

Dovedale Dash

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By Jack Neath

Well, 2014 has been a year of firsts for me. First year as a teenager (luckily I'm not grumpy...yet!), first year at my new school and my first time at army cadets (to name a few). However, a first that really stood out was my first time running the Dovedale Dash. I had planned to do it last year, but it was cancelled due to bad weather. Oh dear, what a shame, I guess I'll just have to wait till next year, I thought (some pretty hardcore sarcasm there!). So, fast forward a year. Oh no, its Dovedale dash time this year and I haven't done any training whatsoever. Well, I certainly let that slip. After a dramatic last minute decision, I decided that, training or no training, I was doing it. And if I die trying, well, that sucks. So we set off, with my nerves jangling. We had only just got into our places when it started. I raced down the hill, avoiding fallen bodies and rather menacing patches of muck. We had just got to the river crossing when half way across the cold but considerably shallower river Dove when disaster struck. Boom! One second Dad was running alongside me, the next he was crawling like a baby on hands and knees in the river! Being the concerned and caring son I am, as soon as I realised what had happened, I began to laugh hard as I waded past him (who said men can't multitask, eh?). He quickly got up and recovered and seemed to have suffered no injury except for his severely bruised ego. Bet you thought you were safe Dad, that your friends would never find out about your humiliating tumble. Well, they just did. Isn't that what sons are for?



Anyway, the race was easier than I thought it would be (which isn't hard).



I only walked about ten metres of it, and finished with a pleasing time of 52 minutes. I thought I would get an hour if I was lucky! I got into the car feeling quite surprisingly un-achy. Then for the next 3 days, all I could really manage was a power-hobble. I finished 743rd out of 1110 people. So, just under half way. I think that's quite a reasonable time for my first attempt at the DDD.



Still, next year I'm aiming for something in the forties. Watch out Dad!