



The Metro Mouthpiece

The newsletter for Metro Aberdeen Running Club members

Issue 4 May 2009

www.metroaberdeen.co.uk

Digital Revolution

Welcome to the latest edition of the Metro Mouthpiece. This will be the last edition of the newsletter printed on paper as, in future, it will be sent out to you by email as a pdf file (pdf viewer can be downloaded free of charge) - more on this later.

If you have not already received your 2009 membership card then it should be enclosed, if not then please contact jackie.stewart@acergy-group.com or any other club committee member and this will be rectified - committee members are listed and pictured on the club website: www.metroaberdeen.co.uk

The last year and a half has been a mixed bag for me: 2008 started well with personal bests at half marathon and marathon in the first 4 months, followed by a bout of injury, lack of motivation and culminating in becoming a dad for the first time. I had half decided to take the last few months of the year off anyway, before sickness..... and shltty nappies made the decision for me. In short I would say that for me, in a running sense, 2008 was a moderately successful but frustrating year..... In a personal sense it was great.

I seem to have finally shaken off my niggling achilles injury but, for the first time since 2002, I decided not to do a spring marathon, so I've just been kind of plodding along with no structure or motivation. I have entered the Loch Ness Marathon in October so at least that gives me something to aim for with training starting in earnest early June. It's going to be interesting trying to manipulate my training around my baby duties..... or should it be the other way round??? Anyway, I'm (sort of) looking forward to getting the mileage up and those lovely weekend 23 milers - who needs toe nails anyway?

More on the "digital revolution". This has been decided for several reasons: primarily financial - currently each issue incurs a relatively high cost for the club in regard to printing, envelopes, labels and stamps, not to mention my (and others) valuable time. As you can imagine, with 200 copies being printed and posted out this soon adds up. Also, in these environmentally sensitive times, it is certainly much less of an impact on the environment to press "send" to a couple of hundred email addresses rather than post out a few thousand sheets of paper which, no doubt, rapidly end up in the waste bin. It will also enable us to perhaps produce a larger, full colour newsletter without worrying about costs. We are also looking into having the newsletter available to view and download from the club website in future.

Please ensure that your up to date email address is held by the club, if not then please send it to jackie.stewart@acergy-group.com or pass on your details to any club committee member.

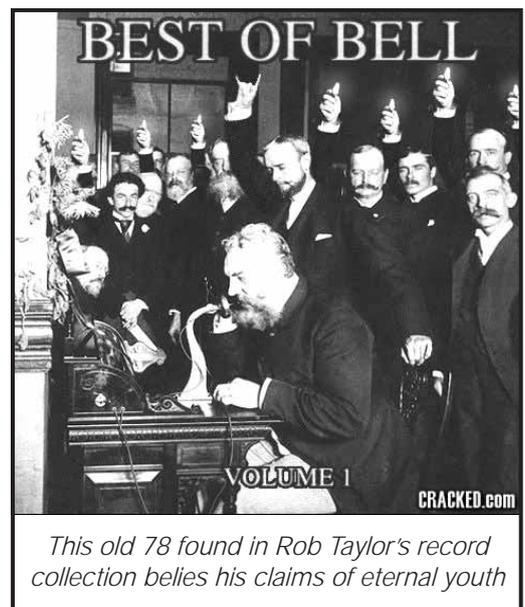
If, for whatever reason, you would still like to receive a paper copy of the newsletter then please email me with your contact details - name, address etc to rthomson@talktalk.net or post to: Richard Thomson, 100 Irvine Place, Aberdeen AB10 6HB

Inside this issue

Thanks to everyone who submitted race reports and contributions. Again there is a distinct international feel with reports and photographs from races in Dubai, France, the USA, England and even Dundee. There's even a bit of poetry for the more cultured among us. Turn to page 7 to see the winning article.

Thanks also for the caption competition entries received - the winner of £10 worth of Run-4-It vouchers is announced on page 10 along with this issues competition photo.

Richard Thomson



D.R.A.M. (Dundee Running Adventure Marathon)

20 September 2008

Kevin Tulloch

Well if I had been in any way fit.....

