

Monday
Nov222010

This one deserves a new blog of it's own

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 2010 AT 10:54PM

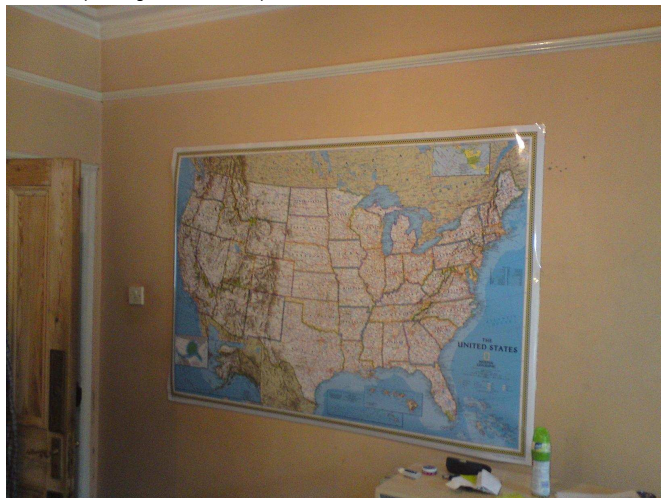
Well, after some delay with entries being available for the race I am finally in a position where I think I am actually going to do this race. I have paid the money (that I don't currently have) and got a confirmation email that it's all going to happen. There is still quite a lot to get my head around. This is so big I can't even begin to imagine how hard it's going to be.



Around 4 years ago, well 4 years ago exactly I was preparing my body and mind for a 45 mile ultra along a canal in England. 45 miles in one go? Sounds ridiculous. I thought that humans were designed to explode soon after breaking through the 26.2 mile mark but apparently not. I remember being quite anal about it at the time. I was looking at the wind speed before the race to see whether it was favourable or not, wondering what shoes to wear, the terrain, the food, the daylight. After all, 45 miles is a long way. There is a lot to panic about.

And so logically speaking running 45 miles a day for 70 days consecutively without a rest day should involve a whole lot more to worry about. I can't quite multiply all those things by 70 and give a definitive panic level. In fact I feel pretty relaxed about it right now. Which probably means I still don't think it's going to happen.

So in a nutshell in case you have not heard I am going to attempt the **Los Angeles to New York** race next year. Starts in LA on the 19th June, ends in New York 23rd August. 3220 miles in 70 days which is an average of 45 a day. The shortest stage will be around 30 miles, there are a few stages over 55. Actually writing that raised the panic levels a bit.



I've been thinking about this for some time now. Since before Badwater but I didn't want to say too much about it. Now circumstances might arise that would make it a crime for me not to do this. Something like this only comes along once in a decade, I feel like if I don't do it now I may never get the chance.

Plus I bought a fucking HUGE map for nearly £50. If I don't do it now that will be a complete waste.

James Adams | [2 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (2)

Now that is what I call a serious race. Look forward to reading how it all comes together. The real question, I suppose, is how are you supposed to train for a race like that?! Best of luck.

December 2, 2010 | **Robin Harvie**

Always had my suspicions that you are stark raving mad. Glad you have finally confirmed it.

Thought something like this would be simmering away, crossed my mind a few times. Fair play to you.

I expect you to finish in record time and then to swim the Atlantic home.

December 6, 2010 | **Carl**

Monday
Nov292010

Time to feel like a baby again

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 2010 AT 9:59PM

Day by day the entry list for the Race Across America increases. I am currently stalking through the various "**CV Sportifs**" of the people I am going to meet when I am in the States next summer. I know they are doing the same to me, I get the website stats telling me so. I'm not looking at them as competition, I am just intrigued as to what they may have done that now leads them to taking on a challenge such as running across the USA.

I loved the feeling I got in the Spartathlon last year of being a complete novice in the presence of such great runners who have done many great things. I felt awe and inspiration from others with a dozen spartathlons, badwaters, UTMB's and other silly runs behind them that made my 2 Grand Union Canal Runs feel a bit pedestrian. Looking at this list there are a few achievements that stand out.

There are walks/runs across various continents. 5600km from Kenya to Cameroon, 2700k from Hokkaido to Kagoshima, Trans Australia, Germany, Japan, Switz, France to Turkey. Lots of week long treadmill challenges and 1000 mile pbs mentioned. **This guy** has rowed across oceans on his own and is probably my biggest rival in the beard growing race.

There are a few there with experience similar to mine. A few Spartathlons and Badwater mentions. There was no qualifying standard for this race which is probably just as well. What on earth can you do to demonstrate that you can run across America?

I feel that I am lacking somewhat in multi-day experience. I have only done 2 week long events whereas many of the runners here have completed runs of 1000+ miles. I am not sure how much of this I can change in the next 6 months.

Shit, is it really only 6 months?



"An 'ability to smell fear' is a quality I've never seen listed on a resume before."

[James Adams](#) | [Post a Comment](#) | [Share Article](#)

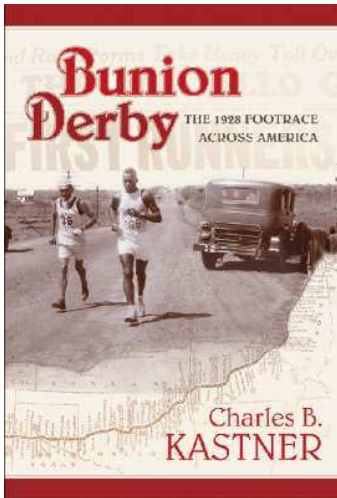
Tuesday
Dec142010

The great race of 1928

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 14, 2010 AT 12:04PM

On March 4th in 1928 199 runners set out from Los Angeles to race to New York and claim a prize of \$25,000 for first place. That was quite a lot of money at the time, a policeman would earn about \$40 a week. In fact that is still a lot of money now, I estimate that is what it will cost me to do this.

I first heard about this race by reading **The Bunion Derby**, a fantastic book about the race (link goes to google preview). It is an account based on newspaper reports spanning the 84 days and 3400 miles of the race. Things were very different then.



The twenties in the USA was in interesting decade. An economic boom and huge rises in personal income for many which led to some crazy behaviour. Drinking alcohol was illegal and people expressed themselves in funnyn ways, such as by 24 hour dancing, week long flag pole sitting and swimming for days. People seemed to go mad for the endurance challenges.

Charlie C Pyle, more of a circus promoter than an endurance enthusiast saw this as an opportunity to make his name (and some money do doubt as was the theme at the time) by promoting what he called "The Greatest Show on Earth" (he was a modest chap). He offered a large prize for runners who (for \$100 deposit) could run along the newly built (and in many parts not quite built) Route 66 from LA to Chicago and then across to New York. Strangely enough it probably seemed like a fairly normal thing to do 70 years ago, more so than now.

I don't want to go into detail of the book (or spoil the ending) and I recommend you all read it and I challenge you to not want to follow their footsteps on finishing the book. There are however a few things that just stood out for me when reading.

- It was a *proper race*. Not much I do nowadays seems like a proper race but these guys all seemed to be there in hope of winning the money. Most of the competitors were quite poor and scraped the \$100 somehow and gambled with 3 months of their lives that they could win this
- They were actually running *quite fast*. Quite often I'd read something like "So and so won the 38 mile stage averaging 8 miles an hour". 8 miles an hour for 38 miles when you've already run 2000? That would be the kind of time I would do if I just tried to run that distance once at full speed and did not have to get up for the next week.
- America is enormous. Well, not just the distance but the geography that you have to run through. The route goes through the hottest desert, mountain ranges, great plains where the winds are so bad that trees grow sideways.
- Everyone was so young. There were a lot of people in their 20s. There was one kid who was 15 and got halfway before this was discovered and he was kicked out. There were not many over 40. Next year there will be not many under 40.
- I actually found out what a bunion is. I thought it was like a callous or something but it is actually quite severe muscle contortion in the foot. I don't want to get that.
- The winning time was 573h 4m 34s. That is a long long time. And why on earth were they measuring the seconds?

James Adams | [Post a Comment](#) | [Share Article](#)

in [Bunion Derby](#)

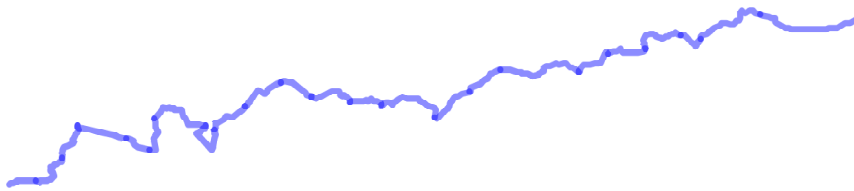
Thursday
Dec302010

GoogleMaps

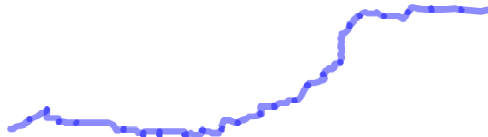
THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 2010 AT 3:57PM

I've just tried to map out the route of the race. It was a lot harder than it sounds. I have a list of 70 places that we are likely to go through but not sure which roads we will take. Also Google Maps bless them only allow you to put in 25 destinations per map so I have had to do it on 3. A few of the places I could not find but hope it gives an idea of

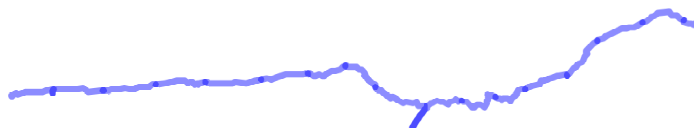
Now, is there a feature on GoogleMaps where I can locate all the Subways on route?



[View Larger Map](#)



[View Larger Map](#)



[View Larger Map](#)

[James Adams](#) | [Post a Comment](#) | [Share Article](#)

Tuesday
Feb082011

The Rules

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 2011 AT 12:41PM

Quite a lazy post here but just to answer a lot of the questions that I am getting that even I forget the answer to here are the "rules" of the race plus some notes from myself in **[bold brackets]**. I have removed some of the articles that are not that interesting.



LOS ANGELES - NEW YORK FOOTRACE

19 June to 27 August 2011 **[Flights booked :)]**

ARTICLE 1: ORGANIZATION

UltraRunning Association (URA) is organizing the « LA - NY FOOTRACE » which will take place from 19 June to 27 August, 2011 between Los Angeles and New York. URA retains the right to modify these race rules and/or the itinerary in case of circumstances beyond its control: administrative problems, weather conditions or other risks.

ARTICLE 2: THE RACE

The « LA - NY FOOTRACE » is a free style race, by stages, over a distance of approximately 3000 miles without a single day of rest on asphalt and in some cases gravel roads. **[that's right, not a single day of rest. Still I imagine that a rest day would end up doing more damage that good, sending my body into recovery mode and then being unable to run the following day. I expect the DOMS to kick in around Christmas]**

ARTICLE 3: ELIGIBILITY

Eligible to participate: A person of any nationality, 18 years of age or older who meets the requirements of these race rules. **[They are not that picky about who enters. Many ultras have race qualification criteria but with this one it seems to be that if you send in your entry you are automatically capable of doing this race. Interesting]**

ARTICLE 4: RACE SCHEDULE

The night before departure there will be an information meeting. The place, date and time of the meeting will be communicated at a later date. All runners and followers (where applicable) MUST be present.

At the meeting you will receive bibs with numbers and a road book with details of every stage of the race.

Departure: June 19 from LA (Huntington Beach or Santa Monica), California

Itinerary: California - Arizona - Oklahoma - New Mexico - Missouri - Illinois - Indiana - Ohio - West Virginia - Pennsylvania - Maryland - Pennsylvania (one more time) - New Jersey - New York **[yes thats THIRTEEN states]**

Arrival in New York: August 27

ARTICLE 5: RUNNER WITHOUT A SUPPORT CREW

Possible after Flagstaff **[I need a support crew for the first 2 weeks as I am running through the desert and have not sorted this out yet. Best get on the forums.]**

In order to have as many participants as possible, we will accept runners without a support crew after Flagstaff; however, we make it clear to these participants that under no circumstance will the race organizers act as a support crew. Runners without support crew are responsible for their own navigation with the road book and for their food. The organizers will set up

navigation with the road book and for their food. The organizers will set up aid stations every 4 miles which will provide water, energy drinks and bars. The organizers' vehicle will go back and forth during the race carrying water but it will not make special trips for individual runners. **[Checkpoints every 4 miles? I can handle that. It will be just like 21 Spartathlons]** Wherever possible we suggest that runners without a support crew group together in order to share a vehicle and a crew or stay close to someone who has a support crew in order to share a vehicle and the services of a crew.

ARTICLE 6: RUNNER WITH A SUPPORT CREW

A runner can be accompanied by one or several followers and by a vehicle for the entire race and on each stage.

If several runners wish to use the same crew (vehicle and follower) they can do so but it is entirely their responsibility and they must inform the organizers.

Each vehicle must be marked, in a way that is visible to all, with the number or numbers of the bibs worn by the runner or runners it is assisting.

ARTICLE 7: RANKING

At the end of each stage a ranking for the day and a general ranking (the total of previous stage results) will be available to all participants.

There will be one ranking: scratch, regardless of age. **[Damn it. I was hoping to be on the podium for 27-32 year old male from Ealing]**

There will be separate rankings for men and women

Cut-off time: This equals the distance to be run multiplied by the average time of 5.7 KPH or 3.5 MPH. **[That's not slow.... The cut off pace for the MDS is about 2mph, same for Badwater, GUCR is about 3mph, Spartathlon is about 4mph]**

Each morning, before start, the cut-off time will be communicated to all participants. If a runner exceeds this time he/she will be disqualified. The runner may continue to participate in the race but will not be ranked. **[This may well happen. If it does I am going to try my best to complete the distance anyway. Crossing america will still be an awesome thing even if I do not get an official ranking]**

ARTICLE 8: IDENTIFICATION MARKS: BIBS AND SPONSORING

Bibs:

URA will supply a set of personalized bibs to each runner for the entire race.

Bibs must be worn on the chest of each runner and be visible at all times. If the bib is not visible at all times there will be a penalty.

Individual sponsoring: **[I have yet to get any of this but if you have any ideas or contacts then let me know :)]**

Runners may wear branded t-shirts, except on the chest (the space reserved for the bib), shorts, caps and water bags.

Note: The organization reserves the right to prohibit any discriminatory or indecent markings.

ARTICLE 9: GENERAL ORGANIZATION BY ULTRARUNNING ASSOCIATION

URA will provide:

Basic breakfasts (only for each runner): tea, coffee, sugar, bread, jam.

At refuelling points: water, energy drinks or Coca Cola, cereal and energy bars and salty crackers. **[I wonder how many gallons of coke I will drink along the way? Someone remind me to take my toothbrush]**

URA will not be responsible for the evening meals or sleeping accommodation. **[this is quite key and will be the biggest expense]**

For runners without a support crew (vehicle and follower), the organizers can reserve accommodation in the same hotel as the organizers, if there is availability for everybody. If the runners wish to stay in another hotel they must arrange their own transportation.

Baggage for runners without a support crew will be transported by the organizers each day from the start to the end of each stage. The number of bags will be limited to 2 per runner. This service will cost 100 US dollars per runner. For each extra baggage the charge will be: US \$400. **[Glad I am not gluten intolerant. That would mean spending an extra \$2400 on bag transportation]**

Runners will be expected to carry their bags to the van every morning before the race begins and collect them from the van at the finish every day.

Laundry: Some motels have washers and dryers. The organizers will not be responsible for the laundry of the runners and support crews. **[ahhhhh, the sweet aroma of an ultra runner]**

ARTICLE 10: ORGANIZATION FOR DAILY DEPARTURE

All runners must be present at the starting point 25 minutes before the

official departure time for the daily briefing and to sign the race sheet for the stage.

ARTICLE 11: ORGANIZATION DURING THE RACE

A vehicle belonging to the organizers will go back and forth during the race to ensure that everything is OK and that the race rules are respected. The people in these vehicles will be authorized to hand out penalties to runners. (See Annex later)

ARTICLE 12 : MANDATORY

For any part of a stage run at night or if visibility is poor (fog, rain, etc.) runners must wear a head light and a fluorescent vest.

Runners must wear a belt with bottles or a water bag (minimum 1.5 litres) for the entire stage **[hmmm, I did not really think about this so I guess I should get used to carrying my bottle belt]**

Runners must maintain a minimum of US\$10 on them throughout the race.

[Oh I will be carrying more than that. Never know when you might see a McDonalds or Subway]

Runners must keep the daily race sheet with them at all times during the stage.

Runners must have a tent and sleeping bag because some stages may finish in a place without accommodation and camping will be necessary.

Runners must bring a bowl, plate, cup, knife, fork & spoon. These will be used at breakfast and at dinner when we camp.

Runners and followers must adhere to the safety rules of the road and the laws in all the states crossed

A guarantee of US \$200 will be paid by each runner at the meeting before departure (a receipt will be given). This sum will be held to cover any expenses due to damage or fines incurred by the runner or follower(s) and the portion not used will be returned at the end of the race or the day the runner leaves the race.

ARTICLE 13: WITHDRAWAL

1) In case of withdrawal or elimination before 7 full days of the race, the runners cannot remain in the race and must make arrangements to travel to the city of their choice. The organizers will not be responsible for managing their return or paying for it.

2) After the 8th day of the race, runners who withdraw or are eliminated can, if they wish, run without a bib as long as they do not disturb other race participants. The names of the runners who are no longer part of the race will not appear on any ranking.

ARTICLE 16: ROAD BOOK

Once the entire entry fee has been paid, no later than 3 months before the start date of the race (March 19, 2011), the organizers will send, by mail, a general road book with the number of stages, mileage for each stage and a list of the principal cities. The detailed road book will be given to runners at the meeting on the eve of departure.

If necessary the itinerary may be modified one day to the next. The organizers reserve the right to suspend the race for as little as a few miles or as much as one or more stages, for whatever reason, for example due to flood, fire, closed roads, etc.

ARTICLE 17: INSURANCE

It is strongly recommended that runners and followers take out insurance that will cover the cost of hospitalization and/or eventual repatriation to their home country.

Every runner and crew member is responsible for his/her own health. The organizers will not be held responsible for any health problem that may arise. A waiver of responsibility must be signed by each runner and crew member for their enrollment to be valid.

ARTICLE 18: ENTRY FEES (All prices are in US dollars)

Lots

The number of competitors in the race is limited to 30

ARTICLE 21: ENTRY FEES COVER THE FOLLOWING FOR EACH RUNNER

- Organization of the race
- Reconnaissance of the route
- A detailed road book
- A set of bibs
- Ranking
- Timing
- Briefing before departure with welcome drinks

- A prize for all « finishers »
- A diploma
- A t-shirt for everyone at the start
- A t-shirt at the end for all « finishers »
- The evening to celebrate the end of the race and award prizes
- Update of the race website
- Basic breakfasts: tea coffee, bread and jam
- Distribution during race of: water, energy drinks or Coca Cola, energy bar (power bar) and salted crackers
- One night in a hotel in New York (double occupancy rooms)

ARTICLE 22: PHOTO RIGHTS

The participants of the race authorize UltraRunning Association, free of rights and without payment, to use their names and photos for its personal or commercial use.

[James Adams](#) | [1 Comment](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (1)

Hi James,

Good comments :-)

I doubt you need more than \$10 between LA and Missouri. The first half of the course will be very remote. I am sure we can count the McDonald's and Subways. My bet is that we see less than 10 in the first 35 stages.

I will remind you of the toothbrush!
Train hard and be well

Markus

February 22, 2011 | [Markus](#)

Monday
Feb212011

A couple of videos that are making me a bit excited

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 2011 AT 9:07PM

I am really looking forward to Marshall Ulrichs book "Running on Empty". Documenting his crossing of the USA a couple of years ago. He has a **fantastic blog** with lots of good advice on training in all weathers, nutrition and recovery. He ran 60 miles a day which makes my 45 look quite easy. Anyhoo, here are a couple of videos that are giving me goosebumps just now.

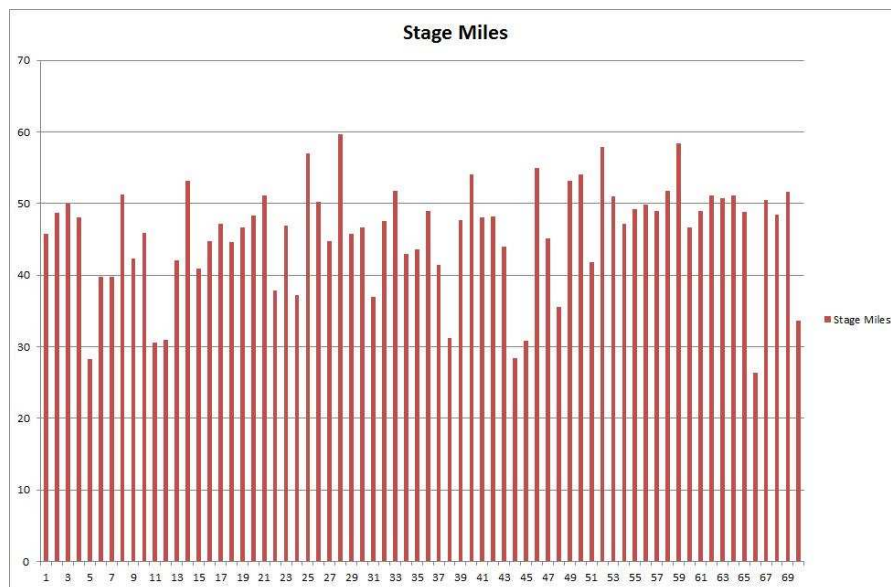
Friday
Feb252011

Race Across America - Sponsored by Excel

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 2011 AT 5:12PM

I've not been working for a month now and I miss the allure of a collection of pointless graphs. So I made some.

We got send the revised itinerary for the race yesterday (this may still change but for the first time I am having a look at the day to day miles that are required. Here is a chart of each days mileage. Very exciting..



The "average" day is 45.7 miles which just happens to be the length of the first stage. I can't imagine the first day being "average" though.

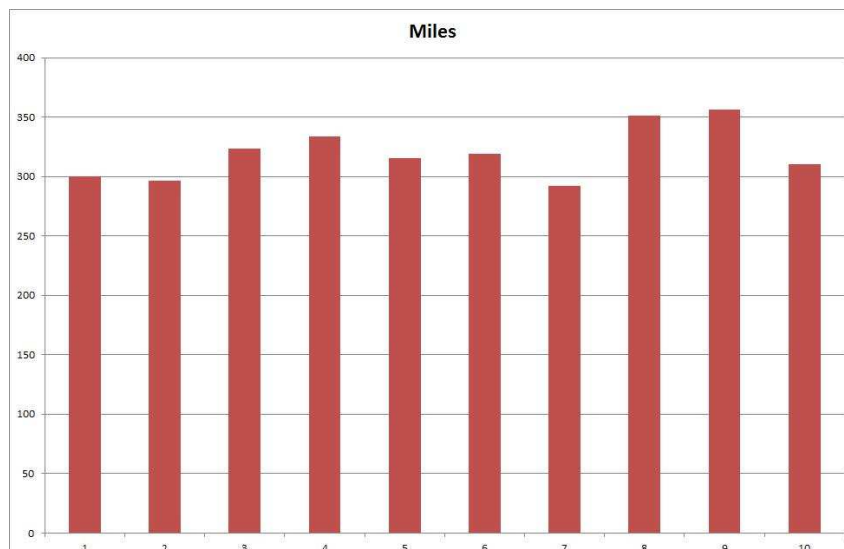
My intention is to make an "average" day of 45 miles last about 10 hours, which only means an average pace of 4.5 miles an hour. The race cut-off is 3.5 miles per hour. I don't intend to run that slow, I will run faster and take walking breaks. The key is to survive the first few weeks without getting injured so that I am in good shape to press on in the later weeks where the mileage increases.

The shortest day is **26.4 miles**, barely a marathon on day 65. If I get that far I'd be tempted to go for a PB :)

The longest day is **59.7 miles** on day 29. The cut-off time for this is 17 hours. It might take all of those.

Week by week the mileage sticks at around 300 until weeks 8 and 9 which are 350. By then (if I am still in the race) I should be super-human and have no problem with 50 miles per day.

Weekly Mileage



At my intended pace this race should take me **710 hours and 39 minutes**, or **4 weeks 1 day 14 hours and 39 minutes** (I have not counted the seconds, I don't think it will come to that).

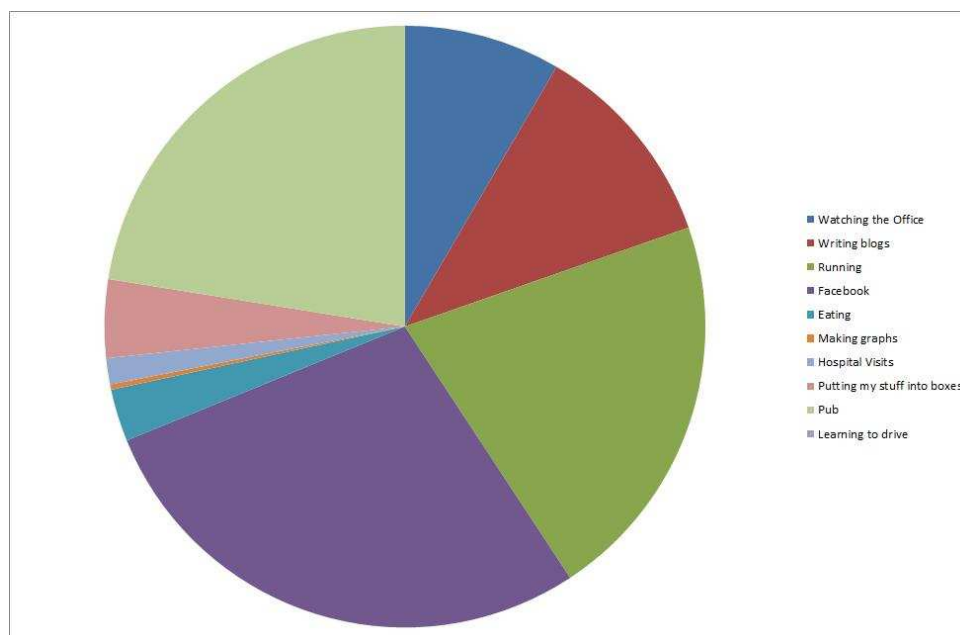
If I were to run at the cut-off pace that time would be **913 hours and 42 minutes**, or **5 weeks 3 days 1 hour and 39 minutes**. I intend to break the cut-offs by over a week.

Here is another summary of the mileage. This time in a table. I can tell you are about to explode in excitement.

Miles	Stages
<30	3
30-35	5
35-40	6
40-45	11
45-50	25
50-55	16
55+	4

I could work out the standard deviation of the stages but I have forgotten how and have no idea what purpose it would have. There are no rest days in the race so we will have to consider anything less than 35 miles as a rest day, in which case we get 8.

What I have been doing in the past month



Hope you enjoyed. Just be thankful I don't have a Garmin. Imagine how many people I could send to sleep with the graphs from one of those.

[James Adams](#) | [1 Comment](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (1)

Obviously "revising for the quiz" was so small it didn't even justify a one pixel size pie slice. No wonder who lost it.

February 25, 2011 | [Jon](#)

wednesday
May 11 2011

Been a long time....

WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 2011 AT 4:16PM

Crikey it has been a long time since I updated the Running Across America blog. What on earth have I been doing? Not a lot really. I wouldn't say I'm "training hard" to be ready for this race as I know I'll need to train when I get there.

I still have not finalised a crew. Laurie who led my support crew in Badwater has offered to help for the first 5 days which I am really excited about. She did a great job of kicking my arse to the end of Badwater and I am thrilled that she will be there again. I am still waiting on a couple of other options regarding help, then I might panic a bit and spam every message board with requests. Failing that I could just get a local hobo? You've seen Happy Gilmore



right?

I will only have a crew for the first 2 weeks as per the rules. The remaining 8 I will be supported by the race. Most others will have their own support crews but I would rather do it alone.

In fact on the subject of doing it alone check out [John Price's blog](#). He is about to finish a solo run across America, pushing all his stuff in a baby jogger. Awesome achievement.

[Dean Karnazes](#) yesterday finished the epic run too yesterday. He was raising awareness for health and activity for kids in the USA. A fantastic cause and an epic run, you'd expect nothing less from Dean.

A few race updates. I am expecting the road book shortly that will tell me where I'll be running exactly. The large USA map of my run is on display in my running club HQ since I did not have a wall big enough to put it. It's probably a good thing that I don't get to see it that often.

Serge Girard; the creator of this race has managed to delegate some of the organisation so that he can run it himself. He is by far the most experienced of the field so I would expect him to do very well indeed.

My operation seems like it's long gone. I've been getting a few miles in here and there. A few 50k runs and a recent 55m run have given me more confidence that I am up to this. It was not an "ideal" situation with having to have a month off to have an op but then nothing about this race could ever be "ideal".

I have not really sought sponsorship or anything. I sent a few speculative emails to some companies who's products I like but with no response. However I did get sent a load of really good T-shirts and vests and shorts from [Columbia Sportswear](#). I do really like their stuff and I wore their tops in Badwater and was wearing Columbia shorts and shirt (yes shirt - I was told I looked very smart) in the Spartathlon. The stuff is really good quality and very lightweight so will be ideal for the race, particularly when it is hot. Thanks guys :)

In terms of training I am just trying to run every day, not very far really but at least 10 miles. I tend to just run from A to B to C rather than "go for a run". I intend to keep this going until I fly out. So far this year I have run 1200 miles which is a bit more than I normally would have done hitherto but that is less than a months worth while I'm out there..

I still have not even decided which shoes to take, let alone how many. I've been trying some out but I have realised that I am a bit of a shoe whore and will stick my feet in anything so long as it's in the sales.

Not entirely sure yet on a hydration system. A bottle belt or a rucksack? The rules state that I need to carry 1.5l with me at all times. Luckily I have tested

rules state that I need to carry 1.5l with me at all times. Luckily I have tested a few things so will maybe take some different systems and change it about a bit.

I have a USA Sim Card (Thanks Tim :)) This means I can facebook away while running. I shall be taking my netbook with me too and do as much blogging and photo uploading as I can. And Skypeing Gemma (if it's still called Skype by then).

I have bought a flag of each of the States I will run through. I did not realise they were all so big (3ft by 5ft). It would be good to get some photos of me with the flag in each state.



Great card from

fargonegreetins.com

The list of stuff I will take will be immense but it needs to fit into 2 bags for transportation. Within those bags will be the stick (for massaging myself at the end of each day), compression gear for recovery, minimal shoes (I find they are good for walking around in after a long run and get the blood flowing) and lots of other stuff.

I have not decided on how I am going to eat my way through this. Luckily I am also a food whore, I'll put anything down my throat so long as there are calories in it. The road book I hope will reveal just what I can expect. I should not have too much of a problem with alcohol. American beer is practically water anyway :)

Other than that I can think of no other burning issues. Except whether to shave or not to shave?

Anyway that's all for now. I have just recieved Marshal Ulrich's book about his crossing. Expect a rave review here soon.



[James Adams](#) | [2 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (2)

James

Looking forward to see you in LA

45 days to go!

Markus

May 11, 2011 | [Markus](#)

They have a lot of microbreweries over here, so don't drink the Buds and other crap like that when there's actually a load of good local stuff. Bend has a population of 80,000 and 9 breweries! But they're everywhere.

May 11, 2011 | [Ian Sharman](#)

Wednesday
Jun082011

A week till I fly out

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8, 2011 AT 2:23PM

Well it seems that I have nothing left to distract me from the fact that I have quite a big job to do this summer. There is nothing left for me to do other than figure out how I am going to run from one side of the USA to the other. And I am running out of time.

Some updates. Firstly Mark Cockbain has had to withdraw due to injury which is really gutting. He was the one who told me about this race in the first place and was more up for it than I was. It's a real shame that he won't be there now. Looks like I'll be flying the flag alone.



I have a crew for the early stages, Laurie, Debs and Dave the same people who supported me through Badwater. It's really good to have them on board and I know they are going to be brilliant. I'll just have to make sure I don't shout at the wrong crew this time..

There is a **WEBSITE**. This will be updated daily with how the runners are doing and should have photos and where we are. I'll still be blogging like a bastard though.

I am informed that the \$5 Subway for July is Italian. I hope that's the same as the Italian BMT over here, my favourite subway.

There is also a book on various things that might happen out there on **James Edgar's blog**.

I am finalising some details now. Got my Travel Insurance (had to get it separately as this trip is more than 45 days), got visa thing, trying to get phone to work and have booked another bag on the plane. All fairly boring except that it is really bringing home just how close this is getting now.

And this will be the longest I've ever been out of the country. I can't recall even being abroad for more than 10 days.

As it draws closer and closer I think more about the days I have where I don't have to run. I try to run everyday but I am running out of days where I can just get up and do what I want.

I am still packing kit. Right now it just consists of having a big bag where I'm going through my stuff and saying "might need that" as I toss it in. I think most of it is there now but need to make a list to check.

I have just had 3 pairs of Newtons delivered, I love these things and they gave me a great discount to support me for the race.

I am also going to get some Elete water sent to me in LA courtesy of Elete. I used it in Badwater and found it to be really good. Not sure how much I'll end up needing but just sent them an email to say I'll probably drink 400-800 litres while I am out there. Gulp.

Here is a really detailed **route book** of the whole thing. Here is a shortened **Media Guide** with the general jist of it all.

There are a few things I still need to do. I need to write down for my crew exactly what I want a day to look like. I will try to get up as near to the start as possible and have my coffee/breakfast in the first few miles. Not sure yet how often I'll want my crew to hand out water (I need to carry 1.5l anyway) as I am not really sure how hot it is yet. Towards the end of each day I need to

Tuesday
Jun142011

A day out the office

TUESDAY, JUNE 14, 2011 AT 1:46PM

This is a guide to what I can expect on a typical day. The "Average" day is 45 miles of running though this ranges from 26.2-59.4 miles. Most of it is just to remind me to do things. I'll forget.

I want 45 miles to take me around 10 hours. If I were to try and smash this distance I'd probably be running it in not much more than 6 hours. To do such a thing would be silly though. Essentially what I am aiming for is a bit faster than half smashing it.

10 hours of running gives me 14 hours of not running at least 8 of which I would like to spend asleep. Having followed the Jogle race for the past 2 years I know how important it is to have plenty of hours to recover each day. It's a fine balance between taking it easy on the run and having more time to recover. It's a trade-off that I don't normally have to think about in a 150 mile one-off race. A few hours added on one day because of a problem means less recovery and then compounds into the next day. 20 hour days are not sustainable for long.



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So here is what I want a day to look like;

Each stage starts at 5.30am (at least early on). I want to wake up as late as possible each day. I have no fancy rituals (other than the very basic dump-coffee-dump-food-dump). If allowed I'd happily get out of bed and start running right away. I think there will be stage briefings that I'll have to attend so that may not be possible. With that in mind getting up an hour before the run should be fine.

I don't normally stretch before I run a long distance but if I am feeling the effects of previous days I might do some. Giving myself a bashing with the stick should also help.

I want to weigh myself each morning (and evening) and keep a log. Partly out of interest but mainly to settle bets back at home. I have scales to do this. I anticipate losing a few pounds along the way but would be using this as a guide for dehydration. If I am half a stone lighter than the previous day then I'll know that I need to get a lot of fluid down me (or have lost a limb).

Kit - I have a selection of tops and shorts for all weathers. A blazing hot day I'll wear one of the really lightweight white Columbia tops. Otherwise I have warmer long-sleeve tops and jackets if it is windy and cold.

REMEMBER Sweat band and/or buff. Too many races recently I've spent the whole time trying to wipe salty water out of my eyes.

Lube and Hygiene - I MUST remember to lube. I have forgotten this lots of times in the past and my future Grandchildren nearly would never exist to tell the tale. I must also remember to brush my teeth. Sounds stupid reminding myself of this but I will be spending 10 weeks eating and drinking the kind of stuff that a dentist would be horrified by. Peter Gavuzzi in the 1928 race had to pull out with incredibly painful mouth problems. If possible I will shower before each stage too.

Breakfast - Coffee and whatever food is available. The organisers will supply a basic breakfast for most days and some will have a café to have food at. I really don't care what goes in me, my nutritional strategy is to obey the First Law of Thermodynamics; What is in me \geq work done by me + heat loss. I have worked for 10 years on this belly that should be enough to get me through this. I have at least 15kg of fat which translates to $15000 \times 9 = 135000$ calories. Burning say 120 a mile I have 1125 miles in my gut. In theory I don't need to eat until I hit Oklahoma. I do like food though.

I also am not bothered by a particular timing of breakfast. If I end up eating 5 minutes before I start then so be it. In fact if I have to eat it during the first few miles of the run/walk then that is fine too. I think generally the fewer rituals and specific requirements I have the more likely it is that I'll succeed.

But I'm not eating mushrooms though. They really are evil.

When running:

when running.

I hope to run along at a comfortable 9 minute mile jog, not too slow so it feels unnatural but not burning myself out either. This will be punctuated by walking breaks. I don't have a specific "minutes running minutes walking" time split in mind, I'll see how the land lies. I'll slow/walk if there are significant uphill, if it's really hot or when I am having an eating or drinking break, during road crossings or navigational parts, when overtaking someone who is walking for a chat.

It's possible that I might walk the first few miles of each day so that I don't get carried away or to eat. I plan on walking the last few miles too so that I can start eating and get the recovery process started early.

When supported I don't need to take too much stuff with me, just the required water. I must make sure that I add my Elete water to everything I drink (and eat where possible). I am not yet sure what food the organisers will supply along the route (the guide says sports bars). If it is of the recovery/protein variety then I will take one of these towards the end of each stage.

I don't really suffer from blisters (I get them but they are my friend) but it is likely that I'll have to deal with a lot of these along the way. I probably won't bother with them during a stage but at the end I hope to pop them and clean then properly and hopefully they will dry out enough so that I don't need to tape them. I will take some compeed with me but I have never successfully managed to get the stuff to attach to my foot.

I DON'T want to take any painkillers. I didn't in Badwater and have not this year so far (apart from hangovers). I am debating whether to even take painkillers with me.

I want to take LOADS of photos along the way, I'll have my camera phone with me and hope to do lots of facebooking too.

When I have finished running I MUST remember that these next hours are as important as the running ones. Hopefully I will have already stuffed my face with food and that magic 1 hour window of my body metabolising protein at a faster rate will be taken advantage of. This is the time for stretch and massage. I'll replace my shoes with the minimal ones or flip flops to walk around in. I've found this is great for loosening my legs up after a run.

Weigh myself again and drink accordingly.



NEVER had an ice bath before. Apparently they are essential though I don't recall reading that the original Bunioneers had them so maybe they are an extravagance. Who knows. If it's easily available then I might have a go.

Though I am taking lots of clothes I'll probably aim to wear each item 3-4 days in a row then discard it. For this I need to wash them as much as is possible in the hotel rooms and dry them.

Skyping and calling home may be tricky. Before I start running at say 5am will be noon in the UK. When I have finished running at say 5pm it will be midnight in the UK. It's going to be hard keeping in touch with Gemma but we'll manage it somehow.

I want to blog as much as I can. I will write a book about all this (I've almost written it to the point just before the this race) and want to remember every detail so that I can draw upon it later. But also because I like reading back on it all. Hopefully I'll get internet access and can upload photos and words each day.

I want to capture some of the more inane details too like all the food I ate, temperature and weather and all that.

I hope to keep track of the races that others are doing and it would be great if everyone can post stuff on my facebook about how everything is going. The

Western States 100, UltraBalaton, Badwater, Thames Ring, UTMB, Leadville, North Downs 100, Davos and many more are happening while I am out there. Please let me know how you are all getting along. The worst thing about doing a big long race is that you have to miss other big long races L

Alcohol - Now we are talking. I'm not going to seek to drink but neither am I going to avoid it. If it's a nice sunny evening and there is a bar at the place I am staying at then I see no reason why I should not reward myself with a couple of beers. Normally 4 is my limit before feeling a bit groggy the next day but I think the American beer exchange rate is similar to that of dollars and I can probably get away with 6 J

But I must make sure I drink plenty of water too. Boring.

