

BRITISH 10K RUN

The British 10K London Run - 12th July 2009

The Nasio Trust was very pleased to have guaranteed places in the 2009 British 10K run, that took place in London on 12th July 2009. The route took runners past central London's world famous historic and iconic landmarks.

Olympic athletes and celebrities from stage and screen, as well as tens of thousands of fun and recreational runners took part to raise money for the hundreds of participating charities and other causes.

Mrs Sally Crowe, running on behalf of the Nasio Trust describes the day.

The minibus arrived on time at 6.30 am at the M40 interchange as agreed. Jon at the wheel, looking energised and up for it – the rest of the minibus occupants looking a little less so. As we took our seats it transpired that most of the other members of the Nasio Running team had been partying the night before – so there were a few sore heads. We made introductions for those that didn't know each other and had fun catching up with old friends.

As we approached central London there were some nervous laughs and jokes, we could see barriers, deserted streets and lots of people in 'day glo' orange jackets looking important, this was it, we were taking part at last. We parked up in St James Square and started to get ready. On went the bright orange Nasio 10K London Run T shirts, and various items of specialised running equipment and gadgetry.

The next hour went slowly. However there were important activities to keep us busy, queuing for the measly number of portaloos provided, and speculating on how long it would take us each to run the race. Some of us stretched, some of us didn't. Nancy and Jon broke open the food and drink supplies and race numbers were attached to T shirts. Then as the final members of the team assembled we had a group photo, a wonderful pep talk from Nancy and Jon, locked the minibus and made our way to the start point. Or so we thought...as there were 27,000 other people doing exactly the same thing it took another hour to reach the start. In the meantime there was 'inspirational music' blaring from loud speakers, a display of music and marching from the cold stream guards, and some words from the Mayor of London. Of more importance to us was speculation in the Nasio ladies group about the frequency of toilets en route, and drawing up emergency plans for 'off piste' activity if none were to be found. With so many people jostling to start, our orange group split and merged with many others, and we began to get excited and nervous. First off was Ian, a veteran runner of these sort of races, he had managed to get to the front, he was closely followed by David, Russell, Steve, and Alan. Next up were myself, Kathleen and Lorraine, a great start, combining our running technique with loo spotting to great effect. Kathleen just managed to get into Starbucks before they realised what was happening!

As we ran the first 1 k we saw Maurice, Christine, Nancy, Jon, Louise and Beverly still waiting to start the race. They gave us a big cheer and we were on our way.

Very soon I lost both Kathleen and Lorraine in the throng, it was very strange to be running with so many people, when most of my training had been 'me and my ipod'.

The route became clear, and soon I was running alongside the River Thames and looking out for the 2K and 3K markers. Maurice and Christine passed me on good form at about 3 k and I could feel my 'wall' coming up. I decided to slow right down in as we went through a tunnel as it was cooler and quieter – coming up for air signalled a turning point in the run (at about St Pauls) and also the prospect of water and other energy drinks. I was overtaken by a group of chickens and a Scooby Doo. As we approached Westminster Bridge I realised that we must be well over half way – a very large inflatable and surreal running shoe met us at the turn onto the bridge and the sun came out. A local DJ played a different sort of inspirational music, to help us across Parliament Square, I began to feel very tired but then came level with a man completing the race on crutches, I felt immense respect for this runner and stopped feeling sorry for myself.

Jon sailed past trailing the Kenyan flag and this gave me another boost to keep going even if it was power walking rather than running. Someone shouted '1 K to go' I couldn't believe it, spurred on by this remarkable news I started to run again and could see a Town Cryer in the distance shepherding people to the finish line. And then I was over the line, feeling relief and an overwhelming need for water – I located a bottle and began to feel better. There followed a slow and painful walk to baggage reclaim, to get medals and goodie bags (free chafing cream anyone?) and then back to the minibus...except I was completely disorientated and couldn't remember where to go. I asked some marshalls and predictably got several different sets of directions to St James Square, I began to feel my lower lip trembling, what would they do if I didn't turn up? How long would they wait? I realised that I was regressing fast – so collected my thoughts and tried to retrace my steps. Suddenly I spotted a shop I recognised in Pall Mall, and then I knew I was close. I pitched up at the minibus – everyone else was there with coffee and croissants – what a relief. 'Where have you been' they asked! A quick T shirt change, some bubbly and a lovely chocolate muffin and all was right with the world! London 10k run – sorted!