It was strange,

Well, I was going out for a 22-23 mile training run anyway so I thought, 'what the hell, I'll give it a go'. The race started in Camperdown park and pretty much followed the green circle route round Dundee.

An uphill start on parkland and forest trails for about 3 miles with some unmarked splits in the path where you just had to make a decision. At around 2 miles there was a fork in the path with no indication whatsoever of which way to go, 2 of us (who were in the lead) deliberated which way to go and were joined soon by the third placed runner, luckily the 4th guy knew the way and off we went again.

It was then pretty much downhill/undulating with loads of underpasses and bridges to cross - going through one of the underpasses I was sure I tripped over a wino! We had to be pedestrians at the road crossings, many of which were covered by plod so that wasn't too bad, the best one was trying to cross the main Dundee to Arbroath road with no Police presence - only with a marshal on the crossing island in the middle of the dual carriageway frantically pushing the pelican crossing buttons to help the runners cross, he did a fine job.

We hit the coast at around 11 miles, east of Broughty Ferry then ran along the side of the Tay, almost to Invergowrie at 22 miles, pretty flat but into a decent headwind all the way, nice! Through another underpass to get to the other side of the Perth road then it was uphill from there to the finish. A small West highland terrier that tried to chew my ankles off at 23 miles was un-necessary, but I fully realise the organiser can do nothing about that..... flashbacks from my dog incident in Canada last year and a well aimed kick from my trusty size 7 left foot did the trick, not an owner in sight of course.

Negotiating the tunnel under the Kingsway at 24 miles was a laugh, a sharp right at the end of the underpass and up 2 flights of stairs, hamstrings and calves twanging, pinging and popping as you went.... all good fun. I was lying third at that point but after the stairs I was done and I scraped home 6th overall and 3rd vet.

All police, marshals and helpers were brilliant - I always say that without them there would be no races anywhere, in particular those who were volunteering their time - imagine giving up your free time at the weekend so a load of nutters can go jogging?!?! , so a huge thanks to them,

The two guys and a girl on the motorbikes who kept appearing at various points were also great, a big smile and encouraging words every time, in fact they seemed to delight in stopping the traffic for the runners, I can't think why.

So, not your normal city marathon but then again, I'm not your normal runner.



Make sure you follow the care instructions on all your Metro kit



Run-4-it have 4 stores throughout Scotland - Aberdeen, Edinburgh and 2 in Glasgow and are Scotland's only independent chain of running shops. They carry a huge stock of running shoes, clothing and accessories and have a dedicated team of knowledgeable staff on hand for any help or advice you may require.

Metro members will get a 10% discount at any of their stores, just discretely show your membership card when making a purchase.

Find Run-4-It at:

Aberdeen
21 Holburn Street
Tel: 01224 594400

Edinburgh
108 - 110 Lothian Road
Tel: 0131 2283444

Glasgow City
57 Bothwell Street
Tel: 0141 2214300

Glasgow - Tiso Outdoor Experience
50 Couper Street, Townhead
Tel: 0141 5595450

Dubai Marathon

18 January 2008

Ali Hughes

I love chocolate, mulled wine, mince pies and Christmas pud, therefore I had to do something to keep me active over the festive period to prevent piling on the pounds!! I opted to train for the Dubai Marathon, held in mid January.

The fact that I would be doing all my training in sub-zero temperatures and the marathon would be run in a warm and cosy climate did not cross my mind at all!

Anyhoo, training went well and the tapering part was a lot of fun because that happened to fall over the festive period (i.e. Christmas day/Boxing day), so I enjoyed my turkey and trimmings even more so!

The 2008 Standard Chartered Dubai Marathon is dubbed as the richest long distance running event in history, with prize-money totaling \$1,000,000, including a winner's cheque of \$250,000 for men and women.... now is that an incentive or what?! It was enough to attract the likes of Ethiopia's Haile Gebrselassie (who won it by a country mile).