Evening meals will be mainly in restaurants and I'll have to take what I can get. Hopefully there will be plenty of steaks to choose from.

And then off to bed. Hopefully I'll be tired enough to want to sleep around 8pm. I'll just lie back and think of Ealing.

James Adams | [7 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (7)

James

It is going to be one seriously awesome adventure. I can't wait to read the blogs, the posts and see the images. I only wish I could join you.... not to run but to take notes, take photos and record the suffering. Having read Marshall Ullrichs book the prospect of your journey would terrify me. The very best of British ;-)

Ian

June 14, 2011 | [Ian](#)

Good luck James looks like you have a great plan. Try to get OFF of your feet as soon as possible and like you said get the food into you first! You will not have any problem sleeping, believe me I slept in some sorry arse places and just about the time I was thinking "I sure wish I could sleep" I was dead to the world! Good luck and be conservative...

John

June 14, 2011 | [John Price](#)

Cant wait to watch your progress, best of luck.

June 14, 2011 | [Sandra McDougall](#)

I literally cannot WAIT to follow your progress. I have no doubt you will have an incredible time. Well done for getting this far in one piece, it's more than I have managed.

Good luck dude.

James

June 14, 2011 | [James Elson](#)

James,

Wishing you well on this life affirming and life changing adventure. I have full confidence in your ability to eat and run across the country and as with everyone else following your journey, I look forward to the updates and any other random info you reflect upon.

My biggest concern after reading the race notes is that I can't see how you can possibly run the complete distance without getting collared for pissing/shitting in public? When you gotta go, you gotta go!!! Good luck with that one! Ha ha.

All the best, wishing you well.

Carl.

June 15, 2011 | [Carl](#)

I came across this blog by accident and now can't wait to read how you get on. One of my favourite books is Flanagans Run written by Tom McNab and you are doing the real life version of the TransAmerica Race from Los Angeles to New York. You have inspired me to get back on the treadmill and hopefully on the road some time soon. Good luck

June 16, 2011 | [Carol](#)

Carol

There are several factual books out about the 1928 and 1929 bunion derbies...

My favorite, unfortunately out of print (it was self published by it's British author), is "from l.a. to new york, from new york to l.a."

by Harry Berry. The title is actually all small characters and not my typo! ;-)

It has an awesome appendix with entrants list and finishers times and splits...

The real thing is even more intriguing than Flanagan's Run, which I have also read and like.

I wish I could afford to do the race but alas I'm left to doing it on the cheap, IE solo self-supported.

John

June 16, 2011 | [John Price](#)

wednesday
Jun152011

I am in LA

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 2011 AT 1:55PM

Blimey this is a big place, it's going to take a whole day just to run out of it.

I have just woken up after a 10 hour sleep after a fairly painless flight from the UK. 10.5 hour on a plane is never pleasant but it was OK as I got to sit upstairs and near the window so had a fair bit of space. I got cramp on the plane though and came off feeling like all of my legs were not working. I was a bit disappointed that we did not fly over the US much, when we went to Vegas the plane goes right through and I can see a lot of it. This time it was mostly through Canada until it swooped down through the NW states. Probably just as well I didn't look at it too much.

I didn't go into detail about the "purpose of your visit" thing when asked that several times by passport control.

It's 5am here, better get used to that, it's still dark and I am staring at where the sun should come up from but there is no sign of it yet. Not much yet to report other than the quite sickly feeling I am getting that this thing now feels like it's really going to happen.

Later today I will go to a race briefing at the Huntington Beach Hotel where we are all based and I will get to meet the other runners for the first time. Before that I am going shoe shopping for a couple more pairs of trainers.

Hopefully there will be a few drinkers in the hotel bar tonight so that I can get to know the 16 other runners before we enter our different worlds on the same bit of highway.

Tomorrow I'll do a big shop to buy about a months worth of snacks and anything that I panic myself into buying.

I am also very pleased with this article in the **Telegraph** and thanks to Jol for arranging it. Hopefully I'll be able to update this every week.

Here is a list of what I have taken so far;

13 Pairs of pants

21 Pairs of Socks

22 short sleeved tops/vest (Inc 4 serpie ones and 1 fetch, most of the tops were given to me by Columbia)

6 paris of shorts

4 long sleeved tops

4 wind/shower proof jackets

waterproof trousers

3 sets of leggings

3 gloves

calf and quad compression guards

compression tights

15 state flags, 1 USA flag 1 UK flag

Sleeping Bag and Sleeping Mat

Weighing Scales

2 Small Camepacks, 1 large, 2 bottle belts

walking Poles (not for the race mind, to hobble about afterwards)

The Stick

Bowl, Cup, knife, fork, spoon

Antiseptic liquid

Sun Cream (must not forget to wear it)

Slippers

Sandals

2 sun hats, 3 buffs, 1 snood

High viz stuff and lights

Phone, US sim card and 5 phone batteries

Netbook

2 pairs of shades and 1 pair of sand-goggles

8 tubes of 3B's lube

4 pairs of Newton running shoes, 1 pair of PT1000, I will but a couple of pairs of "safe" Brooks or Asics when I am out there

Elephant strength toe nail clippers and foot cheese grater

[James Adams](#) | [2 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (2)

Helpful list James – let me know if you took too much/little of anything and what you really needed but forgot off here so I can use next year! I'll be adding 2 x mascara and a red lipstick of course.

June 17, 2011 | [Jen](#)

Seriously? No anti-venom kit, saftey flare or 8 large safety pins? At least you didn't forget to pack your slippers.

June 17, 2011 | [Nikolai](#)

Saturday
Jun182011

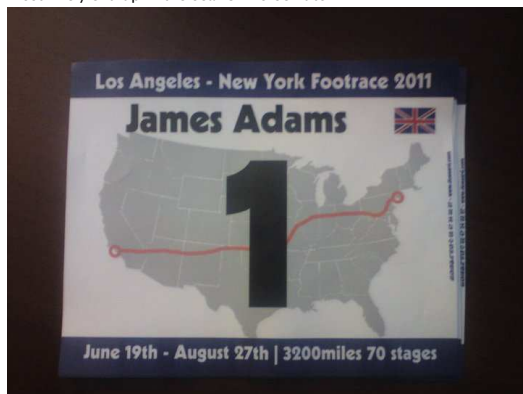
T Minus 2 - Registration

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 2011 AT 4:36AM

Here is some water to get you through the race briefing, it's quite long but then after that we can drink beer.

I was immediately put at ease by Laure who is now the race director for the LANY race since Serge Girard decided to run himself. In a small room in the Regent Hotel near Huntington Beach the 16 runners and members of support crew squeezed in to listen to the race rules. Laure said that she wanted everyone to ask any questions now before they get really tired and grumpy which usually happens after day 2.

I am amazed by how big LA is. I stayed at Ruth's last night thinking that was near the centre. It is kind of but Huntington beach was 36 miles away. On day one I'll run for 46 miles and still be in LA. If you did that from London you'll most likely end up in the sea. Or worse Luton.



We all introduced ourselves. I was pointed out as the only UK national and hence seconded to help out with any language problems. Laure asked if anyone could not speak English and no one responded. Then someone asked the same question in French and Japanese and quite a few did. I was unable to help there.

I didn't say much about myself other than I am from London and it was the fault of the other Brit on the list who made me do this. Mark unfortunately is not here to confuse the Japanese with his silly Geordie accent.

One of the most memorable intros was a Japanese chap who said he took up running because his girlfriend dumped him for being fat. He got addicted and now here he is, 2 years later about to attempt a 3200 mile race.

Dave Warady came along to give us a speech. He won the race in 1992. He said to make sure that we were only running against the vast distance of the USA and not against each other as we'll get injured. He also advised against blogging saying it was a distraction. I'm only doing this so I have something to blog about in the first place..

There was then some talk about the rules. Some things were cleared up which was good. Highlights were;

- There will be no water stations but the organisers guarantee to see every runner at least every hour and give them water and food as required
- Cut-offs stand at 3.5mph pace which means the first day is 13 hours
- From now they will talk in Kilometers only as there were no Americans and only one Brit in the race
- You are not allowed to drink beer outdoors in the states which means you can't drink at the finish line. This was a disappointment as she really wanted everyone to have a beer at the end of each stage
- It's going to get really hot. Next 8 days the temps are 21C, 26C, 31C, 41C, 40C, 41C, 40C





5 days food supply

- There are snakes
- There is a 140k section along a straight road with no life whatsoever
- The overall leader will run each day with a yellow number. She held up my yellow number as an example.
- We need a tent. I forgot a tent

One thing that struck me was the amount of food we were given. This photo shows what we will get every 5 days. About 15 cereal bars, 15 cokes, 15 porridge sachets, loaf of bread, cliff bars and hammer gels, biscuits, juice, fruit stuff, water, coffee, jam. That is probably enough to sustain such a run. I do like burgers though.

After it was over I retired and spoke to a few people over a beer and some crisps. I spoke to Markus and Rainer who I had emailed over the last few months. I also spoke to Serge. I later went to Pizza hut with Rainer and a couple of his support crew. No one is really talking in detail about the race. Plenty of time for that later.

So it's about 9pm here. I am off to bed and very aware that tomorrow is my last day off for a long time...

James Adams | [3 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (3)

They may need to re look at the food rations, that will never keep you going ;-)

June 18, 2011 | [ian](#)

That's only three cereal bars and three cokes a day... I ate three cereal bars today on my way home from an Olympic triathlon...

June 19, 2011 | [Teri](#)

Really enjoying your posts, and wishing you the best of luck!

However, just one query: since when are you not allowed to drink beers outside in any of the Atlantic seaboard states??! That sounds like a load of organiser spiel to me...

June 21, 2011 | [Alex](#)

Saturday
Jun 18 2011

T Minus 1 - Last minute faffing

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 2011 AT 8:09PM

I have half mastered mind over matter. If I think about a part of my body it then really really hurts. I think about my foot and all of a sudden a throbbing pain covers the whole sole. I think about my knee and it cramps up and stiffens so I can barely move it. I think about my throat and then it seems to close off and choke me. I just need to be able to do all of this in reverse. In the meantime I will try not to think about my guts spilling out.

It's now 8pm, I start running in 9.5 hours. Laurie is here now and we have just crammed her car full of stuff that we have brought from Walmart and Costco. In addition to the food I have been given I have bought some protein in the form of a 2kg sack of whey protein and 16 large bags of beef jerky. I've also got energy drinks, sweets, sausages, nuts and some other bits I randomly put in the trolley that was the size of a skip.

I have just had my last meal. A steak with mashed potato and a couple of pints of IPA. The IPA was fizzy though, why does America have to make all beer fizzy?

Anyway not much more to say other than I am pretty nervous about tomorrow. I start at 1.30 UK time and hope to do the 45 miles in around 10 hours. The weather should not be too warm.

Now I am thinking about my bowels relaxing. Gotta go....



[James Adams](#) | [2 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (2)

i am jovie narcise from the philippines and happened to know your site through ian sharman's blog. i will be visiting this blog/site as you progress on your transamerica road race with the hope to gain knowledge on your adventure run. good luck and keep your posts coming. you can also visit my blog at www.baldrunner.com

June 19, 2011 | [Jovie narcise](#)

Way to go! Rolling on a great adventue. Good luck!

Monday
Jun202011

Day 1 - LA to Norco 45.6 miles - First day in the new job

MONDAY, JUNE 20, 2011 AT 12:43AM

If this really were the first day in a new job I'd probably be in a pub right now telling all my friends how I have bitten off more than I can chew and that I probably won't last here long. I thought first days were where you were gently introduced to the co-workers and told vaguely what it is you'll be doing but that does not really matter because you can make the job your own and do what you like. Today has made the point quite starkly, this is going to be an incredibly difficult summer.



It was dark when we gathered at Huntington Beach for the start. Laurie drove up to park the car and exposed a poor Japanese guy "mid-lubing" in the headlights. After a few photos and at least one confused local we got away, taking turns to be in the lead before Rainer cruised in front.

I settled into a relaxed pace with Alex (Beady Italian endurance Rower) and Markus Mueller. There was a huge amount of stopping and starting at the lights even though there was no one there we had to stop as jaywalking gets heavily clamped down on here and we didn't want to mess the race up. LA was not awake yet, at least for the first 10 long straight miles.

After around 7 LA started to wake up, burger joints and coffee shops started their Sunday hours, the freeways got really busy with fast cars. There was the odd exchange with locals as to "where are you running to?" The answer is quite swift "New York" and met with responses ranging from "Awesome" to "F**k".

I had to sit down several times to stretch my groin out, I don't normally worry too much about this as it happens in most races and usually clears after about 30 miles. However if this is going to happen on the first 30 miles of every day I am going to spend much of this summer in pain. I was hoping either for it to just go away or for other things to start hurting more so that I didn't think about it anymore.

Half way took a long time coming. LA is so huge. It goes from being industrial to commercial to residential then back to industrial again. Some of the crossings were very confusing and sometimes you have to cross 3 roads to get on the other side of one road as there was no crossing there.

Around the marathon point we got onto a cycle lane which was busy with cyclists often asking us what we were doing. It looks like a road, cyclists seem to have more luxury over here than in London as these are miles and miles of unbroken cycle roads. I was pretty much on my own now though I got overtaken by Serge and Jenni at this point. From then I didn't see anyone again.

Around 35 miles in we were back in the industrial areas though quite hi-tech stuff. Away from the massive oil refineries on the coast. Ruth had come out to support as well and was getting along with Laurie as I was meeting them every 2 or 3 miles or so. Towards the end there were plenty of turns which they always made sure they were at so that I would not go wrong.

BEHOLD – a blister on my little toe. It was a welcome distraction from my groin strain though a little annoying. I've never really had to deal with them. I was hopeless in the other multi days I have done and in long races I just carry on as normal.

It got much hotter as I entered Norco, a funny town made for horses. My "plan" of 10 hours looked to be coming in way under so I slowed considerably and walked a fair bit of the last 7 miles. This was fine in the heat of the day

and walked a fair bit of the last 7 miles. This was true in the heat of the day for me, I was feeling a little dehydrated and light headed.

I passed a prison where you could see through the fence and see the prisoners at play time (or whatever it is called). Glad I am this side of the fence.



I finished in 9.36, under my target but not so much so that I feel spanked. Rainer came in under 7 hours and the group of Alex, Jenni, Serge did around 8.44.

I am glad I had plenty of time afterwards to skype, eat, blog, upload photos, drink beer, swim and stretch. I fear I will not have this luxury every day.

So that was an "average" day. I'd take sub ten for every average day going. Tomorrow is a little longer, much hotter and uphill.

Stuff - I am trying to take some notes of each day like this.

Start Weight End Weight [Forgot to get the scales out - I'll start tomorrow]

Miles 45.6 Time 9.36

Consumption Approx: 1 coffee, 3L Gatorade, 4L water, 1 coke, 1 Monster 500ml, 2 Natural grain bars, 2 cliff peanut butter cake things, 1 large bag of beef jerky (88g protien in total), 100g Cashews, handfuls of jelly beans.

AFTER - 1 bottle of Sierra Nevada Pale Ale, 1 Fat Tyre Beer, can of coke, 2l water, 500ml gatorade, Calimari starter (about twice the size of an English starter), lamb kebab and bread.

Kit: Serpie top, Kathmandu Shorts, Nike compression pants, Kalanji Socks, Asics Glycerin, Buff, Visor, Shades, Camelpack

Injuries: Contant groin aches though it improved towards the end, the usual achillies tightness, headache after about 20 miles (probably from drinking nothing but coffee and beer for the week before), Left hip pain.

James Adams | [11 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (11)

Good work James, Day one in the bag. Am looking forward to a good stat check after every day, gotta love those stats, looks like you should easily push through the 100 beer mark by the end!

June 20, 2011 | [Andy C](#)

Great stuff. Looking forward to reading more. Think your strategy is right. Take it easy. There's a long way to go. And a lot of beer to enjoy!

June 20, 2011 | [Brian Mc](#)

Excellent! Looking forward to your next update, keep up the good work x

June 20, 2011 | [Julie Adams](#)

Keep on trucking soldier.

June 20, 2011 | [Carl](#)

Sounds like a great time, looking forward to further updates. Is there a website that shows where the runners start and finish each day? The official website (Serge Girard) doesn't have much detail.

June 20, 2011 | [Larry S](#)

Nevermind. I found a good site. www.lanvfootrace.com. (Who would have

...reminiscent of a good one. (I'm not sure if I should have thought to look there:))

June 20, 2011 | **Larry S**

Unfortunately as you get nearer to AZ it looks like we're heating up. Looking forward very much to following your journey

June 20, 2011 | **Lesley Roberts**

Well done for the first day and the time. I will be following this blog with interest, because I have taken an interest in ultra running. I hope to do my first one sometime next year. I live in the Pyrenees, so I have a fantastic place to train. An ultra seems a long way off at the moment though. Keep going, you are an inspiration.

June 20, 2011 | **Andy**

you are an inspiration. you just finished your 1st day and you did great! your blog will be a part of my daily menu. is there a way you can post the route you have taken through the google map? i am just curious if there is glycerin with ASICS. it could be Brooks. keep on posting. cheers!

June 20, 2011 | **Jovie narcise**

I shall be following you Binks all the way across America. Amazing. Absolutely amazing.

June 20, 2011 | **Paul brackett**

Steady first day...
Watch out for those blisters.
two weeks of blister on blister and you're whole foot will fall off.
hope you're feeling good

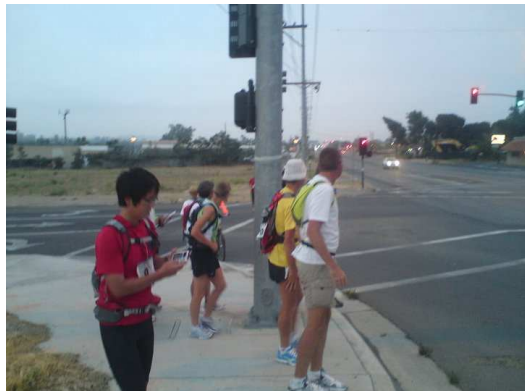
June 20, 2011 | **Steve Cook**

Tuesday
Jun212011

Day 2 - Norco to Hesperia 48.9 miles. Harder but better

TUESDAY, JUNE 21, 2011 AT 4:47AM

I woke up this morning feeling pretty good, the aches and pains I had at the start of yesterday could well have gone away. I was wide awake by 4 again. I had a really good sleep, pretty much from 8-12 then 12-4. I'll settle for that each day.



There

was a lot of this

Today we were warned that a long and hard day was coming. There were hills, off-road sections and the start of some proper heat.

The first 15 miles or so were infuriating for all. Monday morning in a suburb of LA was jammed with heavy goods vehicles and we had to wait at every intersection. While we were all trying to get a bit of momentum going to ease out our stiff legs we had to stop-start-stop-start-stop and sometimes have to wait several minutes. Doing 14 minute miles is nothing I am too worried about but spending 4 of them stood at an intersection waiting for a white man letting us cross was very frustrating.

America is a place that was not built for pedestrians but gives them a free reign over everywhere. I think (I got this from Q!) that there is only one road in the whole USA that a pedestrian is not allowed to go on and that is in Michigan, way off from where we are going. A man can run anywhere but much of the time he will have to share the way with 40 tonne trucks. Often there are no pavements (sorry "sidewalks"), the crossings (nay "intersections") have you running round in circles for a 5 second crossing interval and the general view of the road users is that you should only really venture out when encased in at least 2 tonnes of steel.

Around 15 miles in we hit better roads but still had the scourge of the intersections. I tried not to let it frustrate me as I was feeling a whole lot better than I did yesterday. After 15 miles yesterday I feared that my legs were going to fall off sideways but today that had all disappeared. All I had were the usual minor aches from having run 45 miles yesterday, nothing much to worry about.



Around 20 miles in we were out of the towns and headed straight for some impressive looking mountains. Impressive enough to be hidden from me completely until I was right there on Base Street (They don't mess around with the names of stuff here, like the Australians). For the first time since I have been here I felt like I was running into the wilderness.

There were no houses, the occasional farm, a railway with trains a mile long

and about 4 highway underpasses between Base Street and the base of the mountains. I was really looking forward to getting up the pass that would see us climb about 1000m in the heat of the day.

I had to stop at a petrol (gas; damn it) station and on emerging I spoke to a guy asking what I was doing. I am surprised that people know exactly how far New York is away, I don't think that's the case when I run from Birmingham to London. "That's like 3000 miles?" - Pretty much, give or take a Spartathlon.

Laurie and Ruth were amazing again today, making sure I made every turn and giving me all the stuff that I'd probably forget to take if they were not there. Laurie bought a water pistol from somewhere and attacked me just before we hit route 66. On doing so a lady stopped and warned us about rattle snakes. She was not wrong, within a few meters I saw a dead one on the path. They are going to be in the shade at this point.

I was running in a valley, about the 32 mile mark and for the first time I considered myself retracing the footsteps of the unioners in 1928. Not many cars come down here now, there are cracks in the road with weeds growing out of them. The rising heat of the day and the valleys made this a large oven though it was no way near as hot as we are going to experience in a few days, or even later that day.

I ran much of this section with Alex who I think was suffering the heat. In fact not long earlier I passed Yoshiaki who had finished second yesterday but was talking about how hot it was already.

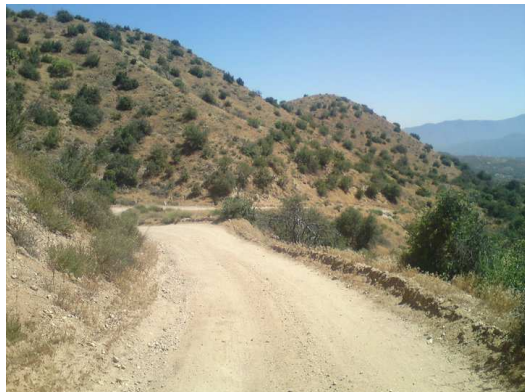
There was a section of about 1k where we had to run (walk/hobble/climb) on a dry river bed as it was the only way of getting under lots of freeways (Didn't say motorways). ON emerging from that Laurie texted me to say that she had missed an exit on the freeway and was going to meet me a bit later. I only noticed at this point that I had no water left. Fortunately as I discovered this I saw the wonderful golden arches of McDonalds and thought I had to go in. No really I had to. Large fries and Large coke were a treat.

It was probably getting over 30C when the hardest section of the stage appeared. After the McDonalds stop (WHICH WAS ESSENTIAL) There was a 2 mile section up a windy road. It was another one of those where I could not decide whether it was up or flat just like in Badwater. I guess with your head down everything looks uphill.

It took a long time walking those two miles where there was one of the organising team there diverting us onto a trail. This too was uphill and really felt like going into the wilderness.

The only "injury" that I suffered most of the day was that annoying blister on my little toe. I probably should have dealt with it sooner. This started to hurt a bit and I called ahead for Laurie to get the kit out and lance the little bastard.

The off-road section up hill was amazing but really hard. There were LANY flour signs in many places but the heat getting to my head made me paranoid about whether I was still on the right track. That's when you start doing the doomsday calculations. If I go 2 miles out into nothing and then have to go back will I still make the cut offs? Or more trivially If I go out for miles and can't find my way back then will I die? If I lie down in a bush will I get bitten by a rattlesnake?



After much doom-mongering I saw Ruth at the head of the pass and was very relieved that was all over. A small descent and then a 10 minute lay down to sort the blister out. In doing so Laurie poked at a part of my foot and said "Is this not bothering you?" There was not feeling at all. "OK then, lets pretend I didn't mention it".

Most of the "3 parks to go" were flat or down, right next to a busy interstate (I call in that, I have no idea, might have been a freeway, or a highway, or a

route). I was feeling really good about everything. The finish line was inside the hotel where there was ice-cream, beer and coke. Lovely.

So all in all today felt much better. New York is only 49 miles closer but in my head it feels twice as achievable compared to yesterday. I feel in good spirits and hence I have been able to bang out 1300 words of a blog in no time. I suspect that some of the detail may suffer as I get really tired. Get used to "Ran a long way, feel buggered. Saw a lizard" being the standard in some days.

Tomorrow, slightly shorter, mostly flat or down, not many stupid traffic lights, however this is where we enter the desert. Today's heat just won't compare.

Boring stuff

Start Weight 84.1 KG End weight 83.8KG

Consumption during running - 6L Water, 3L Gatorade, 2 Cokes, 1 Large fries, 2 ham and cheese sandwiches, Nuts, Sweets, 2 "Slim Jims" pepparami things, half a pack of beef jerky, AFTER - 1 coke, 1 ice cream, burger and chips, milk shake [not nearly enough eaten today, probably the heat]

Stats - 1000m climb from end to start, dunno how much up and down total but felt like a lot. Max temperature was recorded at about 35C

Injuries - None. Started off with the usually aches but they went away and groin was not there at all. Little annoying blister, slight sunburn.

[James Adams](#) | [14 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (14)

Fetchie legend!

June 21, 2011 | [Tavis](#)

Fetchie Legend indeed.

Reading your blog is the new highlight of my day. Amazing running.

June 21, 2011 | [SuperDave!](#)

Oh god, do we have to read this much every day? I am going to have to rearrange my bath times.

June 21, 2011 | [Jon](#)

2nd Super Dave, get into work switch on computer and read your blog - all other emails can wait. A true inspiration! Also loving the photos on fb. x

June 21, 2011 | [Sandra BT](#)

James, your blogs are going to be a daily highlight! I hope you can maintain the same depth of information as the miles rack up and the fatigue takes it's toll. Can't believe you didn't have a Mig Mac with those fries.... your slipping

June 21, 2011 | [Ian](#)

what an inspiration you are Binks. can't wait to read each new blog. I'm doing this with you all the way mate.

June 21, 2011 | [Paul brackett](#)

Hi James, my friend Rab Crangle in London told me you were going to be doing this...I'll watch your progress as you go. Best of luck, hope you make it to New York!

June 21, 2011 | [Robert Konshak](#)

I can't believe you only had 3 cokes all day....what's wrong with you :o)

June 21, 2011 | [Claire](#)

James your doing great. Passing up some people already. Your conservative start will do you a lot of good later. I love your accounts...
By the way, one error! Pedestrians are not allowed on most interstates in the US, some states allow peds on interstates through mountain passes and the state of Missouri allows them on all interstates. They "little white men" were a

big frustration for me too! Also I could not pass up a McDonalds without getting a large Strawberry Milkshake!!!! :-)
Keep truckin'

June 21, 2011 | **John Price**

For anyone interested there is a video of stage 1 on
<http://www.lanyfootrace.com/>

Hopefully regular videos will follow :-)

June 21, 2011 | **SuperDave!**

I think im gonna enjoy reading this as much as you enjoy running it .TOP man

June 21, 2011 | **Stuart Henderson**

I stumbled upon your blog and bloody hell I am impressed. Hope you make it all the way. Those roads, you need to have some guts to share with a Mac truck.

June 21, 2011 | **Colin**

hesperia? you are now on your way to barstow! take it easy or the heat will take a toll on you. first thing to do as soon as i wake up is to read your blog. keep 'em coming!!

June 21, 2011 | **jovie narcise**

Well done on the ham and cheese sandwich count... Keep up the good work... Might want to add some pickle... for one of your five a day.

June 22, 2011 | **TT**

Wednesday
Jun222011

Day 3 - Hesperia to Barstow - 47.4 miles - Into the Desert

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 2011 AT 2:03AM

Today was going to be easier and harder. We would not have to deal with the hills and off-road sections of the previous nor would we have to be interrupted by intersections every half mile but today we would have to make up for that in heat.

I didn't sleep that well. The usual 5:30 start, 13 runners now as word got out that Philippe had dropped out the previous day with cramp. Two more runners suffered a lot of vomiting and heat exhaustion from a day that was hot but no way near as hellish as it is going to get. Today we were going to march into that hell.



It was warm to start off with as the sun came over the mountains from the east. We were running parallel to those mountains along 10 miles of road and highway watching the sun creep up from behind the valley it likes to scorch every day. The first 10 were easy though I had to stop a couple of times and use the great outdoors.

At the 11 mile point we were warned that we would see the last gas station before the end so if our crews were low then they should fill up here. The level of detail given to the runners and crew about the 3200 mile route is phenomenal and Laure and the team should be commended for such an amazing show. She was not wrong, soon after we were running on the "National Trail Highway", I think part of Route 66, into the Mojave Desert.

On leaving the city and heading into the desert every small business has Mojave in the title. Mojave Donuts, Mojave Tattooist, Mojave and Sons Litigation Services. Once in there however I expect to be greeted with a rusty barn with "General Store" written on it.

We started down the highway, I settled into my usual group with Alex somewhere in front and Jenni nearby. The sun was to my right burning through the right side of my face. My head felt sore despite lots of water and wet toweling.



My feet were still good, little toe blister did not really make a noise. Legs tighter than the previous day but eased out after a few miles. Groin strain again was non-existent. Maybe it was all in my head. Well they do say that a man's brain is in his....

There were not that many route descriptions today, previous days had "turn here" "Cross there" every mile or so whereas today was something like "Pass

railway underpass at 16.7 miles" then "See sign for town at 31.2 miles". Since I was not using a Garmin I had no idea how far I had gone really.

I have a watch that allegedly give you stuff like temperature, altitude, pressure, weather forecast as well as being able to tell the time. It does the last thing very well but the others are not so good. The thermometer is against the skin. It's useless to tell the air temp but I have found it useful to look at how it increases and decreases according to how much I work and what the actual temperature is. Essentially it was measuring my skin temperature and was quite interesting. It rose during the day steadily from 35 to 40C. When I ran it was higher, going uphill it was higher. Kind of like a heart rate monitor. Not that I am becoming one of them :)

Around halfway there was a derelict building that was the first bit of shade we saw for about 10 miles. It became an impromptu cafe with at least 5 runners and their crew stopping under the shade for lunch. I had a lovely ham and cheese sandwich that was toasted on one side because it was left outside for about 30 seconds. I could have just stayed there all day.

I saw that Jenni and Girard were starting to suffer and fell behind me quite a way. They both have finished ahead of me in the previous 2 days as has Alex and by sticking near them I knew I was doing a reasonable but not excessive pace. The roads are still deceptive and it's hard to tell up from down.

Every 2-3 miles Laurie was stopping to give me a gatorade which I always downed and a spray of ice cold water. Within minutes everything was dry again. There were only a few moments where I felt weak and dizzy, I was holding up quite well. The highest recorded temperature came from the Italian supporters of Alex who said it was 42C. It got to about 40 at 11am and stayed there pretty much.

It's not just the heat though, there was a warm dry wind drying out any moisture on your body. I don't recall feeling sweaty at all even though I was going through loads of water, it just dries right off your skin. There is dust in the air too that gets down your throat leaving it dry and giving an unquenchable thirst. There is some relief when a large lorry drives close to you and gives you a cool sidewind though often I found myself getting angry at a truck that blown my hat off. Hardly their fault.



I got to know Alex a little better in the last 15 miles or so. He says he is not an experiences ultra runner (MDS, Twice run across Alaska), he is a national hero in endurance rowing, having rowed 10 months solid on his own. He is a really nice guy and his team are a joy to be around. When I am no longer supported I may well stick near Alex just to keep my spirits up.

On the subject of support crews, I had a gap in my first 2 weeks which might now be filled. Gemma contacted a Fetchie Leslie who lives *nearby* who mentioned wanted to come and see the race. Gemma managed to ask her if she could crew for 2 days while I have the gap. That news was so awesome I just started running quite fast, forgetting that is was up a bloody great big hill and in 40 degree heat.

The last 10 miles were quite interesting. Through a small town and then into Barstow which seemed endless. Every shop seems to be something to do with tow-trucks like these people are obsessed with dragging stuff about in the desert. Most of todays run was alongside a busy railway line with trains a mile long creeping past. Laurie counted 106 carriages on one of them.

I walked much of the last few miles as per "the plan". A lot of it was uphill anyway so it didn't matter and I knew I was doing well today as I could still see Alex ahead. I tried to stretch on a lamp post near the end and burnt my hands. The Sun really does own this place.

Pleased again with today and that I don't feel to tired though I will do less affing today and try to be in bed by 8. Tomorrow is going to be really tough. 51 miles and all in the scorching desert. Don't expect many words from me

tomorrow.

Boring Stats

Distance 47.4 miles Time 10.55

Start Weight 84.5KG Finish Weight 82.5KG

Consumption DURING – 2 ham and cheese sandwiches, some nuts, some jerky, some sweets, 2 bananas (fruit?? going soft I think), 4l gatorade, 10l water, 2 cans of monster (really kicked me up the arse) AFTER – 3 plates of chinese buffet and about 1.5l of raspberry iced tea

Kit Newtons, Karimoor socks, columbia short sleeved top, North Face sun hat, shades, Kooga pants, kathmandu shorts, camelpack and 3l bladder

Route

<http://www.mapmyrun.com/routes/view/38307310>

James Adams | **22 Comments** | **Share Article**

Reader Comments (22)

Binks you are a real inspiration . I am never again going to moan about how tough my local half marathon is.

June 22, 2011 | **Paul brackett**

james youre doing great! its been absolutely pouring down here for us serpies near hyde park for the last few days so you ain't missing good weather! poor wimbledon been rained off loads! keep up the fab efforts, what an inspiration!!

June 22, 2011 | **gemma carter**

Awesome effort and that is just the blog post. Sounds like you are going well. Good luck.

June 22, 2011 | **Edward**

Hi James

Morning!!

Thought you may like some words of encouragement from here in the UK.

Really enjoying your blog and wish you all the best with your epic journey.

I will pop back when I can (i've got my own challenge this weekend – my first trail marathon in Devon 3500ft of climb) only my second marathon.

Stay safe.

Very best wishes

Rob

June 22, 2011 | **Rob Gaddie**

Been following this blog for a couple of years now but you've just taken things to a whole new level!! Fantastic effort James, makes coming into work every morning worth it just to get on your blog and see how you're doing.

June 22, 2011 | **Gaz**

Go Serpie.

June 22, 2011 | **Jon**

Good luck for tomorrow in the heat :-0

June 22, 2011 | **SuperDave!**

Top blogs – good luck and well done. Legend.

June 22, 2011 | **John66**

you're doing great James, well done

June 22, 2011 | **jo kilkeny**

Even though I'm not your coach any more, I'm still really proud of you!

June 22, 2011 | **Debbie**

Glad I stumbled across this two days ago so I can follow in real time. Amazing read. I was just thinking how this sport doesn't lend itself to television but the written word can really do it justice. Your written words, sir, are pitched perfectly. I'll buy the book as well.

Keep going sunshine.

June 22, 2011 | [Damian](#)

Heat sounds hard. I know something about 35c humid heat but 42 dry heat. Bet the sweatlessness is deceptive. Keep gatorading and moving forward dude.

June 22, 2011 | [Brian Mc](#)

i am familiar with the route and surroundings of the place as i travelled from LA to LV (Las Vegas). the heat is something that you have to endure at this time of the year. 3 plates of chinese buffet? nice! thanks for including the map. you made my day! good luck and keep strong!

June 22, 2011 | [Jovie narcise](#)

Great to read your updates James. I think you'll be forgiven if they're not all as detailed as so far :) Regards from sunny Aberdeen and stay safe.

June 22, 2011 | [ChrisMac](#)

Good blogs and a great effort so far. We'll be following the blog and supporting you all the way.

June 22, 2011 | [Avon](#)

Hi James, sounds like you are having fun!

Wot no Guinness though!

June 22, 2011 | [Pam Storey](#)

These posts make for an extremely good start to the day. Six miles at lunchtime never seemed so easy.

June 23, 2011 | [Robin Harvie](#)

James,

You're doing an awesome job running & posting your blogs. Good luck to you. I'd love to be able to send you some of the rain we've been having here lately!

June 23, 2011 | [Peter Land](#)

Enjoying the blogs James. Keep running and keep blogging if you can. Inspiring stuff. Noel / Nightjar.

June 23, 2011 | [Noel](#)

Great stuff James. Can you drink more beer though please – I have £1 on you!

June 23, 2011 | [Jen](#)

Following your progress from Chamonix with Dan DB. Will be thinking about you when we are tucking into post-marathon pizza and beer. Hope you are not letting any dodgy Japs or Europeans beat you. Will nominate you for an MBE if you make it in first!

June 24, 2011 | [Dan Afshar](#)

Nice collection of Pictures...and your blog looks cool

Certain Dry | Drysol

August 12, 2011 | [Anti perspirant](#) | [Iontophoresis](#)

Saturday
Jun252011

Day 4 - Barstow to Ludlow 50.9 Miles - When going through hell keep going

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 2011 AT 12:20AM

I finished today feeling pretty chuffed with myself for getting finished in a decent time and not feeling too bad at the end of it. It was at some points 44C with warm wind and some morale breaking straight roads. I managed to finish within the 12 hours needed to be able to go to the only café in town before it closes and have a huge steak and eggs. On returning to the motel I was greeted by the sad news that 3 runners had dropped out of today. It was an incredibly hot 51 miles of road running we all had to suffer today and I suffered too but it appears not as much as others.



Only 4 days into the run and it is now light when we start. I don't know whether that is the 4 days difference or the 140 miles we have moved east but it is clear now that we are not going to be able to enjoy any more "easy cool" miles while the sun is still coming up. Today was the first time when I was beaten by my alarm to wake up, usually I was awake and buzzing before 4.30 but today I really could have done with the extra sleep. I am not sleeping that well.

We were still on the old route 66 which the romans would have been proud of because this was as straight as any I have seen. I think that was probably a good thing, I know with the sun beating down on your head you start to fear what is round the corner. My brain makes monsters out of roadside furniture.

The start was the usual. Laure (race director) asked us all what we wanted to do tomorrow in terms of start time, Tomorrow is only 28 miles and she thought we could start later and get a nicer breakfast. The majority wanted to start early and avoid the heat and miss breakfast. Only one person put food before avoiding heat exposure. Stupid Brit.

On setting off my legs were sore again but I know the first few miles are tough. Early on we went through a Marine Corps base and they even laid on a water stop for us. On emerging from that we set along down the long straight road.

I was behind Serge who is the most experienced runner here. This whole event was his doing and he has run across the 5 non-ice continents already. Normally he starts slow and takes over most along the way and normally passes me around half way. He told me off for "breaking the code" when I mentioned to a passer by that we were running to New York. On overtaking him I said I'll see him at half way.

For the first half I didn't really feel the heat though I knew it was there. They say that the moment you stop feeling the heat is the point where it has got you. I felt comfortable in the mid thirties.



Do
you reckon Westaway will bar me if I put this on the e group?

Early on there were a few abandoned gas stations where crews gathered in the shade to support their runners. Laurie mentioned that you can guess the date that the gas station closed by the price of the gas on the sign. Rainer yesterday saw one that said \$1 a gallon. This one said \$3 whereas now in the US it's about \$4. [In the UK it's about \$11 but at least none of our towns are more than a good days run from each other].

The people I normally run with were behind me today. Alex, Jenni and Markus seemed to be going slower. There is no reason why I should be any good in the heat given that my desert experience is only 2 races and most people here have done months of that stuff. I didn't do any acclimatisation and only went to one bikram yoga session before coming out here. I was a prime target for a slow roast in the Mojave desert.

But I covered up well, put on the sun spray, drank lots, iced lots and kept up with the salts. When the sun was in front of me I felt a burning in my right eye which impaired my vision for some of the race. Today I wore long sleeves which was a great move, my skin temperature was lower than yesterday even though the temperature was higher.

I had a scare early on, what felt like shin splints on my left and metatarsal on my right started to plague me. My shoes did not feel right, they were old and worn and I have run 2 long days in them and realised that even shoes need recovery days. On swapping them for new ones that all went away. Phew.

Just before the halfway point there was the famous "Baghdad Café" which I went in and Laurie ordered me some fries. I went inside and looked around, it was wonderful, a proper retro diner in the middle of the desert. I could stay there a while.

