta, a touch too much it has to be said,
It gave me the wind awful, and drove my wife out of bed.

Some stuffed their pockets full of dried fruit, and in this activity I did join,
Then nipped around the corner to rub Ibuprofan into my groin.

Now up to the line, bouncing and dancing,
Jostling & teasing our friends, some sneakily advancing.

Then we're off! In the blink of an eye!
I broke wind again, but it just sounded like a sigh.

And that's where the fun ended, how I wanted my £18 back,
Reached Landcross, hips keep going 'crack'.

Every little hill, people kept coming past me,
It's quite discouraging, and the 'cracking' has moved to my knee.

I kept lumbering along, though I don't know why,
Two chaps passed me discussing football, made me want to cry.

At the 1st drinks station, I tried copying the guys in front,
They were drinking while running, looks an easy enough stunt.

I gagged & coughed & belched, gave up before I did myself more damage,
The bottle hit a bloke on the knee, as I chucked it towards the hedge.

Everyone seemed to be spitting, but I was too dry,
Well at least they got some water on, why did I enter, why oh why?

I'm halfway round, the Puffing Billy came and went,
More like halfway to death, and my energy was all spent.

My visions of Seb Coe style, have all gone up in smoke,
As a thin-legged geriatric passed me, this is getting beyond a joke.

Some enjoyed the gentle breeze, coming along the trail,
But to me it seemed like a ruddy gale.

I tried slip streaming someone, but it didn't go well,
He must've had far too much pasta as well.

All the way back is a bit of a blur,
This achievement must be bigger than Ben Hur.

Geriatrics & women continue to pass me, at least people are no longer chattering,
My visions of SAS magnitude, these visions, they are shattering.

But in the end, I reached the end,
And now my boasting will drive folk round the bend.

I can barely walk, but I can still talk,
And I've forgotten those who passed me,
The women, the old, the 1 legged gimp with a bad knee.

And how many of you have said 'Never Again' no, no, I can't stand the pain.
And will it really be against your will,
When next year you stand among 1200, at 10:30, on the Pill.

Steve Beer

(On behalf of all those in pain, at 16:30 On Sunday 1st March).