The flight to Dubai is rather pleasant and, if booked early, you can secure a decent price. Given that the marathon is held on a Friday (which is the Muslim's equivalent of our Sunday, i.e. their 'holy day'), I chose to arrive on the Wednesday evening, then spent Thursday 'acclimatizing' by way of lying on a sun lounger by the ocean with a (virgin) cocktail in my hand.

It was a very early start on the Friday morning - had to get up at 5am (which is 1am GMT) in order to get to the start line for a 7am start. My pre-race tactics weren't quite rehearsed. I spent a good while trying to track down a Taxi to take me to the start as, apparently running up and down the sidewalk at 6am in a Muslim country, sporting nothing but a wee pair of shorts and a Metro Vest isn't considered 'the done thing'! How cultures can so easily collide!!

Once I managed to convince a taxi to stop, I went and left my Garmin on the dashboard and it wasn't until he drove off that I realised I had forgotten to pick it up! So, there I was again running down the middle of the road, arms waving, screaming for the taxi to stop..... this isn't considered cool over there either! I remain convinced that he sped up. The driver probably looked in his rear-view mirror and decided to make a sharp exit from the lunatic running down the road, probably stopping off at the nearest Mosque to ask for forgiveness for letting a crazy western woman in his car in the first place!..... Unfortunately, my Garmin was never to be seen again

At the start line, there was a mixture of Nationalities and a very exciting vibe in the air, even though it's not a hugely populated race. The sun was yet to rise, so visibility wasn't the greatest, but it was clear enough to witness the odd Muslim lady dressed head to toe in her black 'dish-dash', with only her eyes on show and the toes of her pristine white trainers popping out of her skirt incredible! Just shows how religion can take control of any and all situations if you let it!

The course itself is admittedly not the most exciting - an 'out and back' with the turning point directly beside the truly magnificent Burj Al Arab (the 6* Hotel that is designed to resemble a billowing sail, the building soaring to a height of 321 metres certainly dominates the Dubai coastline). There were ample refreshment stations, more than enough Marshals/Officials and the streets were lined with a mixture of ex-pat support and locals who were clearly just getting scooped up in the excitement of seeing semi-clad people running along the street - a sight that is somewhat rare in that part of the world.

Having no Garmin was a concern for me at the beginning, but as there was nothing I could do about it, I just ran the race in line with how my body felt. I ended up getting sandwiched in a pack of French, Dutch and German lads which was fine by me. By half way, the sun was splitting the sky but the fact that it was still early morning meant that the weather was never really a problem. My trusty supporters (Mum and Dad) had trouble locating me during the race as it was difficult to get the car anywhere near the road we were running on (a tip for any future spectators is to get to the sideline early on), you will inevitably see the runners twice as they run back the same way after turning at the half-way point.

It was at mile 22 that I eventually spotted Mum and Dad. Dad just pushed his way out on to the road and started running along side me for a while, stuffing bananas and energy bars in my face and squirting sports drinks all over me. It was then that I asked him what the time was (I had no idea prior to this point) "if you keep up this pace, you'll bag a sub 3:30" came the reply. The thought of a PB was enough to keep me going so, pleasantly re-fuelled, I upped my pace and continued down the road. Upon reaching the final stretch, the clock clearly read that I had managed to secure my PB, I was delighted and there was nothing left to do but to retreat to the beach, don my bikini, flop on a sun-lounger and order the biggest, wildest, most alcoholic cocktail on the menu.

Reepham Summer Sunday

17 August 2008

Richard Thomson

As my sister-in-law is currently living and working in Norwich we decided on a wee visit last summer, before Julie got too pregnant to travel. Once we had finally decided on suitable dates, one of the first things I did was get onto the Runner's World website to check for races in the area. As luck would have it there was the annual "Reepham Summer Sunday Run", a wee village 10k race about 10 miles from Norwich with entry available on the day - perfect. An added bonus was that previous years results meant that if I ran well then I could be in with a shout of a prize and, hell, if no one else turns up, I could even WIN!!!!