Around half way I started to think about what I would normally be doing now. Back home I'd be going out for a short 7 mile run around the London Parks with my running club and then heading to the pub. IN fact often I don't even bother with the run I just drink wine in the clubroom and watch peoples bags then go to the pub. I can't remember the last time I missed a Wednesday night in the pub, it may have been Badwater a year ago. Wednesday nights are going to be a big thing I'll miss over here.

My plan today was to go steady but not to stop if possible. I didn't relish staying out in this anymore than is necessary and hours can be added on to your times by stopping for 10 minutes every few miles. I tried to think of the best ultra running quote ever from Winston Churchill (though he probably did not intend it to be about running, probably the opposite). "When going through hell - KEEP GOING".



My mind wondered lots. I saw an advert for a place to rent which was basically just a shed. I imagined trying to write an ad for it to post onto our running club message board. Cheap, cheerful and small place, ideal for cyclists who don't like steering.

The roads looked like they were covered in water by the glare of the sun and the straightness messed with my head. Laurie would drive on 2 miles at a time and then spray me with ice cold water which gives relief for about 2 minutes before my clothes become bone dry again. She would then drive past and pull over again and I'd wonder why she pulled over so soon? Then having run for 20 minutes and saw the car get no nearer I realised that she had not pulled over too soon at all. These straight hot roads are mentally tormenting.

The rare sight of a building was usually met by the barking of a dog then then a chase. It sure can get the adrenaline going when a dog takes an interest in you. It's clear that they are not going to bite or anything but you do wonder what you'll be able to do in the event that it craved the juiciness of your slow roasted calf.

your slow roasted cars.

I stuck to the plan well and the miles seemed to peel off quite consistently. After around 30 miles I Laurie and I were alone doing the car-runner shuffle along the desert. Rainer and Patrick were far ahead and the others were a way behind. I didn't expect to be the 3rd placed runner for the stage and was still surprised that I seemed to be taking the heat better than the others.

11 miles to go there was a train crossing. We were always running alongside a busy interstate (the I40 I think) and a busy railroad with at least a train every 10 minutes with 50+ stock. Halfway in between crossing the railway the barriers came down, shutting me in with a train coming. They don't mess about here, not like in the UK where the shutter goes down 5 minutes before anything is even near. It's get out of my way in 10 seconds or become vulture food.

I managed that obviously and then headed over the interstate road where the desert looks a different shade of yellow. It was mostly downhill for the rest (the day was pretty flat) and in the distance you could see the small town of Ludlow. Around 6 miles from the end I think the heat finally got me. I was running no problem then just felt a wave of dizziness which nearly floored me. On next seeing Laurie who was driving along 2 miles at a time I had to lie down. Strange that so close to the end I'd get walloped like that but it was 44C and I had been out in it for 11 hours. Suprisingly I was still on for the sub 12 that would earn me a steak dinner.

I had to lie down for about 10 minutes and cool my head. The sun was right above us so there was no possibility of shade. I lay there with a wet cloth on my head while Laurie sprayed more water on me. I felt right as rain after that and found I could run again.

With about 2 miles to go I saw Patrick in front, I was amazed that I was anywhere near him and he appeared to be walking and his wife/crew was driving and stopping every few hundred meters. I got closer and closer and he started running again. It was not my intention to catch him as I always planned on walking the last mile anyway which I did.

Just before finishing I was passed by Anneke on the bike who is usually cycling near Jenni. She said "I have so much respect for you today" which was really nice to hear and I could not help but laugh. Jenni was unfortunately one of those who did not make it today along with 2 of the Japanese guys (whose names I should really remember). I finished in 11.40, 50 minutes to spare for steak. I was asked what drink I wanted at the end, "Budwieser or Water"? "Are they not the same thing"? I replied.

Today was always billed as the hardest of the first week. It was the longest distance and in constant heat. Tomorrow is only 28 miles and the next 2 days are about 40. I am really pleased to report that I had a really good run, don't feel injured or too knackered and that by noon tomorrow I should have my feet up again.

Later on I went back to the finish area after a great steak and chips to watch some of the others come through. Alex had a rough day and finished a few hours after me as did Markus who came in just before the 15 hour cut-off. The older Japanese guy (I could just go into my bag and get the book and know his name but I am exhausted) stumbled in walking sideways. Girard came in over the cut-off but is allowed to carry on regardless as today was so difficult. The desert claimed 3 victims today. There is another 10 days of this thought at least tomorrow is only 28 miles.

PS The comments I have been getting on the blog are a joy to read each morning. I am sorry that I have not replied personally to most but please keep them coming. Glad you are enjoying the blog.



Boring Stuff

Weight - Forgot again.

Consumption – DURING 2 ham and cheese sandwiches, fries from Bahgdad café, 4 hammer energy gels, 1 cliff bar, 1 can of coke, 6l Gatorade, 12l water, Some nuts. Shit not much really.

After – Melon, 2 glasses of tomato juice, large steak, eggs and home fries (burnt circles of potato), Bud, large fatty milkshake

KIT – North Face long sleeved white top, NF hat, shades, Kathmandu shorts, kooga pants, Old Newtons replaces by New Newtons, Camelpack

Injuries/Issues – Early scare with the potential shin splint but that was nothing really. Right eye hurt in the glare. Legs were sunburned. One of my hernia op keyholes burst. No blisters.

James Adams | **4 Comments** | **Share Article**

Reader Comments (4)

Now that you're in the part of the world that appreciates country music:
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=91OQwco7a58>

June 25, 2011 | **Tim Renshaw**

Heat or breakfast made me laugh :-)

June 25, 2011 | **John66**

Big, big respect. what an adventure what a great read. Keep on going.

June 25, 2011 | **Paul Rushton**

One of your keyholes burst??? Jesus...and the prize for weirdest sports related injury goes to....

June 26, 2011 | **Carl**

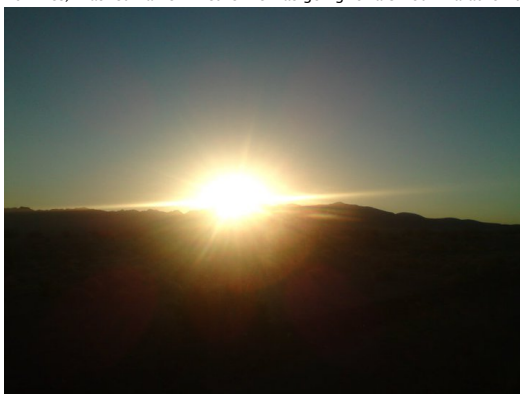
Saturday
Jun252011

Day 5 - Ludlow to Amboy 28.3 miles - Half Day

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 2011 AT 12:23AM

I can't imagine what it must have been like for the pioneers who first come through the Mojave desert. There is nothing here and that includes the small town of Ludlow. I feel so cut off from the world in a place that has no internet and did not even have a phone line until 1988. There is a café open till 6pm, a gas station and a Dairy Queen which does the best milkshakes in the USA apparently. I can't see any houses here, the motel is very basic. This is basically a truck stop between more interesting places 100s of miles away.

The route description today was almost not worth it, there were no turns in the whole 28 miles. I always thought a fast marathon course would be one with no corners (though oddly one would not count for a world record under AIMS standards as the max distance between the start and the finish must be 16 miles). I asked Rainer whether he was going for a 3 hour marathon today.



We were again warned that there is nothing between the start and the finish. Essentially now we are running from gas station to gas station. There is an occasional railroad crossing but really just vast miles of nothing.

The first part of my day was consumed with trying to contact Orange about unlocking my phone so I can use a USA sim card. I spoke to someone who didn't seem to understand that I had already paid for it to be done over 2 weeks ago and it was supposed to have been done by now. Early on in the race I got a call from someone asking what I wanted again and suggested I contact someone else. I screamed at him to contact them for me and he put me on hold while I was trying to run. It still has not been resolved and I am paying stupid amounts for US call charges. I don't want to moan as it brings me down from an otherwise fantastic experience but if anyone from Orange is out there reading this, you suck.

It was clear from the start that those who struggled yesterday were going to suffer again today. Alex, Markus, Jenni (who did not finish yesterday but will continue anyhow) and Bando started slowly whereas Serge, Italo (who consumed 28 cans of coke yesterday, counted by the organisers), Patrick and I formed the lead group. Rainer as always stuck around for a couple of miles then shot off.

It was hotter than at the same times yesterday, even 7am felt stifling. Yesterday at sunset as we were watching the last runners come in the mercury was still at 39. It was clear that it was going to go over what we had yesterday but at least we were not going to be out in it much. The road gets very bumpy at points which is hard to run on but with so little traffic on it you can run in the middle most times. There is no reason for coming down this road anymore other than for nostalgia.

I was feeling good again with no injuries and making good progress. I was determined not to sit down and faff around at any point today, just move forward at a sustainable pace and get it done in time have a proper lunch. Most of the first half I was running near Patrick and worried I might be going too fast. Then I caught up with Rainer and thought I really must be going too fast but he looked like he was suffering today more than any other. Not that I know as he's usually showered, changed and eaten before I finish each day.

Rainer was sat on the back of his crew's van and I joined him for a minute and chatted. His supporter June takes millions of photos of everything and was getting the rare photo of Rainer next to another runner.



Rainer and I ran together for a bit, I was happy to walk more using others as a benchmark as to how fast I should be going. Patrick disappeared into the distance as Rainer and I walked up to a thing such as a bridge or a tree (yes there was a tree) and started running again. With about 10k to go he decided to walk again and I ran on instead.

Somehow I managed to miss a massive geographical feature. The road book said 24.4 miles there was a sign to the Amboy crater but I missed it. It was only when we were driving back that I saw the sign to the Ambrose crater, pointing to a f****g enormous crater.

Serge caught me up with about 2 miles to go, I complained that he was late and he should have been here 10 miles ago. We laughed and agreed to finish together and spoke about how the race was unfolding.

I'm not sure why a pasty white Brit who lives in rainy London seems to be handling the weather better than most. Since we have started my finish positions have been 9, 7, 5, 3, 2. I feel more tired and achy each day and feel myself going a little slower and taking it easier but it seems that others are flagging more. There is still a long long way to go though. 5 days into 70 does not mean a lot.

The finish in Amboy was under the town's only tree next to the town's only café which was closed. Laure had a cooler and asked whether I'd like the "American water" as she handed me a Bud. The finish area is always a great gathering of organisers and support crew of other finishers racing around to tend to your every need. There were guys spraying me with cold water, Laure giving me beer, Anneke handing me crisps (chips) and Laurie putting a wet towel on my head. I felt like an F1 driver in a pit stop.

While I have a bit of time today I thought I'd write a bit about how all this "works".

Each morning we usually leave from the motel where the start line is (sometimes there is travel involved). At 5.15 there is a race briefing where Laure will remind us of some of the rules that may have been infringed yesterday and to warn us of any particular hazards of today such as lack of sidewalks or snakes.

At 5.30 we all head off and each runner for now has a support car. Most runner have only one supporter, others have more and a couple have 1 between them. In the hellish temperatures of the desert the car will drive on about a mile and stop and spray the runner and give them drink/food etc.

Gas stations here sell ice which is used to fill ice chests so that cold drinks can be carried in the car. A bag of ice for me lasts about 12 hours in these temperatures. I put it into my camelpack, on my head and in some drinks.

Everyone helps each other and as the runners spread out so do the crew. All crews always offer to spray anyone with water and give them anything they need to get through the day.

Crew will typically go to any turnings (I can't even remember the last corner I saw) so that their runner does not get lost. Phone signal is generally ok (AT&T give better reception in the middle of the desert than Orange do in Ealing. Sorry I said I'll stop moaning), and most runners will carry a phone with them.

It is essential for the crew person to try and force the runner to do the correct things. The heat suppresses ones appetite and you need to be reminded, and then forced to eat something.

At the end of the stage Laurie will get my "daybag" which has the stuff I need for the next few hours such as changes of clothes, laptop etc. At some point Laurie will go out for a run for about an hour in the hot temperature of wherever we are.

Later in the day we eat wherever and however is possible (some places have nothing) and fuff around with what is needed for the next day. I rinse my clothes out and hand them outside where they take about 5 minutes to dry

and get the clothes I need for the next day. I spend about an hour blogging and faffing around on facebook. Normally I try to be in bed by 8.30 so to get 8 hours of lying down at least.

Then I spend hours lying back and thinking about running along very hot straight roads. Living the dream..

Boring Stuff



Patrick, Serge and I

Start weight 82.5kg finish weight 81.1kg

Consumption During – Ham and cheese sandwich, 1 cliff bar, 2 hammer gels, some nuts, 6l Gatorade, 6l water AFTER – Large ice cream, Bud, Coke, ham and chips, iced tea, burger and fries, 2l water.

Kit – Newtons, NF hat, shades, Gore undershorts, Kathmandu shorts, NF white long-sleeves (this is a perfect top for this kind of running), camelpack, kalenji socks.

Injuries – None. Embarrassing really.

James Adams | **6 Comments** | **Share Article**

Reader Comments (6)

Newtons, logging your weight, kit and consumption, eating gels and drinking gatorade – you are becoming more like a triathlete daily :)

June 25, 2011 | **Alex Elferink**

Your doing awesome James! Just keep the progress steady and don't go too fast. You will be out of the desert in no time! It will be still hot but nothing like you have, just more humid :-)

Keep on keepin' on!

John

June 25, 2011 | **John Price**

What a fantastic effort, my friend! Keep it slow and steady. You are an amazing runner and if there is someone who can do this it is you!!

Hugs.

Rajeev

June 25, 2011 | **Rajeev**

Injuries – None. Embarrassing really. love it, Unbelievable running.

June 25, 2011 | **Paul Rushton**

28 cans of coke.....awesome :o)

June 27, 2011 | **Claire**

keep on running, my friend! i've been out of the loop for the past days due to my trip to watch the Western States last weekend. i need to do a lot of catching up this time. keep it strong!

June 30, 2011 | **Jovie narcise**

Saturday
Jun252011

Day 6 - Amboy to Fenner - 39.7 miles - Straightforward

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 2011 AT 5:01 AM

As we started today Alex said to me "James you are from London and so you should run like a penguin but instead you run like a Kenyan". I am confident that this is the first and last time my running will be compared to a Kenyan, I am also confident that it's not the last time it will be compared to a Penguin.

Alex's point and one made by many others in the organisation and race was that no one quite understood why the British guy from rainy London seemed to be resistant to the heat. This certainly is not true as I suffer the heat just like anyone else but my finish times recently have not reflected that.



Today was almost "back to work", 40 miles is less than we should cover in an average day but the 40C+ temperatures would make up for that. Most people finished yesterday in good time to have a good rest, a proper meal and banter around the motel before bedtime.

I slept terribly, maybe because yesterday was easy. I never felt like nodding off. I could easily sleep halfway through any day of running, every time I pass some shady area I think about getting the sleep mat out and curling up for a few hours. Once the battle is over however I seem to be wide awake, as I am now writing this at 9pm when I have to be up at 4am for a drive to tomorrows start.

I think everyone was a bit stronger today for the relative rest of yesterday. We all looked like we could move along fine for the first few miles again. I settled into my "new" group of being a little behind Patrick and a little ahead of Serge who always catches me near the end anyway. Rainer was back on form and disappeared into the distance.

Today was another straight road bore, about 15 miles along, a curve, another 20 miles then a turning. Finish at a gas station.



Shoe

Grave

There was some early excitement though. A long climb which I walked and then a vulture (or do they call them buzzards here?) started circling above me. I don't think I was the most likely to drop dead but I suspect I am the meatiest.

This was the first day in the desert where I felt like we got some "easy miles" in at the start. The sun didn't seem to want to bother today and I was halfway before I got into the run-overheat-walk-spray-run routine. I said it's not too warm to Alex's crew and they shouted at me for saying it out loud. It still did get up to 40 but higher up there was a gentle breeze which helped.

Laurie was amazing again, stopping every 2 miles to make sure I had water and was cool. She commented that I never run off without say "thank you". She spoke on the phone to Lesley today who will be taking over crewing for the next two days with Dave.

It did eventually get hot though not until I had broken the back of the stage. Patrick and Italo were way in front and I had no intention of keeping up with them. There was a lot more traffic on the road which meant I could not just jog in the middle like I had been doing yesterday.

All in all today has been quite unremarkable in terms of running. Does not make for great blogging (sorry) but I am quite happy with a day of steady paced running (I got to half way just over 4 hours and finished in 8.33 with some walking at the end). I am starting to feel adjusted to this now. I can't imagine getting more than 5 hours sleep in the next 2 months on any night. I think I am locked in now.

Today however did end with a really sad farewell to Laurie. The organisers, other runners and crew have loved having her around as she is awesome company. She helps translate my English-English to American-English so that all those who speak German-English, French-English and Italian-English can understand.

I met Laurie last year when she agreed to crew me for Badwater. She took all of the worry away from me and lets me just concentrate on the running. I don't even know how she does what she does but for 6 days and about 250 miles she must have made over 100 stops to give me exactly what I needed even when I didn't know what I wanted. I am going to miss her dearly for the rest of the desert and the rest of this race. Thanks Laurie. You are AWESOME
J

Boring Stuff

Weight Before 82.5kg after 81.5kg.

Food - During - coffee and chicken sandwich, 6l Gatorade, 2 cans monster, 6l water, 4 hammer gels, cliff bar, ham and cheese sandwich, AFTER - Chinese beef, 3 beers, coke, 2 cans iced tea, large bag of Cheetos

Kit - Newtons, NF Long top, Kathmandu Shorts, koga undershorts, shades, nf hat, camelpack

Injuries - left achillies ached a bit near the end but otherwise none.

Orange update - 3rd email sent, no calls back. Phone still not unlocked. Twats.

[James Adams](#) | [22 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (22)

Love the blog. Awesome achievement. I have decided I will be using a selected quote from your blog as my fb status each day - along with a link to your blog. More people should be aware of what you guys are doing "for fun"

June 25, 2011 | [Ash](#)

your blog makes me laugh in the morning. I just thought I'd let you know that.

I have always been a great believer in the power of positive thought, not letting negativity get a look in.

All of us in our household are following your progress with total respect. We admire your attitude.

Keep it up mate.

June 25, 2011 | [Paul brackett](#)

Not being funny, James, but I'm not setting my alarm every morning to read "ran 40 miles in 40c and drank 40l of gatorade".

Its not enough. You're going to have to spice it up a bit.

You know, "vulture swooped down and ripped chese and ham sandwich from me", "fought off band of gun toting desperadoes", "found my self running through alcohol-free state" etc etc (Actually have you considered that last one? Horror!).

Brilliant stuff.

June 25, 2011 | [Damian](#)

Loving the blogs James, we've just had a heatwave warning over here for tomorrow, it's going to hit a whole 32C ;-)

Kenyan indeed.....

In other news, yes Orange is shit!!!

June 25, 2011 | **Allan**

James Adams you are a legend.

June 25, 2011 | **John donno**

MMMMM food ,sun and beer sounds like your on your holidays mate .

June 25, 2011 | **Stuart Henderson**

Enjoying the blogs, even as a non runner. Still think you're nuts and remember there is only 1 penguin!

June 25, 2011 | **Kate Roe**

Nice style – amusing and self depreciating. Brilliant.

June 25, 2011 | **John66**

I've been following your blog from the start of the race. I am equally green with envy and absolutely gob-smacked at your achievement. I haven't made it past 50 miles a day yet, while you're doing this day-after-day through the desert. Wow.

How do you find the energy to keep the blog going after running for a whole day?

Sounds like you're doing great, keep it going. Will follow you with great interest.

Thomas

June 25, 2011 | **Thomas**

I love the blog too ! Much more funny than french runners' ones (and I'm French). Now you are my favorite with Rainer who I met a few times. Have fun, James !

June 25, 2011 | **JBJ**

Ok, I don't get the penguin thing. There are no penguins in the UK, nor would they run if there were. Nevertheless, enjoying the blog immensely... currently reading Marshall Ulrich's book and I can assure you the tone is quite different. One question: can you explain what a shoe grave is??

June 25, 2011 | **Nikolai**

Is your starting weight decreasing by about 1kg per day? You'll soon be blown along with the breeze, or is the race strategy? Cunning.

June 25, 2011 | **Brian Mc**

Just caught up on your last few days, great work. I now won't whine as I lace up my Newtons for a 12 miler in the early morning 'heat' in Denver. It's only around 35C during the day, so I obviously have nothing to complain about. (When I got to Phoenix next week, and it's 45C, may be a different story) Keep up the great running and blogging. If you don't sort out your phone by the time you get my way (you'll be a few hours south when you're in the middle of New Mexico), I'll bring you down one to use.

June 25, 2011 | **Larry S**

Great stuff James, enjoying the daily updates. Amazed that you're able to keep the blog going every day, let alone the enormity of the challenge itself! You have huge support here in the UK, and beyond. Draw on that when you need to. Just finished reading Meditations from the Breakdown Lane, about James Shapiro's TransCon in the 1980s. I think I'm envious of you being out there, er, I think. Here's a quote for you today in return; "The object of life is not to be on the side of the majority, but to escape finding oneself in the ranks of the insane". Enjoy!

June 25, 2011 | **Jackson**

Firstly can I just say thank God you're okay, I was a bit worried when you

didn't update for a couple of days! Aside from that, loving your posts as always, keep going and good luck :)

June 25, 2011 | **Alex**

This is the best bit of running literature I have read in a long time. Dude, you need to write a book or two. Keep going, this is brilliant to read.

June 25, 2011 | **Dave Elsom**

Of course James your not able to sleep proper, you need to double your beer intake in your after run replentishment! ;-)
Your doing great...
John

June 25, 2011 | **John Price**

I must be going through withdrawal -- last night driving home I had the urge to pull over to the side of the road every two miles! I hate to tell you that it's 50 degrees cooler here in L.A. than when I left you in Fenner. Thanks for letting me share in your amazing adventure James, it's been truly inspiring. I miss everyone already and will be eagerly following your progress every day. Speaking of which, where's today's blog.....

June 26, 2011 | **Laurie**

I got into trouble with Gemma with an ill-advised comment about oysters and their aphrodisiac properties. So no way am I going to suggest that American Serpettes try to p-p-pick up a penguin! :-P

June 26, 2011 | **Gowan**

Caught up on all the blog posts this afternoon. It sounds like you're doing great. I'm looking forward to the next 64 posts!

June 26, 2011 | **Brent**

The blog is fantastic so far Badger, I get quite teary eyed in places it's a wonderful read. You're doing brilliantly and your spirit is inspiring I'm immensely proud of you. Keep up the good work, looking forward to tomorrow's read x

June 26, 2011 | **Julie Adams**

Just catching up mate after a drunken and hectic few days. Bloody fantastic work. I think one reason you're doing so well is that you are able to draw on so much knowledge because of the way you always learn from those around you in the ultra world, putting it into practice. Just the simple things like saying thanks to the supporters each time - makes you feel better as well as them.

I've got some serious work to do on counting up what everyone has bet on!

June 26, 2011 | **Jedgar**

Monday
Jun272011

Day 7 - Fenner to Needles - 39.3 miles

MONDAY, JUNE 27, 2011 AT 3:56AM

It was about a year ago when I first heard about this race. My friend Mark Cockbain told me he was doing it, seemed like the natural progression for someone of his vast experience. 3200 miles from Los Angeles to New York. Maybe when I am over 40.

But there was another race advertised to run alongside the LANY race, The Los Angeles to Las Vegas race. Following the same course as the LANY runners I could run 300 miles in a week in the Mojave heat. That sounded great. I'd be able to do a pretty hardcore week of running and get to meet the runners who were going on the amazing trek to the East coast. I suggested this to Mark, thinking he would be welcome of the company and his reply was;

"Don't be such a pussy, do the whole thing".

I say this now because if I had done the shorter race (which in the end did not happen and the route was diverted from LV to Needles) I would have finished it today. Nearly 300 miles in a week is more than I have ever run before. Instead somehow I find myself only 10% of the way through.

Mark unfortunately could not start the race with injuries, this was a tragedy for me and a million times more for him. His pussy comment though felt like an acknowledgement that I could actually do something like this, I could actually run across the United States of America.



From that moment it never left my head and I am thankful that I am able to give this a go. Compared to all the other runners here I am the baby. Sure I have completed some of the so called "toughest races" such as the Spartathlon, Badwater, UTMB etc but have never done a stage race of more than 300k or more than 7 days. Most of the other competitors have run across continents before (or in Alex's case rowed across oceans). There is nothing to say that I am capable of running 3200 miles in 70 days before coming here, but now a week in there is nothing to say that I can't.

Last night was probably the worst nights sleep since I have been here. The air con in the worst motel I have been to yet does not work very well and even at 10pm I did not feel like sleeping. I was in Needles and it was still blisteringly hot.

And I had to get up even earlier than normal, 3.45 to meet my new crew and for us to drive 30 minutes to the start in Fenner. Lesley and Dave were there on the dot outside my room at 4 ready to load the car with the stuff I would need today. We were staying in the same motel again tonight (good because I don't have to pack all my stuff up, bad because as I just said this is the worst motel I have been to yet). I gave them a tray of stuff, we filled it with ice and we were on the way.

The start was the same as the previous 6 days except that I was startled by Italu when he yelled my name and hello to me while crouched down having a crap in the bushes. Not sure why he would want to draw my attention to that. Must be a Sarnidian thing.

Crouching down in the bushes was something I was going to be doing a lot of myself today. I had a spicy chinese last night and was regretting it for much of the day. We are told to use the bathroom (or as Laure likes to call it "make pe-pe") far away from the road just in case we are caught. There usually a few bushes to go behind but most of them are surrounded by holes. I have no idea what are down those holes and don't really want to make too many vibrations around them.

The first stop by my new crew was great except they could not find the Gatorade powder. The orange tin I had put in there this morning was some vitamin drink that I bought. Doh. This is what happens when I try to organise myself. They has to drive back to Fenner to stock up from the store.

There was not much climbing today in comparison to yesterday. When there was a small climb I did what anyone should be expected to. I called Orange to try to sort my phone out again.

[Moan alert] - I got through the options and was speaking to someone who obviously had no idea what my problem was (3 emails, 3 calls, the original request and payment for the unlocking seem not to be on his system) and he put me on hold promising that it would not take long. It's hard to describe that I can't really talk because I am running through a desert. Anyway, after too long on hold I hung up hoping for a call back but alas no I got no call all day. A chap back home has tried to help me out (Thanks Julian) who has emailed someone at Orange. I think other people have too and it's quite touching that others are out there trying to help me out on this. I am actually now finding it quite funny (though probably not when the Orange bill arrives) and hope that at some point someone from Orange might just feel embarrassed enough to do their jobs properly and sort it.

Anyhoo, that made me think that if this is the worst of my problems then I don't really have much to worry about do I? This made me feel much better. Thanks Orange for being useless.

[Moan over]

Rainer, Italu and Patrick went up ahead as usual and Alex seemed to be running in the front pack today too. It was great to see him having a better day. I passed him around halfway while he was sat with his feet in ice water.

Lesley and David picked up the crewing brilliantly today. They have a license plate "WHYIMAN" which makes me laugh every time it passes me. They were incredibly kind to drive this way and help me out for these two days. They had a Union Jack flying and a parasol to shade me when I stopped, not that I stopped too much today.

Today felt like a funny one. There were no injuries or any concerns yet my legs just didn't feel like moving along today. I don't think I am eating enough when out there on the run. I assumed when I was going to do this I'll have large meals when not running to replace lost energy but I simply don't have the time or can be arsed.

I tried to keep a constant motion and didn't go much slower than yesterday so I guess I should not consider this a "bad" day. The descent into Needles was tough though. We had to take a 6 mile section of interstate which was not too busy but listening to a lorry (sorry - "truck") cruising along at 50mph and catching the rumble strips 3 meters away from you is a pant messing experience.

And talking of pant messing experiences I developed some chaffing today, funny how I had just commented to someone that I had not had any chaffing at all, I was being really good at lubing each day. However today with all the toilet stops I may have undone that and it hurt. That and the strong hot wind gushing up as we got closer to Needles.

From a distance Needles looks like an oasis in the desert, next to the Colorado river it looks lovely and green and peaceful. Close up it looks like that toilet from Trainspotting. It's not a nice place.



I finished to the very welcome sight of Lesley and Dave waving the Union Jack as I strolled over the finish line in 8.45.

It was largely a good day with no more drop outs except that Markus had problems and ended up finishing way over the cut-off having had some stomach problems. He will stay in the race though as will anyone who comes

in over a cut-off. It seems they are only "suggested" cut-off times J

Boring Stuff

Weight Before 83.5 After 82.5

Consumed During - Chicken sandwich, 4 gels, 6l gatoradem cliff bar, 6l water, nuts, 1 ham and cheese sandwich AFTER - Southern chicken breast and chips, 2 iced teas, lots of water, half a pizza.

Kit - Newtons, NF Long sleeved (getting pretty stinky now), socks, shades, nf hat, kooga pants, camelpack

Orange Update - See Moan

Injuries - Chaffing

James Adams | **3 Comments** | **Share Article**

Reader Comments (3)

Love your description of Needles! Loving your blog. Thanks, and here's hoping for some good news from Orange the future's bright?!

June 27, 2011 | **BlueWombat**

Not sure if Julian has had any luck with Orange. I'm in the office today so am trying to get an appropriate contact to hopefully get you sorted out.

June 27, 2011 | **Tavis**

i am sure you are motivated to run stronger with the sight of your national colors! nice running! keep strong!

June 30, 2011 | **jovie narcise**

Monday
Jun272011

Day 8 - Needles to Kingman - 51.3 miles

MONDAY, JUNE 27, 2011 AT 6:11AM

"Sleep don't visit, so I choke on sun and the days burn in to one" - Radical Face

I can't remember the last time I slept and thought about something that didn't involve following a white line or making sure I have enough ice. Sometimes I will nod off and then wake thinking that someone has left my beef jerky in the sunshine. I am no sleeping well. I might have a go tonight. So this might not be too long.



I had hideous chaffing after the run yesterday, the 200m walk to the pizza place made me look like I was from Needles and so did not really look out of place but it was bad. I spent the night covering every square millimetre of my moving parts with Sudacrem, thoughtfully brought by Lesley.

I was worried about the chaffing. No more running like a Kenyan, looks like the Penguin would appear after all.

Today was always going to be hard, the longest day so far and the most climbing. It was also going to be the first time we'd cross a state from California into Arizona. My legs feel fresher every morning though, I hardly even stretch anymore, I just roll out of bed and get going.

That crossing came within the first mile as we said good riddance to Needles and crossed the Colorado river. Arizona looked different already, a long straight road but with trees alongside that shielded us from the early morning glare. There were even a few intersections with crossings that I so fondly recall from days 1 and 2. I passed lots of those ugly advertising boards that all busy roads are full of. So many posters of guys who look like Dr Nick Riviera from the Simpsons suggesting that you try to sue more people. "Your local injury lawyer". Makes it sound like a butchers or something.

9 miles in we turned up towards the climb where we got to look at the intimidatingly beautiful Arizonan landscape. Needles is so called because of the sharp pointy rocks that surround it. I remember from the book that the climb is long but could not quite remember where it started. After about 4 miles of running up I realised it started a while back.

Today Dave and Lesley adopted Italu to support too as he has come here with no support crew and is relying on others to take his drinks. We have been running similar times so far and he said he will stick with me today. I was not going to go slower or faster on someone elses behalf as that is very dangerous but we stuck close for the whole thing. Early on he asked "take my picture, take my picture" and gave me just the front bit of a camera he found off the floor. I laughed a lot, I guess you had to be there. Little giggles like that make the day go faster.

Bandu the Japanese guy did again what he has done every day so far, set out like a whippet only be be passed my me and others before half way and inevitably finish hours after us. I am not sure how long he can sustain burning himself every day for.

For the early part of the race I was trying to get updates on the Western States 100 results. Well done to Jez and Ian for their top 10 finishes and to Mel Ross for getting it done too. Most special congrats to James Elson who finished in a great time despite so many injury setbacks this year. It really pleased me to hear that you finished James, Brilliant.

I ran most of the climb from 10-20 miles as it was not too hot. The roads are

deceptive as usual. After about 24 miles we entered a town called Oatman that was fantastic. It was a proper wild west town with a saloon and all sorts. I could have stayed there for a long time just looking around, there were loads of tourists there. It was the first time for a while I felt like I was somewhere where others wanted to be too. There were donkeys roaming around the street. Lesley and Dave bought me and Italo an ice-cream and we hiked on up the rest of the pass.

A guy pulled up and said "do you speak English?" I said yeah and he said "What the hell is all this about?" I explained and he asked why and I asked "why not" as I was running up a hill and could only do short answers. I need a business card.

From here we were treated to a visual explosion, the Arizona rocks are awesome. Everywhere you look there is a panoramic view of the stunning rocks and mountains. You hear cars and bikes chugging painfully up the steep passes as you just gape at the sights. I took so many photos I lost track of time, distance, reason for being here and everything.

It was like for those couple of hours or so I was not in a race but on a sightseeing trek. I barely remembered to continually move forward and certainly forgot that I was in a race. Serge passed me at the Gold Mine (like I said, proper wild west) and serged (he he) up the hills.



The decent was just as spectacular, the backgrounds and foregrounds moved faster as I jogged down much quicker than I plodded up. I saw burnt out cars in the ravines and grave stones that could have been 100 years old. The contrast of rocks was amazing. Have a look at the photos as I can't do it justice.

<http://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.10150212670256916.309308.585836915&l=e118f4b416>

The chaffing problem never really materialised, however a shin problem did. My left shin was sore going down the hill and this started panic mode. I was distracted by all the stuff to see like the Route 66 museum (where Lesley and Dave bought me a root beer and a bit of the road), the old shacks and mailboxes with no house near them. At around 35 miles I was down at the bottom again, getting a little warm for the first time and then looking ahead at another very straight road.

I imagine this is what it feels like to be in prison, to have freedom for a day and then get put back inside. The previous few hours were a morale boosting break from the straight lines on roads, running around curves not knowing what is around the corner but knowing it will be spectacular. Now here I was again with the road. It was torture.

And with the injury I could only think negatively. It did not hurt too much but I was thinking what would it be like tomorrow, and the next day and on day 43. 62 days and 2900 miles is a long way to run on shin splints. There was no scenery to distract me and I even tried sodcasting (playing music on my phone, popular on buses in the UK where our no good youth like to play loud rappy-hop through a tin can). A few tracks into the Killers and my phone was a molten piece of steel.

Lesley and Dave did their best to humour me as I was put back into the droning of the straight roads. Early on they blasted "born to run" from the car (at least it wasn't "Fog on the Tyne") and in the middle of the day Dave attacked me with a very large water pistol. He got Italo and Serge too.

I am amazed that they came out to support me and I owe them so much. The fun, the dragging all my stuff around, making sure everything was cold. I am sure they put Gemma's mind at ease too and have taken some great photos. Laurie, Lesley and Dave have made this challenge much easier for me so far and tomorrow I have no crew and will see what it is like to have no one. I am not looking forward to it.

Without blathering on about a 15 mile boring climb other than to say that it felt like it took days and days. My moment of joy was on hearing that Kingman has a McDonalds and that Dave was more than happy to drive there and get me a big mac, fries and milkshake. That was a perfect end to a race. I cross the line with Italu in 12.14. My "Optimistic" time was 12 so I should not be too sad about that. It felt really hard at the end of the day today though.



Thank-you Lesley and Dave again. Now that you are gone I can say my favourite Geordie joke...

A Geordie goes into a hairdressers and says "I'd like a perm please" and the hairdresser replies "I wondered lonely as a cloud..."

Boring Stuff

Weight before 83.4 after - forgot

Consumption During - Half a pizza from last night for breakfast, ham and cheese sandwich, pringles, 8l water, 6l Gatorade, 2 monsters, 1 coke, nuts, 4 energy gels, 1 cliff bar, 1 ice cream, 1 root beer AFTER Mcdonalds Big mac, fries, milkshake, proper beer, further burger and fries, 2 cokes, 2 lemonades, water.

Kit - Newtons, NF long sleeve, NF hat, socks, Nike underpants (tighter I thought they might help with the chaffing and they did), kathmadu shorts (getting holes in now, will discard when they become truly obscene)
Camelpack, water pistol

Injuries - Chaffing not too bad, shin splint potential on left.

Orange update - Didn't even bother, have no time

James Adams | **8 Comments** | **Share Article**

Reader Comments (8)

doing well there .

June 27, 2011 | **Stuart Henderson**

Loved the photos - particularly the dead skunk. Took me right back to my childhood (in New Zealand!). My dad, when ever we saw road kill, would always say in a sad american accent "there's a dead skunk in the middle of the road". So the photo made me laugh out loud. Am following your trials and tribulations via the Marathon Talk facebook site. Just wanted to say what an inspiration you are. Am training for my first marathon and on my small 23.5k run today I thought of you. Kept me going through a hard patch - so thanks.

June 27, 2011 | **Siobhan Leachman**

James, youre doing ace! (whether a 'penquin' or 'kenyan'...how about an kenyan penquin????)

hope you sleep better- remember not to try and think of EVERYTHING before bed, i do that and it just keeps me awake. think 'sleep thoughts'

June 27, 2011 | **gemma carter**

Binks,

You're doing absolutely brilliantly, don't forget that. There are a huge amount of people following and supporting you on Flickr, Facebook, Twitter, etc etc

or people following and supporting you on Flickr, Facebook, Tomy-graph etc.
etc.

Legend!

June 27, 2011 | [John66](#)

The blog is fantastic! You are a real inspiration to everybody who loves to run long. The UK is at last hot today so i plan to run in the sun as a small mark of support, love the Geordie joke.
Run well, run happy.

Paul

June 27, 2011 | [Paul Rushton](#)

Really enjoying your blog. That's the second time you've mentioned donkeys. Wonder what proportion of your days will include a donkey encounter? Yes, there are lots of similarly interesting questions you might ask yourself on days 10, 23, 49 etc. Enjoy and hope your sleep improves. :-)

June 27, 2011 | [Brian Mc](#)

It was our pleasure to help you out. We're completely knackered and we only sat in the car for 2 days. Good luck xx

June 27, 2011 | [Lesley and david](#)

the Big Mac made the trick for you to attain your target time of 12 hours. food & beer at the finish line are great motivators for endurance athletes. you have replenish those burned calories. good luck!

June 30, 2011 | [jovie narcise](#)

Wednesday
Jun292011

Day 9 - Kingman to Truxman - 42.3 miles -

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 2011 AT 1:57AM

Last night I went alone to the motel restaurant just before closing. The waitress was really nice and the food was not bad I just wasn't that hungry. My left shin hurt, not too much but enough to get me worried about the rest of the race. I asked for the check (I remembered the correct word and spelling) and took some ice out of my lemonade and rubbed it on my shin as I waited for her to come with my bill. In the 60 seconds she took to get it my head heated up and I was about to burst into tears. That minute felt like forever as I just threw \$20 down and limped out of the room. I managed to hold back the tears but not without thinking that I have taken on too much here. The injury is only slight but it's effect is rampaging through my future days. How will I get through tomorrow? And the next day? I could not even bring myself to think of New York.

For the first time since I have been here I think the size of the task overwhelmed me. I managed to keep in under control, I stepped outside and looked up at the stars which always have a calming effect on me. I wandered over to the finish area where they were still waiting for Markus who was going to miss the cut-off again and he had decided to pull out from the race. Girard had pulled out earlier in the day too having to go to hospital with an infected foot. There are now only 8 left in the race that started with 14 people.

I slept much better. There was one turn today and that was after 100 meters. Then it was the same road for 42 miles. There was some variety today but the first 20 miles were a bit of a slog. Straight up a road into the mountains. There was another mountain pass today, a theme of the next 3 days or so.



The left shin splint did not bother me from the start and I was elated. The thing that nearly reduced me to tears the previous night was now gone. It really made me feel better that injuries can come and go like that. I was keeping a conservative pace so not to antagonise anything and was sticking with Alex.

