

Well today some of us journeyed 50 miles up to Parbold, Lancashire for the sold-out Hill Race. Thank you Skelmersdale Boundary Harriers Running Club for a brilliantly organised 11k mudfest of hills and stiles, a hay bale and even a few possible cowpats at one point. You couldn't quite hold back the rain after 2.30pm, though we know you tried- but that just added to the slippery-slidy ambiance. We loved it and had great things to say about the cheerful marshals and runners.

Our resident pixie Christine Cammillare (first photo, front centre) well versed in skipping over mud that personally I sank into, was third in her age group- and she'd already done a canicross at Delamere that morning and come second in her category!

Thanks to whoever arranged the water-jet truck afterwards to try to get a bit of mud off ahead of the long drive home. Luckily the weather wasn't that cold for February and it felt like a warm shower but we had recently run through a stream 🌧️🌧️🌧️