Race day dawned and the forecast of heavy rain was spot on..... in fact, I've rarely seen rain so torrential, so bad that I seriously considered not bothering going (and I quite like running in the rain), but I set off anyway. By the time I managed to find the picturesque village of Reepham, the rain was letting up a little and after tying up the boat in a muddy field, the short walk to registration was in a pleasant light drizzle with a weak sun struggling to peak through the cloud. However, by the time I had paid and left the registration hut, the heavens had opened again and I was well and truly soaked by the time I got back to the car, och well, I'd paid my money so might as well race.

Standing in a huge ankle deep puddle at the start, I could sense that my Metro vest was being scrutinised by a few local club runner types and it was a little strange (as someone who does the vast bulk of his racing in the N.E. of Scotland) to see so many unfamiliar club vests/names on show - "Lowestoft Road Runners", "CONAC", "Ipswich Jaffa". The race setup and feel was very familiar though, just like the average small town and village races in the North East of Scotland - a couple of hundred runners with a good mixture of young whippets, creaky old veterans, confident young lads in fitba shorts, gym bunnies and various other shapes, sizes and ages..... a bit like a Thursday rep session then.

After the (thankfully) short race briefing and with no let up in the rain, we were off..... straight through an ever expanding lake. The first half of the race was extremely familiar - quiet, undulating country roads (definitely NOT flat though as I had hoped for and expected) and, apart from the accents, this could be Forfar, Peterhead, Dyke or Elgin. I was feeling comfortable and sitting in 3rd or 4th place.

Things changed though once the race went "off road" - imagine, if you will, the old Deeside railway line but made up entirely of thick, ankle deep, heavily rutted mud. This slowed me down so much that I was passed by a few runners, I passed some myself but not as many. When we eventually got back onto tarmac it was only for a short while before the home stretch across the very wet and slippery park to the finish line. I finished in 8th place out of 211 in a time of 38:12 - about 2 minutes slower than I'd hoped for and my slowest 10k for over 2 years.

The rain had stopped by now and I hung around the finish area for half an hour before heading back to the car to change out of my wet and muddy kit into my wet and muddy tracksuit trousers and t-shirt. I went back to the prize giving for a post race cup of tea and slice of cake with the very slim and very vain hope that they gave out a prize for "39 year olds from Scotland finishing in the top ten"..... alas, I walked away empty handed, save for a really nice boxed medal.



My well earned swimming proficiency medal

On a side note: the race was won by a young snake from Birmingham University in 32:47 - a decent time in dry conditions, but I reckon the weather had added easily between 1 to 2 minutes to the finishing times, so good going indeed.

My last running related act of the day was to drop my running shoes and socks into the bin once I realised that I would never get them even close to clean/dry/smell free ever again.

Overall, it was a thoroughly enjoyable, well organised race and one I would definitely run again - I'll bring my flippers next time though. We're planning a trip down to Norwich again this summer so I might just have to "manipulate" the dates a little.

Meet the Girlies

Name:

Janet McRoberts

Age:

39

Occupation:

Primary Teacher



One word - Drookit!!

How long have you been running and what triggered your interest?:

I started running about 10 years ago really just to get fit.

Why did you join Metro and how long have you been a member of the club?:

I did the Templeton Woods 10 mile race in Dundee and after it had finished I was chatting to a guy from Morpeth Harriers. He told me that joining a club would help me gain faster times...so, I took the plunge and joined Metro just over 3 years ago.

What's the best thing about being a member of Metro?:

I have met lots of great, like minded people, there are people to run with and people to party with too...

Any secrets/scandals/embarrassing stories about any fellow club member/s?:

Yes...Jim Hamilton has absolutely NO sense of direction. We went running up Bennachie whilst training for the Corrieyairack Challenge and he couldn't find the path so ended up half way up the hill knee deep in heather and rocks, totally unable to run.

Personal bests:

5k - 21:40; 10k - 44:10; 10 mile 1:14:30; Half Marathon 1:36:30; Marathon 3:50

Most memorable/favourite race:

The Nevache-Briancon Semi Marathon. Racing in the French Alps, through tiny Alpine villages but with the best roadside support you could imagine.