[Orange Moan Update] - First of all thanks for all the wonderful people who have helped me badger Orange for some response about my problem. I got a call from their customer service department that was less than sympathetic. They said that the first they had heard that I wanted to unlock my phone was on June 24th even though I called on the 8th to request this. She said she could see that I called on the 8th but can not prove what that was about (I may have just called and waited on their holding system to have a chat with them? Or maybe I like paying international calling rates because I love being put on hold and listening to Craig David?). The bottom line is that it may still take TEN DAYS to unlock my phone, it may not be done at all if the manufacturer can't do it and that any calls I have made since the date that it should have been unlocked will not be reimbursed. Their cock up and I end up paying Orange more money.

Around 10 miles in my right shin started to hurt. This made me laugh, now the other shin was hurting as if my mind was controlling where things hurt. It was not too bad and I could still maintain a decent pace and kept close to Alex who's crew I were relying on a little today as I was unsupported.

Today I had no crew, my own fault for not organising one and it was only by really good fortune that I got a crew for the previous 2 days. It is much harder without a desiccated crew but the organisers did a fantastic job today. Italu and I usually run at a similar pace and it should have been easy to crew the

two of us together but today he was suffering much more than I was and was quite a way behind early on. The organisers had to drive along, give me drink and food and then drive back sometimes 5 miles to see Italu. They managed to never leave a gap of more than 40 minutes for the two of us though.

As we went up the breeze started, I did not feel the heat again and I think it was around 38. The shin splint went away and I was really pleased as we entered a valley where there was no phone reception. I worried as I had agreed to call Gemma later that day and it looked like we were entering a town with no phone or internet. Imagine that?

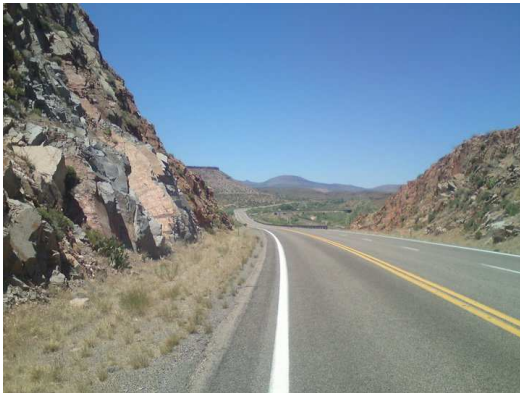
Crossing the mountain pass we were treated to more spectacular scenery, it seems we have to earn aesthetic credits by plodding up long straight roads. Jenni and Anneke's crew would often chase out after me with a wet towel to cool me down which was really nice of them. I know I am going to get looked after when I am unsupported.

With about 10 miles to go the shin pain kicked in again, not incredibly sore but enough to get me panicking about the next 61 days. When you have shin splints and are tired every small crack in the road becomes an obstacle. Like avoiding the cracks you have to carefully place each foot and look ahead. The concentration of it is tiring.

I called Gemma during a small bubble of phone reception to catch up on the gossip back home (I leave for 2 weeks and everyone seems to be doing interesting things). I had to hang up though then I realised that my bones were just all over aching.

I finished in 10.03, a bit slower than what I would want 42 miles to take me but writing that off as a bad day. On finishing the pain really picked up a notch, I had to get off my feet straight away and relax. I immediately made it for my room and lay down for an hour, on getting up I could barely walk as we went for dinner in a small café. I was falling asleep and in a lot of pain as we ate and all I could think of was getting back to bed.

I iced the shin, ate loads of protein and have been lying in bed since the finish. I hope this is enough to make tomorrow bearable but I am in the same position again now as I was yesterday (left shin) and the day before (chaffing). I really hope it goes away. I feel bad about not being around everyone else but this may be a wake up call that I need more time off my feet at the end of each day.



I am trying to think of something funny that happened today and just can't come up with anything. At the end of last night Italu asked me "So are you lonely tonight?" to see if I wanted to share a room. I laughed at the time but now I feel pretty lonely.

Debs and Dave have just arrived and it is really great to see them. It's so nice to have some people who are out to look after you. I am going to need that tomorrow.

Boring Stuff

Weight - Forgot

Kit - Newtons (New), Kathmandu shorts, NF top, NF hat, Camelback, Socks, Shades, Nike pants

Consumption During (inc breakfast) Nuts, 2 bananas, more nuts, cliff bar, 4l Gatorade, 6l water (did not drink as much today), 4 cokes, 2 monsters AFTER - half bag beef jerky (44g protein), salad, spag bol, Gatorade, 2 cokes, 1 american water

Injuries - Right shin

Orange Update - Ha ha ha

[James Adams](#) | [7 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (7)

James get the ice on immediately after finishing to maximize recovery time...
You will have many small aches and pains. Take care of them early to keep them from growing big!
Good luck

June 29, 2011 | [John Price](#)

James, you are amongst many, many long distance friends in this adventure. Thanks for the peek into your inner thoughts. Working through the fears and doubts is part of any challenge.

These blogs are as amazing as your daily endeavours; my only regret is once I've read Day 70's, I'll have effectively read your book.

Will still buy umpteen copies for Christmas presents!

June 29, 2011 | [Gowan](#)

Keep it up. You're one sixth of the way there. I've been following this blog from day 1 and hope to make the same trip one day (but in a car). Will be rooting for you and everybody there.

June 29, 2011 | [Frederic](#)

Glad you were able to get some help on the road. Just wish we could have stayed another day :-)

June 29, 2011 | [Lesley Roberts](#)

Hello James, i`ve been reading your blog following the race across the states.I have great respect for you and the others ofcourse.I wish you all the best.KEEP GOING !!

PS keep jenni going

June 29, 2011 | [Durk Haltsma \(Netherlands\)](#)

James, you are not alone in this challenge, many people are behind you in long distance support. Keep it going, simply amazing.

June 29, 2011 | [Paul Rushton](#)

slowly but surely..you will there to the finish. as usual, nice story for the day. keep strong!

June 30, 2011 | [jovie narcise](#)

Wednesday
Jun292011

Day 10 - Truxman to Seligman - 45.9 miles - Survival

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 2011 AT 4:15AM

It was great when Deb and Dave arrived last night. While I was wallowing in self pity with my right shin now hurting they came along and resolved to sort all my kit out for the morning. I was really pleased to see them and did not have much to say to them as I was trying to stay horizontal and rest my legs. I knew today was going to be a tough one.

I wore my stupid looking compression calf things in bed last night and then for the run today. My left shin was now fine, my right still sore. Today wasn't going to be about getting a good time or enjoyment. Today was all about getting to the finish with minimal damage. Today was about survival.

My shin hurt from the start but as Rainer said a few days before these things can just work themselves out, you just have to be patient. I hope he is right. He's been doing ultra distance walking since before he was 10, did the Spartathlon when he was 18 (in 28 hours) and won trans-europe last year. Rainer is a world class runner, probably the most experienced here despite being the youngest (30). I hope he was right about this.

Deb and Dave are awesome. They crewed Badwater for me last year and their enthusiasm and knowledge is of great help and I know I am going to be looked after in the next 4 days. Debs also makes really nice turkey sandwiches. I struggled to eat yesterday because I had no prepared sandwiches. Hopefully when out of the desert there will be a Subway on each stage.

Some of us actually shivered at the start, I don't know what temperature it was but a slight breeze was enough to make some of those not running put on another layer. As soon as we started though it was fine but today it almost felt like a waste to put suncream on.

Bando, the guy who keeps setting off to fast hobbled in at the end of yesterday and today his legs looked mummified. He was going to struggle today. I thought Italo would too but he just flew off from the start. Really glad to hear his shin splints cleared up, give me more hope for mine.

I started slow and remained that way. The first 25 miles were a gradual climb up to the high plains of Arizona, about 1500m up. I was much further back than usual, Italo and Alex were ahead of me and the front 3 of Rainer, Patrick and Serge were long gone. Jenni went off ahead too, she like most of the runners who have officially dropped out are going to run as many stages as they can with the remaining runners.





Today was mentally and physically tough. It was so difficult not to think about my shin and to extrapolate that into future broken bones. When you have a long straight road to pound and a long time to do it it's easy to let negative thoughts spiral out of control. First it's the shins, then I beat myself up about choice of kit for the race, then I get annoyed at Orange (I think it's sorted now, thanks everyone. Hope to draw a line under that one), then I blame the organisers for picking such a boring route (I am sure they could have done a more scenic one if they added about 2000 miles to the race), then I have a go at my Girlfriend for texting me too many questions. On realising that I am just being stupid I go back to just thinking about my shins again.

The road was long and straight again with a little more to see at the sides than usual. The instructions today read "follow road, after 37.9 miles follow curve in road". The curve could be seen from about 15 miles away, ahead there was a duststorm which I hoped would engulf me to give me something to distract me. There seemed to me loads of adverts along the way for a shaving company. I am not shaving until my beard looks as impressive as Alex's.

I had to look at the road again to watch my step and there were grasshoppers everywhere, just sitting there and then jumping out of the way when you arrive except that some were just stupid. I would try to skip around them but in doing so once hurt my shin more. From then on I vowed not to bother avoiding them and just step on them if they got in the way. Rather your life than my shin.

Funny thing was it hurt less to run than to walk so I tried to run as much as possible today though when we started running across the top of the prairie the wind was really strong and coming in from ahead and the side. When it picked up it was hard to run so I'd just walk instead. Then it seemed that every time I broke into a run it would just flare up again like it was mocking me. I wanted to yell "fuck you" at it but did not know where to shout it. The one consolation was that it would have stopped me from running too quick. There was no one else around me for most of the day, I'd see Philippe's supporter pass me every now and then and Philippe overtook me right near the end.

There was another climb to 5300ft near the end which I walked and then walked most of the rest, I was hoping to finish in under 11 but realised that I had already made the cut-off comfortably and walking would ease the burden. All along the run I kept saying to myself "if I'd have known it would only hurt this much after 10, 20, 40 miles then I'd be happy with that".

Having just read through this I must have mentioned "My shin" every sentence. Apologies if that is a bit boring but it's pretty much all I have thought about for 2 days. I'll think of it for the rest of tonight, in my dreams and then again in the morning and in tomorrows run. I'll think about it until it stops or something more painful takes it's place.



To put a positive spin on everything, my shin hurts no more now than at the end of yesterday, I am still in the race, Tomorrow and the next day are "short", only 30 miles which gives me much more time to recover, Deb and Dave are here (gone out to get me a Subway as we speak) and they are such fantastic company, I have a lot of friends at home saying nice things and following my race. 10 days is sort of a milestone?

On the negative side, this has now stopped being fun.

Boring stuff

Weight Before - 160.5kg. After 80.5kg

Kit - Brooks shoes (I tried different ones to help the splints), calf guards, Kathmandu shirts, gore pants, nf long top, shades, hat (before it started to blow off all the time) camelpack, socks.

Consumption During - 2 bananas, 2 fantastic turkey sandwiches, 5 cliff shots, nuts, 3 monsters, 3 cokes, 6l Gatorade, 3l water AFTER - water, American water, subway (Italian)

Injuries - Right shin split (may have mentioned this), Morale

[James Adams](#) | [28 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (28)

Don't worry about stepping on a few grasshoppers -- you're just helping them on their way up the reincarnation ladder...

June 29, 2011 | [Laurie](#)

It might not be fun for you, but I'm enjoying every word, even the s**n one!

June 29, 2011 | [Andrew](#)

I love to read about your journey and to read that experienced runners also get shin and calf problems because I have them regularly on longer (trail) runs.... so sorry about that.

On the Orange front ... same here with Vodafone a couple of years ago it took me 3 weeks to get sorted out (and about €250 extra).

Also nice to read that Jenni is still running (lots of Dutch followers)

Good luck and keep on running.

June 29, 2011 | [Patrick](#)

Hi! So enjoying reading these - keep going mate...

June 29, 2011 | [kris](#)

oh james! sorry to hear you morale is suffering. totally understandable and dont worry about that too much. there are going to be tough times but just roll with it.

i know how injuries can just play on your mind and you need to get your thoughts off your chest otherwise they will engulf you, so keep ranting!!

one tip- maybe focus on your running technique?? landing too far ahead of body and on heel may cause excess force through shins...

hope turkey sarnies are yummy!!!!

gemma

June 29, 2011 | [gemma carter](#)

Fantastic job James,you really are involved in something epic.Keep going.

June 29, 2011 | [John Donno](#)

When the going gets tough, the tough get going. And you are the toughest of us all!

June 29, 2011 | [Nat Kolo](#)

Epic is a very good description. You're doing brilliantly - keep going.

June 29, 2011 | [John66](#)

Binks - we have not met but I have been following your awesome journey via FETCH since day 1. Your positive attitude is an inspiration to us all - I hope the enjoyment returns soon and that the shins feel a lot better. Best of luck

June 29, 2011 | [Welshwomble](#)

Good to read that you consumed 3 cokes today - that made me smile.....I can't believe it's stopped being fun - you are doing amazingly well and probably just a little tired (i get knackered just reading what you've been running everyday). I am sure your niggles will sort themselves out and you'll be missed at sweaty wine and cheese night tonight xx

June 29, 2011 | **Smelly**

C'mon Badger Boy. You should eat the devilled grasshoppers after you squash them. You're doing an incredible job and sounds like your having an amazing experience at the same time stuffing your face with loads of food and beer. I'm really enjoying the blog. Keep it up dude and don't get yourself down - imaging all the stories you can tell on the perving step.

June 29, 2011 | **ume**

There are 6.7 billion people on the planet; you are one of a handful that are participating in this race. That is something to be really proud of. Keep up your spirits James.

June 29, 2011 | **Peter Land**

Jenny: What's wrong with your legs?

Forrest: Um, nothing at all, thank you. My legs are just fine and dandy.

Just a brilliant read James, keep up the great work and your spirits! You are doing amazingly well xx

June 29, 2011 | **Sandra BT**

I've been doing ultras for a couple of years, and I still can't comprehend the scale of what you are doing, and what you have achieved so far. Love reading the blog updates, KEEP GOING!!!

Don't worry, it will get fun again soon :)

Paul (fetchie - bairn?)

June 29, 2011 | **Paul H**

Good on you James, your absolutely amazing...keep going!!...and don't worry your shin will sort out itself:))

'There aint no stopping you now'.....

June 29, 2011 | **Bridget**

Marvellous stuff. Epic in every sense, and a great read after lunchtime in the pub.

June 29, 2011 | **Robin Harvie**

Great ridig about a great adventure keep on it James you are an inspiration for me to recover pull myself togheter and get back into new adventures. Wish you the best
Vicente

June 29, 2011 | **vicente Vertiz**

this race is supposed to be tough.
you signed up for it because it is tough and promises to challenge you physically and mentally.
the race is keeping its promise.
now man up to yours.
with every step, run, hobble, and however you propel yourself forward we are there with you.
this rough patch will pass.
i know, we know, and most importantly, you know you'll get through it.

you.are.AWESOME.

by the way, your new shin will arrive in 4 days,
otherwise am happy to give you my gut/uterus,
at your discretion.

June 29, 2011 | **springpanther**

Lovin your posts. Whilst the rest of us have spent a day at work, your living the dream (or nightmare, shin dependant)!

Keep going.....

June 29, 2011 | **Jayne Smith**

exerlant stuff ,but you don,t half moan a lot ,stiff upper lip and all that ladie ,your British for gawds sake . TOP MAN (not the shop)

June 29, 2011 | [Stuart Henderson](#)

Thank God you've stopped eating that nasty bologna in your sandwiches.
What no pic of the sexy compression socks?

June 29, 2011 | [Lesley Roberts](#)

Come on James don't let girlie shin splints get in your way dagnamit! I'm sure it's agony for you aswell as spending most of the day by yourself but your made of strong stuff and you can do it, and if you don't well hey? Keep going as far as you can, we all love you very much x x

June 29, 2011 | [Julie Adams](#)

I am not experienced enough to give you advice
all i will say is we love to read your blog in the mornings
I wonder how you find the time and energy to tell
everyone so much about your day.
I call myself an endurance athlete ha ha how I laugh now.
Keep going James. I can't wait to read your thoughts on entering the State of New York
Just having the balls to take on such a feat is enough for us in the Brackett household.
Keep on smiling. You're the Man.

June 29, 2011 | [Paul brackett](#)

James, when I was nearly through OK I was moraley in the dumpsts, basically my problem was being stopped and id'd by the police 2 or 3 times a day in OK, I had to force myself to be positive.... This is what you need to do! You can force a positive attitude and it is essential to finishing... Pace soreness fatigue all mean nothing... you can get through all that. You cannot survive a shitty attitude, you must force yourself to be positive. You will do it!
Good Luck
John

June 29, 2011 | [John Price](#)

Aren't grasshoppers Protein? You are missing a trick there James.

June 29, 2011 | [Ted](#)

Thursday
Jun302011

Day 11 - Seligman to Ash Fork - 30.7 miles - Getting Greener

THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 2011 AT 4:58AM

Today just started to sound different. As soon as we left Seligman and turned a rare corner we climbed up (I think we are still 2 days from the highest point) along a tolerable section of straight road. Then after just a few miles there was another turning (two before noon, we were really being spoiled) and then a vast but very different and very beautiful landscape unfurled.

It had flowers and trees, the barren and beige rock and plants were now wonderful scatterings of green on brown and gold. The soundscape was so different too, the constant droning chainsaw noise of bugs in the deserts were now of singing birds. I would get occasional shade from the trees and even, wait what's that? Clouds? I have not seen any of you for over a week. I could have been running through the English countryside in the summer.



Trees

and shade

I ran with Italo again who had a stonking run yesterday despite suffering the same things as I am. He asked if he could be supported by my crew today as he was going to take it slow. Italo is great to have around, I can't understand his English much but he knows a lot about running and offers advice often. Early on when going up in a headwind he offered his drafting services, or rather he said "I can run OK, you stay behind and keep from wind like on a bicycle". There is not really much of him to draft and on such a quiet road I just ran alongside him.

It was not long before the pain subsided in my shin and seemed to go down to my ankle. This was good news, it was moving around and therefore not permanent. If I can just get 70 different injuries in 70 days I'll be happy. My ankle was quite swollen at the end of yesterday and at the start of today and Italo gave me a pill from his bag and made some pointing gestures, I don't know what the international gesture is for "reduces inflammation" but it seemed to work a treat.

I said at the start of this I wanted to avoid taking drugs. So many stories of people doping themselves into a stupor to get through the miles. I don't want to become reliant on them but getting the ankle down a bit was probably a good idea. Today was going to be a "recovery run" where I'd still go slow but have plenty of time to rest. Italo said in almost perfect English "Your job today is to finish without the leg hurting any more and then you have time to fix the leg". That was a perfect description of today.

Three times now having had an urgent call of nature I have been passing the Japanese support van and had to ask for tissue. They must laugh every time they see me running towards them now "Hey, here is Mr Shitter, asking us if he can go for another shit". Would not surprise me at all if there was a brand of toilet paper in Japan called Mr Shitter.

Between miles 6 and 14 I felt really good, for the first time in a few days I felt like I was doing some proper running and was trying to hold myself back from going any faster and hurting myself. Stick to the plan.

I did not eat much today and didn't really feel much point for just 30 miles though on weighing myself this morning I have lost 4kg since being here. I have run for 100 hours and 440 miles. Extrapolating that for 70 days is 28kg of weight loss, or about 4 stone. Lucky there is a McDonalds at the end of today.





Italo

AT the 22 mile point we turned onto an off road trail which is still part of the old Route 66. There were a few miles of pretty broken up road before then which cars can still drive down but then it turned into a dirt path which was difficult to run on with a gammy ankle. It seemed all uphill again and in a head wind. Not far into this stretch there were some very enthusiastic dogs. I could hear them barking in the distance and in all other times they just stand at the end of their owners property and bark a lot. On looking out for the barking I saw these 2 large dogs bounding along at high speed and they did not stop before the trail, they got right around me. There was no biting, just some nudging for a few meters before they stayed and retreated back to their home, only to come bounding back again for Italo. I'd like to think they were just trying to encourage me along.

Funniest Joke Ever

A dog walks into a telegram office and say's "Woof woof woof, woof woof woof woof, woof woof woof" and the lady at the counter says "there are only 13 woofs here, you could add another woof for the same price" and then dog replies "But that just wouldn't make any sense"

I keep thinking we are running on prairies now but a quick look on Wikipedia says not. I can look forward to those in New Mexico and Oklahoma but I don't really know what these are in Arizona. We are always quite high up now (around 5000ft) and the wind is refreshing and sometimes even chilling and often annoying. Today I did not run with a hat, I liked the liberating feeling of the wind and sun on my head though I did get a bit of sunburn today.

Today is Wednesday and is my club run night. It is the last Wednesday of the month which means it's also wine and cheese night. As I entered the last 7.2 miles of the run or as I always reference it "three parks to go" I thought about running 3 parks with the other Serpies. Andy DuBois sent me an email today about shin splints and how to deal with pain mentally. He suggested I retreat to a place I like in my mind and try and shut out the pain. Today my "happy place" was a small room in the basement of a leisure centre in London crammed with sweaty runners and cheese. I miss Wednesdays.

The last few miles were downhill and with a tailwind. I finished with Italo in around 7.20, not the slowest 50k I have done but I am pleased with the continual forward motion and that currently I can still hold it back quite a lot and still get in comfortably under the cut-off times. As soon as I finished I asked for the two most important things, for ice to be put on my leg and for a beer to be put in my hand.

The finish line was in Ash Fork, a small town with 2 gas stations and one very small motel. Laure suggested that some of the runners may want to stay in the Comfort Inn in Williams where we will be running to tomorrow as it is only 30 miles away. I thought this was a great idea too, a nicer motel with a pool, coffee in the room, comfy bed, internet and shower gel (I've showered a few days in just water as I can't be bothered finding mine in my bag). I lay down for about an hour then headed out of something to eat.

Williams is a great little town on Route 66. It's the gateway to the Grand Canyon which is only about 50 miles from here. There is talk of a trip there tomorrow, I'll see how I feel.





We headed into town and saw a place called "The Singing Pig". The lady there Kathy was amazing and friendly and on hearing that I was from London she got excited and invited me to put a pin on the map on the wall. Then she asked "so what brings you to Arizona?" Then she got a whole lot more excited and said something I didn't expect "We MUST get you on our facebook page".

I had my photo taken with Deb and Dave outside the restaurant and she uploaded it immediately and asked me lots of questions about the race. It was great to feel like I was in America with Americans in a restaurant, it felt for the first time in a while that I could just be on a holiday. Tomorrow I will get a similar amount of time to relax and hope to go back to the same place. I would say that was the best restaurant experience I have had so far, it felt so nice just to be outside in the early evening chatting and eating.

Tomorrow is only 30 again, more climbing. I am looking forward to it once more.

Boring Stuff

Weight before 80.5 after 80.5kg

Food During - Half a subway left over from last night, 1 turkey sandwich, 1 cliff bar, 5l Gatorade, 3l water, 1 coke, cliff blocks, anti-inflammatory AFTER
- Turkey sandwich, 2 cokes, 2 iced teas, ½ chicken and fries, dairy queen milkshake (blueberry), large bag of crisps

Kit - Newtons, Columbia short sleeved (the long sleeved one is now on strike), Kathmandu shorts (these are getting incinerated at flagstaff as I have worn them from the start), shades, socks, 1 calf guard (removed after about 20 because of swollen ankle), kooga pants

Injuries - Right shin still sore, ankle swollen and sore, bit of sunburn on face.

Photos

<http://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.10150214857956916.310033.585836915&l=5f8d1c0501>

James Adams | 14 Comments | Share Article

Reader Comments (14)

Well done.

I'm glad you're having fun again.

June 30, 2011 | [Andrew](#)

Sounds like a good daY :)

June 30, 2011 | [Sandra McDougall](#)

Sounding like a much better day for you, I hope you got a good rest and the ankle is mending. I am really loving reading your journey! Take care, Mrs Jigs :-)

June 30, 2011 | [Catherine Wright](#)

sounds like things are on the up!!! well done. nice joke by the way!

June 30, 2011 | [gemma carter](#)

If you do go back there, you should definitely take on the singing pig Triple Angus burger and do something about the weight loss!

<https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.10150214857956916.310033.585836915&l=5f8d1c0501#/photo.php?fbid=141901482543081&set=a.141901479209748.28344.137859512947278&type=1&theater>

Inspiring stuff.....(not just the burger)

June 30, 2011 | [Andy B](#)

It sounds like today was a good day (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QWfbGGZE07M>) a day to remember when it gets tougher again later on.

June 30, 2011 | **Greg Greggs**

Blueberry milkshake.....awesome :o)

June 30, 2011 | **Smelly**

Hoorah! That's all really.

June 30, 2011 | **John66**

upon close examination of the cankle photo, the following are my findings:

- 1) no blisters on feet -- woop. woop.
- 2) very unenglish summer tan -- may cause detainment at uk immigration border.
- 3) hairy shins and calves - try not to confuse rogaine with sunblock.
- 4) turquoise shoes with pink laces - perfect for nyc fashion week.

June 30, 2011 | **springypanther**

Hey Binks - you're doing fantastic. Thought we might cross roads in the US - but looks like you're gonna be way ahead of me :-)
Wishing for cooler climates for you :-) TG

June 30, 2011 | **Tyre Girl**

it seems that you have a better run today. don't be ashamed to take those pain-killers..hahaha! run strong!

June 30, 2011 | **jovie narcise**

The change in weather makes all the difference. Looks like a cool restaurant

June 30, 2011 | **lesley roberts**

Just caught up with your blogs after losing the page a while back! Great going!

June 30, 2011 | **Garfield**

It's great to hear things are looking up. Hopefully, you shake off all the demons on the next leg (aka. the run back to the Singing Pig)

Also, I hope you tipped the Singing Pig a proper American tip. It sounds like a awesome restaurant!

June 30, 2011 | **Brent**

Friday
Jul012011

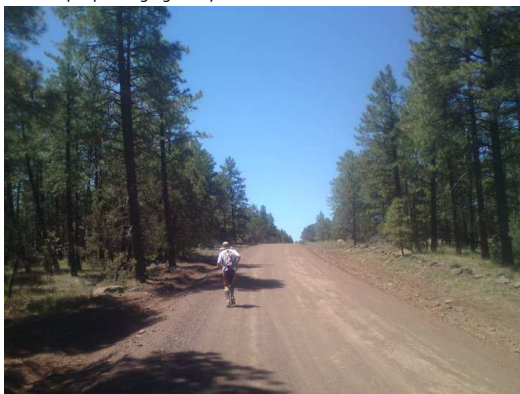
Day 12 - Ash Fork to Williams - 30.3 miles - 500 miles in

FRIDAY, JULY 1, 2011 AT 4:08AM

I had a strange dream last night. I was finishing one of the stages in a small town in the middle of nowhere and in checking into the hotel I was told I'd have to find somewhere else for my horse and cow. Luckily just across the road there was a stable which took my animals for \$6 per night (I have no idea whether that was a good price or not). I did wake up around 1am panicking about what I am going to do with my horse and cow today while I am running. It took a while to realise that I had no horse and cow, there was a little relief at that. I am sure it's not the most ridiculous thing that will make me wake in the night and panic, it wins so far though.

When I wake up every morning I am hopefully that any damage from the previous day has just magically disappeared in the night. It happened with the groin on night 1, the chaffing on night 6 and the left shin on night 8. When I roll out of bed and put my foot on the floor it is the moment of truth, am I going to have a pain free day or is it going to be a struggle again. I winced as my foot hit the floor. Struggle it is then.

We stayed in a nice motel at the finish line for today and had a 30 mile drive to the start. I thought I got enough sleep but was still quite sleepy though I woke up a little when I saw a road sign that said "LOS ANGELES 464 MILES". I brought home briefly just how far I have gone so far, in 11 days I have run further than I would normally do in 2 months. In only 1 month ever have I run more than 500 miles. Today's 30 would take the total to 500 miles which sounded like a great mile stone at the time but then I got those annoying Scottish people singing in my head.



The start felt the same as yesterday, a few turns then a bit of road heading gradually upwards. Today we were going to be treated to a large section of nice running trail. It wasn't long before we were on the trail and it was lovely though the majority of today was uphill. This was going to be good for my shin, no long sections on down might give it a chance to recover.

This was the second of my "recovery" days where I hope to finish in time to relax a lot, ice, use the pool and generally stay off my feet for the majority of the day. 7 hours running means I get to spend twice as much time off my feet as on, in future days of over 50 miles I may well be spending more time on my feet than off. Some of the future days where 50+ milers are stacked right next to each other don't bear thinking about right now.

I ran with Italo again as I think he wanted to go slow and heal himself. It is nice to have the company and he likes to wish me "good luck" when I have to go into the bushes. Must be a Sardinian thing. This time the toilet paper was not provided by the Japanese.

Bando (the Japanese guy who often leathers it at the start) seemed to be having a really great run today. He was just in front of us for the whole run and keeping a steady pace. He looked in bits at the start line a few days ago and it is a great morale boost for everyone to see that someone can come back from looking a mess and then run well. Markus after spending a few days resting ran today as did the two Japanese guys who had dropped out and Jenni and Philippe also. 13 out of the 14 runners who started were out here today and the two on bikes, it felt like a big group again.

I was most pleased with my own constant pacing. I ran for most of it, not the steep uphills. I found my leg hurt more when I walked and hurt more after I stopped for a while so I just knew the key was to keep running. Sometimes the pain would just go away, perhaps because I felt in a much better place

the nagging would just go away, perhaps because I ran in a much better place mentally today, my mind did not wander into negative thoughts at all. It was such a lovely route too, a large trail with lots of smaller trails out to the sides, some beautiful blue lakes, grass covering the ground like I had not seen since I have been here. It was not too warm (I guess max about 30C but with a refreshing breeze). Even in a headwind it felt good. Would have been perfect for a horse. I can't believe I left him in the stable.

The trail ended with about 3 miles to go and then there was a gradual descent into Williams. It was on the road again but my leg felt fine so long as I keep it moving. I was wearing the calf guard again and today it did not cause any swelling in my ankle. There was a great sign coming into Williams, it had "Everything you need" as it's header and underneath were signs for McDonalds, KFC, Taco Bell, Comfort Inn and the Grand Canyon. 3 fast food outlets, a motel and a grand canyon, I can't think of anything else a town needs?

As we made it to the finish like I pointed out the McDonalds to Italo. He they pointed to the other side of the road at the finish flags. He said "It's funny when we see the finish line all you see is the McDonalds". I had been thinking about it for a while though and Dave drove down and had to guess what I'd like. 3 out of 3 Dave, awesome effort. Big Mac, Large fries, strawberry milkshake.

I have started to make a priority of snoozing after the run now. The first week or so I've just tried to stay awake until it gets dark (around 8pm) then try to sleep but too often I am still wide awake at 11. Now I try to shower then snooze for an hour or two after the run so that I can feel a little fresher for the rest of the day and hopefully be able to sleep better later. It's good to get off my feet and it's good to switch off from the run that day.



I am going to call today a really good day. I moved constantly throughout, felt minimal pain (without any drugs today), had great scenery, Italo was fun and Deb and Dave were brilliant as usual. Tomorrow is 42 miles and I am told it will be a "hard" 42 miles.

Boring Stuff

Weight before 80.6kg after 80.4kg

Consumption During - 2 turkey sandwiches, cliff bar, 6l Gatorade, 2l water
After McDonalds big mac, fries, milkshake, Lots of pizza, 2 raspberry iced teas (getting addicted to that stuff)

Kit - Kathmandu shorts, kooga pants, Columbia short sleeved top, newtons, shades, camelpack, socks

Injuries - Right shin still sore but better than yesterday

[James Adams](#) | [21 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (21)

Did you think of getting sponsorship from McDonalds?
You could of run in the wig and the shoes.

July 1, 2011 | [Andrew](#)

Strawberry milkshake and 2 Raspberry iced teas. Only 2 more of your 5-a-day to find. You are doing well on the nutrition front.

July 1, 2011 | [Ted](#)

Love to read your story's in the morning (Netherlands) by a cup of coffee.
And again nice one about the horse and cow very funny. So keep on going and writing.

July 1, 2011 | **Patrick**

Glad to hear you are still going strong. I have an ultra tomorrow, only 30 miles so I think i will treat it as a rest day. Love reading your blog.

July 1, 2011 | **Paul brackett**

Finish Line = McDonalds...that is what I call "heaven" after a day's run. keep on running strong!

July 1, 2011 | **jovie narcise**

With all those turkey sandwiches, I'd be wary around farms at Christmas in case they mistake you for one. Plenty of meat on those legs by the time you get to NYC.

July 1, 2011 | **Clive Roberts**

Back to nature in every way possible, a great advert for ultra running and walking. McDonalds and Subway marketing departments must be asleep!

July 1, 2011 | **Gowan**

Glad your heads in a better place even if your subconscious is worried about your horse and cow. You are doing great but looking at your weight loss over the last 12 days you might consider hitting mcdonalds more frequently :). Good luck and thanks for the detailed blogs as i'm loving reading about your journey.

July 1, 2011 | **Siobhan Leachman**

Really impressive stuff... 500 miles! Did you know that Wales is 125 miles across at its widest point? So you've run the equivalent of 4 trans-Wales races already. Forrest Gump has never done that, nor Charlotte Church. Hope a small shin-miracle occurs soon, keep the blog posts coming!

July 1, 2011 | **Nikolai**

Mate It just shows that Positive mental attitude works... Linford Christie was right!.. Keep going.. And keep thinking about that McDonalds on the finish line... either that or the beer that awaits you at home.... I am fairly sure you will be in calorie deficit for the rest of your life so you might as well make the best of it.

July 1, 2011 | **TT**

Impressive stuff - you need to go back and get the horse though.

July 1, 2011 | **John66**

Every morning in South Africa with a cup of coffee, I enjoy the hell out of reading about your journey. It's very inspiring and impressive. I'm a runner and an American who really misses the landscapes of home (and where you're headed in northern New Mexico is one of my favorites). All the best for this amazing journey...and please try a different brand of American water; there's much better stuff out there. Cheers.

July 1, 2011 | **TJ**

I'm loving reading your blogs each day when I get to work. So inspiring and impressive. Keep going and I hope you have a lot more good days than bad and please keep blogging.

July 1, 2011 | **Carol**

I'm never posted on a blog before, but after following yours for the last 6 months or so, and what you've achieved over the last 500 miles I finally felt compelled to. Being a grumpy northerner I'm not one for giving away easy praise, but what you are doing I'm finding truly inspirational, which again is a first for me. Your attitude, application, determination writing are something I can only aspire to, the closest I get is a shared love of Subway.

Keep going, and keep the posts coming, as others have said, I look forward to reading them every day

July 1, 2011 | **Steve**

Wonderfull to read your blogs. Just caught up from day 3! Hope the shins hold out! Well done :-)

July 1, 2011 | [Footpad](#)

500 down, well done James fantastic.Loving the daily read. Hope the morning greets you with an injury free smile.

July 1, 2011 | [paulrush64@hotmail.co.uk](#)

Still lovng the blog. Still quoting it in my fb status everyday. Like the idea about your own cow for all those milkshakes.

July 1, 2011 | [ash singal](#)

Loving the blog! despite the pain and hardship you still make it sound like a breeze, which is an amazing talent in itself. This is so inspirational! the first weds night you are back, everyone is going to be clamouring to buy you (proper) beers. Sending you anti swollen ankle vibes for a great run today.

July 1, 2011 | [Mariana](#)

Another good day...great to hear it. John66 has the right idea...ya need the horse!! ;)

July 1, 2011 | [Garfield](#)

You are doing fantastically, hope you had a good day today!

July 1, 2011 | [the terminator](#)

Still sounding fantastic !Keep it up fella .

July 2, 2011 | [Stuart Henderson](#)

Saturday
Jul022011

Day 13 - Williams to Flagstaff - 40.3 miles

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 2011 AT 5:04AM

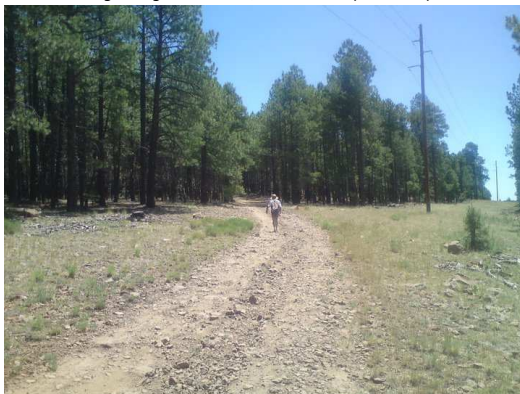
Another strange dream started today, perhaps subconsciously they are telling me something. I was in the street and an old lady had fallen over, looked quite hurt and no one would help. I went to her aid and decided to call an ambulance. Before the ambulance arrived she just got up and walked away. Then everyone else just laughed at me saying "yeah that's old miss whatshername, she always does that". When the ambulance arrived and the victim had fled I was made to look like an idiot. At least this one did not wake me.

The day started with the usual disappointment of putting my foot on the floor and feeling the pain. I wasn't sure whether it was an improvement on yesterday though and in my head that meant it was better.

It was very chilly at the start, I was wearing short sleeves but the first few miles felt very fresh. Again we seemed to just go up and up, we finished yesterday at 2100 meters but think we went up to about 2400m today. Deb and Dave mentioned that they felt the altitude on their runs in the evening. I am not sure whether it affects me or is hidden in everything else such as the heat, the tiredness, the running 540 miles in 12 days. I have felt altitude when I have run the Davos ultra before (2500m?) and then at the end of Badwater where it climbs to nearly 4000m. All I know is going up makes it feel like more of a slog.

We were on and off the trail today, we were warned that today would be "incredibly difficult" - that there is a stony path with lots of side paths and we are to be careful not to get lost as our crew will not be there for this. She made it sound like a death labyrinth. There was plenty of nice and easy trail though which I enjoyed and Laure said to enjoy it while it lasted because the days of long straight roads would be back soon.

I prefer running on the trail but it is harder work and there is no white line to follow. One advantage of running on the road is that you can keep your head down and go in a straight line. On trail I am wobbling all over the place. We were bunched up near the start and I noticed that Alex made 2 kit changes in the first 6 miles. "You are just like Lady Ga Ga" I said, though obviously not with the ambiguous gender issues, his beard is quite manly.



Italo stuck with me again and he was running without his compression gear for the first time for a while as a sign that his shin problems were near the end. Today I felt progress, where as I found it painful to walk yesterday it felt ok today (running was always better). It meant I could powerwalk up the steep hills of which there seemed to be many again.

The miles just seemed to roll off today, I felt like I was at half way in no time even though there was lots of climb. Shortly before the death labyrinth there was a service station with a McDonalds that I did not go into. Then on the trail Dan (Markus' support) jumped out of the car and asked if I had gone to McDonalds and could not believe that I didn't. Actually I did not eat an awful lot today, I felt a bit sick.

The death labyrinth was actually just a few miles of bumpy ground. I walked most of it as I did not want to risk anything but it's nothing harder than you'd get on say the South Downs Way. I think the almost certain death was overhyped.

The trails today were beautiful, pine trees and people out there camping. Made me want to just come out here and live here for a few months in the

wilderness. There was plenty of shade today though I got a bit sick from the sun as I did not cover up properly.

This was the last day with Deb and Dave which made me sad as I finished as they have been so great in all this. Organising all my stuff, being there every 2 miles with something fun to say or just a smile and a "you're doin great" has really helped me through these difficult 4 days. I'm going to miss you guys.

I finished in 9:20, a good way south of the cut-off of 12 hours and I am seeing more daylight between those times. Deb and Dave got me a burger, fries and milkshake at the end (Jack in the Box) which I enjoyed with a beer while I iced my foot. My ankle swelled a little today but I did not feel it.

Tonight was the first time I am now properly "solo" along with Italu, Jenni and Anneke. Laure had mentioned that I have too much stuff and last night we purged it, getting rid of all the things I have accumulated over the past 2 weeks as well as ditching lots of the clothes I brought originally. I have just about managed to squeeze it into the 2 bags, I am using a lot less clothes than I thought.



Flagstaff is a proper big town, shame I have pretty much slept since I finished. I used the pool again. The next few days are back to the same, start - run 53 miles in a straight line - arrive at finish. Glorious.

