

A 100 Mile Race

Dedicated to the organizers, volunteers and runners of this year's Haliburton 100 miler

In the Haliburton Forest, the 100 mile race,
A fifteen year tradition was again to take place.
Here I pay homage to those who took part,
In an event that would take courage, planning and heart.

Iris told Adi, just go and do it,
Bernie agreed, that's all there is to it.
"If you can run 50 miles, you can run 50 more,"
Just take one step at a time and keep your eyes on the floor.

Months in advance the training began,
Running on tired legs was a key part of the plan.
Back to back runs, hill training too,
Jeff Cooper told you that's what you must do.

As the race date drew near there was so much to do,
There were headlights to buy, plus Gatorade, gels and gu.
Drop bags were purchased, they were soon to be filled,
This was a job for the organized and skilled.

What to put in them? Iris had a list,
Everything needed for the 100 mile masochist.
Dry clothes and bandaids, gear for the rain,
And lots of Advil for if you were experiencing pain.

Plans were made for Adi and the ladies
To all run in pairs,
And they would duct tape their bells
So as to not awaken the bears.

Next were the pacers, who could we find?
Whoever we get would have to be one of a kind.
Diane Chesla stepped forward,
To give it a whirl,
Adi, Iris and Bernie were glad to have the "Dirty Girl."

Well race day arrived and they started at 6 am in the dark,
This would be no thirty hour walk in the park.
Forty-nine runners would partake in the 100 mile course,
That was originally intended to be run by a horse.

Adi, Bernie and Iris had their gators,
Dirty girl pink,
Adi forgot her deodorant
And feared she would stink.

“Don’t worry Adi”, it’s not a big deal,
Adi’s running companions did say,
They thought perhaps her aroma
Would keep the bears away!

So for the next many hours the race did unfold,
Adi and Bernie did as they were told.
Iris set the pace and coaxed them along,
And reminded them both they would do it, they’re strong.

So they walked all the hills,
And feasted at the amazing aid stations,
This would carry them through
Their many lows and elations.

As the race wore on,
The four ladies were running as sisters,
But soon Adi began to suffer
From terrible blisters.

Both of her heels were worn raw
And her IT band was aching,
And she got no relief from
The Advil she was taking.

But Adi’s prayers were answered,
For help was soon to arrive,
For the trail was leading them to
An angry beehive.

For the pain in her foot
And her knee magically passed,
As she was now focused on the fresh
Bee sting that she felt on her ass.

The trails were long, tiring and beautiful,
Adi thought they would never end,
Normac and Poacher’s,
Lookout and Ben’s.

Black Creek and Spruce
And King James and Red,
And a night of brisk walking instead of sleeping in bed.

As night fell upon them they were joined by Diane,
She could sing chat and joke
And cheer them up while they ran.

The night run was peaceful,
But scary and pitch black,
And any moment Adi thought the bears would attack.

And the night air was cool,
The temperature low did it drop,
And Jim Morrison froze without his long sleeve top.

And as Paul Hennick was all but asleep for the night,
He got word of Jim Orr and his terrible plight,
Jim was feeling a bit low and needed a lift,
So Paul laced on his shoes and ran the night shift.

Meanwhile Adi and Bernie
Were both in agreement
That they were becoming
A tad hyponatremic.

With this diagnosis I'm sure you'd agree,
For every fifteen minutes
They would squat down to pee.

It's a good thing that Nurse Cori,
Did not discover their plight,
As they could have been pulled
In the medical tent for the night.

Well as sure as day follows night the dawn did arrive,
With mist on the lake and they were all still alive.

The end was soon near,
Just five more hours or so,
The ladies knew they would do it,
And on did they go.

And finish they did,
As they crossed the line the crowd cheered,
They were tired and happy
And their eyes they were all teared.

Forty-nine started, twenty-seven completed,
And took all the punishment Haliburton meted.

And now it's all over, a race run well,
A weekend to remember with lots of stories to tell.

Helen and her volunteers were without compare,
Adi, Bernie and Iris never did see a bear,
Angie shaved two hours off her last year's time,
And Jim Orr joins the national team while he's still in his prime.

I'm sure Adi and the other Haliburton Virgins
Never more pride have they felt,
As they now have a 100 miler buckle for their belt.

So to sum up, Adi says:
"100 milers are hard on the body but good for the soul,"
And Haliburton certainly takes it's mental and physical toll.

Now Adi, as I finish this poem,
There are two things I want you to know,
First, I brag about your 100 mile feat wherever I go.

But second, if running Badwater ever becomes your running plan,
I beg you, Adi
You don't make me come and schvitz in the van.

***...and let's not forget the the other unsung heroes of the Haliburton Forest,
the 50 milers...***

*If the fifty miles was your distance,
Then you followed the path of least resistance,
If you ask me, you're the saner ones by far
For 100 miles, you'd take the car.*

*But Jeff and Dave,
Greg and Paul,
I send big kudos to you all,
Me, I prefer a life of loafin'
For that you don't need any Ibuprofin.*

*Written by Jeff Shnall, a 25K trail runner and proud husband of Ultra runner Adi Shnall
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