Most uplifting running experience:

When I finished my first marathon, Edinburgh 2005. I had run it for Prostate Cancer after losing my dad to the disease the previous year and although I cried for the final 4 miles because it was hurting so much, when I finished I knew how proud dad would have been, and that I'd raised £1,500 for the charity.

Most depressing running experience:

When I broke my ankle in two places (playing basketball) and couldn't run for around 5 months.

Funniest running experience:

Getting lost on a 22 mile run to Stonehaven with Rowena. We had to knock on someone's door in the middle of nowhere to ask directions. The man, after looking at us very strangely, sent us over fences and through fields to pick up the road we should have been on.

Any other interests:

Road biking and duathlons, mountain biking, snowboarding, rock climbing and hill walking.

Any advice for a new runner/member?:

Sometimes it hurts, but that's ok, its meant to!

Any regrets?:

Yes...I wish I'd joined Metro sooner.

Meet the Boyz

Name:

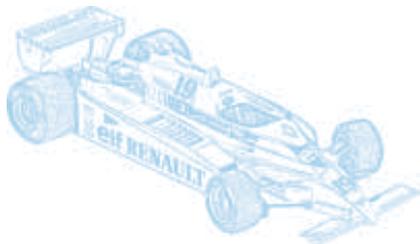
Andy Reid

Age:

27

Occupation:

Psychiatric nurse (Male)



Andy "Jazz Hands" Reid

How long have you been running and what triggered your interest?:

After repeated moans to my father after school that I was bored he suggested going out for a jog to get fit. I soon caught the running bug and the rest is history!

Why did you join Metro and how long have you been a member of the club?:

After catching the 'bug' I decided to join a gym. I focused on running on the treadmill and was amazed at how my times improved. My uncle (also a member of the gym) suggested I take part in a race. At first I was quite apprehensive however a couple of weeks later I took up his offer and accompanied him to the Forres 10k, I think this is one of the best 10k races in the North. I thoroughly enjoyed the experience, managed a reasonable time and finished in the top 20.

Later that year I was competing at the Turkey Trot in Lossie and met Mr Lennehan and Mr Tulloch in the changing rooms who urged me to join Metro. I've now been a member for 6-7 years.

What's the best thing about being a member of Metro?:

The club has a great bunch of guys and galls with varying abilities/personalities/ages/backgrounds etc. I am very honoured to run and represent the club at a local and national level, we also have an extremely good coach!

Any secrets/scandals/embarrassing stories about any fellow club member/s?:

Mmmm, there's so many! I think my life would be in danger if told: Bjoern and the fluffy rabbit? Forbes and the Christmas nightout '06? Simply Gavin Reid's nights out?

Personal bests

10k : 35:20; 5k : 9:50; Half marathon : 1:17; Marathon : 2:54

Most memorable/favourite race:

To name a few..

Forres 10k when I broke 35 minutes; Completing the 2008 London Marathon in under 3hrs; Cross country at Galashiels; Heaven and Hell Half Marathon

Most depressing running experience:

Inverness half marathon: I was on course for a possible PB and beating some chap named Charlie Noble, great, one may think. However, I decided to take a gel at mile 11 and immediately needed the toilet! I managed to get round but it was rather depressing seeing everyone passing. This happens to me quite a lot may I add as I suffer from 'runners trots' and have been caught out many times. It's most depressing when you're miles away from the club and it's pouring with rain, the wind is blowing a gale and there's no toilets to be found, you're wearing your florescent shorts and t-shirt, cars are tooting their horns (you get the picture)!

Any advice for a new runner/member?:

1. Look after yourself and listen to your body. Take adequate rest between sessions and run when and where you want, don't put too much pressure on yourself and above all enjoy running. 2. I personally have never listened to music whilst running, I prefer to concentrate on running and think about things. 3. If you are distracted whilst out running count to 100 repeatedly, this refocuses your mind and makes you concentrate. 4. Goals are important, set realistic times within your ability, this also helps with motivation. 5. REMEMBER ENJOY YOUR RUNNING!