Boring Stuff

Weight Before - 80.1 kg, after forgot

Kit, Newtons, Kathmandu shorts, kooga pants, socks, Columbia top, nf hat (partially), calf guard, camelpack

Consumption - During 1 slice pizza, 2 cliff bars, 1 energy gel, 5l Gatorade, 1l water, 1 monster, 2 cokes AFTER - American water, milkshake, burger, fries, chicken steak, fries, CARROTS AND SALAD, 2 iced teas.

Injuries - Right shin - getting better.

[James Adams](#) | [13 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (13)

Well done, another good time.
And another good read.

July 2, 2011 | [Andrew](#)

Sir, I do believe that you have a beard crush. :o)

July 2, 2011 | [Ted](#)

you are doing great! i might be busy today as i read your latest post before going to bed. anyway, i will keep on reading your posts on a daily basis. i am surprised that you did not stop and got your orders in the McDonald's outlet...hahaha!

July 2, 2011 | [jovie narcise](#)

You are using less clothes ... so you have an all-over tan then?

July 2, 2011 | [Gowan](#)

You have surpassed Arthur Newtons effort !

July 2, 2011 | [John Donno](#)

Salad..... WTF !!!

July 2, 2011 | [Ian](#)

American water??? Same as ours? Or full of fat? Discuss.

July 2, 2011 | [Footpad](#)

Another excellent day. You ran past a McDonalds and didn't stop, grief. I had to read that twice.

July 2, 2011 | [Jayne Smith](#)

Great going again! Hee hee – American water...and Footpad's comment. I don't think he gets it! ;)

July 2, 2011 | [Garfield](#)

Well done yet again!! I'm glad to know you're enjoying the restorative properties of American water! (yes, it's weak, I know!) The carrot and salad thing, though, is a shock!!

July 2, 2011 | [Tim](#)

You need more food pet

July 2, 2011 | [lesley roberts](#)

James, it was a pleasure and an honor to crew for you. Now that we have better internet, we will follow your journey. You are so easy to crew for (ditto for Italo). We had a lot of fun and are sending good vibes your way! We'll miss you too!

July 3, 2011 | [Deb and Dave](#)

Speaking of which, it's the South Downs Way Race next weekend. I'll try to get "Death Labyrinth" into the pre-race briefing...

Wonderful running (and blogging), James.

July 3, 2011 | [Tpod](#)

Monday
Jul042011

Day 14 - Flagstaff to Birdsprings - 53.1 miles

MONDAY, JULY 4, 2011 AT 12:57AM

SORRY NO PHOTOS ON THIS SLOW INTERNET CONNECTION

Well I had no weird dreams last night, at least none that I can remember. I think the dream was saved for the day. Today was 53 miles of road and back into the desert. It was going to be a real test of my improving shin and ankle as much of this was downhill. Laure warned us at the start that this was going to be long and boring. She was half right.

53 miles - 12 hours was at the optimistic end of expectations, 3 hours under cut-off. That would be enough for me to be confident of more days of this.

The first few miles were in the beautiful pine tree surrounded town of Williams, along a winding road gradually descending. The first few miles as always it likes to make it's strain known but over the past few days I have learned better to ignore it and carry on. I think I am mentally beating it now after a few days of letting it poison me.

I spoke to Alex about his changes of kit again (only 1 change in first 5 miles). He asked me what kind of food I eat when doing this. I said that I eat burgers and fries and anything available. He says he loves pasta and has brought loads with him to get him through the race. Pasta and chicken? What kind of running food is that? I said that I should probably eat better and Alex said "but you need to satisfy your mind too". Spot on, burger and chips is proper brain food for me.

I asked him what he ate on his epic solo rows across oceans and he said dried foods, olive oils and fresh fish. I *almost* asked him "where did you get fresh fish from" before I stopped myself being stupid.

Italu had gone up ahead with Patrick, Rainer was doing his own thing and Markus and Bando had set out fast. I was running near Alex, Jenni, Anneke (on bike) and Serge for much of the first half and we seemed to be near the back. The priority today was to get to the end in reasonable time and lie down as we were losing an hour recovery with the clocks moving forward.

It's so easy to get distracted by numbers early on. 53 miles is a long days work and too often I get to 5 and say "well that's 10% done in 1 hour which means 10 hours if I keep up this pace which I won't", then you get to 11 miles and say "well that's a fifth of it done in much less than a fifth of 12 hours therefore I am doing ok". This stuff buzzes through your head like an uninvited guest. It gets worse, then you find that you have done a third of the race in less than 4 hours and calculate the pace you need to finish under cut-off. For me it was about 4mph which is not a lot less than the overall cut-off pace and therefore I must be doing shit. You go from doing well to doing shit based on a different calculation of the same thing.

And if you don't stop it that kind of shit just messes with your head for the whole race and never makes you feel any better. I was reading a book called "Adventures in Numberland" by Alex someone who spoke about isolated tribes. Some of them don't really have a concept of "53" or even numbers above 5 or 6. Many have 1,2,3,4 then more than 4 or "many". There is no use in having a number 53 as it's not that different from 52 or even 27, it's just "many". Some of them don't even know how many kids they have, they just have "many". I wish I could think like that. I don't have 53 miles to do I just have "many" miles to do.

But my head was in a better place today and I was thinking about happier things and being nearer other runners today was quite motivating. When I got to 16 miles I thought "Shit I still have 37 to go, this is never going to end". By staying more positive and ignoring my watch as much as possible the miles just went and all of a sudden I had done a marathon.

The view today was quite stunning. We were back in the desert again but it looked more volcanic today. There was little on the road other than the vast landscape of the Indian territory. I saw a wigwam as soon as I entered but no casinos.

Around 30 miles in I just had a spurt, feeling quite good and pushed the pace a bit. I passed Alex, Markus, Bando, Jenni and ran with Serge in sight for the rest of the day. It got a little warm, around 35C I would guess. As I passed Jenni she commented "nice view isn't it?" I agreed and then looked up again to see Markus having a piss. "You don't mean Markus do you?". "No".

I felt like a runner again. Looking down at my shadow in front of me watching

the rhythmic swinging of my arms and legs. Mr shin was hardly making a noise at all. It's a good job that there were no dolphins in the desert cos they would have been deafened by the sonic booming of my pace. I must have been running 10 minute miles at some stage.

Today was the first day of my proper "unsupported" time, something that I'll have to get used to. It was much better than I expected. The guys were awesome in catching me every hour and giving me a spray, drinks and food. Laure came up to me at the end of the day and gave me a list of all the times that I had been given support and what I took. She was a little concerned that I only ate 2 cliff bars during the whole run. Most of my calories are liquid. Today and for the rest of it I think I switched my camelpack from water to Gatorade.

The wind picked up as we were told at the end to head for a "big igloo". It was quite prominent in the small town of Birdspings.

I finished in 11.05, an hour better than my best expectations and with no injuries. I was really chuffed with that. The sleeping quarters tonight are some sort of town hall (in an igloo) with sleeping mats and a solar shower. It was nice as we all get to hang out with each other and eat together, something I thought we'd do lots of while we are here but the bone aching and tiredness just gets in the way of all that.

I got to see lots more of people tonight. The guys putting their feet in ice, Serge attaching himself to some electrodes, Patrick getting massaged by his wife. Everyone seems to have rituals. I thought when I'd finish a stage I'd be walking around, chatting and stretching whereas in reality I am just looking to get off my feet as soon as possible.

I think everyone did OK today, no one pushed the cut-off I think. In summary for myself this was a fucking good day J

Boring Stuff

Weight - Before 80.5, After 79.5kg

Kit - Newtons, NF hat, Kathmandu Shorts, Columbia Top, kooga pants, shades, socks

Food breakfast/During - 3 cliff bars, 6l Gatorade, 3 monsters, 3 cokes, 1l water AFTER - American water, 2 sprites, 2 iced teas, water, 2 noodle snacks, beef jerky, 2 chicken bits (dunno what bits), rice, cheese.

Injury - An ever quieter right shin. Probably will pay for speaking too soon.

[James Adams](#) | [3 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (3)

What an amazing trek James . Your ability to write about it means we can share your experience with you.
You are doing great
Everyone in my household thinks your a star.

July 4, 2011 | [Paul brackett](#)

Electrodes? Attached where? Does he wear a leather suit with a mask and ball-in-mouth attachment? Very exotic sounding I must say.

July 4, 2011 | [Brian Mc](#)

no dreams = good day's run! finally, you are already getting your groove. run strong...gatorade in your camelbak? i hope your bladder will not get stained!

July 5, 2011 | [jovle narcise](#)

Monday
Jul042011

Day 15 - Birdsprings to Indian Wells - 41.4 miles - Mimbling

MONDAY, JULY 4, 2011 AT 1:47AM

The clocks went forward last night meaning we had less rest after a long day yesterday. I woke up long before the new 4.30 feeling more awake than usual though. The pain had subsided further and the 41 miles today felt like it was going to be comfortable.

The earlier start mean we got to start in starlight which was amazing. With no clouds and light you can see all the stars. We had to wear our lights and hi vis jacket (my reverse Serpie top was fine for this) in the early stages as we were running on roads. It felt like a much different start to the other 14 so far.

We are now deep in the Navajo desert which is a native American area in Northern Arizona. There are some impressive rock formations and what look like volcanoes. Each one is isolated and looks great on it's own, some are really cubic and from a distance you could think it was part of a city skyline. It's not as hot as the Mojave desert but it's more beautiful. It didn't matter to me that the roads were straight as there was always a wonderful panorama to enjoy.

My mind was in a really good place again today and I let it wander off as usual. I was determined not to clock watch or calculate as I did yesterday and just appreciate every mile as they passed. Early on when I was near everyone I thought about the very different styles each support team has with their runner. I never see June who crews for Rainer as they are always too far ahead. I imagine she takes about a million photos of every stage though.

Patrick's wife sticks quite close to him in the car, he manages to keep on running when she comes to him with refreshments and it's obviously working as he's having a great time here. Serge's support guy makes me laugh. I walks like a butler and holds out a tray in an outstretched palm at a perfect 90 degrees. I really want him to wear a bow-tie one of the stages.

Alex's team are like a Ferrari pit-stop. He walks along, has his bottles changed, pictures taken, beard trimmed and anything else all within about 10 seconds. They are very slick. Dan who supports Markus is very laid back and parks the car and sits down for a while and watches the world go by. He has become my preferred supplier of toilet roll in recent days. The Japanese crews will take lots of photos and when not tending to their runner they can be seen washing their hire cars.

Philippe's guy is quite funny too. He gets out of the car, runs half a mile to meet Philippe, jogs along and past the car for about another half mile then back to the car to meet him in 2 miles. Now correct me if I am wrong but this guy seems to be covering the same distance as Philippe?

Half way seemed to come in a breeze, the road was undulating and I felt no shame in walking up the inclines. It got a little warm but the heat was not so dry and I could actually feel the sweat on my skin.

Today at around the marathon mark we passed the 621 mile point for the race so far. It did not mean a lot to me but the Europeans went crazy for it for some reason. My support were great again, seeing me every hour though I made the mistake twice of drinking my camelpack dry. I did not drink as much today as perhaps I should but on two occasions I ran out and at this point I walked. Actually I did not feel I needed any excuse to walk, I walked a lot today, treating the whole thing like a day out. Sometimes walking just felt nicer. There was no phone reception for the whole time today which cut off one of my usual distractions but there was enough around to keep me occupied.

The finish is in a school in a very small town with a cow guarding it. I worried about having to outsprint a cow (which I know I could not do even if I was not knackered) and then have to cross a cattle guard (there have been loads of these in the recent stages and they are hard work to stumble across).

Today just felt a little too easy. My time was still within my "plan" of doing around 45 miles in 10 hours so 41 in 8.55 was actually pushing it a bit, not that I felt like I was pushing it at all. Would it be too much to ask for 55 more days like this?

It has just started to rain outside. That's the first rain I have seen for 2 weeks. Could make tomorrow interesting. Tomorrow is independence day and I have a US flag but just been told that this would be the worst place to wave it.

YOU TUBE VIDEOS

I have just discovered that there is a LANYFOOTRACE channel on You Tube with most of the stages so far. I've only looked at one so far and it has footage of me walking and later of me eating a burger. Pretty representative so far. I hope to get a better look at them when I have a better internet connection.

<http://www.youtube.com/user/LANYFootraceUSA?blend=2&ob=5>

Boring Stuff

Weight before - 79.5 after 79.5

Food - 2 cliff bars, 5l Gatorade, 2 monsters, 2 cokes, After - 2 american waters, sprite, water, noodles, beef jerky, cheese sandwich, pasta, sardines, 2 more sprites, 2 iced teas

Kit - newtons, Kathmandu shorts, kooga pants, socks, nf hat, nf long top,

[James Adams](#) | [11 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (11)

Natural justice can often be so unfair. Like when you work really hard on some report, or helping a customer/colleague beyond the call of duty, or whatever. And then the boss appears when you're grabbing a few minutes break!

Well James, in the video the world saw you for 5 out of 32,400 seconds. So we can presume you weren't eating burgers all that time otherwise the cow (that charged/invoiced you for unknown services) would be the only bovine representative in Arizona.

The book of your journey is shaping up superbly, a classic in the making. That's the main reason we all want you to keep running and stay on the race; so we can read these wonderful blogs, and then post silly messages!

July 4, 2011 | [Gowan](#)

Just watched some of the videos.

You're only seen eating 1 burger, that's a little disappointing. And there is more running than hobbling. Are you over dramatising the blog?

July 4, 2011 | [Andrew](#)

Imagine if the you tube clip had you eating the salad or running right past a McDonalds? This permanent record would be justice for diifering from the norm.

Sounds like you are climbing out of the hurt locker (for the time being).

I saw a video of that famous american hippy that wins all the 100 mile races. He had a nice philosphy. (my interpretation not his words) Going faster when feeling good shouldn't be the focus, when the miles fly by with less effort doesn't need active management just enjoy it. Managing the low points, the depression and the times when you just cannot be arsed to continue is the real art in ultramarathoning. Low point management is what it's all about. Getting through those shit times, the times when you wish you just keel over, and on to the next nice patch is the hard bit. If you know that you can recover to a good zone, you know that the bad times are an inevitable part of the process.

Looking forward to the next missive.

Your boy Brad Wiggins did great in the le tour Team Time Trial last night.

July 4, 2011 | [Brendan in Beijing](#)

621 miles? Congratulations are in order for the first 1000 km then, I suppose. Glad to hear the shin is behaving, hope I'm not jinxing you. Good luck!

July 4, 2011 | [Thomas](#)

Happy 621st. Here's to your next 621!

July 4, 2011 | [Brian Mc](#)

What a treat! I got to read 4 days worth of blogs this morning. You are doing brilliantly and so pleased you have got such a positive frame of mind back. Loving the fb updates and shall be checking out youtube when I get home! X

July 4, 2011 | **Sandra BT**

We thought the same thing about Serge's butler :-)

We did see June and Rainer once. He hung out for quite a while with her eating and chatting like they were holiday

July 4, 2011 | **lesley roberts**

Good going again James. 621 miles...a thousand Ks..Wow! Love your comments about the different styles of the support crew also. Dave and I were a bit taken aback to see the Japanese washing their cars. Well, more embarrassed about ours. :-) Take a look a more of the days' videos when you have a chance. They are well-done, in my opinion!
Keep pluggin' away...sounds like you're in a groove now!

July 4, 2011 | **Deb and Dave J-R**

Great stuff, brilliant effort, keep going! We are still following the blogs every day.

July 4, 2011 | **Avon**

Forget 1,000km... you just broke the 80kg milestone!

July 5, 2011 | **Nikolai**

it was nice seeing you in action---eating your favorite Big Mac! hahaha! good luck on your next stages..run strong!

July 5, 2011 | **jovie narcise**

Tuesday
Jul052011

Day 16 - Indian Wells to Kinlichee - 47.9 miles - Not so big

TUESDAY, JULY 5, 2011 AT 3:36AM

Today was a strange day. Proper up and down (apart from the elevation which seemed to go up again). I think I slept OK but can not be sure. Last night was a sleeping bag and mat on the floor affair and as usual I sweat like a Brit in the Mojave but on the whole I think I got enough sleep. My leg felt even better, almost gone. I only really feel it when I move sideways on my leg such as trying to pick up a bag or something. I had a good meal last night and a good breakfast this morning. I had a good run yesterday and was ready to have another good one today.

Strange then that I should feel so depressed?

We started in darkness again setting out and I immediately realised that I had forgotten my running number. There is a penalty for that and I did not care too much for that I just got angry at my own stupidity. I felt fine running but after about 5 miles it all just became "too big" again.

I spoke to Gemma (on IM) last night about how much we are missing each other. This is the longest I have ever been out of the UK now and probably the longest I have been from her. It does not help that there has been no phone coverage for 2 days now. We spoke about the possibility of her coming over in the middle of the run. I am not too sure. It would be great to have her here but then her having to leave would be too hard. It hurt each time a support team left me and it would be many times worse with her. I don't know what the answer to that is.

I miss home a lot too, the early morning start with the faffing and trying to find something to eat and clothes to wear and drinks to fill the camelpack with and then cramming everything into 2 bags and taking it to the truck. It's so much harder and more frustrating that I thought it would be. When the sun rose above the mountains I went to put on my sun glasses and realised I had forgotten them too. I felt so fucking useless and then the tears came again.

I was near the back at this point and let the others go past and disappear into the sun. For a good mile or so I just sobbed at where I was and what I have to do. Sometimes it just feels too big. Even 48 miles today which I have run many times before felt like a job that could not be done. 54 more days of this didn't bear thinking about.

I've known ultrarunning take you to the extreme of your emotions. Euphoria, depression, anger, pride etc. Within a race you may hit several peaks of various emotions. I think I am in for 2 more months of these euphoric highs and crippling lows. I am not entirely looking forward to it.



I tried to kick myself out of it. Just watch the miles go past and the days will take care of themselves. I actually thought more about my leg today than normal, trying to get a feeling out of it and trying to take comfort out of the fact that it is rock solid, like I could kick down these telegraph poles with it. Yeah.

I think a lot about what others think about this and that helps me through. I know people think I am "crazy" for doing such a thing but I know deep down they all want to be doing it too. I have a chance to do something everyone wants to do which is pretty special.

And so I broke out of it. I could use the "suncream in my eyes" excuse for anyone who saw me. Without much thought 12 miles had gone already, that's a quarter of the day gone without even thinking about it. I might be able to

a quarter of the day gone without even thinking about it. I might be able to get through today after all.

I passed Alex and Bando and settled into a grove and was determined not to care about time again and keep looking at my watch. I enjoyed the spectacular scenery around me as well as looking at the floor to see how many grasshoppers I stood on. I don't quite get why live grasshoppers are always trying to pick up dead ones? What would they do with them.

After around 15 miles I had a massive breakthrough. I actually got a photo of a lizard. I see loads of them just jumping out of the bushes, scuttling along the road a bit then jumping back in. This one was just sat there. Long enough for me to get the camera out to take the picture. I was really pleased with that, this could be an awesome day.

Around 20 miles in there was a guy with a table selling trainers. It was the weirdest thing I had seen that day, how many people would want to buy new trainers in the middle of the desert. Well, if he did not sell any today he should just give up.

On the subject of shoes most runners now have cut the toes of theirs. Some runners are getting blisters and swelling and performing surgery on shoes seems to fix it. I have yet to suffer with blisters (aside from that one little one on the first day). Another reason to be cheerful?

After 30 miles we headed onto a dirt track which was quite nice to run on and there were loads of little buildings around. I passed Dan and he held up the toilet roll but I did not need it today, my bowels felt fine. I wished him a happy Independence Day, he is the only American in the whole event.

It was warm as usual and every hour or so I'd get sprayed with cold water by Anne and Rene (who's birthday it was today). They were brilliant as usual, I can't believe I felt so alone earlier when the support here is so fantastic.

While on the trail there were spots of water falling out of the sky. I would not call it rain but when every single one hit my skin it was beautiful. Thunder boomed in the distance and I yelled at it to come over and soak me. There was a short lived shower but it was wonderful.

Alex's support crew were playing Frisbee. I tried to join in but they are really bad at it and I ended up having to climb into the sand to retrieve it.

About 6 miles to go we were back on the road and quite a busy one with no shoulder. Laure had told us to be very careful and stop as cars come past too close, it was not easy to run on. On seeing Rene and Anna again next to a sign for McDonalds I made the request "Big Mac et frites sil vous plait" - I know the important things in French.



Seriously I was so excited about this guy

The finish was just on the road in the middle of nowhere but it was one of the nicest so far. Music was playing and Laure was dancing around with the American flag. We sat at the back of the lorry and had a beer. Jenni, Anneke, Markus, Alex and I finished within a few minutes of each other.

Laure mentioned that she has read my blog and it makes her laugh which made me feel quite good. Perhaps she can actually understand my English after all. I better be careful what I write here now..

The motel is nice and I went to Dennys for the first time ever. Laurie described them as "they do everything but do it badly". I had a huge plate of nachos to start and a t-bone steak. It was great hanging out with Rainer, Italu, Peter and June. The funniest moment of the day came after Peter (German) and Italu (Sardinian) ordered the fajitas and then about 10 minutes later were presented with the flour wraps. They just both looked so confused as Rainer and I said "Bon appetite". Peter went to the next table to see if they had got his order and Italu said "It's not like in the picture". Finally the sizzling meat came. Perhaps you had to be there but I had not laughed that loud for a while.

With moments like that I may just survive the summer.

Boring Stuff

Weight - Forgot

Consumed Breakfast/During - Noodles, 2 pepparamis, energy bar, 4l

Gatorade, 2 cokes, 2 fruit punches (0% fruit), 2 sprites, some jelly beans

AFTER - American water, sprite, nachos, milkshake, tbone steak, mashed potato, fried shrimp

Kit - Newtons, Serpie yellow top then nf long sleeved, Kathmandu shorts, kooga pants, nf hat, camelpack, socks

[James Adams](#) | [28 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (28)

Laurie is right about Dennys. But if you're hungry enough it will do. Believe me after being away from Gemma it will make your time all so much special. take it from an ex Army wife . Thinking of you and wishing you courage and happiness on the rest of your journey xx

July 5, 2011 | [lesley roberts](#)

Hi Dude you doing great work , you right on that many people jealous and would love to be doing what you are we can all make excuses but it comes down to having guts and you have plenty keep it going loving the blog

July 5, 2011 | [Richard Webster](#)

I hope your lows stay short and your highs continue to last much longer. I'm really enjoying the journey. Cheers.

July 5, 2011 | [Andrew](#)

Good running and excellent blog - honest and funny. Well done.

July 5, 2011 | [John66](#)

I followed the link from Fetcheveryone to your blog. This is truly inspirational!! Got it saved to my favourites now and will be following you all the way to the Atlantic.

July 5, 2011 | [The Flying Fifer](#)

Your blogs are getting better and better. you are running yourself into a writer. I'm loving eating my breakfast whilst reading about your day. I don;t know what I'll do with myself when this summer is over.

July 5, 2011 | [Oliver Sinclair](#)

How can you have fruit punches with 0% fruit.....?

July 5, 2011 | [Smelly](#)

Hang in there James, I want more pictures of creatures...to be frank, a lizard is a little lame...I think you can do better. Snakes, spiders, sabre toothed horses, come on, think big!!!

Great running by the way. I ran Exmoor 40 at the weekend, shit loads of climbing, plenty of heat and lost, lost, lost. Was well ready for the finish at the end of the day. Gave me an even bigger appreciation of what you are doing and doing so well.

It's not luck that you are there doing this. Don't believe in it. You made a plan, stuck to your guns and are manning it out. Fair play to you, with the greatest respect. Carl.

July 5, 2011 | [Carl](#)

Keep your spirits high Jimbo... Before you know it will all be over and you will miss it. Someone once described Denny's to me as great student food as it is open 24 hours... At least only until you have been there at 3 in the morning after way too many beers... For some reason after people have seen it coming out the opposite way they shy away from it a little. I would question the EVERYONE wanting to do this event... I would be interested in doing the distance in metres instead of miles.... That sounds a little more fun. One question... Where are the ham and cheese sandwiches gone? You could have been a contender! Anyway that's enough worthless drivel from me... See you

should feel at home already.

July 5, 2011 | **TT**

Excellent writing and sensational effort. If there is one moment in the entire run that I can provide even the slightest inspiration for then I hope you can draw from this comment at some point. There must be plenty of tough times so I'm sure you'll find the spot for this verbal band-aid! Run well and keep writing - you're nurturing ambitions for many others by the sound of it... (oops no pressure!). B.

July 5, 2011 | **Braddan**

Fantastic blog again James, enjoy the highs, fight the lows. Jaw dropping simply jaw dropping to those who know how you feel, to those that dont, they are missing something special in life.

Keep moving forward.
best wishes

July 5, 2011 | **paulrush64@hotmail.co.uk**

James, just found your blog. I'm a fellow Brit, who ran with the brilliant folks Rainer, Jenni, Peter and Anneke across Europe in 2009, and will meet up with you all in Oklahoma in 10 days time. I know exactly how you're feeling right now - your blog expresses it perfectly. Mornings are a dark, dark time, eh? But just remember..."this too shall pass". One step, one hour, one day at a time. This run will define you as a person - it's a wonderful thing - never give up. If you need me to bring you anything, post it on your blog. A bottle or two of London Pride, maybe? See you in Boise City, OK. Russell Secker

July 5, 2011 | **Russell Secker**

Hey Binsky - Your blogs are a great read and nature always has a way of making me feel happy too :-)) and yes I do wish I were dragging me tyre at the back of you all :-)) So onwards Binks cos there are many of us Fetchies. Park runners, and more willing you on, sending you positive thoughts across the pond.

TG xx

P.S. During one of your days out, can you think of a peace message or a pledge to the environment that you can send to me. Have added URL if you get an inspirational moment :-))

July 5, 2011 | **Tyre Girl**

Stronger in body and mind as the days pass. Keep the spirits up James, you're doing a superb job!

LANY website, photo 20 of 23 on day 15....is that a twister in the background?????

July 5, 2011 | **Gaz**

running is about the highs and lows of human endurance. it is the same with LIFE. keep it up. you're an inspiration. run strong!

July 5, 2011 | **jovie narcise**

Oh, this entry about the ups and downs brought back memories of long-distance hiking. But when it's over the memories are sweet!

And that's a GREAT summary of Denny's. :D

So excited that you're taking the time and energy to do this blog. It's wonderful to follow along. (I'm a baby ultrarunner in Oregon.) Thank you and happy trails!

July 5, 2011 | **grrlpup**

Great stuff again, you seem amazingly strong both physically and mentally. Keep it up, loving the blog..

July 5, 2011 | **the terminator**

Hi there, you don't know me but a friend of yours has shared this on their FB page. Amazing achievement and you really touched me with this. I recently trained for my first triathlon - a paltry effort compared to this - and can totally relate to the rock bottom feeling, which I hadn't expected. You must have experienced this before and I'm sure you have the mental strength to

pull through it. Can't imagine the euphoria you will feel when it's all over.
Good luck with the remainder of the challenge.

July 5, 2011 | **Isla Dennis**

Hi James, embrace the highs and the lows and also when it feels normal!! ,
this is the journey you are on!!! You have been incredible so far , both in your
running and your writing! Sending you positive thoughts, Marky Boy!!!

July 5, 2011 | **Marky Boy**

Hi James, enjoy the adventure, though I'm guessing there's plenty of time for
the mind to wander. I think the Europeans were celebrating the 1000
kilometres – that's what 621 miles is, if memory serves me correctly!

July 5, 2011 | **Garfield**

Hey James, big hugs to you, especially for your brutal honesty. You are doing
amazing and have so much support here at home. I'm sure the lows will make
the highs a million times better.

July 5, 2011 | **Mariana**

Do you think I can sell my slogan to Denny's?
I'm glad that you're managing to keep up with your Milkshake regimen!

July 5, 2011 | **Laurie**

Hello Binks, I was wondering whether to comment for fear of being too
cheesy but have been egged on to be ^ultra^cheesy on the thread.... What you
are doing is bloody amazing and completely fabulous. I've never quite hit
complete desperation when running but I have when confronted other types
of situations where all I have had to fall back on is 'time will pass', but it
actually works because if you can just keep going then you'll get through it
and how you'll feel at the end will be bloody amazing. If you want more
cheese with your McDs just let me know. MCxxx

July 5, 2011 | **MissChappo**

You're doing ace. Loving the blog and will buy the book when it comes out!
You've already achieved so much, keep going.

July 5, 2011 | **Dave Elsom**

how am i supposed to moan about having to do vermont in a couple of weeks
time when you're just smashing out ultras every day? It is sickening how great
you're doing. You're making history out there, one step at a time. Well done
mate.

July 5, 2011 | **James Elson**

Wednesday
Jul062011

Day 17 - Kinlichee to Nowhere really - 44.5 miles

WEDNESDAY, JULY 6, 2011 AT 3:19AM

Today was a frustrating day, no reason but it felt harder than normal. We had to run a little further than we thought, 44.5 miles instead of 42. No big deal I guess.

The first 12 miles were horrid though, we started at 6 as the road was too dangerous to run in the dark. It was a busy road with no shoulder and we were told to stop when cars came and step into the side. It was uphill (again) too and the uneven surface of the ground just off the road was making it a real hard slog.

Run - walk - skip - run - step - run - stop. It was horrible. The cars would give plenty of space but my mind wandered and thought about what would happen if their cargo just fell off the back and into me, or if a lorry just jack-knifed and batted me back like a cricket ball.

I think I was more tired than normal, I need more sleep. I can't get it though. After the 12 there was a great few miles of downhill with a large shoulder to get the legs moving a bit. They just did not want to move.

I ate a lot yesterday but not a lot this morning. My stomach does not tell me anymore when I am hungry. The only signal I get now is when my bones ache, telling me I am too hungry. I try to force feed myself at nights but it does not give me much energy.

Today though at half way there was a McDonalds and I thought it would be rude not to, Jenni stopped there too. Bigmac and fries and a drink that went into my camelpack. I have eaten in McDonalds in the UK plenty of times when in the middle of a long run but I forgot that the BigMacs over there are snack sized whereas here they are much larger. I tried to force it down but have spent the rest of the day feeling sick. I had to walk for many miles after that and I don't really think I recovered. I saw a dead fox which nearly made me spew.

Anyway this blog is going to have to be short because I am struggling to stay awake and I feel sick again. The sun got to me today and I am paying for it. I finished the stage in about 10.30 which is not horrific but not great. I had a bad day, does not mean that tomorrow must be one too.

I am in El Rancho now where I stay for 2 nights which is good as I don't have to faff with bags tomorrow. I really should try to get more ground floor rooms though. I fit in nicely here, with a beard and a look like I am about to fall over.

[In writing this in the lobby I just had to run to the toilet to be sick. I was actually sat down on the toilet and puked into the bin. It seems to have knocked the tiredness on the head for a minute and I don't feel sick anymore but need to be careful tomorrow as I will now be quite calorie deficient. - Laure is here telling me to write a shorter blog and go to bed which I will do.]

Good Night x

James Adams | [30 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (30)

Hope you're feeling better after that last spew!
Is the sponsorship deal with McDonalds over?

July 6, 2011 | **Andrew**

MAN UP

July 6, 2011 | **Dean Karnazes**

hope you feel better after a good night's sleep. squishing a few grasshoppers tomorrow might make you feel better.

will be thinking of you when at weds night run down at hyde park- we have a special guest tonight and it seems he's keeping track of you too from the looks of it!!!!

gemma x

July 6, 2011 | **gemma carter**

Hope you are getting plenty of rest tonight and rehydrating. Looking forward to reading how you smashed that Big Mac tomorrow.

July 6, 2011 | **Kevan**

Hope you're better today mate, try to remember to get a kids meal next time you're in Maccy D's.
Oh & have a shave you bliddy monkey ;-)

July 6, 2011 | **Allan**

I will be in Cuba NM starting Wed and possible be staying at the fairground. I think you all are going to camp there Friday. I'm going to try to sneak across the camp to get some autographs. Hope that's cool with you.

July 6, 2011 | **Frederic**

- 1) do you get to shower every night?
- 2) very impressed that your white shirts still look white.
are you doing laundry every night or is it photoshop?
- 3) sending a big hug to you, stinky ape james.
you are doing fantastic, grinding out the days, as you expected.

July 6, 2011 | **springpanther**

The dark times are the ones that make you stronger.

July 6, 2011 | **Oliver Sinclair**

Hey McDonald's used to make me spew on the best of days... Next time hit the footlong meatball with extra cheese... Not even the Americans can change the size of that... Its a foot!

July 6, 2011 | **TT**

Hope you are feeling better today and remember "what doesn't kill you makes you stronger"

July 6, 2011 | **Sarah Spall**

Hey James, just caught up with your blogs from an internet cafe in Chamonix. Sounds like a tough day! I really feel for you but know you will get through the dark times and plough on ahead to success like the champion you are.

RELENTLESS FORWARD PROGRESS!!

July 6, 2011 | **Robert Westaway**

Hang in there James. Remember – light is just around the corner. In the shape of the Serpie Pub Quiz!

July 6, 2011 | **Jon**

Ddoing well fella ,i told my niece maccy ds are made from babies p,haps thats the reason your honking . Keep it up ,the running not the honking .

July 6, 2011 | **Stuart Henderson**

I hope that it was a tactical *vom* and that it has cleared out of your system whatever was ailing you. Although I am concerned that you do now feel calorie deficient. Hopefully as you have less faffing to do in the morning you will have an extra 5 mins to devote to your stomach.

xx to you too.

July 6, 2011 | **Ted**

" I had a bad day, does not mean that tomorrow must be one too" – keep that thought.

And get lots of sleep, as much as it pains me to say it – sleep must take priority over blogs

Legend!

July 6, 2011 | **John66**

The 10 in 10 gives me only an inkling of what you're doing. Hugely enjoying the blogs. Hugely impressed with how you're doing it and your mental attitude.

July 7, 2011 | [Nightjar Noel](#)

Day 18 Report – From James' FB page (thanks Gemma)::

"Terrible day. 12 hours for a 41 mile walk. Diarrhoea and vomiting all day. No blog. Doctors orders."

July 7, 2011 | [springpanther](#)

Sorry to hear that the dreaded lurgy continued in to the next day. Drink plenty of liquids, eat if you can and get as much rest and sleep as possible. Hope today goes better for you. Good luck and thinking of you. Stay positive.

July 7, 2011 | [Siobhan Leachman](#)

V worried when Day 18 blog not there to read at breakfast – get well asap. There are plenty of us who never get round to commenting but quietly urge you to succeed, and sooooo jealous of what you're doing, D&V notwithstanding.

July 7, 2011 | [Kate](#)

I stumbled upon your blog and now i look for your daily updates to read. You are such an inspiration and proof that the body is capable of the most amazing things, you have such impressive stamina to run like that day after day. Keep going, i am rooting for you. Looking forward to the next blog :-)

July 8, 2011 | [Karen](#)

Time to leave the McDonald's alone and eat better. You're pushing your body to its limits and it is getting nutritionally depleted and there isn't anything nutritional that comes out of McD's. Good luck, and hope to see new posts from you soon. Stay strong!

July 8, 2011 | [Franco](#)

You're an inspiration. Get well soon.

July 8, 2011 | [JWW](#)

You must still be in control of your senses if you didn't say yes at Maccy D's when they asked if they could Super Size you! You're a star James – all that running up and down the canal towpath from Ealing past the Park Royal food processing plants every day has stood you in good stead for an iron constitution! Tobe / Jo/Eve x

July 8, 2011 | [toby melville](#)

I hope you feel better soon. You are truly inspirational. If you want to know how good American beer can be then come and see me in Atlanta. I am English. In the mean time forget bud and try Sierra Nevada or if all else fails Sam Adams. Keep Going and good luck.

July 9, 2011 | [David Lewis](#)

Great effort. Keep going, we're all willing you on day by day.

July 9, 2011 | [Avon](#)

Monday
Jul 11 2011

Days 18-22 - 200+ miles running empty

MONDAY, JULY 11, 2011 AT 2:16AM

Well sorry for the lack of blathering for the past few days, I've hit a bit of a rough patch (That made the whole shin splint thing feel like a broken finger nail). I have had diarrhoea for 5 days now after the vomiting episode. Last night Laure insisted that I went to the hospital to have it checked out to see if it was bacterial, it isn't. I am starting to recover now.

Below is a blog I wrote about the first day with the shits, day 18 where I had no sleep and had to walk 42 miles. Day 19 was a bit better, I finished under the cut off time but then 20 and 21 were just too hard. 54.4 miles then 51.4 without being able to eat anything or keep liquid inside me. The other days I will have to do from memory when all this is finished. I won't be forgetting this for a while.

Each of those days went the same, I'd try to eat whenever I could at night and in the morning but my saliva glands had just packed in. I could not chew anything. Each morning I'd start running but within a few miles my legs would start wobbling and then by about 10 they would struggle to hold me up.

My plan each day was to beat myself enough so I can get to a point where I can just stagger to the finish within the cut-off time. It was horrible.

I always slept quite well (apart from the night it first happened). The first half of each day I was falling asleep still, probably a consequence of the lack of energy. I would try to convince myself that I could "fuel up" as I went along but it rarely happened.

The support teams and all the others have been fantastic to me in this time. Bertrand, David, Rene and Anne have been brilliant in keeping me going and being there when I crashed several times. The support van would be there about every 2 miles and I'd just crawl into the back and moan about the lack of activity in my legs. I craved cold soft drinks but whenever I drank them they spewed back out of me.

And then there was the stopping every half a mile to piss out of my arse. I Don't know how much fluid went through me in 2 days. The sun gets to me more too, I feel feverish at 30 degrees whereas I was bounding along in 40+ a couple of weeks back.

On the end of stage 21 I felt a bit more optimistic because I was hungry for food. When I arrived I got stuck into the buffet and thought tomorrow might be great again as I had something to eat. Then Laure told me that she was going to take me to hospital to check it was not that serious as it has been 4 days. I really wanted sleep.

We got there about 8 and got to see someone about 9 it was quite quick. I sat in a hospital bed and had a drip and some blood tests. The doctor seemed quite sympathetic to my need to get rid of this illness as I had to run across the country.

While there I went to the toilet and looked in the mirror. I did not recognise what looked back. My eyeballs looked too big for my head, like it's been squashed inwards in a vice. I have lost 8kg since I have started. I could release a weight loss DVD. I have also not taken any photos for 4 days. It also is really annoying that there is no phone reception in any of the places we run or stay in New Mexico. Maybe it's just this place, as soon as I entered it I had to defecate and have done so another 500 times. Perhaps Oklahoma will be better?

Anyhoo, today went much better, I ate lots during the run and took it easy and felt comfortable though still weak and feeling the sun a lot worse. I have just eaten a load at the buffet here, hoping to be on the mend now.

Right then, off to bed. Big day tomorrow.

Day 18

For the record it was not the McDonalds that did it. I felt a bit queezy after eating too much food but it was some steak thing I had later on that I left out for a while that did it. As soon as I had it I felt like I'd been punched in the stomach. Not that I am rushing to eat fast food again anyway.

The night's sleep was probably the worst since I have been here. I just lay there and watched miles of tarmac road and white line unroll in my head over and over. In a semi daze I'd snap out of it and say "stop it, don't do the miles

and over, in a semi daze I'd snap out of it and say "stop it, don't do the miles in your head, they don't count. Do them on the road tomorrow. Think of something else". I just could not seem to think of anything else except of course when I got punched in the stomach again.

4.30AM, Italo and I were awake, he was already getting his stuff ready for the day. He seems to have a lot more to do than I do, I just put on my clothes, brush my teeth, eat whatever is lying around and head out. He started talking about energy gels, saying that the organisers had given him mine too and was not sure what flavour I wanted so it was OK to swap if needed. I interrupted him to say "Italo, No. I just can't talk or listen now". He asked what was the matter and I said I have diarrhoea, I am sick and I did not sleep.

In the car park outside El Rancho (I really wish I got to spend more time there as it was a great place) we assembled to get a lift to the start about 15 miles away. I really need to specify on my reservations that I want a ground room floor as lugging my bags up and down just pisses me off now. I had spent the last night trying to drink as much fluid as I could including 2l of lemonade, just before we got into the cars that all came gushing out in front of everyone.

Anne (who normally gets all the runners to sign in each morning) asked if I was OK to run. Whether I am OK or not is of little consequence, I'll run. On getting into the car I was presented with plastic bags from about 3 different people. I made the car journey without being sick.

There was some confusion at the start about the distance. 41.2 miles was the advertised but a mistake in an instruction meant it could be 2 miles less. Alas no, normally those 2 miles are nothing, but today they would be at least half an hour of sleep, or rest, or eating or anything but running.

The first 2 miles went OK, I only had 1 shit. I ran very slowly and watched everyone else pull away. Very soon it occurred to me that I was not going to be doing much running today at all. I was pretty much walking from the start.

The cut off is 3.5 miles an hour, which is a brisk walk. It's easy to say that you can walk that fast when doing a couple of miles at home but for 41 miles when you have to stop and eat and shit and with hills and heat. It definitely does not feel comfortable.

I was timing the miles from the start, pleased when I'd do one in 14 minutes (there are mile markers on the roads, not from the organisation but as part of the road), and then beating myself up when one came up as 17. I'd say to myself that maybe because it was because I stopped to have a shit but I knew that this now only took 5 seconds at a time and that this will be a feature of most miles today.

Within 5 miles everyone was out of sight. There was a long waving section of road which must have stretched 10 miles and though I could not see anyone on it I imagined everyone dotted along there somewhere.

My knees were weak and wobbling, a combination of the tiredness and lack of energy. Sometimes I just could not pick my legs up to even walk, I was all over the place and I had not even done a quarter of the stage yet. Several times I just felt like falling into the sand and lying there. I needed to sleep.

This was the first time so far I have pictured myself getting carried out of the race and to the finish. If I fall down now I am done, the car will come, pick me up take me to the end, I'll rest a few days then start again. But then I'll become a "stage runner", put in a separate list from those still in with a chance of getting a ranking for getting to New York.

Half way took a lifetime to get to. No amount of coke or energy drink would kick me awake. Rene and Anne were doing an amazing job of crewing for me, right out at the back when they also had to attend to Italu (near the front) and Jenni who was neat the back too but not nearly as far back as me. At 23 miles they put out a chair and a parasol and asked me to sleep. I sat down in the chair, covered from the sun by Anne and the parasol while Rene drove on to deliver another aid stop for the others.

It was beautiful. I just sat there, cool relaxed and for a while I had no care in the world. The breeze and my own rhythmic breaking calmed me not quite to sleep but into a meditative state. I thought I would only take 10 minutes but I took half an hour. I was not asleep but I was somewhere else.

From then on it got better. I woke up. I was still crapping a lot (up to twice a mile now) but I felt I had a little more energy to get the job done. Rene and Anne said not to worry about the cut-offs as today would be my "bad day" and tomorrow would be better. With about 12 miles to go I threw my watch into the van and Rene and Anne laughed. Time does not matter anymore. I'll get to the end when I get to the end, not before, not after.

With about 10 to go I started counting the hours until I can go to sleep, like a little kid waiting for Christmas or something. Rene had to leave with the jeep

more and waiting for Christmas or something. Rene had to leave with the jeep and Bertrand replaced him in the Toyota as Rene had to drive those who had already finished back to El Rancho which was now an hours drive away. I felt a bit bad for being the slow one who messes up the plan but Bertrand and Anne would have none of it. "COURAGE JAMES. COURAGE".

It got quite hilly in the end as Anne walked with me and I pointed at things and asked what they were in French. I was getting into a manageable distance from the finish now, not long from sleep.

The finish again is in the middle of nowhere, I walked over the line, my legs aching from all that walking. I was about 25 minutes over the cut-off of 11.45 but that does not matter here. I sat and had a sprite, the first I kept down all day as David took down the finish flags. I got into the van and slept for the entire journey home.

Laure said to me on my arrival at El Rancho to not do any blogging tonight, just sleep. That was fine by me. I had a shower, had some rice that Laure bought for me then hit the sack. Today was by far the worst day. So far.

James Adams | [30 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (30)

Sounds like the worst is over. You are unstoppable!

July 11, 2011 | **Laurie**

Welcome back! I and I'm sure everyone following this has been wondering what happened. As I started reading your last post, I thought for sure you had to bail out, and I wouldn't blame you. You kept getting worse and worse, then I come to the end and find out your muscling your way through this. Unbelievable! Very encouraging and motivational! Move over Superman, James in my new hero!

I know it's tough, much tougher than any of us can imagine, but I believe you can finish this thing!

July 11, 2011 | **Thomas**

James, I'll see y'all in Oklahoma on Friday. If you need me to bring you anything (other than new body parts), put it in your blog. Russ

July 11, 2011 | **Russell Secker**

phew, i'm exhausted reading that, hoping that's your bad time done n dusted. Sleep well James

July 11, 2011 | **Sandra McDougall**

Your mental toughness is beyond incredible! Brilliant, brilliant effort. Everyone is so proud of you. You were very missed at the pub quiz last night. Take care and hope you're all better:)

July 11, 2011 | **Mariana**

I think you had Ronald worried for a minute, it's good to know it's not his fault.

I'm amazed you could get up off the chair, you're truly inspirational. Cheers.

July 11, 2011 | **Andrew**

Hopefully the worse is behind you now and it will become easier for you.. Keep it up James. Truly amazing.

July 11, 2011 | **Paul brackett**

I have been following this since the beginning and am relieved to read you are recovering. When the daily reports no longer were coming in but your name was still in the finishers list I knew you must have had other things on your mind then keeping the blog up to date. I am impressed by your stamina. It takes a special person to even enter such a race, you are taking this to an even higher level, superhuman is the term that comes to my mind. Keep on going!

July 11, 2011 | **Peter de Krijger**

Thank you for letting us share your incredible journey,keep going ,glad your on the mend.The world cannot beat the will of one:)

July 11, 2011 | **John Donno**

James, your determination is awe-inspiring. You're redefining "to keep going". I'm so glad that things are starting to look better for you. I hope this is the end of the rough patch, and you are regaining your energy.

July 11, 2011 | **Anja**

Hope the worst is over – good luck, we're all thinking of you

July 11, 2011 | **John66**

Jesus mate, you're having it tough at the moment. Thankfully you're on the mend now, stay strong & eat healthy.....

July 11, 2011 | **Allan**

James, the RAA was always going to be a tough tough journey. Physically it is extreme, mentally it is unbearable but with the addition of sickness it is a nightmare.

Have confidence that you have come out the other side of what probably feels like the worst 4 days of your life.

Take one day at a time, Slowly get fuel back in, sleep and restore those batteries. I know I don't need to tell you this but the more you hear it, hopefully the more it sinks in.

Got a real feeling the book "James shits all over the USA" is gonna be a classic.

Keep it going buddy. This word gets used a little too much, but you are 'awesome' !!!

July 11, 2011 | **Ian**

I had a slightly dodgy stomach last week and felt rubbish and sorry for myself, not only was my illness nowhere near as bad as yours , I also didn't have 46 miles to run, infact didn't have to run anywhere, that is awesome work, big respect for keeping on going James that really is amazing.

Mcdonalds are evil!

July 11, 2011 | **Andy**

I'm sure there's a Forest Trump joke here somewhere :-)

July 11, 2011 | **Andy**

James, there's a raw, simple honesty in your writing that makes it all the more powerful.

We're used to seeing champions on podiums, or film stars all glam and glossy at premieres, or proud authors with their debut book ... the journeys get less reported.

But the 2 most memorable images (so far) are of you relaxing under a parasol, recharging your batteries and will, and then getting up and going. And of course, your marvellous support crews.

July 11, 2011 | **Gowan**

Phew! Great to see you back – was getting worried that I'd have to find another displacement activity. Amazed to hear what you've been going through over the last few days, astonished that you're still going, brilliant job.

July 11, 2011 | **Kate**

Glad you made it through those days...and am looking forward to the next instalment. Your determination is amazing.

July 11, 2011 | **Garfield**

Jolly good show old chap! (I expect everyone says AWESOME over there!) Amazed that you've made it through the last few days.

July 11, 2011 | **Nightjar**

You're one tough cookie. Keep cranking!

July 11, 2011 | **TJ**

James, i admire the ability to keep going even with odds against. A very tough time for you but it seems youve conquered that, a very strong man indeed. stay strong.

Paul

July 11, 2011 | paulrush64@hotmail.co.uk

You are just incredible!

July 11, 2011 | [Catherine Wright](#)

What an inspirational blog. Glad to hear you are getting better, take care eat and drink well. Your determination is amazing.

July 11, 2011 | [Jaks](#)

Just amazing that you're still on your feet after all of that. I'd say you have some heat stroke/exhaustion mixed in with evreything else. "Courage James Courage" that about sums it up

July 11, 2011 | [lesley roberts](#)

Wow! I'm glad you were able to persevere through the rough patch James and I hope it picks up for you again. Your journey so far has been amazing and truly incredible. Fantastic!

July 11, 2011 | [Tom H](#)

Tuesday
Jul122011

Day 23 - Somewhere to somewhere else - 46.9 miles - Back in Black

TUESDAY, JULY 12, 2011 AT 2:42AM

YES. More days like that please. That would be wonderful. Yesterday we were warned about today being "very difficult" and I can understand why, the mileage was just over average at 46.9 but the whole lot was uphill. Our weary legs were going to make slow work of this, mine too. The cut off times only reflect the distance and not the terrain or heat and so it would be possible that I'd be sailing close to the 13.30 hours that were given, not that it matters too much if it is missed.

It was uphill from go, just slightly so you think you could be running on the flat but just enough to trick you into thinking that you are a lot more tired than you are. I did not feel tired at all, I had a reasonable sleep, managed to do a bit of justice to the all you can eat buffet last night and this morning I produced my first solid for 5 days. Today could be glorious.

The first 10 miles or so were along a river, gently trickling down. The sound was so very soothing though it was interrupted by the morning traffic.

Since I have been coming in each day near the back I have stopped wearing my watch. I don't really want to know how fast I am going any more. The green mile markers on every major US road are too tempting to do all the calculations with. Now I don't look at the time and just be thankful when I see one. I know a little more has been done. When going through the bad times the minutes feel like hours, good times the hours can feel like minutes. It does not matter to me what the exact time is now just so long as it feels fast.

I love to look at the river. The first time we saw water a couple of days ago I just had to stop and look down at it for a few moments. There are a number of things I want to do more when I am done with this. One is to just sit by a river and listen to it. Another is to just lie down under the shade of a tree on a sunny day and not have to worry about going anywhere. There better be some sun in London when I get back.

Around half way we were promised a spectacular view and we sure did get one, a massive open panorama of a gorge and mountains. I really should have taken photos but I think my phone has stopped charging and am conserving the battery. I hope there are some good photos on the website as it was stunning.

I just felt mentally much better today. I was laughing at things in my head, such as the video of Alex commenting on my burger eating. My crew today were David and Rene. Yesterday David and Bertrand were really looking after me, making be yoghurt and banana mixes and making sure that I drank enough but did not drink anything too cold (apparently it is bad for the stomach). We joked that Bertrand was "Mon Pere" and David was "Ma Mere". Bertrand, David and Anne are leaving in a few days and it will be really gutting to see them go, it's like losing a crew again. They have been amazing.

Rene will still be here though which is fantastic. We have invented a new drink which goes down really well, it's half sprite half water. It is quite refreshing slightly fizzy slightly sweet water. We have named this cocktail "Budweiser".

Gemma texted me to say that she will come to the States in a week. I asked her to come a few days ago when on my way to hospital. I am so excited by this and have missed her so much. I've been thinking a lot about the "47 day to New York" but more about the "42 days till I see Gemma". For some reason the latter feels longer. I can't believe I didn't involve her more in this from the start. 5 more days..

I managed to stick quite close to Jenni for the first 30 miles until we turned up onto a mountain road that would contain most of the elevation of the day. She shot off like a natural hill runner whereas I plodded, but ran nonetheless and was really pleased that I could do that.

The scenery changed dramatically. I was surrounded by trees, the sun was behind clouds and the whole place just felt very oxygenated. I have suffered in altitude and hills before (I was climbing up to the highest point of the race (2900m)) but having breathed nothing but dry air and rock of r 3 weeks this felt like a shot of oxygen. It was tricky with the cars on the narrow road and no shoulder but I loved it, it was so green, birds singing, groundhogs scuttling around, lots of little houses that look like they have been built by the owners. I said hello to everyone I saw and they said hello back, it was quite an idyllic 16 mile street.

I could still run up hills, I considered walking to save energy but preferred to run. It rained for about half an hour (like the dogs here the clouds bark a lot but rarely bite). It was cool and breezy and I loved it, I was no longer in the dust. I was where life was.

I reflected on a job well done in many respects. I ran most of the day albeit slowly, I did not stop in the van too much (except to eat when ma Mere told me too) and I was full of positive thoughts all day. No injuries either except that near the end I had an unbelievable itch on my left foot. Is an itchy left foot a good enough reason to pull out from the race?

Just under 12 hours for the 47 miles, I was pleased with that. 1000 miles covered too. This was always going to be a "long" day and if the long days can work out like that I may even start to put silly jokes in my blogs again. Must go, there is a great spread of pasta and chicken here and ice cream. We are staying in a basketball court. There is a treadmill here. Might bang out a few more miles.

Postscript from the last few days

A few things I forgot when I hastily got the blog out for the last few days, before I forget cos these will probably go into the book.

Rene and Anne were wonderful in my darkest days. They do not speak a lot of English and could not understand a huge amount of what I was saying or could think of much to say but their presence was comforting. I tried to hide my own personal despair from them but they knew. Sometimes when leaving the van I'd just pump my fist in the air in defiance. "Allez James, Allez".

On day 21 at 20k I was a mess. Bando caught up with me and later he said I looked dead. He is suffering badly himself with injuries, a lot worse than I was and still gets through it with a grin on his face. When he caught me he said "come on, lets go to New York together". He carries a spray which he was dancing around me spraying me with to cool me and then started to sing "the long and winding road" as we hobbled together down the long and winding road. He asked if I wanted him to sing another Beatles song. I suggested "I get by with a little help from my friends". He did not know the tune so I sang it (if you see the you tube of my finish you'll see how bad I am at singing". He then just started to sing without really knowing the words or the tune of that song. I think I simultaneously laughed and wept. That could have been one of the most significant moments of this race so far. Thank-you Bando and the Japanese support teams for giving me all that juice along the way.

When Laure suggested I went to the hospital I thought my race was over. What if they told me it was bad? She was so great at taking me to the emergency place and even offered to translate my terrible English for the American gentleman on reception. I will always remember just lying on the hospital bed trying to make good light of the situation while Laure would just smile and say "Sleep James, Sleep". While I was hooked up to that saline drip I dozed for about 30 minutes again, just like under that parasol I thought about absolutely nothing. I was somewhere else again.

And finally the morning after I had gone to hospital there was an even greater air of sympathy for me. Alex and his crew always looked concerned and said they missed me each day as we are normally running close and have a laugh. Rainer has been brilliant in giving me some milk and banana drinks from his blender which have really helped the recovery. Probably the best one though was when Serge just came up to me and hugged me. He has probably been in a lot worse places in his trans-everywhere runs but it just felt nice that I think someone realised what was going on with me.

Next week I am looking forward to a lot more hugs.

James Adams | [42 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (42)

James,

I read this aloud to Dave. My voice was cracking and hesitant; I could tell Dave was moved too. Thanks so much for continuing to share your thoughts, your incredible journey, and for being brutally honest.

Be well, my friend. Oh yea, I like the "more hugs"...pass our best on to all of the runners, Laure, and all of the crews!

Deb

July 12, 2011 | [Deb and Dave J-R](#)

Happy bloq. I love it

July 12, 2011 | [lesley roberts](#)

I was in tears reading this, joyful ones:) So glad you are feeling yourself again and able to enjoy the road and laugh a bit. I'm not at all surprised everyone is looking after you so well. They are all extraordinary people and they care a lot about you. 1000 miles...Woo Hoo! Now please stay away from that treadmill! Funny how it's all your former crew members posting comments so far. You've got more "Mere"s than you know what to do with:)

July 12, 2011 | [Laurie](#)

So glad you're feeling better and are being so looked after. This blog had me tearing up into my porridge:) So awesome as well that Gem is on her way.

July 12, 2011 | [Mariana](#)

Excellent news that your recovering.

July 12, 2011 | [Andrew](#)

how wonderful it is to hear how well you are doing now. its amazing also how supportive everyone can be and how you can appreciate te smaller things in life in big challenges.

london has been a little grey so you havent missed much good weather, maybe saved for your return. the thames will await your arrival to go sit next to it.

thrilled you have Gemma to look forward to to boost spirits. allez James allez!

July 12, 2011 | [gemma carter](#)

James, what an exhilarating piece of writing. Feels like I'm there, apart from the blisters! A special place with lots of very special people.

July 12, 2011 | [Gowan](#)

James

Quite an inspirational blog! Good job the iPad 2 is a little waterproof..... Keep it up James.

Send me a message. Think it's about time I got the last 23 days edited and into print for you.

July 12, 2011 | [ian](#)

What comes across most, other than how well you are coping in really dark moments, is the incredible support you are getting from the organisers and other runners and their crews. Such an incredible journey. Put me down for a copy of the book too.

July 12, 2011 | [Nightjar](#)

Phew!

July 12, 2011 | [Jon](#)

sending you a BIG hug from canary wharf.

looking forward to you serenading us with beatles songs on wed nights.

July 12, 2011 | [springpanther](#)

Brilliant blog!! Binks is back :-)

July 12, 2011 | [John66](#)

I can't believe you're recovered well enough to enjoy it again already. The only things I can think of to say is that you're doing something amazing and inspirational but that doesn't really seem enough. Your words come with incredible profundity – not (just) because of how you say them but because, it seems, you are experiencing humanity on a deep, detailed, and varied level. I've got to feel that and its an incredible thing but I've only ever experienced it for minutes or maybe an hour every now and then, not for days and days at a time.

July 12, 2011 | [matt](#)

awww.. you nearly made me have suncream in my eyes :)

July 12, 2011 | [emdee](#)

It's great to hear you sounding cheerful again. Fantastic bloggage!

July 12, 2011 | [sarahwoo](#)

Amazing blog James – glad you are feeling better after your ordeal – so inspiring

July 12, 2011 | [Sarah Spall](#)

James is back with a bang! Allez! James Allez! loving this gripping adventure. More of the same please.

Paul

July 12, 2011 | [paulrush64@hotmail.co.uk](#)

Enjoying your blogs. Glad its more positive now :) awesome stuff.

July 12, 2011 | [Jock Itch](#)

Sending hugs, you great big manly running bear, you.
Lovely to read your spirits are upbeat again....1000 miles in 23 days James, it's such a huge milestone.
Hang in there, wishing you well.

July 12, 2011 | [Carl](#)

You really are the man.

July 12, 2011 | [Jb](#)

1000 miles! Superb. You sound like you are enjoying the process. As it should be. The stream sound ... I can almost hear. Keep going!

July 12, 2011 | [Brian Mc](#)

Incredible progress, determination and effort

Welcome back to the world of the living, and well done

1000 miles down!

July 12, 2011 | [ian Long](#)

Was dreading that you'd had to drop out. Should have known better.

But don't talk to me about dark places...I've just run the Croydon Ultra!!

July 12, 2011 | [Dan Afshar](#)

Mate, the inspirational bit.... no, one of the inspirational bits is your refusal to contemplate giving in. I get "the voices" telling me to bin a run after say 40 mins and go for a pint instead (they have a fair success rate). Your "voices" last days on end and you just shout them down.

A whole chapter on how you do that please.

Continuing to use your blog to drown out the noise of the kids at breakfast, thanks.

July 12, 2011 | [Damian](#)

Came across your blog while surfing the web and feeling glum this weekend. I managed to give myself concussion last week which has put a serious dent in my London to Brighton training. Reading your blog (especially appreciated the advice page) cheered me up immensely and made me realise that things weren't so bad.

Total respect for keeping going over the last few days, they must have been dark! Great to hear you're well on your way to recovery.

Good luck for the rest of the race, I'll be following it avidly.

Jon

July 12, 2011 | [Jon G](#)

Thursday
Jul142011

Days 24 and 25 - Back in it

THURSDAY, JULY 14, 2011 AT 3:14AM

Day 24 Velarde - Palo Flechado Pass - 37.1 miles

Today was nice and easy once more though that will not last. This lovely down hill stretch and an stage of only 37 miles. I thought I'd enjoy this one while it lasted.

We started at the highest point of the race which in theory means it's now downhill to New York. A pleasant thought but not one that anyone would take seriously.

Everyone seemed to go fast today, The usual ones at the front did their own thing and Koshita and Bando set off ahead of me too. I don't think I was going particularly slowly today, at least in comparison to other days of the past week.

The first miles were downhill in the lovely forest that we climbed into yesterday, within a few we were back out on the plains of a down called Angel Fire, a ski resort with not a lot happening in the summer. This section of road was a little boring and busy with traffic but then we hit upon a small town called Angel Creek which seemed quite lively.

There are so many RV's here, makes me want to live in one. There are RV parks and dealers all over the place here, everyone just likes to carry their house around with them and park by lakes and trees and live there. It's so nice now, instead of baren desert where water and ice have to be artificially transported from miles away there is natural running water surrounded by life.

I ran quite a bit of today with Koshita who has a slow but sure running gait. I looked at that near the start and thought it was not much faster than walking and now here I am trying to hammer it and I am going at the same pace. Koshita is a veteran of this stuff though, he did the RAM in 2002 and has a T-Shirt from some race from Paris to Tokyo. There is no doubting his endurance.

Not a lot happened today really, we were told to enjoy one of the last "nice days" we'll have for a while. The next two days will be nearly 110 miles in total with driving to the start and finishes so there will be little rest. Then we have more than a week in Oklahoma, which is basically a big field. Might make me yearn for Rotherham again.

Day 25 Palo Flechado Pass - A pink House - 53.6 miles

Today was made longer, from 49 to 53.6 miles because of difficulties finding accommodation in places. I no longer really know what distance we have to cover day by day, I just get the turn sheet at the start of the leg and then I know. I call it a turn sheet, more often than not there are no turns on them.

So today was 53.6, tomorrow will be about 55. It's not the distance so much but the anticipation of time lost recovering. I think with 12 hours being the very optimistic end of running time, half an hour at the finish, half an hour to drive to the motel, half an hour to shower and change etc. Does not leave much time before I have to get up early and do it all again.

That said the more long days we have the quicker we get to New York. 37 mile days are fine for a "rest" but ultimately they don't get us much closer to the finish. It was such a pain last night having all that time and no internet access though.

Today I just ran as comfortably as I thought I could sustain and sustain it I did. I still do not wear the watch again and I just ate up the green mile signs like pac-man.

Most of the first 20 were down, there was a turning at 19 which just jumped up on me, I though we'd done about 17. It felt like a bonus 2 miles just being given to me which always feels good, the miles seem to be going faster again. And as we were near an Interstate I put my phone on to see if there was reception, YES. I called Gemma to chat for a bit while walking along a quiet road next to the interstate. It's so hard having no way to tell her whether I have finished a stage or not.

For the first time in 2 weeks I wore a new top. I've been wearing the same 2 long sleeved white ones for so long now that dogs bark at me from 6 miles. I wore the one with the badgers on it and Bertrand and David got excited (and still a little confused as to what a Badger is. Do they not have them in France?) and took photos.

Half way we went through a town called Springer. I don't think I have had an ice-cream since Lesley and Dave bought me one about 2 weeks ago. I went into the Gas station and bought some strawberry cheesecake thing for \$1.85. It was lovely as I wandered through this town that we will be staying in later.

I turned another corner, saw a steep uphill as it was getting quite warm and thought I should walk it. Then I saw another shop and figured it would be rude not to buy another ice-cream and eat it while sauntering up the hill? I dived in and bought a Jolly Rancher (89c), it was an amazing treat in the hot day.

I ran most of the day near Serge (who was having some stomach problems now) and Alex and Marcus. Normally I am quite close to Alex and so being near him was good as it means I might be back to normal. Alex is a true gentleman which he proved as he wandered into the middle of the road to fart rather than do it in my direction. I have a little chaffing from spending the past week pulling my pants down every 5 minutes (perhaps I should ask Jordan for advice about that?) but other than that I had no problems.

EXCEPT - My quads were a bit sore and my calves. It's as if I have been doing a lot of running. The initial fear of "oh shit this is bad" was immediately washed away with "well what did you expect after 1100 miles you stupid idiot?" My legs hurt and I liked it.

The second half was mostly uphill and it got windy as the day went on. Previous days I would have walked when the wind got high but today I was determined to run more. I had to stop a little to use the bushes. Well, I say that there were no bushes for miles now. Now that I am only shitting in single digits each day I am a lot more discerning as to where I go. I don't think there is going to be much choice in Oklahoma other than doing it in front of the cows.

It didn't get hot today either, something I would expect from being high up and on the plains but am told that we are going to hit 40c again in Oklahoma. I am glad Gemma will be here for that.

I think I did the distance in just a shade under 12. Not too sure but it is comforting to know that after all this so far I can still run a comrades time. I think about the total time this will take and the total miles and someone will say "didn't you just walk across America?" The running feels like walking sometimes but then walking now feels like stopping.

Tomorrow is another one of those.

[James Adams](#) | [21 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (21)

Ice cream is good and don;t worry as far as I know Oklahoma is just miles of cow/horse shit so I don't think they'll notice, RV's are fine but they have delicate plumbing which might be a problem for you xx :-)

July 14, 2011 | [lesley roberts](#)

Terrific stuff James.

If I wasn't seeing it with own eyes i would not believe it possible.

You are an inspiration to us all.

July 14, 2011 | [Paul brackett](#)

Well done, you seem a lot better.

July 14, 2011 | [Andrew](#)

theres a lovely huge map back at the seymour centre with your progress day by day. i had a good look at it last night, youve done so much already. good luck entering the 'pan handle' of Oklahoma and Gemma will be there before you know it!

Gemma

July 14, 2011 | [gemma carter](#)

Did the top have THE badgers on it? From "Badger, badger, badger, badger, badger, badger, badger, badger, badger, badger, badger, badger, badger, badger, badger, MUSHROOM, MUSHROOM"? The latest internet sensation is the honey badger, look it up on youtube, it's totally badass.

July 14, 2011 | [Tavis](#)

Well done James, glad to hear you are back on track. I am just preparing for my first ultra and you are an inspiration. Keep on going.

July 14, 2011 | [Maxine](#)

Paris to Tokyo is 11,900 miles. Apparently Serge did this in 2006 in 276 days. Presumably you'll be starting from Rotherham?

July 14, 2011 | [Gowan](#)

Doing Comrades times without really noticing, wow. You are a MACHINE!
I'm getting fitter just reading this, er, shit (sic) :-)

Superb work James.

July 14, 2011 | [Damian](#)

Inspirational

July 14, 2011 | [John66](#)

Glad to hear you are getting back to normal. Amazing blog as usual – such an inspiration. Allez James Allez!

July 14, 2011 | [Sarah Spall](#)

Oklahoma vs Dec 2008 Rotherham – don't think you'd prefer over a week of freeezing, wet, muddy fields.....

July 14, 2011 | [Oliver Sinclair](#)

gemma must have received at least 100 hugs last night to pass on.
don't get scammed.
demand your right to hugs.

July 14, 2011 | [springypanther](#)

Very funny and inspiring again James
cheers

July 14, 2011 | [paulrush64@hotmail.co.uk](#)

James, as Oklahoma beckons, I have done a little reseacrh for you...

Please be aware of the following Laws as I dearly want to see you finish this and not banged up in some roach infested cell.

When consuming your apres run beer, possibly in a bar, please remember that it is illegal for the owner of a bar to allow anyone inside to pretend to have sex with a buffalo. (sorry to disappoint)

Also, Oklahoma will not tolerate anyone taking a bite out of another's hamburger. (who would do such a thing?)

Whaling is illegal.

And people (yes, you James) who make 'ugly faces' at dogs may be fined and/or jailed.

That said, enjoy your run, have a nice day!

July 14, 2011 | [Carl Miles](#)

hey James, good to hear your stride has returned.....you are now in dust bowl country...where the 'Grapes of Wrath' originated.

July 14, 2011 | [dan bakke](#)

Glad to hear things are looking so much better internally...gutwise. You sound much more up-beat...then again there's a good reason for it!:)

July 14, 2011 | [Garfield](#)

Back at it, James. Like your tone especially: "My legs hurt and I liked it." Yup, you're back in the groove, so to speak. Yes, Oklahoma will be one long field, but...you'll be closer to NYC. YEA!

Deb (and Dave from afar :-)

PS – I heard on the news today that one of the biggest booming towns not at all hit by the recession in Oklahoma City. Perhaps a detour one day to see if it fits your style? :-)

... ..

July 14, 2011 | **Deddie J-K**

Single figures? Pleased to hear it.

July 14, 2011 | **Jon**

Tremendous stuff James, keep it up, great blog and web site:)

Good luck.

July 14, 2011 | **Andy H**

Allez James, Allez ! Vraiment heureux de te retrouver en bonne forme après ce "bad trip" de quelques jours.

July 14, 2011 | **JBJ**

So so so happy that this is about running again for you, not surviving. Am totally in awe of your daily achievement, mental and physical. The awesomeness-meter is going up a notch with every mile you get closer to NY. Keep eating them up, those miles - it's one way of getting your greens.

July 15, 2011 | **Anja**

Friday
Jul 15 2011

Day 26 - A pink house to Clayton - 54.8 miles

FRIDAY, JULY 15, 2011 AT 3:49AM

Today is the kind of day that made me wish I had taken up golf to get my excitement quota. There was not a lot of it in the plains just short of Oklahoma. Long straight roads, wobbling up and down slightly so that you can not see more than a couple of miles ahead. You kind of hope as you approach each crest that something exciting would be behind it. A castle? A beautiful Lake? Herds of charging buffalo? Oh FFS I'd accept a tree, just a tree. I'd trade my right shoe just to see a tree. But no.

Well, I can't really complain. If the days go without too much excitement and drama then at least New York is getting closer. There are trees in New York right? We were actually told that this has been the driest summer here for over 100 years. All this yellow is normally green, honest. I managed to get my phone to charge again and so was ready to take pictures but I just could not find anything to point it at.

Today I think was the longest so far, 54.8 miles. It was supposed to be 4 miles longer but we did those yesterday. The next 4 days are all over 50 miles too making this a very hard week, however the terrain lends itself to dramaless running and so it's probably a good idea to get lots of miles done here.

It was an early start again as we had to drive 30 miles to the place we left off yesterday. 5am in the starlight we plodded on, all hopeful that today was going to be fairly "easy" like yesterday, despite the distance.

Early on we were treated to a little café that would be serving breakfast and coffee. I decided not to stay there but to go in and have a look. I hoped there might be somewhere to buy an ice cream later but alas no.

I chatted a lot more to runners today, I normally like to run alone and look at things and keep to myself but today conversation was welcome. I ran a few miles with Markus

It has been a while since it felt "too big". Today was a big day but I know if I just take those green mile signs one at a time then the days will pass. Then as the days pass New York will come to me. In my times of despair I sent two distress flares. One was a text to Gemma to tell her to come out here. The other was an email to Bob Brown.

Bob is a legendary runner who won the last running of this race in 2004. I have met him a couple of times in races this year and he is a lovely guy. I just wanted to know from him whether it felt too big and overwhelming. He replied that yes it did feel like that a lot and at times he was in bits. I did not want advice on how to deal with it or anything like that, I just wanted to know that others who do this have felt the same. I know now that what I have gone through (and will potentially go through) is "normal" for running across the states.

His email really cheered me up and I am feeling more positive by the day. The days seem to get longer but I am coping with the miles and the time constraints. I still really want to keep this blog up, it's hard sometimes when I just want to lie down. When I feel good the miles go faster and my worries about "other things" like room bookings, evening meals, kit, sleep etc are reduced.

It felt quite warm today, there were a few times where I'd walk a little to avoid overheating but the heat usually abated to let a nice breeze through. Oklahoma promises to be hot. People are already talking about it, "it'll be much worse than the Mojave".

I ran later near Alex, Serge and Koshita. My crew (today Anne and David) were brilliant once more and have become great at making the Budweisers which are going down a treat. I may have to open my own cocktail bar when I get back to London. Half a can of Sprite mixed with water? That'll be £7.50 please.

Later in the day my legs started to hurt a bit. I guess it's normal and usually if this is near the end of the race I'd try and keep up the pace but in this case there is little point, I slowed quite a bit near the end. It's nice when on a 55 mile stage you get to the 50 mile point. I say "you know that thing you had to do 11 times today, well now you only have to do it once more".

Well once more I did the 5 miles and ended in a Best Western that I forgot to book and had to pay the high rate for. Doh. 55 miles in 12.30 hours. no

complaints.

Am really looking forward to tomorrow. AM told that after 23.5 miles there is a tree.

James Adams | [14 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (14)

Hang in there! We have trees and Iron City beer in Pennsylvania. Just keep running west. Plus it's all down hill in the shade from here to NYC.

July 15, 2011 | [kim](#)

A TREE you lucky bastard ,we used to dream about trees when i was a lad ,you don,t know you,ve been born .Keep it up.

July 15, 2011 | [Stuart Henderson](#)

I'm still enjoying the blog, even the boring bits through Oklahoma.

July 15, 2011 | [Andrew](#)

Can I suggest East might get you to Gemma/trees/NY quicker.

Enjoying the quiet days as well, for your sake as well. Good on you.

July 15, 2011 | [Damian](#)

Yes there are trees in New York. Lots of them. No cows though...

July 15, 2011 | [Laurie](#)

There are no trees in NYC (well maybe in Central Park). You'll just have to keep running up to Vermont.

July 15, 2011 | [Dan Afshar](#)

In less than a month you've gone from a Serpie lifetime of beer & chips (tempered with McDonalds and Subways), to spritzers and salad and singing. The Wargrave will have to modify its menu to accommodate your lifestyle, and strengthen its soundproofing!

And I believe Nikolai will do this race next year, with the express intent of finding your vomited Y chromosome!

Your glorious writing continues to be inspirational and humbling in equal measure.

July 15, 2011 | [Gowan](#)

Nice!

July 15, 2011 | [John66](#)

dear tree hugger,

afshar has a good point, might as well swim across the pond to blighty, make it a duathlon, and turn yourself to an almost triathlete.

July 15, 2011 | [springypanther](#)

People im sure will be emailing a legendary runner named James very soon.

May the trees be with you

Paul

July 15, 2011 | [paulrush64@hotmail.co.uk](#)

Awesome James. Love the fact you still have your sense of humor. Spent some time in the desert I can understand your longing for green and a tree. You even had time to wish Mimi all the best. Keep it going your doing great. Dave

July 15, 2011 | [Dave B](#)

We are all around you James. You just can't see us.

July 15, 2011 | [Mr Invisible Tree](#)

I can tell you that Texas is the biggest most boring state so at least you have been spared that. I hear the Governor of Oklahoma has asked the residents to pray for rain. Maybe Gemma will bring it with her

July 15, 2011 | **lesley roberts**

Yup, OK can be boring, but your blog sure won't be. Keep at it (the blog) as much as you can; it'll be great to re-read once you're done. Glad you've been in contact with Bob. I'm sure getting his thoughts is reassuring.

>>I say "you know that thing you had to do 11 times today, well now you only have to do it once more".

I love this!!!

Thinking of you from afar and sending good vibes,
Deb and Dave

July 15, 2011 | **Deb and Dave J-R**

Saturday
Jul162011

Day 27 - Claytown to A red barn in the middle of nowhere - 49 miles

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 2011 AT 2:31AM

4.30 AM felt like a lie in this morning. After a few days of getting up even earlier I was welcoming the lack of rushing in the morning. Relatively speaking anyway. I got my stuff together, had 2 slices of cold pizza and was ready for an "easier" day of 49 miles, still 4 over the average but now the miles are kicking up to make up for all the 30 mile fun runs we had over the last few weeks.

Today at 12 miles we were to cross into Oklahoma, our 4th state. It was quite exciting. As we approached the "leaving New Mexico" sign my bowels just made a big noise, as if to say "oh, go on. One last time in New Mexico?" And so I did, behind the biggest bush I could find which was about as big as a hedgehog. Bye Bye New Mexico, sorry I had to defecate on you so much.

Hello Oklahoma and Hello Russell and Claire. These guys know a lot of the runners already (Rainer, Jenni, Anneke) from the Trans Europe race last year and have been in contact with myself and Gemma over the past few days. I liked their presence immediately and am really looking forward to them being around for the next 3 days. I asked Russell why he didn't do this race. "Well I was on the list but I just thought it would be too hot". Doh.

The weather forecast for Oklahoma is easy to remember, 100F for all the time we are there. There is a breeze though which sometimes helps, sometimes not. I have yet to experience this "humidity" they talk about.

I worried about the lack of trees in Oklahoma and the boredom but the first few miles looked ok. They no longer have the mile signs (perhaps they look too much like trees?) so it's hard to know how far you have gone, however the miles seemed to roll off again nicely and I got to half way (described in the turn sheet as a place with some houses) in what felt like no time.

I reckon if you look closely you can see Missouri from the beginning of Oklahoma, the roads are as straight as I have seen. There is lots of farmland around which I find quite interesting to look at and the noises of machines feels like running through where stuff is happening. This is the place that feeds America.

The long roads can screw with your mind though (I will probably think about them when trying to sleep tonight unless I can think of something else like counting trees). I saw a farm with some large silos ahead which I knew to be 35 miles and thought I was close, then an hour later I still was not there and the silos did not seem to get any bigger. It's torture. I'd like to just put my head down and ignore it but you can't as there is no shoulder and the road has big trucks on. You always have to be looking ahead at the long long road.

It got hot again but there was some cloud cover. I watched for the shadows of clouds in the road as they cruised over me like a low flying plane. I'd sometimes look back to see how much of this shadow I have to cool me down and then watch them speed off up the road. Some of them would just disappear.

It is unusually dry here, churches have slogans outside saying "pray for rain". I think the governor of Oklahoma has issued a request that everyone pray for rain. Can't see any floors in that plan...

Today was a sad day as it is the last time Bertrand and David will be crewing us. They have jobs back in France and have to return but I was delighted to hear that they will be returning to watch us enter New York. David and Bertrand, thank-you so much for all the support and laughs over these 4 weeks. I will really miss the two of you.

Today was a little longer than planned and we ran (or rather I walked) past the motel we were staying in and did another 5 miles up the road to a barn in the middle of nowhere. I felt a bit giddy towards the end and walked the last few miles, I was still in good time so was in no rush except that tonight we lose another hour with the clocks going forward. And tomorrow is about 56 miles, the longest yet.

But tomorrow I will see Gemma somewhere out there, something to look forward to. It will be great the first time I see here, even though I'll be an hours run away from her.

[James Adams](#) | [14 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (14)

So, our hero's latest exploit is to do a Number Two on a hedhehog in New Mexico. And then pray for rain to clean the poor animal!

Masterful writing that puts the reader right in the story. And continues to feature the wonderful support crews.

When you see Gemma, she will personify the love and support of so many people around the world for you and indeed everyone on this odyssey. Allez, James!

July 16, 2011 | [Gowan](#)

I guess I should start appreciating the trees in my garden a bit more. Hope this helps James; there's two tall birches, both green and lush in their full summer foliage; half a dozen mature confers although they could do with lopping..... what am I doing!?! I've got too much tree, that's not going to help you.

Sorry.

Getting worryingly inspired here by your adventure, cheers.

July 16, 2011 | [Damian](#)

I'm enjoying learning about the different states of america. Will you give each a defecation rating?

July 16, 2011 | [Andrew](#)

Hi James!

Great effort. Really enjoying your blog.

Am doing the Lakeland 100 in 2 weeks and liked your comments on it being 'big and overwhelming'. Thats how I feel at the moment but following you puts it into perspective. 100 is nothing compared with LANY, and that will encourage me I'm sure.

Keep up the good running.