Any regrets?:

Not joining the club sooner

Marathon du Medoc

6 September 2008

Elly McKay

8,500 bodies are lining up – slowly and orderly. Overhead a beautiful lady in a white outfit trimmed with flowers is gliding by on a motorised highwire. June, Rob and Elly are raring to go! It's the 24th Marathon du Medoc. Alongside the runners on wooden podiums are girls dressed in bikinis and sarongs – they have numbered boards and are counting down the minutes to the start. There's music, fireworks – people singing, people laughing. Nobody checking watches, or slapping on the deep heat!

We have already been entertained by various teams of runners on stage all dressed alike – for example a bunch of grapes, a herd of cows, a bevy of surgeons, the Jamaican bob sleigh team – yes of course complete with bob sleigh.

Approximately five minutes before we set off the heavens open but that does nothing to spoil the fantastic atmosphere. The lady on the highwire glides past again – this time with a broom - and drops petals on the runners below. It's not a marathon – it's a carnival – it's Mardi Gras – a celebration of running and fun.

The rain stops as quickly as it started – we are wet but happy – we're off! At approximately 3K we turn a corner and there are loads of tables set out with..... wait for it..... WINE! No water just wine, the smell is lovely. We are running fairly slowly – 7 minutes for the first 1K, that's more or less all the statistics I can remember.

At 5K there are half a dozen mafia gangsters complete with machine guns guarding the grape vines to stop the boys using the fields as their pissoire. Everybody is smiling and talking and some are still singing. My French is pathetic but can understand one song, we are not tired and join in. The costumes are magnifique – the theme is islands but every single outfit you can imagine is being worn. Grass skirts are the favourite with coconut bras – bet they are tress uncomfortable.

Runners dressed as reindeers, cockerels, rats, lions are all present – the lions are roaring to the spectators at each Chateaux they pass - the tops they are wearing have a lions face printed on them and they are lifting up a flap on their tops and underneath is the inside of a lion's mouth – very scary. They also have water pistols (well most lions are armed and dangerous) and squirt June and I which is not unpleasant given that it has now heated up and must be at least 100 degrees!

Each Chateaux has gone all out to present themselves beautifully and the tables of food just get better and better – cake, chocolate, apricots, bananas, oranges, sultanas..... what a temptation.



Certainly beats a banana and a plastic cup full of dirty water

We are now running alongside some cavemen with plastic clubs – they are clubbing some of the spectators who have stopped their cars at the roadside – the poor folk didn't stand a chance but just laughed even though the cavemen were far from gentle. June and I get bashed by a carpenter who decides we need a bash on the head with his plastic hammer to hurry us along. Amazing fun and we just go along feeling more relaxed than any other marathon we have experienced.

It's now approximately 20k and June says "I think we should have a drink....", so I rush over to table of wine (a PB!) and then she adds "...when we get to 30k!" Doh !!

"Allez Allez Le Bee!" - "Allez La Piro!" - "Courage!" - "Bravo!"

Continues over...



I'm guessing pre-race..... mind you, those could be alcohol induced smiles

....Cont

As you can see from the photos those were our costumes and we got great support from the spectators, who also dress up – Mexicans, a large contingent dressed up as Chinese, loads of tartan clad people with huge flags and signs in English and French saying “you are sexy if your are a runner and Super Maman”. We are now at Chateaux Rothschild and I have a lovely glass of red wine – in a proper glass glass! Lovely, delicious – however, it makes me a bit thirsty so I panic drink a bottle of water and slosh off down the next path alongside beautiful grape vines.

It's Chateaux Le Crock and again there are huge tables decorated with flowers and platefuls of food – wine again in proper glasses. A band were playing classical music. Runners are drinking, dancing, stopping for a photograph and chatting – it's wonderful.