Cheers

Ray

July 16, 2011 | [Ray](#)

Aww James, I had a bet that you'd quit before day 25, damn! Thankfully, there was no money it, er, I don't think.

Fantastic to read your great words day by day, you're getting into a groove. I'll back you all the way to the finish now.

Jackson.

July 16, 2011 | [Jackson](#)

Well done James, really enjoy reading your daily blog:)

Andy.

July 16, 2011 | [Andy H](#)

With that beard you'll blend in easily with the mid western farmer look :-)

July 16, 2011 | [lesley roberts](#)

Happy crapping in Oklahoma. Hope they are less regular and more solid.

Sounds like everything is going fantastically well. Keep on truckin', fella.

July 16, 2011 | [Steve Mee](#)

Your mental strength is just awesome. Those long roads! Hope seeing your lady has picked you up :-)

July 17, 2011 | [MissChappo](#)

Hey - keep going; sounds like you're back "on fire".... the only details missing: how much you now weigh (you must be bordering on emaciation!?), how many pots of lube (hopefully close to 10? by now) and what you've been eating?!?

July 18, 2011 | [TeresaCali](#)

July 16, 2011 | **TeresaGul**

Committee meeting tonight – anything for the agenda?

Fancy running across another country next year – a bit closer to home this time, and a bit of a legend in fell running:

<http://tribesports.com/challenges/dragons-back-race-2012>

Enjoy! John.

July 18, 2011 | **John**

Preparing for my first "Ultra" in October (only a measly 50km but hey, we all have to start somewhere) and came across the blog looking for advice. Am now hooked – great writing, great humour under a lot of stress, and it is a real inspiration when my legs start hurting. Keep it up man, we're cheering you on all the way to NY. Thanks for sharing and thanks for inspiring.

July 18, 2011 | **Lanzarote Steve**

Ha, I can't believe you're still out there. You really are right up there in the Kanazares school of nutters! Keep going, old boy. PS Great beard – you look like Robinson Crusoe!

July 19, 2011 | **Dan deB**

You okay? No update for a few days=concern.

July 20, 2011 | **Nancy**

Wednesday
Jul202011

Blog from Lesley who was awesome (as was Dave) in the two days they crewed me (days 7 and 8 I think)

WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 2011 AT 12:45AM

Friday morning I was at my desk having a full blown meltdown. Since we'd agreed to help Binks he'd had no internet and I had no phone number for him. All I knew was that we were leaving after work for Needles which is about 4 hrs away if you break all of the speed limits. My stomach was doing back flips "What did he expect from us? " "What if we fucked up?" He's a complete stranger and really famous in Fetch land!!! A couple of texts from Flip who told me "to calm the fuck down, he's no diva, now fuck off and have fun" After almost 30 yrs he's still such a sensible bastard when I need it.

Finally I got a hold of Laurie who had been doing his support for the previous few days. "Stop every 2 miles, give him Gatorade, spray him then soak him when he gets too hot and make sure he eats" OK any moron should be able to do that. Then I had a text from Binks to wake him up at 4am and that thankfully he supported Leicester and not Newcastle (or frankly the deal would have been off!)

A couple of days later the French race organizers asked what "Route" meant as most of the race goes along historic Route 66. They were the roads that criss crossed the US, families would leisurely drive around the country enjoying all of the towns along the way, hotels and restaurants boomed. Now unfortunately the once glamorous RT 66 is hit and miss. Once they blasted through the mountains and paved the deserts with 6 lanes of traffic for the motorway system a lot of those towns fell by the wayside. Needles California our destination was one such place. Think Radiator Springs in the film "Cars" only with stray dogs and non stop thundering of trains.

We pulled in the hotel about 10.30pm. God that place was rough. Groups of drinking toothless locals with wandering dogs were sitting outside the lobby. Thankfully Yank Dave is a big burly biker type so he's the one who usually does the scaring. We put the Union Jack in the front window and went to our rooms! I didn't dare take my flip flops off, there was a faint smell of pee, and it sounded like we were in a wind tunnel beside King Cross. I bet YD was glad I'd insisted we bring our own pillows.

Sleep was non existent and at 2.30am we gave up and just lay there. We started getting organized about 3am. There was a petrol station across the way where we could get ice and some supplies. When we went upstairs to wake Binks his door was already open and the heat was pouring out and he was already dripping in sweat. He hadn't been able to get the a/c to work properly.

A kind of hug/handshake combo later and we were hauling all of his stuff downstairs. It was all boiling hot. We put it in the coffin sized cooler we'd brought and dumped 40lbs of ice over it, with another 20lbs in the back up cooler in the boot. Binks grabbed a dead petrol station sandwich and a coke for his breakfast (so that's where my running fuel has been going wrong) and off we set for the 40 mile drive to Fenner, where the next leg would start. 42 miles to be run today in the absolute middle of nowhere.

The start was a petrol station in the middle of nowhere. We just hung around feeling awkward as everyone knew one another and already had a morning routine. We were introduced as Bink's new crew and listened to the race brief as there were some route changes. YD just looked at me with that "It's your turn to pay attention as you know I have a mind like a sieve" then all of a sudden they were off. We drove 2 miles and pulled over so we could actually organize everything. It was a relatively cool morning and we'd finally relaxed. I had no idea how long 2 miles would take each time we stopped so we'd just settle in and see. I opened up the boot and started searching for his Gatorade powder so we could pre mix drinks. I searched the entire car twice and the only thing to be found was a can of powdered "Tang" which is orange crap from the 70's that they once sent into space with the astronauts. If that's what the USA used to represent the wonders and knowledge of Earth culture no wonder the aliens never made a public visit.

Fuck, fuck, fuck we shoved everything into the car and as YD would say "hauled ass" back to the petrol station. Poor Binks probably thought we were ditching him. I had no idea how much time we had before he reached the 2

miles mark and we'd look like really stupid bastards if we weren't there to meet him.

You know it's a bad omen when the shop has a sign saying "Don't bitch at our prices you're in the middle of frigging nowhere" We grabbed the last 6 bottles of Gatorade \$8 a piece!! and hauled ass back along the road. By the time Binks came plodding up you'd never know we'd even had any bother.

We settled into a nice steady routine and the morning really was quite pleasant. The road was just a never ending desolate ugly stretch that had a constant stream of trains with half a miles of cars behind it. Each time we pulled out the umbrella and chairs to cheer on the other runners and wave to the other vehicles. They'd shout out and ask if we were having "tea and a picnic" After a couple of hours the sun was getting stronger. Binks had put his hat on; we were doing light water spraying and had slathered him in sun block. The Sardinian Italo had gone by with an Arizona license plate strapped to his back shouting "Look at me I'm an American car " Binks had taken over the Japanese guy Bando who had started out too fast and was about 5th. No bad for someone they continually called "stocky" for a runner.

After 26 miles we finally made a right hand turn and headed down to the motorway where he would be running 6 miles. We had to let him get a head start and we could stop once. We had to look out for a wider shoulder where it would be safe. The wind has picked up and it was just plain fucking hot. By now we were soaking down his hat and shirt with ice water. After a quick pit stop we headed away to meet him once he got off the motorway. There were lots of truck and I was really quite nervous for him.

We sat and waited. Serge's driver was parked in front of us and it was hysterical to watch. He looked like a butler with all of his stuff in a plastic container which he held on the palm of his hand. Serge never stopped, his guy walked along side him for about 1/10th mile handing out stuff and then turned around and came back to the car. No ice dousing and necking a bottle of Gatorade from him. No surprise really considering he's run across every continent.

Now I needed to pee! I don't camp; run ultras and when we run in the state parks there are regular toilets. I went outside and the heat and wind took my breath away. I instantly got a blister on my top lip from the heat and trying to find somewhere with no obvious snake/critter holes was rather challenging to say the least.

After that ordeal we set off on the last stretch back to the hotel. How the fuck could he keep on running and still be pleasant and say thank you at every stop? We pulled in at The Bates Motel grabbed a couple of beers and the Union Jack to wave him in. Everyone cheered and clapped and then he collapsed in the shade in a chair with his "American water" they handed out.....Budweiser!

As a former psychologist this whole ultra thing just fascinates me what are you like after that kind of ordeal? Tired and spacey is the answer. You could tell that he was having a hard time getting his brain and mouth to smoothly coordinate. He was still having problems with his UK phone so Wine Legs called him on mine and he went to rest before dinner.

We got everything unpacked and sorted. We had gone through all 60lbs of ice as his stuff had been so hot. We re iced everything for overnight, took a quick shower and a group of us had dinner. Half way through dinner I had that sick feeling you get when you know the heat has gotten the best of you. I felt pretty ill. Back in the room I sat in front of the a/c, drank more fluids and was so tired I actually let my bare feet touch that minging carpet as I fell into bed.

Despite being completely knackered the wind tunnel/Kings Cross environment had us awake again at 2.30am. OMG how can anyone deal with this for 70 days. Real hotels have soft towels and little fridges never mind going without even a microwave for that long. YD was thankful again for my over packing as I'd brought huge fluffy bath towels. We packed up our crap and by 4.30 am the car park was a hive of activity. Italo, the Sardinian was trying to negotiate with the Japanese to carry some supplies for him as today was a tough uphill climb 51.3 miles and wasn't really getting anywhere with them. We mentioned that we had seen him within 5 minutes of Binks all day yesterday and would carry some stuff for him. We were here for Binks and would stop every 2 miles so he decided to run with him and take advantage of the offer. The car was jam packed; thankfully it's pretty big so there was still room for me.

When Binks came downstairs he was doing a good John Wayne

impersonation...apparently chaffing. PL's over packing genius strikes again. I had seen in his FB photos a tub of Sudocrem and a silly comment about never travelling without it again. There was a tub under one of the bathroom sinks from when the family was here last and I'd grabbed it on the way out of the front door. It was very gratefully received.

The race briefing talked about how tough it would be and that on the steep hill roads we would have to use care in choosing places to pull over. YD was actually grinning. He's a Top gear nut and loves all those crazy winding roads whenever we're home and we have tons of them in Arizona. One of the runners Marcus had missed the cut off last night due to illness and all of the runners had agreed that one bad day was allowed for everyone. And then off they went. As everything was still cold from last night we went ahead with just 40lbs of new ice this time.

Just a short way down the road we turned a corner and I couldn't believe my eyes. Right next to the flea bag, pee stinking Bates Motel were huge houses with boat docks, man made beaches and the sparkling Colorado River! We crossed the Arizona state line and things were instantly greener and prettier (I may be a little biased) We put on the cd I got from my Fetch Secret Santa which was full of running tunes and cheered everyone on. It was the first and last chance we got to see the lead runner Rainier. We had dinner in his company last night and he's a really cool funny guy. He ran Sparta when he was 19. The University he works for had let him take 2yrs holiday so that he could do this race. Binks came by just as Bruce Springsteen's "Born to Run" came on.

Our plan for today was to stay in the car as much as possible and just surface when the guys were in sight. Italo stayed close to Binks and was either with him or just behind. We started a climb and the terrain became more familiar. The desert really is beautiful and has its own seasons. As much as I hate not being beside the sea you can't beat a desert sun rise/sunset. Binks was walking uphill so we decided to whizz a head and scout out the mining town of Oatman.

We saw a sign and I couldn't help but think of Flip. "No beer for 5600ft"
" When we got to the town it was just amazing. It looked like something from the set of a western complete with the wooden paths raised off the ground to keep your feet clean. And there were donkeys just wandering everywhere LOOSE!!! YD was taking video and one just stuck its head in the car window and we were stuck. Eventually we got turned around and went back to meet Binks. There was real food and toilets here but all they wanted was ice cream, something fruity not creamy and a little something for Wine Legs. We got ice cream in the saloon and when they came running in spent a little time taking tourist pics. Italo was hugging the donkeys and chatting like crazy. As the main street ended the climb got steeper and we would eventually pass a gold mine. YD had bought one of those super soaker water guns that shot out 5 stream of spiraling water so he lay in wait for Binks. Boys and their toys!! He also obliged in cooling down Serge, Patrick and Italo.

The benefit of climbing was that it was a little cooler and there was an actual kind breeze. The scenery is just stunning and when you think of how hard it must have been back in the day to blast all of this rock and create a road its mindboggling. We were also passing lots of motorbikes coming in the opposite direction into Oatman. I could see YD getting that grin on his face that bike riding brings and before he opened his mouth I nodded and mouthed "Not till the winter"

More picture taking at the highest point and Alex and his crew were camped out here. He has a huge entourage and is sponsored by Jeep. He was sitting in the shade with his feet in an ice bath having a bowl of pasta with some cut up fruit beside him. He has this big bushy beard which I think is the inspiration for that hairy mess that Binks was growing. To be honest I was just glad that Alex had normal running gear on as yesterday he was wrapped in this see through white bandage thing with tin black knickers underneath and I found it very distracting.

Speaking of food. Binks had not really eaten enough yesterday and Italo had been getting harassed also by the race director. When the end of the world finally comes and the only thing left on the planet are the cockroaches they will be feasting on the rubber bologna and plastic cheese that Binks was eating on his sandwiches. Italo was trying to soften salty rock hard noodle packets with warmish water and saying "Mmmmm Special Chinese noodles", while trying not to break a filling. But at least they were eating.

As we hit the switch backs on the downhill Binks sped ahead of Italo and we even did a little video interview as he was running. The next race we stopped

even did a little video interview as he was running. The next place we stopped was this little stone museum/shop in the middle of nowhere called Cool Springs. We grabbed some cold drinks and a piece of authentic Route 66 stone and a Route 66 passport which we put in Bink's bag in the car. Suddenly the scenery was over and all that stretched out ahead of us was 10 miles of flat hot desert with occasional houses in the middle of nowhere.

It was miserable and hot again. Italo stopped to change his sock and we cooled down his feet. We were all tired, hot and pretty miserable at this point. Suddenly he farted! He looked up and said "It's ok just noise, no sheets" We just cracked up.

Binks knew we'd make the cut off but the goal now was just to "fucking get this over and finish sometime" We had to cross both the on and off ramp of the motorway to get to the side road leading into Kingman. There was also no shoulder so I walked them across and reminded them to be careful. Ahead was a huge sign for a McDonalds and Binks asked for a Big Mac, chips and strawberry milkshake when he finished. We passed a truck stop that had a strip club in the back of it. The American do like to multi task.

Two miles from the hotel we soaked them down and watered them for the last time. I must say they really know how to pick these hotels. This one was a lot nicer, but situated next to a Juvenile Detention centre. Beers opened and Union Jack waving we sat and waited for them to come in. YD had got some blowy noise things which the French thought were highly amusing. Binks and Italo ran in hand in hand. This time he was just so knackered. He did perk up when YD appeared with his food and he had some decent beer instead of the usual American water.

As we were getting ready to unload everything Italo turned to Binks in such a serious tone and said "James are you lonely tonight?" I spat my beer out. Turns out the room had 2 beds and he was asking to share and split the cost. Of course they'd given him a room on the 1st floor! YD and I just rolled our eyes and started heaving everything upstairs. There was tons of water and stuff leftover so we just put it in the smaller cooler and left it there as a present for the race. We'd mixed up Gatorade and roughly tidied up his stuff but nowhere near what he really needed. But we still had a 4hr drive home.

I kid you not I hadn't set foot on the 1st stair when this stench came wafting down. It was his stinking feet. He joked that he'd stepped in some bog of doom last week and couldn't get rid of the smell now. One of those fish pedicures might work but he wasn't sure how many he'd kill before the funk was gone. We had emptied out the last of the ice from the coffin and Binks was sitting in it while Italo took photos of his feet. Lots of hugs and Italo gave me his Sardinian bandana as a thank you.

We crawled into the car. We were absolutely knackered and all we'd done was jump in and out of the car for 2 days. YD loaded up on Mountain Dew and 5 hr energy drinks and we made it to Phoenix at midnight. It was 41C at that time of night.

Getting up at 5am was just ugly and YD accidently locked the fluff ball Duncan Hardmoors in the laundry room all day in the chaos of getting ready for work. I still can't quite fathom the strength and bloody determination needed to get up day and day out and do what he's doing. And when I read his blog about breaking down in the restaurant I cried and was so mad that we could have done just a little bit more before we left.

It was one of the most amazing experiences of our lives and it was a pleasure Mr. Binks.

James Adams | **5 Comments** | **Share Article**

Reader Comments (5)

Lesley (and Dave),

What a tremendous recap. Both you, Dave, and Laurie were hard acts for my Dave and I to follow. Thanks so much for sharing this. I think Dave and I and Laurie too can empathize with so much of what you've said. \$8 a bottle for Gatorade! Wow! Your words, like those of James' bring tears to my eyes.

Deb (and Dave)

July 20, 2011 | **Deb and Dave J-R**

You really captured what it's like "on the other side".

July 20, 2011 | **Laurie**

Marshalling can often be a thankless task. But not when the recipient is James.

A great report of another side of ultras, the highs and lows. And special memories.

July 20, 2011 | [Gowan](#)

Great write-up Lesley. It's obvious from James's blog that you guys are invaluable to him – good to learn you got so much out of the experience too. Thanks for sharing.

July 20, 2011 | [Pete](#)

Marshalling can often be a thankless task. But not when the recipient is James.

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July 27, 2011 | [buy replica Mario Bruni Shoes](#)

Wednesday
Jul202011

Days 28 - 31 - Sorry but the sun has been spanking me

WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 2011 AT 1:15AM

Day 28 - Boise City to Guymon - 56.6 miles

The longest yet but I was not worried as today was going to be a very good day. Gemma had flown in to Tulsa and as I set out she was going to drive out and meet me. Today the 56 miles was just circumstantial.

Still, it was going to be very hard work, with the clocks going forward again we all lost an hour and I lost another hour waiting for a burger and fries in a so called "fast food" place, Dairy Queen. It was the second time in two days that happened after our hour wait at pizza hut the previous night. Despite the size of some of the people here they don't seem to do food very fast.

Today I was joined again by Russ and Claire who were fantastic. They took turns running with me and we spoke about a lot of stuff. Russ had run the Trans-Europe last year and knows a thing or two about this kind of thing. He was great to talk to and gave me a brief history of Oklahoma, which is basically that displaced natives from New Mexico, Texas and Florida were sent there from their homelands as the settlers wanted that land. After gruelling journeys where many died they arrived at what is essentially a barren place except that not long after they had been given property rights of the state they found a lot of oil.

I was not sure what time Gemma was going to get here, I guessed around midday and I had no idea what car she was driving. Russ and Claire left to take Jenni to the finish as the heat had taken it's toll again. Soon after I saw her walking down from a white car.

I did not really know what to do or say but I just ran up to her and hugged her, I missed her so much and have craved for her presence since I have been here. I thought I could do this on my own but that is clearly not the case. There was suncream in both of our eyes.

Blimey this story has everything. succeeding against all odds, action, comedy, Love, romance, Diarrhoea. It really should be made into a film. I will get Colin Farrell to play me (though he will have to prove his beard growing capabilities), Gemma wants to be played by Katw Winslet. I think Italu will have to be Benicio Del Toro (Yeah I know, Spanish, Sardinian), Alex will be played by Brian Blessed.

ANyhoo the run. Despite all the nice distractions today seemed to drag quite a bit. When I got to the 23 mile point I thought "is that all?". Still, nothing was hurting so I tried to put the drag out of my mind.

I requested a sandwich from Gemma who drove to the finish to bring me a Subway, great first job at crewing. I was still being crewed by the organisation but tomorrow it will be Gemma's turn to try it. She even got all the salad correct.

Oklahoma weather is very predictable right now. There has been no rain for 2 months and it is in the 40s every day. Each day starts warm in the dark and gets hotter and hotter though in the morning there is a nice cool breeze sometimes. Then in the afternoon some clouds offer protection for the runners as the temperature goes over 40. The problem is that the wind always picks up and becomes hot and in todays case was right in my face. Passing trucks blasting me with dead animal air does not help.

It was a long day, 13.30 hours for the 56. I was pleased with that and the fact that there was a pool outside though it was dirty.

Day 29 - Guymon to Balko - 48.8 miles

I joked about 45 miles being a "rest day". In fact it is the average number of miles and so can't be considered a rest day. I slept OK last night but was not prepared for today to be so tough.

We started at the usual 5.30 running through the streets of Guymon. Russ and Claire were there early as they were staying in a hotel a few miles into the run. It was already warm before the sun came up and my legs felt like lead. I got hot and sweaty right from the start and worried a little as to what the day would bring. Still, it was "only" 45 miles today.

I have a place in the Luton Marathon later this year, I reckon after running through Oklahoma that place will look like a magical paradise. There really is nothing here. I can't remember the last time I saw an RV which suggests that mobile Americans choose to avoid this place. There really should be signs on

mobile Americans choose to avoid this place. There really should be signs on the bushes, "next bush not for 15 miles" like they do for service stations on motorways.

I am starting to crap normally now, well apart from it being in open fields with truck drivers watching. My drinks preferences had changed over the 4 weeks so far. The first 2 weeks I was drinking buckets of Gatorade and monster energy drink, the next week I changed to cokes and sprites and now I mainly drink iced tea, diluted apple juice and obviously my own concoction of Budwater. I still reckon Russell is going to steal my drink idea and make billions before I get to New York.. It was on this blog first..

This was the first full day that Gemma was supporting me and she did an incredible job. I was running close to Alex, Jenni and Serge again, we seem to all be close nowadays. The heat picked up in the second half of the day and I think got to me more than I realised. When I finished I was pretty worn out, ready for sleep though we had a half hour drive to a place called Beaver to go to our motel.

Beaver was probably the shittiest place we have been to so far, everywhere was closed. We ended up having to eat at a burger van. Both of us were pretty grumpy having been spanked by the sun quite a lot. The room we stayed in was still boiling hot, I had to shower and get into bed wet just to cool down a bit. Really tough day and a tougher one tomorrow.



Day 30 Balko to Laverne - 51.8 miles

Another long day, 6 in a row now of more than 45 miles and it's taking it's toll on people. I spoke to Serge early in the race who has slowed down a bit in recent days and he says it's just tiredness rather than any specific problem with injury. Now at the start everyone starts walking and we look for the first person to "break" and start running. Usually it is Koshita who takes a camcorder out with him and runs out in front to film us all. Thus far I think he has taken 3000 photos. He certainly has an endurance challenge at the end of this race when he gets home.

Before the start of the stage we are presented with the rankings from the previous day and overall. I don't normally look at them too much except I did have a look today and in had my cumulative time, 308 hours. 300+ HOURS??? That's nearly 2 weeks of solid running, in only 4 weeks.

I was tired from the start and it showed. I spent the first hour rueing my decision to only have a 6 inch subway for breakfast. I felt more wobbly than usual, taking me back to the diarrhoea days. Luckily I perked up a bit and by about 12 miles I felt normal again, well as normal as you can in these circumstances. At 12 miles we passed the only gas station on the route and Gemma managed to snaffle the shops last coffee, much to the dismay of the Italians.

It was hot again and nothing to see. I saw a building where the flag of Oklahoma was flying. It has green leaves on it, that makes as much sense as a Jordan doll having a hymen. Perhaps it is greener in the south but I was having no luck.

There was a tree in a field with lots of cows under it. I wondered how large animals like that can survive, about 30 of them under the one tree in a field with lots more scattered about.

Day 31 Laverne to a Picnic Table - 32 miles

Today was an "easy" day, 32 miles which was welcome after the last 6 days of high mileage. Last night we all squeezed into a small motel who's owners were lovely, giving us a really good meal of pasta, potatoes and chicken. It's nice to finish where you stay and start there the next day rather than have to drive out to someplace. I like to just roll out of bed and start.

It was a faster start than usual, people seemed keen on getting the job done before it got too hot. I felt warm again early on in the town of Laverne

though got a little cooler as I got out of town.

Today Oklahoma got pretty for a while, around 10 miles in we were running along a hilly twisty road with lots of coloured sand to look at. There were even some trees too, I retract my terrible joke about the flag.



Today seemed to be going well, I was downing a lot of fluid and having the occasional sandwich, walking when I needed when it got hot and after 24 miles we entered the town of buffalo where we would run out of but return later. As soon as we hit the town it got a lot warmer, the temperature said 100F at it was only 10.30. I was with Alex and Jenni and Anneke at the time and said it will cool down again when we left the town. It didn't.

The surprising thing was that it got so hot so quickly, like someone had just cranked it right up. It was like a blast that slowed us all right down. The humidity was high and this was the first time it has hit us.

Half way through the town I got snapped by a local journalist and tomorrow will be on the cover of the Buffalo Herald. **FAME at last :)**

What was supposed to be an "easy" day was becoming a hellish one. Gemma made it better by getting me a Subway at the gas station at 24 miles which I slowly ate and then tried to return to a jog but it was exhausting. In my head I knew there was only 7 miles to go, 6 miles to go, 5 miles etc but the thought of tomorrow played on my mind, 47 miles of this, potentially another 3 or 4 hours out in this humidity.

That thought disappeared as soon as I spotted Badger Creek which made me laugh and it was only a mile from the end. The finish was at a picnic spot under tree cover, they are such tempting looking places when you are running past them, the nice seat in the shade. It was really nice to be able to sit down in one with nothing more to do, well not for today anyway.

Laure said to us a few days ago that we will probably remember Oklahoma as the hardest state. I can understand that already though today in a restaurant I was told that the humidity has not even started yet..

[James Adams](#) | [23 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (23)

You definitely know its summer when even the mornings and evenings are frankly too fucking hot. Maybe that's why they're fat..the lettuce melts. :-)

July 20, 2011 | [lesley roberts](#)

hey James, good to see fame has come your way!

July 20, 2011 | [dan bakke](#)

If millions of people are prepared to buy and drink that diarrhea-inducing shite (absolutely no pun intended) Gatorade, then it's clear that your "secret" cocktail recipe will indeed make you a fortune, James. (Your trademark lawyers need to get busy though - you actually spilled the recipe beans on your blog - see Day 23.).

Anyhoo, take care of yourself in this Oklahoma warm spell we're having. See you on Friday - I have a new pair of Newtons for you, and a beer or three. We're very proud of you here in Tulsa.

July 20, 2011 | [Russell Secker](#)

My mom was named Laverne so glad you didn't have anything too terrible to say about it. Love the rest stop analogy (no bushes for 15 miles! good one!). Keep truckin'. Glad Gemma is with you!
Deb and Dave

July 20, 2011 | **Deb and Dave J-R**

Just reading on the bbc website "13 dead in US heat wave"
Go easy!

July 20, 2011 | **Andrew**

Forget about Benicio del Toro, Italo could only be played by Roberto Benigni!

July 20, 2011 | **Laurie**

Well done James, continuing to enjoy the blog. Amazing effort, keep on going.

July 20, 2011 | **Avon**

Ha, I can see the posters now. Colin Firth dressed in all White with a big beard, salt dried on his face. A backdrop of sand and blue skies. In the distance, Kate Winslett looking all glamerous with a 12" Subway in her hand. JAMES ADAMS the Movie
Of course the strap line would say "succeeding against all odds, action, comedy, Love, romance, Diarrhoea"

It would be a blockbuster!!

Keep at it James – great work!

July 20, 2011 | **ian**

The newspaper article's great: "The race ... includes Dutch, French, German, Italian, Japanese and UK runners, as well as men and women". Apparently even running 1000+ miles doesn't make you a man in Oklahoma.

July 20, 2011 | **Pete**

The 2 B words and now spanking. What happens when you run into the Village People??

Less than a week to go, to hear Jon Bon Jovi's raucous scream (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aEvTODqqVD4> at 1:53). In fact you'll hear it twice, after 35 days and at 1,610 miles. Is Gemma practising?

No mention of doing the laundry – hope fame hasn't gone to your head!!

The variety and style of writing continues apace. An amazing joint endeavour.

July 20, 2011 | **Gowan**

What an amazing effort in the heat...hang in there, and the blogs are great!
Again, I've caught up with a few days' worth of them.

July 20, 2011 | **Garfield**

They really do have Subways everywhere don't they? Nice one badger boy!

July 20, 2011 | **emdee**

Harvey Weinstein's people want to know if you can go back to the start to do a few location shots

July 20, 2011 | **Kevan**

Buffalo Herald! Your mother must be happy that at last you've made the big time.

July 20, 2011 | **Jon**

OMG! Very impressed at you getting through some tough days in extreme heat. Glad Gemma has now joined you

July 20, 2011 | **Sarah Spall**

"Today the 56 miles was just circumstantial." Love it.

Brilliant , enjoy the adventure together for a while

July 20, 2011 | paulrush64@hotmail.co.uk

You missed a trick James. I'm sure McDonalds would have been happy to supply you with free milkshakes if you were willing to wear a bright yellow t-shirt with "I'm Lovin' It" in orange text across the chest for the duration. Or maybe a clown suit.

July 20, 2011 | [Steve Mee](#)

Glad I'm following this blog; quite frankly I don't know if I'd have survived the day if I missed the fact that Buffalo's 13 & Under Boys Baseball team placed 2nd in the 13 & Under Kids Inc. Tournament in Woodward.

Keep on truckin' fella...

July 20, 2011 | [Dan Afshar](#)

We enjoyed having you in Buffalo, OK! Hope that you all enjoy the basket of "goodies" and wish you the best of luck & safety on the rest of your trip!

July 20, 2011 | [Stacy Harper - Girl Scout Troop 741](#)

Glad to read from you again i thought you,d gonw yerm.

July 20, 2011 | [Stuart Henderson](#)

Bloody amazing!!

July 20, 2011 | [John66](#)

I only just completed my first marathon after I retired at age 56. Until I started reading your blog I could barely imagine what it would be like to do what amounts to two marathons/day for many days. Awesome work James: both the running and your blog!

July 21, 2011 | [Jim](#)

I only just completed my first marathon after I retired at age 56. Until I started reading your blog I could barely imagine what it would be like to do what amounts to two marathons/day for many days. Awesome work James: both the running and your blog!-[Piaget Altiplano watches in uk](#)

July 27, 2011 | [Piaget Altiplano watches in uk](#)

Thursday
Jul212011

Deb and Dave's crewing adventure - Arizona days 9-13 I think.

THURSDAY, JULY 21, 2011 AT 2:13AM

LA-NY Footrace Log - Temporary Crew Edition

Day 1

San Diego to Truxton

We (my life partner Scout and I - "life partner" sounds so much more contemporary than "The woman who has tolerated me since the Carter Administration) drive from the domestic pleasures of our fabulous new home in San Diego to something called Truxton, Arizona. Why? The answer is obvious to any man who's been married 30 years: because I was told to do so. After this many years of wedded bliss (translation: servitude), the rational man follows orders and keeps his mouth shut.

Why Truxton? A friend there - an acquaintance, really; actually an acquaintance of an acquaintance and a foreigner to boot - is running something call the LANY Footrace Across America, the victims of which start in Los Angeles and, after 70 days of suffering horrible agonies and a lot of bad, bad food, slog into New York City, where they will be mugged and derided as rubes. (Note to all non-New Yorkers: anyone not from New York City is a "rube," or a "hick," a person of no sophistication or cultural attainment. Please be aware of this as you traverse NYC's many areas awash in sewage, human excrement and unburied corpses.)

Scout and I will again provide an extremely modest - trivial, really - amount of assistance for a few days to James Adams, a Brit who looks a little like the American actor David Birney once did back in the day when he was starring in second-rate TV shows and was in a second-rate marriage to American actress Meredith Baxter. To us (i.e. elderly strangers) James is a quiet, low-maintenance guy who probably finds the intrusion of a "crew" a bloody nuisance imposed by the race directors. True, there is the minor matter of needing to consume gallon after gallon of Gatorade during day after day under a blazing sun, but, one feels James would prefer that America had drinking fountains every few miles. Don't we all.

The David Birney element may explain why the few women involved on the LANY trek are quick to ask us: "How is Zhames? Please, tell us about how is ze Zhames?" While this may simply be that the European women might like to see what it's like on the other side of "The Channel" as it were, it also says something else about "Zhames." While he is probably emotionally open and loads of fun among (younger, open and fun) friends, it's "I'm all right, Jack!" when discussing the abuse his body takes during day after day of long mileage. This is good for us, since we have no skills with which to mitigate the aches and pains. (Our motto is: "You want ice? You want ibuprofen? You don't want ice or ibuprofen, then shut your festering gob.")

Ah, Truxton. There may have once been a reason for there to be a Truxton, but now...not so much. All that remains is a few dilapidated buildings around a dilapidated motel consisting of seven rooms. Baking heat, sand, and a few scrubby plants that have chosen the terribly bad option of desert for a habitat. As we pull in, James waits in the parking lot in his Robinson Crusoe look - and what appear to be fuzzy slippers. Obviously the latest thing in post-run wear for the ultra crowd, and I didn't actually see bunny ears on them. James is very James-y. Only admitted to a little concern that the throbbing pain in his shins could be a problem. But maybe not. It might get better. If it moved to his ankles or knees or feet, that would be a good sign that the issue was a generalized, free-floating agony rather than a specific one. We agree that stress fractures are a bad thing, especially so early in the race. Running on broken bones in Ohio or West Virginia would be preferable to running on them in California and Arizona. Given that I have a history of withdrawing from races due to hangnails, chapped lips, and occasional feelings of "bad karma," James' attitude is completely foreign. More to the point, his revelation that his legs are troubling him is something - for him - akin to a screaming, thrashing nervous breakdown; not very James-y at all.

We stare at his legs for awhile, then at the room the three of us will share tonight. Like most dumpy motels in the U.S., Truxton's has a "window unit" air conditioner, which generates a tremendous amount of noise, but not much cool air. James shrugs. (Later in the night as I lie awake dripping with sweat, I realize that the B-52 engine noise I hear isn't the A/C: it's James' snoring.) The room is a doozy, cluttered with James' belongings, with food and water provided by the race organizers and with things that Laurie and

another crew have provided – things similar to the ones we have brought. A quick look around leads one to conclude that we should have rented a van. This was an issue at Badwater last year, too, with mountains of stuff from which we were seldom able to extract the necessary items at the necessary time. James would say “Maybe at the next stop,” and run off while we accused each other of letting him down. But we learned from it and yet somehow brought an even smaller vehicle. Hm.

Chief among the pleasures of Truxton was...how can I put this?... the smell. Faced with the challenge of running for 70 days, James has opted for the time-honored guy approach of wearing the same stuff until it stinks too much to endure, then moving on to another set of togs. (He will later state that he packed 30 running tops.) There is loose talk about rinsing things out in the sink, but we doubt that this has often occurred. Given the odor and the lack of results from the A/C, it is well that James leaves his door open – even in the heat of Truxton.

As a modern man, James has a blog to post and will sacrifice sleep to update it once the old folks have toddled off to bed. We do so, but in the back of our minds we wonder: Why has James left a pair of European-looking (i.e., skimpy) underpants on the floor of his room? Why would he change out of his smelly running clothes into “ball-hugger” shorts and then – evidently later in the same evening – discard them? Ah, the British.

Day 2

Truxton to Seligman

We awaken at 4:30 am and begin to argue about how best to pack the car. The race organizers have provided participants with supplies for a breakfast of coffee, bread and jam, the perfect way to start off a 6,000 calorie day. James shrugs when asked how his aching legs are doing. We decide to “let him have his privacy” (i.e., ignore the problem) and hope for the best during today’s 46 mile mad-dog run to Seligman, a virtual metropolis after Truxton. As the runners hobble out of the, uh, town, we learn that the mystery panties did not belong to James and were on the floor when he checked in. Ewww.

Yeah, you do wonder: Who checks into a room which has clothing on the floor from a previous tenant? But this is life in carefree (and hygiene-free) Truxton – and among these ultra-est of ultra runners. None of these folks are likely to be dissuaded by a surprise on the floor unless it makes noise louder than the A/C.

Ignoring left-over panties is, in a way, characteristic of ultra runners. Like James, all of the participants in the LANY have extensive resumes from other races and other challenges. These are people who say things like “I anticipate that the pain will ease up after Ohio.” The only remaining woman here dropped out of a trans-Asia race due to pelvic fractures. Yeah, those can be a bummer. Six of the original 14 race entrants have dropped out but most are still here and running every day, having recovered from whatever incapacitated them – or having decided to keep on going despite injuries. This is a far, far different mindset than those of us who bitch and moan because it was too hot during our Fourth of July 15K in San Diego.

The daily program is as follows: after the runners hobble out of town, we drive two miles, then open the trunk and offer James water or Gatorade and/or various high energy snacks when he reaches us. Usually he just wants Gatorade. He eats a few of the turkey sandwiches we made in advance, but it’s hard to tell if this is nutrition or just good manners. Later, he’ll want a “Monster” or two, one of those high caffeine, high sugar drinks that probably cause brain cancer. Chug-a-lug, buddy!

The route from Truxton to Seligman is along “Historic Route 66,” a section of U.S. highway only “historic” because there was once a TV show named “Route 66” – even it was a fantasy about how these two cool guys bumped into towns along the road and had adventures, met girls, etc. There was a song, too, about a road from Chicago to LA, but the interstate system came along and bypassed most of the little towns along Route 66 so that it long ago became a relic. Towns along the old road (the “Mother Road” according to some) hype their attachment to manufactured nostalgia. It’s a teeny-weensy copy of what one sees in Egypt with the pyramids and in Mongolia with Genghis Khan: Hey! Look at us! We were cool once! Before we were born, but what the hell!

Still, Route 66 passes through an America that someone visiting Broadway or Disneyland would never know exists. For better or worse, folks here (and in Texas, Iowa, etc) are a face of America, too. Not surprisingly, they often feel neglected by the ever-more-urban U.S. of A and many of them are angry.

Many of them are also fat, yet another U.S. characteristic, and one that probably has, in some way, something to do with that sense of being passed by, of being unimportant. Uh oh, Dave has drifted into one of his “lost

by, or being unimportant. Oh-oh, Dave has slipped into one of his "lost America" reveries. Quick! Get him a Monster...or a swift kick.

We pass out Gatorade and, as the day drags on, hope that James is feeling better (translation: We hope he'll hurry up so we can finish!). Remarkably, James, now a Londoner, does better in the desert heat than some of the others though no one is exactly sprinting. It's hot and even the many charms of Seligman are only a modest incentive. James wants to lie on the asphalt in the motel parking lot with his bad (worse?) ankle up on a chair with ice on it while he sips a beer. This is the happiest he's been all day. Gee. Wonder why.

Dinner is a Subway sandwich, chips and a soft drink. Somewhere in the back of my nutrition-ignorant mind is the thought that he ought to be eating a high-fiber, high-vitamin, high-everything concoction to help him face the next day. Probably true, but he wants a Subway Italian BMT. What the hell.

Wind has been an issue and James has struggled to wear the floppy sun hat he brought, eventually going bare-headed. Since Scout's family crest has "Ach! You'll get skin canceh!" on it, I think of this often as I struggle to keep my own sun hat in place. The wind - often in the runner's faces - is a damned nuisance.

On the plus side, James has arranged for us to have our own room in Seligman, perhaps because of our snoring and night-farting. Better still, the A/C works and the floor is free of residue from previous occupants. Also, we can have sex without having to say to James "Turn your back for a minute, will you? This won't take long."

In Seligman, we also meet a few of the other participants/crew/organization people. One of the runners is French; his wife is honcho of the six-person organization team. A few of them speak passable English; no one seems to know much French. The organizers had limited entrants to 30, but only 14 signed up. At \$6,500 (U.S.) entry fee, the organizers were looking at about \$200,000 front money. With a far smaller field, one has to wonder if any corners have had to be cut. Who knows? Runners get a supply of water (70 ½ liter bottles), Coca Cola (24 12 oz. cans), a few gels, a few energy bars, and a loaf of bread every five days. Organizers clearly state that this is not enough to sustain the runners. No kidding. Even so, wrestling with waters, the Coca Cola, and ice has been a chore for us.

Two of the participants are Dutch: One, the woman who had pelvic fractures in Asia, is accompanied now by her sister and brother-in-law and by Annike, a friend who carries water/Gatorade, etc. on a bike. The runner (Jenni/ "Yenni") has had to drop out from the "official" competition due to injury, but runs with the participants daily and looks strong and steady. Her sister teaches ice-skating in Friesland, in the northern part of Holland. Her brother-in-law Theo gives us a bit of ribbon with the Friesland flag on it. As with everyone else we've met, these people are sweet and generous and, like us, a little amazed to be participating - even on a crew - in such a demanding undertaking. Like us, the Dutch say that they "only" do marathons; like us, they recognize that what we both think of as a big and demanding achievement isn't even a day's journey here. We all feel like pussies.