So onwards and occasionally upwards – sharp little hills but again the support is great and suddenly I can understand French – as one wee man encourages us not to stop as it's not far to the top. At about 36k – now please don't ask for accuracy as it could have been 34k - we start to run back along the River Gironde towards Pauillac and at 37k there are oysters and steak – plus as always wine, water, energy drinks and coca cola. It's a gastronomic delight and this drink station is chocoblock – there are people everywhere and bikes so we decide to keep on running. Its now 40k (approximately) and I am offered an ice-cream or ice lolly by the God Baccus and his Greek hand maidens – take ice lolly but too unco-ordinated to eat it properly and it falls to the ground – Sacre Bleu! Keep going - it's the red carpet, puff, pant, nearly there “n'arrete pas” “courage, bravo”

It's 42k – made it – tired but elated. Fantastic goodies at the end – ladies who wash your face in lemon water, a bottle of wine, a very practical navy blue waterproof, kit bag – again very handy, beautiful rose for the ladies.

So that's it - the Marathon du Medoc – in our opinion the “Best Marathon Ever” and to prove it we have already booked for 2009.

Elly McKay

MountianAir Marathon

14 September 2008

Congratulations to Neil Jackson on winning the 2008 MountainAir Marathon in Colorado.

This photograph shows Neil with what appears to be a wooden tea tray, a solitary, frankly unimpressed spectator, a huge inflatable arab and, perhaps strangest of all, Neil in official Metro club kit!!!!



Resurrection Shuffle

Colin Youngson

(Slow)

Beckoning me outside a willow waves
gently on a calm autumnal morn.
No desire to teach supply today
so I leave my home just after dawn.

Keeping movements and my heartbeat slow,
like a furtive truant down the street,
jogging cautiously I ease my way,
padding out a steady tarmac beat.

Down the gravelly hill, along the path,
trying not to slide on mud, or trip
over bumps or clumps of yellow weeds,
through spiked grass and over dunes I slip.

(Faster)

Striding out upon firm sand,
limbs warmed up, I raise the pace,
arms now swinging, straightened back,
balanced, brisk but not a race.

Shoes splash through a shallow stream
near its union with the sea –
grey yet sparkling to the east –
as white gulls wheel over me.

Breathing air so cool and clean,
I rejoice in exercise
(long-accustomed) stretching lungs,
working heart and calves and thighs.

(Still)

Halfway now, I stop to stretch and gaze,
living in the now, not rushing on
like the helicopter from the rigs
buzzing overhead – so soon it's gone.

Haiku moment on the longest beach
on the British coast, and on my own,
far from crowds, pollution, work and stress,
privileged to be alive, alone.

(Faster)

Then it's time to run again,
use my body, not relax –
speed-play, surging, sprinting hard,
pushing it right to the max.

(Eyeballs out)

Deeper breathing,
tempo fast,
one mile effort –
can I last?

Punch the fists
and lift the knees!
Concentrate, now!
Swifter, please?

No way, since
this speed is top.
Just keep going ...'85...'85...'85..
Now you stop.

(Slow)

Back to trudging through the softer sand,
onto grassy path and road – hurray!
Reaching home refreshed, and now alert
for a challenging non-working day.



An alternative to next years Metro Relays perhaps?

Cr@p Caption Competition

For your chance to win BIG (i.e. a £10 Run-4-it voucher). all you have to do is simply come up with a "witty" caption to go with the photograph below.

This issue's picture shows club members Phil Mann and John Park up to their knees in *!@*% at the Ythan Challenge, John looks a bit cleaner than Phil, who appears to have taken the "scenic route".

Have as many attempts as you want and make them as abusive and insulting as you like - Email entries entitled "Metro Cr@p Caption Competition" to rthomson@talktalk.net



Again it was a tough decision to decide on a winner for the last edition, the winning entry comes from **Bill Ogg**, congratulations, the £10 voucher is on its way. Bill wins, as his very to the point entry - suitably scawled on an old scrap of paper - made me laugh.



Jackie to Peter - "Peter sit doon, you're makig a right arse o' yersel!"

Thanks to all the other entrants and better luck next time - Here's a selection of others:

Poor wee Peter stood no chance against Jackie the giant

Peter Jennings attacks his karaoke version of 'Dellilah' with such gusto, that he gets to the final chorus before he realises he's forgotten the microphone.

Asda did a roaring trade in striped shirts the day before the Metro Awards Night.