Like us, Theo and his wife will drop out after a few days and go home. Jenni and Annike will continue.

The race front runner is Rainier Koch, a German, who seems to have the best - and most disarming - organization. Rainier, 30, is a runner; his racing partner Peter, 69, operates a "kick bike," which is a glorified skateboard with bike wheels. Peter pushes off with one foot for a moment or two, then switches to the other. He used to be a runner, but gave it up. Too tough, he says. Now he's "kicking" his way across America.

Rainier and Peter room together with June, a young Korean woman who met Rainier two years ago at a trans-European race. June was there with a Korean entrant who got hurt and dropped out. She decided to stay on; two years later when Rainier contacted her about crewing for the two men, she said yes. She says she hopes her next adventure will be a race across Australia, either with Rainier or with someone else she meets on this race. I hesitate to say "groupie," but June seems like she wants to leverage these events into trips to foreign countries. She's certainly seeing the U.S. in a way the average visitor never would. To be fair, her work day starts before 5:30 (when the day's "race" begins) and probably includes tending to the two men for hours after their day ends. Despite the long hours, she is genuinely sweet and kind and funny. We have no idea if there is any "relationship" linkage between her and either of the men and no idea about how costs are allocated, but this has to be a huge commitment on her part, as well as on theirs; June is in it for the long haul.

One last Rainier story: As the race nears The Grand Canyon, Rainier has planned to hike the canyon during his "free time," that is to say, after he has run the 30 or so miles from Ashfork to Williams. Gotta sav. if you've never

ran the 50 or 60 miles from Phoenix to Annapolis. Get it? If you've never seen the Grand Canyon, go see it. If you're running 40 or so miles a day for 70 consecutive days...buy a postcard.

We reach Seligman and, blissfully, sleep in our own room. Having crewed for James at Badwater, we don't question him a lot about what hurts some and what hurts a lot. If he wants to tell us, he will and, considering how little we can help, what's the point of dwelling on it? While this may seem cavalier, we sense that James has no interest in spilling his guts to relative strangers. His blog is more candid about highs and lows; still, what can we do? Say "Atta Boy"?

Day 3

Seligman to Ashfork. This is "only" a 30 mile day and James has hoped it is a chance for him to rest his aches and pains. We hit town...and immediately drive on to Williams, a larger town with a better motel. We're supposed to sleep in James' room here, too, but opt for - and pay for - our own. Typically, a runner pays for crew lodging and food as well as his own. James anticipates that the total cost of this challenge will run near \$12,000 U.S. We hope not, but, 70 nights of lodging, plus dinners, plus supplies, etc., etc., and the tally adds up quickly. This is no game for cheapskates. The participants may be low maintenance, but the costs are substantial. Subway sandwiches for three (including drinks and chips) = \$30 U.S.

Annikke, the Dutch biker, walks by, telling me she wants to see the sights of Ashcroft. I'm pretty sure she's kidding. Once we hit Williams, we find a ribs place. James opts for chicken, a safer choice, but then, he has to run tomorrow. This is America, too: restaurant food in small towns, each with its own idea of what "ribs" or anything else tastes like. MacDonald's and Starbucks may pride themselves on the consistency of their product, but ribs taste different in El Paso than in Williams. There really is such a thing a "local flavor."

Day 4

Ashfork to Williams. We drive James back to Ashfork, get ice, and are on the road again. We dole out the drinks and the occasional snack and hope we're doing the right thing for our guy. He agrees that we should urge him to eat more during the day (hint: try the four day old turkey sandwiches), but he generally does not want to eat during the day and nagging seems like dirty pool considering what he's going through. There are times when he seems a bit lower than others, but saying stupid things like "Buck up, you're doing great!" seems so empty when the road ahead is so long. Perhaps there should be a manual for this.

James has volunteered us to assist Italo, an Italian runner who has no crew. Italo is, like James, low maintenance. If anything, Italo is lower maintenance; he drinks little and eats less. We try to get him to eat one of the pre-ptomaine turkey sandwiches; he eats half. "I am a little man," he says. True, but strong and, if one had to guess, one would think he'll still be in the race at the end.

We reach Williams and get James a Big Mac, fries, and a strawberry shake, a meal composed almost entirely of poisons and carcinogens. Later, we all go with Italo to a "pizza" place, the quotation marks in honor of Italo's heritage. Like anyone from another country who sees the American version of a product from their native land, he smiles a little to see what the U.S. has done to the food he knew. Still, we all dig in and the boys even take the leftovers back to their room for breakfast tomorrow. James is moving better - if not exactly comfortably - after the usual ankle icing at the end of the day. This seems like one dynamic for these runners: they know they aren't going to feel or move well until this is over so they just accept the way things are. The departure each morning is almost painful to watch, each participant slowly finding a way to run/walk into the morning sun.

The road has been gradually uphill since the second day, "gradually" being a more operative word for those of us driving with an elevation map in our lap. For the runners, it's a never-ending series of long climbs. We try saying things like "Most of the climb is in the first 20 miles," but there are hills in every part of each day and, like almost anything else we think of to say, out topographical observations are gibberish. On the plus side, the low, scraggly shrubs have given way to mesquite and eventually to pines. At least decent cover to empty one's self behind.

Life is simple for the crew: if there's enough ice, we're okay. We get a bit ahead of the guys, stop and read a few pages of our books and wait to see them in the rearview mirrors. I'm reading a book about a photographer in the 1930s; Scout is reading about a Chinese study that supported the hypothesis that meat-based diet is bad. Did I mention we had pizza last night? Sausage made from snouts, intestine,s and anuses?

We try to provide updates on the route, but most of it is straight forward and the conversation is a little silly. "Tough hill. You guys are rockin." No one wants to discuss the Greek debt crisis or why the U.S. is fighting for the Afghans, who despise us, but not for the Libyans, who are begging for help. It's a disservice to ask a runner to enter into a real conversation; they may welcome a distraction – and a rest – but they need to get back on the road.

We haven't run ourselves since Sunday and so try to go for an hour after James and Italo have settled down in Williams. Unhappily, at 7,000 ft elevation, we are even more pathetic than we had feared and hobble down a little piece of the same road that the guys hobbled...only we hadn't been running huge distances for 12 straight days. James is gracious – as always – when we tell him about this. Even as we try to make it into a funny anecdote, the contrast between our little jog and the weight of what the guys are doing is hard to ignore. I'm guessing the guys aren't really interested in hearing about how difficult the task before them is. "Shut your festering gob!"

Day 5

Williams to Flagstaff. After a 46 miler and two 30s, this is a 40. James is still icing, but says his legs are better. The shin splints are better and the ankle, if still swelling, seems less of an issue – or at least seems to be something he's able to live with. We hope so.

After days of tough climbs and hot temperatures, this day has a little less of each. As this is our last day, James has approached the race organizers about support for the rest of the race. Tough love from the French. He has to discard some of his clothing, food, and peripherals to get down to the minimum he can carry. Again, I wonder if the shortage of entrants has resulted in a shortage of flexibility in this area. The race rules only require two weeks of crew support. What did the organizers think was going to happen then? We take a few of his things so he doesn't have to throw them away; still, it feels disloyal to be "abandoning" him, especially with his injury (Or two? Five?). Still, this is what we signed up for and we're looking forward to getting home.

We watch the other runners. They are unfailingly friendly and, even as their energy flags, have a little wave or a word for anyone who offers encouragement. Most speak some English. The Germans, Dutch, French, and Italians seem a bit more comfortable in English than the Japanese. Based on watching the support crews drive rented cars in Williams, I'd say the Italians and Japanese struggled with American signs and roads the most. Stop signs seem to especially baffle to Italians.

We part ways in Flagstaff, James with a Jumbo Jack, fries, and a strawberry shake in hand; us with a nine hour drive back home. He told us at one point that he hadn't wanted his girlfriend to come along on this trek. It makes sense: someone with too close of a personal tie also has too much emotional weight. A racer owes that person more personal attention and warmth than the racer can pay out during so demanding an endeavor. In that way, perhaps Laurie and Scout and I were more useful than a loved one would be because of our emotional neutrality. On the other hand, someone close could offer a deeper kind of emotional support at times when a runner's spirits get low. Who knows? We did the best we could with what we had.

I was interviewed on camera one day and asked about the race and the racers. At the time, I thought I had a pretty good handle on how remarkable their mental toughness was, their resilience, their drive to push through despite the fatigue and the injuries. In retrospect, I think my perception only touched a small part of the surface. Deeper than the obvious issues like fatigue and injuries is the emotional toll. Those of us watching from the sidelines, even the ones handing out bottles of drink, cannot grasp how much determination it takes to face that. We can only marvel. Rock on James.

[James Adams](#) | [11 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (11)

An amazing piece of writing. Consistently interesting and entertaining. And humbling. James's book is a near-certain classic in the making.

July 21, 2011 | [Gowan](#)

Brilliant! I was laughing so hard, I couldn't keep reading it aloud to my "life partner".

July 21, 2011 | [Russell Secker](#)

" I realize that the B-52 engine noise I hear isn't the A/C: it's James' snoring."

have to make my second cup of tea now.
snorted out the first one.

July 21, 2011 | [springypanther](#)

Nice blogging from the crew and very amusing! this book is going to be a sure fire winner

July 21, 2011 | [Sarah Spall](#)

Wonderful blog.

July 21, 2011 | [lesley roberts](#)

In case you missed it, [here's some great video of Rainer, Peter and the rest of the Trans America team...](#)

July 21, 2011 | [Russell Secker](#)

Awesome entertaining blog. Please write mine for me too :-)

July 21, 2011 | [Tyre Girl](#)

Awesome piece. The comments about bitching about hot races and "only" doing marathons really resonate, and reinforce what an amazing thing James is doing. Great read; thanks for sharing.

I reserve the right to continue to bitch about shorter races though.

July 22, 2011 | [Pete](#)

That was a very interesting perspective on the race!

July 22, 2011 | [Garfield](#)

Fantastic to read a totally different perspective (and so entertaining too!) Kind of lazy for James to leave the blogging to some one else though. You'd think a transient and part-lame unemployed hobo would have plenty of time to write.

When are we going to have a blog post from Gemma? I'm sure her insight will be unique... Gemma, please make it sound like being the girlfriend is easy so I can persuade my own to let me do something like this one day.

Keep it up James!

July 22, 2011 | [Nikolai](#)

Fascinating to read things from another angle. An excellent read.

July 22, 2011 | [John66](#)

Saturday
Jul232011

Days 32-34 - Never forget Oklahoma

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 2011 AT 2:36AM

Some fairly short ones about some hard days. It's ok as I have delegated blog writing to Gemma this week

Well, I wouldn't want to be accused of running across America on an "easy" year. It is international news now that America is gripped in a heatwave. The locals in Oklahoma look in disbelief as they see a line of runners running past, "I would never run in Oklahoma in the summer, let alone this summer".

The heated days are taking their toll. It does not matter whether it's 40 or 55 miles, the heat will have it's way with you. I remember the Mojave being quite fun, spanking hot but manageable and quite funny that some Brit who lives in the cold wet climate of London should somehow fair well there. But this heat was not part of the deal, it was supposed to have cooled down by now. These days were supposed to be for running and finishing in good time to relax and recover.

My days go like this. I try to go to bed about 8.30 as I will have to get up at 4 for the 5am start (they are earlier now because of this heat). I have a good sleep till about 1 and then for me the day starts. I start running miles in my head, trying not to but being tortured by my own brain. I want to think of something else but I can't. Then at 4 I get grumpy at the fact that none of the miles I have run in my head matter at all, I still have to run the 40-55 miles presented to me. I feel cheated as I have done so much of the work. I get grumpy that I am not going to have much time at the end of the day to relax or visit a pool or eat much.

This grumpiness lasts for a few hours into the run where it is already hot even though the sun has yet to rise. The first few miles are hard, my body aches more now. I perk up a bit when I have had lots of food and drink and during the morning I am ok. Then when the heat kicks in my enthusiasm wanes and is replaced by paranoia. I feel so far from today's finish let alone New York and I am once again grumpy. Eventually I will get the job done and slump into a chair at the end, have a beer and pretend that I am OK with everything. Then I am in no rush to do all the things I wanted to do in the time I have and soon enough it's bedtime again.

This is how the last 3 days have been.

Day 32 was 45 miles, an "average" day but it did not feel that way at all. We were all struggling with it. We know it's going to be hot, that's a given and the miles are a given too. The other variables that make these days harder (or easier) are the wind, the number of big trucks (and size of the shoulder) and the amount of cloud cover.

There were no clouds on day 32 to carry us along just a few meters at a time away from the harsh glare of the sun. The shoulders were narrow and the traffic heavy meaning we have to jump out of the road regularly. It's not just that though. When there is wind you just want to get your head down and get on with it but putting your head down is not an option, you have to look ahead for trucks. Some dozy bint towards the end of the stage hit Mr Koshita (he is ok and still in the race).

By the end of that day I was ruined. I just lied down under the shade of a tree and asked Gemma to get some takeaway as I said as soon as I get to the motel I am not going to want to leave.

Day 33, at 52 miles was actually a little easier as there were better roads and less wind. Little cloud though. It was quite funny how I spotted some turtles in a creek (the first creeks I have seen that actually have water in them), on telling Gemma this she ditched me to go and try and catch them. I think she was going to recruit one to pace me.

Today felt quite low though even though I think it went better than yesterday. My mind would get poisoned again by the things that don't matter like the evenings sleeping arrangements or food. I tried to bring it back - James you can still run quite well, nothing really hurts, after a month you should be really thankful of that. Nothing else matters at all so long as you can put one foot in front of the other.

For days in a row now I have been approached by people from local papers who only find out what we are doing when they see us running and come and ask. Inevitably they will ask one of the people who does not speak English and I will head in there to save the day. Today a lady came to take my picture but her camera was out of power, I gave her the details anyway and said to her "we are almost half way". It felt good to hear that out loud.

The end of yesterday was at a fire station where a fantastic spread of food was put on for us.

Day 34 was "only" 42 miles but I know better now than to think that any day here is easy. There was some light today though, a McDonalds at around 22 miles in a town called Blackwell. It's been a long time since we have run through towns and it used to be nice but now they are traffic filled cauldrons. Today as soon as we entered it was like someone had cranked the temperature up massively and it did not go down again.

Jenni and I were running near each other for most of the day and she was struggling too, probably more than I was. Gemma would stop every 3 miles and as much as I say to people "don't sit in the chair" I slump down in the chair every time, guzzle about a liter of fluid, put ice in my pack, ice in my hat, moan a bit about how I think this is only 32.4 miles instead of 34.6 miles and hence I am going to take hours more and then hobble off.

The last 5 miles of today were horrific, really strong wind right in my face, hot so that the ice in my hat melted after minutes. Today more than most I was pleased to get indoors.

I changed my shoes halfway through today, I have been wearing Newtons for the whole race but they are wearing thin. I put on some Brooks and they just feel alien to me, so much cushioning I can't feel my feet. I think the Newtons are the best kit decision I have made and Russell has managed to get me another couple of pairs and I am extremely grateful for that. Thanks Russell.

I feel frustrated that I can not write as much of this as I would like. I want to write for my own memories as much as putting in the blog but this is just a 30 minute blast before I fall asleep in anticipation of another hard day tomorrow. Apologies it's a bit lame.

It has also occurred to me that I have no idea what is going on in the world. I like to keep track of the news normally and feel so out of touch. I don't like that. I think the first thing I'll do when I get back to the UK is to buy a copy of the New of the World. That should get me up to speed.

James Adams | **18 Comments** | **Share Article**

Reader Comments (18)

I'm sure Mr Murdoch appreciates your loyalty to his media empire :-)
I think once you break into August there will be a break psychologically that you are nearer to the goal. Until then it's just stay strong and grind out each stinking hot miserable day of the cycle...Now if we win the powerball this weekend we'll be out there with a shiny new RV, a masseuse and a chef . You can do it xx

July 23, 2011 | **lesley roberts**

It may be best if you only order back copies of the NoTW rather than subscribe. :o)

July 23, 2011 | **Ted**

"52 miles was actually a little easier"; only Binks could write something so outrageous, and mean it. If LANY was a walk in the park, we'd all be there, even yours truly. But it's not. And without lows, you could not experience the highs; ask a cow!

When you moan, when you're grumpy, when the ice melts, when you jump out of the way - it's because you're in the race for the long haul. This isn't Hollywood. There isn't a director to say "Cut", and Gemma is not your stunt double to do the hard work. Day 35 is when you can out-roar Jon Bon Jovi, once you get to the end of course!

You can do it. As you well know. Look behind you; those turtles are nowhere in sight, or in tonight's soup!

July 23, 2011 | **Gowan**

I believe you that it's tough. Hang in there, it will get cooler.

July 23, 2011 | **Jon**

I wondered when Gowan was going to bring up Jon Bon Jovi. And if he hadn't, I was going to do it myself. That excel spreadsheet from the Paris Marathon seems like a different lifetime now. Did blogs even exist then? Anyway, great work (if insane).

July 23, 2011 | **Lou Reeves**

Buy the news of the world, ha ha. Still able to make a joke after all that running in the heat.

July 23, 2011 | **Paul brackett**

No other words than IMPRESSIVE needed. Don't know how you keep getting up, going out on the road and repeating the process! Brilliant James; I think? :-)

July 23, 2011 | **ian**

By the time you read this, James, you will have run across HALF A CONTINENT. Those incredibly low lows each day will soon fade to a dim (but indelible!) memory – the highs of finishing each stage and the whole bloody thing will keep you content for a lifetime. Teach those shiny new Newtons who's boss, and don't forget: "Toughen up, Buttercup!"

July 23, 2011 | **Russell Secker**

Amusing to read the musings of your younger self: "Congratulations, my screen exclaimed, You are now registered for the Tring 2 Town Ultra – All the best etc. At this point my skin turned cold and my heart raced as I realised that I'd just opened the door to a dangerous place."

<http://runningandstuff.squarespace.com/blog/2007/2/3/tring2town.html>

Must seem to you like a different life by now.

Disappointed that no one has mentioned you're currently running where the wind comes sweepin' down the plain and the wavin' wheat can sure smell sweet when the wind comes right behind the rain. Gowan's clearly not on his game.

July 23, 2011 | **Nikolai**

Jeez mate; you're well out of touch with the world. To bring you up to speed:

GB have joined the Euro

The IOC have dramatically handed the 2012 Olympics to Paris after the London ticketing debacle

McDonalds have been awarded 5 Michelin stars

Rupert Murdoch has been handed a peerage

Darts ace Phil "The Power" Taylor has released a fitness DVD

A tornado ripped through Luton (causing £2.50 worth of damage)

Osama bin Laden has been discovered running a Southern Fried Chicken franchise in South London

Gordon Brown is joining the judging panel of the X-factor

Dale Winton has been photographed at Chinawhites on a date with Pippa Middleton

Lionel Messi has joined top football club Tottenham Hotspur

Only joking of course.....Tottenham aren't a top football team!!

Keep going son. All rooting for you.

July 23, 2011 | **Dan Afshar**

I pointed out to James and Gemma this morning that "the corn is as high as an elephant's eye", but neither of them burst into song. In fairness, they did seem a teensy bit tired...

July 23, 2011 | **Russell Secker**

Russell, please don't judge Serpies by these two weedy specimens! :)

July 23, 2011 | **Gowan**

You're halfway today....I'm wishing you a wide shoulder, lots of clouds and the wind at your back!!!

July 23, 2011 | **Laurie**

James you are allowed lows, you are allowed the grumpy hours because you have earned it. You will get the highs because you deserve them, you can beat this beast of a race, a race that only a few will ever achieve. the support for you is stronger than that sun.

July 23, 2011 | **Paul Rushton**

You've already said the most important thing yourself up there ^^ " James you can still run quite well, nothing really hurts, after a month you should be really thankful of that. Nothing else matters at all so long as you can put one foot in front of the other" And you are doing it and you'll just keep doing it and very soon you'll be at the top of the hill and on the way down the other side.

July 23, 2011 | **MissChappo**

James your my hero your awesome (as they say in the US and A)

July 24, 2011 | **HOD**

You're getting there...as you say, nearly halfway there...hang in there and it will get cooler. :)

July 25, 2011 | **Garfield**

James, fantastic work, getting this far. We here in Hermann Missouri are all rooting for you! Have fun running into Central Park and across the finish line! Look forward to catching up with you in England! Cheers! Connie

August 24, 2011 | **Connie Heap**

Monday
Jul252011

Days 35-36 - Livin on a Prayer

MONDAY, JULY 25, 2011 AT 1:41AM

Day 35 - 45 miles

I did not sleep very well last night. I did not even get the 4 hours from 9 till 1 that I usually rely on to give me some rest before the nightmares of the road start. I was waking up all the time, not sure why but I woke quite tired.

The stages now all start at 5am because of this heatwave, to give us an extra half an hour out of the sun's evil glare. We woke at 4.15 and in what seemed like 5 minutes it was 4.45 and we were late for the race briefing.

We managed to lock ourselves out of the motel room as I dashed to the start area to get underway, Gemma had to get back in and go to the Walmart, a vast store bigger than most of the towns we have been to so far.

Ponca city looks interesting in the night. There is a huge industrial site with lights all over so you might think it was a big city skyline at night. I had a belly full of an all you can eat chinese buffet last night which was certainly less than the average belly full in that place. The closer you get to the middle of America the more middle the people have.

On that subject, today was day 35 out of 70. We are as Rainer said "at half-time not half way". Half way comes tomorrow but I think I'll be half way there after today. The early starts, getting ready, slowly starting the plod and getting the job finished each day time 70 seems to be the challenge rather than the number of miles. "Half-way" is sometime tomorrow.

The sun seemed to rise quicker today which at first I thought was a bad thing but a little later at 7am, 2 hours into the run I was surprised that so much time had elapsed already. Today *seems* to be going faster, in terms of miles and minutes it's pretty much the same as yesterday but it just *seems* to be going fast. That is good.

Russell was around again to see us off before heading home. He has been brilliant for so many of us/ Gemma yesterday referred to him as our "shopping bitch". He has got me a couple of pairs of Newtons (apparently all my others are knackered, Gemma thinks so but I am not sure, my feet were not touching the tarmac yet). He also got Jenni some shoes and electrolytes and Rainer a Garmin (as if he needs to know how ridiculously fast he is running). He also gave me a copy of his book on his Trans Europe race last year which I said at the time is the last thing I want to read right now but will definitely do so when this is all over. Thanks so much for all your help and fantastic company Russ and glad to hear you are back in the UK quite a lot. You will have to come along on a Serpie Wednesday night run while you are in London.

It was not long until 5 hours had passed. Well, it was 5 hours I guess but it just felt like 2. I really didn't feel like I had been running that long but then all of a sudden I was halfway through the 45.1 miles and actually feeling pretty good. Today's job might not feel like such a grind.

As usual I was running close to Alex and he told me his crew had a surplus of doughnuts. This day just gets better. Jenni unfortunately had to drop from today as the heat was taking it out of her again. She is such a strong runner who hates to walk at all but the heat really makes her suffer a lot.

With about 15 miles to go I was bounding, feeling really good when running and running lots. Every now and then I would just burst into flames and have to walk to cool down and hose myself with cold water (sounds disgusting but I suck the cold water out of my camel pack and spit it on myself. I don't see the problem, elephants do it). Large amounts of ice were going into my pack and my hat every 3 miles when I saw Gemma. The sandwich option changed today too, it was beef and cheese rather than ham and cheese, a welcome change. She also pours olive oil into the bread to get more calories into me. For drinks I usually have apple juice and raspberry iced tea (an instant powder version that seems to do the trick). I'll have a coke if I want a kick up the arse (normally about twice a day now) and when it gets hot I chug down the Sprite and waters (Budwaters).

Today there was a little breeze, a great wide shoulder, not too much traffic and the occasional cloud. The variables that can make a day really hard made today quite pleasant. It was still way over 40C (42C in the shade at the end) and you have to be careful but today more than I have done for a while I felt like having a go at it.

Alex who is usually ahead of me when I flag in the last 15 miles was behind

today and his team were trying to distract me with doughnuts. I said I'll have one at the end (I did it was great). For most of the last 15 apart from about 4 blow ups which I walked off in half a mile or so I felt great. I ran to the end, stopping only to look in a couple of creeks to see if there was any wildlife. These creeks still have water but not much and occasionally you'll see a very large fish in not much water, it's quite sad.

The great day ended with a little downer as we are staying in a motel that I would describe as "worse than needles". I'll let Gemma go into detail on her blog.

So, great day, half time, things are looking good. Hopefully I will sleep better tonight though if I end up thinking of the road I might consider that a nice dream now rather than a nightmare.

Day 36 – 50 miles

Earlier on in this adventure I'd look at things like course profiles before the run but now I only look at the distance, usually in the morning of the run. Makes no difference worrying about how high or low you have to go, you still have to do it whatever.

Today was exactly 50 miles, nice round number hey Biggus. Assuming intolerable heat and little cloud cover I thought somewhere between 12–13 hours for today's job would be ok.

We left the worst motel (so far) in the USA promptly at 5 and headed out through the town with a display saying it was already 85F at 5am. It never cools down here.

Bit for some reason I felt a little cooler in the first couple of hours, usually I break a sweat straight away but today felt cooler. A couple of us dared to say it, "it seems cooler today".

There were plenty of turns and twisty roads today, not too busy with traffic, that's one variable in our favour. Around 17 miles in we passed through a town where Gemma bought me an ice cream which was the messiest thing I have ever eaten though Gemma says that's just me. I started to get warm and had to take walking breaks to cool off.

22 miles we turned into a lovely quiet road. It was a dream to look at. Surrounded on either side by trees, no traffic and a beautiful winding road with ups and down that was a joy for anyone to travel down whatever their mode of transport. Running, Bike, Motorbike, Car, anyone could have enjoyed this stunning section of tarmac. But it was a trap.

The moment we descended into the valley the road cut through it became apparent that we were in an oven. There was no wind, the humidity was high and the Sun was as mean as ever. I was choking on the heat, struggling at times to even walk without wobbling. Any slight distortion in the road would push me around like some annoying bully. I had no power to overcome little inconsistencies in the road and I was reduced to hobbling forward in a Brownian motion (different from my Brownian motion in New Mexico).

Alex and Jenni were close to me at this point and we'd take turns to collapse into our respective support cars. I would walk along and pass Jenni slumped on the back of the organisers support car then Alex sat down by his Jeep. Then when I saw Gemma I would lie down in the shade on some grass, drink lots, ice lots and watch Jenni and Alex stagger by again. No one seemed to manage more than 2 miles without having to keel over. I used my inhaler lots during this time.

Around 10 miles into this I was walking with Alex and noted the number of houses that were around. I said "you know we have passed 2 towns and a load of houses today and not seen a single person outside. Why do you think that is?"

The valley only lasted those 10 miles and then we had a 5 mile section of interstate where we'd climb out of that low point. As soon as we hit it I felt the pressure drop massively. It got cooler, darker and to my right there were grey clouds making noise. The anticipation was incredible, something is going to happen here.

I put a facebook update to face that this would be a contender for the hardest day so far but there are rain clouds close by. I yelled at them to come.

I felt cooler possibly with the goosebumps of expectation of a rain shower and then I heard the distinct noise of water hitting the floor, and then again, and then a drop hit me in the face. It was going to happen, for the first time in a month we were going to get proper rain. And then the heavens opened, it properly pissed it down. For the first time in weeks I wasn't worrying about how much cold water or ice I had on me, I was getting rained on, getting soaked and it was wonderful. I pranced around like I was in a Westlife video.

The highway was not too busy and I bounded up the hill and passed the Italian support crew and said "I am in London". It stopped after just 15 minutes but the effect was tremendous. Finally a break in the weather, maybe the next few days there will be rain? Or coolness?

As soon as the rain stopped the evil sun came back out and mopped up the floor making it uncomfortably humid again for about 20 minutes but then on turning into a nice quiet road again it seemed fine. It was still 100F+ but it felt bearable.

Russell joined us again towards the end, he is always great to see. Yesterday Gemma called him our "shopping bitch", later today when he left she referred to him as "an unexpected amazing person". He has been amazing to us and the other runners while he has been here and hearing him say "you are looking very well mate" when running is always great to hear.

The last few miles seem to breeze by again, at the half way stage when I was struggling to draw breath I thought there is no way this will get done in under 13 hours. IN the end it was about 12.15. I would say the first 32 of that were as tough as I have had so far (excluding the illness days). I was really pleased with how today ended.

Tomorrow is an early start (and a 30 minute drive) for what is "only" 37 miles. I would look forward to it more if Gemma were not leaving tomorrow. She has been incredible over the last 9 days and they seem to have flown by. I was a mess before she came and now I am back in the swing of it, over half way and closer to New York than to Los Angeles. My weight has stabilised to around 75kg. I am in a great place right now thanks to her support. It's only 4 weeks till she comes back out to see me run the last week of this race.

It is time....

James Adams | [12 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (12)

You are rockin now, James. Keep it up! Worst motel in the USA? ARGH! But, you're probably an expert at this now. Any left-over panties in this one? I didn't think the one we shared with you could get worse, but.....

So happy that you've got to spend all of these 9 days with Gemma. Your attitude "only 4 weeks till I see here again" says volumes about how strong you are and how much she's helped you.

Deb

July 25, 2011 | [Deb and Dave J-R](#)

I've seen Bear Gryllis spit more than camelbak water on himself to cool down on tv :-> Gemma's presence and nutritional switches have had a great effect on you and not long till you're enjoying real NYC pizza and hot dogs from a cart on the street under the bright lights of Times Square :->

July 25, 2011 | [lesley roberts](#)

Keep it up James going so well - please post towns you are running through so that we can follow progress on Google Maps! Love your blogs.

July 25, 2011 | [Tom Greenwood](#)

great to hear youre back on track! it seems to show that with a positive attitude the time and miles go quicker or maybe its Gemma's presence. hopefully the next 4 weeks will go fast also.

idea- maybe the support van can have an ice cream maker in the back? ice cream on tap??!!

gemma

July 25, 2011 | [gemma carter](#)

Reading your blog = a great start to the week. The last paragraph about you and Gemma is very moving. Really good to hear that you are running well, despite all those challenges. It's about time that this heat wave eased off. Keeping fingers crossed for more bearable weather and a good sleep. You are doing so so so well!!

July 25, 2011 | [Anja](#)

I just felt a little pang of guilt about having had a weekend...

July 25, 2011 | [Anja](#)

I passed by you on Saturday, twice actually, between Ponca City, and Pawhuska on HiWay 60. Then on Sunday, I saw the group again on Hiway 75 just north of Tulsa. Amazed how far you had traveled. I must say, all of you looked extremely HOT! I do hope the rain helped to cool you!

On with the point... my curiosity got the better of me and so I googled and found your blog. Very interesting reading, however, I am not seeing the point of it all.

Kudo's to you all , especially in this heat wave that has not been seen since 1981. I wish you safe travels as you enter Arkansas perhaps later today!

July 25, 2011 | [Jill](#)

Over halfway - yee hah!

July 25, 2011 | [John66](#)

And to think i nearly put very warm on my fetch running log after my trail run yesterday, thought of your task and chose perfect!

Keep it going James. I see the point of it all perfectly.

July 25, 2011 | paulrush64@hotmail.co.uk

Perhaps I stated my comment wrong, I did not mean there is no point to doing this. I merely did not see a goal, so to say. As in. is this a fundraiser, or merely something one does just to say they have done it. I will google further and see if there is a website that explains it. I apologise if my comment seemed to be negative! That is not what I meant at all.

July 25, 2011 | [Jill](#)

Great blogs Binks so glad you are so upbeat and positive once again :) Half way, unbelievable, incredible Goooooo Binks

July 25, 2011 | [Jaks](#)

Woo hooo.....!!! As Jaks above says... Goooooooooooo Binks!

July 25, 2011 | [Garfield](#)

Tuesday
Jul262011

Day 37 - Oloogah to Big Cabin - 37.9 miles

TUESDAY, JULY 26, 2011 AT 12:26AM

Today started under a cloud in both a real and a metaphorical sense. On leaving the motel to start the drive back to Oloogah we noticed that it had been raining in the night as well and the sky was cloudy. This would be very good news if it held up.

The bad news however was that Gemma was leaving as soon as the stage would start today to fly back to the UK and continue real life. With the long day yesterday and the drive either way, the early start today I felt like I had no time to spend with her. Time is so precious now and some days I have none of it. It's a shame that happened on her last day.

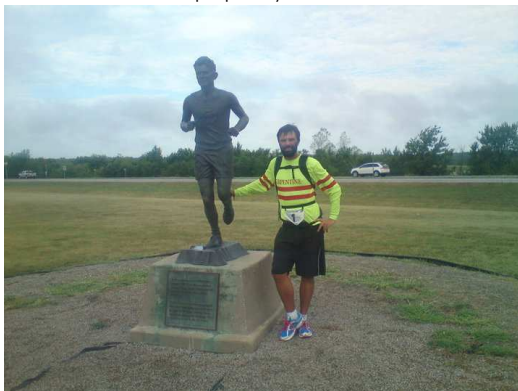
And so the start was quite emotional, I did not listen to a word of the race briefing which could have been a disaster as there were a lot of turns and complications today. As Laure set everyone off to start I hugged Gemma goodbye as she told me she'll be back soon and "you can do this". A little later than everyone else I started walking the stage.

I walked perhaps the first mile, as many do but for me it was just out of reflection. I don't think my legs wanted to run yet. I did eventually break into a jog only to find than everything seemed to hurt. I stuttered in and out of walking worried again about pains in shins and thighs and hips until the penny finally dropped "Yes this is how it has felt for every one of the last 36 days, it goes away, just fucking get on with it".

It was quite hilly at the start and I am in no mood to run up hills so I took it easy, jogging and walking up hills. I felt a bit sick and lacking in energy but assumed that to be more mental than physical. I had a few sandwiches for breakfast made from the huge portion of meat left over from yesterdays dinner. Pulled pork and beef were really quite good. Rene and Berangere (I have certainly mis-spelled that, even phonetically) were my support crew for today. They were awesome as usually.

After 16 miles we passed the statue of Andy Payne, winner of the first Trans USA race in 1928. If you have not read the book I highly recommend "The Bunion Derby", a brilliant account of all the runners in 1928. Route 66 had "just" been built, in fact half of it had and others were work in progress. However a showman called CC Pyle (people thought the CC stood for "Cash and Carry") decided to organise "the greatest show on earth" and stage a footrace across the States.

199 men entered with the hope of winning the \$25000 prize. Pyle did this to make money out of the towns they would pass through rather than any interest in running. The pace some of these guys ran at was astonishing, imagine the shoes they were wearing, complete lack of endurance nutrition and having to sleep in real bad conditions. Most of the runners were poor and without support, they were not provided with enough food or any medication, they could barely sleep. The black runners were threatened in some of the mid states and had to sleep separately from the white runners.



Despite that these guys were phenomenal and I wont spoil the story as to who made it and who didn't (though I just gave the winner away) it is a great read.

In comparison to those guys I have it easy. They had the prospect of not being able to eat at the end of a stage whereas I will always have food and a bed and ice and water and all the things I need. Compared to the original Bunioneers I am J-Lo'ing it across America. I have it easy.

I had my photo taken by the statue and moved on, the sky still full of cloud and pleasantly cool. First thing this morning the temp was in the low 20Cs. I think when the sun finally broke through the cloud around mid-day it went up to about 35C. There was no need for constant icing or cold cold water though I did not pass up the opportunity to get an ice lolly (I had a mega-rocket for \$1.41). That was nice.

Rene and Berangere were insisting that I ate sandwiches and ate fruit. They later revealed that they had quite detailed written instructions from Gemma as to what to give me. That made me laugh, felt like she was there, felt like I could not get away with anything even though she is on a plane.

We were back on route 66 today for the first time in weeks which felt great. I was running close to Alex again and got confused when I saw him staggering about like a drunk about 50m in front of me, then I realised that was not Alex but Mr Tanaka who has such a laboured running stagger it's unbelievable. The last few miles were on a lovely trail which was hilly and warm but bearable. I really hope this weather holds out a little.

I finished with Alex, knocking off the 38 miles in 9.20. I felt no rush today and just let the miles float by me again.

By the end of the day both sets of clouds had lifted, it got a little warm on my walk to the gas station to find something to eat but that's ok. Looks like it will cool down a little at least.

I have now run for nearly 400 hours. I am more than 100 hours behind Rainer, somehow I don't think I am going to win. I will have to email Mr Fetch to ask him (again) to extend the maximum number of hours you can put for a race. I think it's 75 now (after I asked him a few years ago because of a 60 hour race I did). I think this one will come in around 800. I will at least try to keep it under 1000 so he does not need 4 digits for the hours :)

And tomorrow I enter a new state - Missouri. I wonder if that one will try to kill me too.

James Adams | 17 Comments | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (17)

Love the instructions from Gemma :) I'm stunned every day that another one is ticked off successfully. You are one fantastic stubborn bastard!

July 26, 2011 | [Jedgar](#)

Our excellent new friend Gemma got to our house well before the sun was up today. We ran around Tulsa with her, drank some coffee, talked about how well you're doing, and pointed her off towards the airport in plenty of time for her flight home. She's headed back to "real life" - commuting, work, big city, etc...but maybe being out there in the great outdoors, running, sweating and achieving a massively huge goal is an even better "real life" too?!

Glad you had a shorter day today, James, and that you're now well into the second half. Don't worry - there won't be any "extra time" in NYC! Keep eating, and getting it done. Oklahoma's nearly over. It hasn't treated y'all kindly, but you prevailed. We're proud of you, man.

July 26, 2011 | [Russell Secker](#)

Must've been tough seeing Gemma leave. She is there in spirit eith you all the way. You're doing fantastically James :)

July 26, 2011 | [Sandra McDougall](#)

Looking good Adams :O) Must be a fantastic feeling knowing that, whatever happens now, you'll make it to the finish line in NY having ran 3200 miles...truly amazing x

July 26, 2011 | [Smelly](#)

Another term for J-Lo'ing is Glamping. :o)

July 26, 2011 | [Ted](#)

Stop feeling sorry for yourself you miserable bugger and pull those 100 hours back..... great work as per usual. ;-)

July 26, 2011 | [Ian Corless](#)

Love the "Joining across America". Come on James - you can do it - Gemma is there in spirit. You are doing amazingly.

July 26, 2011 | [Sarah Spall](#)

Day at a time. Fingers crossed for rain and bananas. Not at the same time of course.

July 26, 2011 | [Jon](#)

you could enter it as 70 races and have 70 PBs at weird distance :) Keep going. I had a chat about what you're doing with a serpie on my last run. There's a lot of people following you!

July 26, 2011 | [Nightjar](#)

There's a place called Oloogah? Seriously?

July 26, 2011 | [Nikoiai](#)

So, Missouri, let me see...also known as the 'Show Me State', although what you'll be showing and what state it will be in, I shudder to think.

Random facts for you to ponder on.....

Missouri was named after a tribe called Missouri Indians; meaning "town of the large canoes"

The state animal is the Mule.

On Sucker Day in Nixa, Missouri, school closes officially and the little town swells to a throng of 15,000 hungry folks. All craving a taste of the much maligned but delicious bottom dweller fish loathed by almost everyone else.

Well, who'd have thought it...

Looking strong on the photos James, keep on trekking.

July 26, 2011 | [Carl Miles](#)

My daily ritual.. watch the tour & cheer on Cadel. Check runningandstuff & cheer on James. The tour is over but there's plenty of life left in ram. Missouri is that what they call flyover country? or was that Iowa. Your blog is better written than Dean & Lance's books. Keep going mate, with everything.

July 26, 2011 | [Brendan](#)

Awesome stuff! You've got hundreds of peeps cheering you on "this side of the pond" too... So keep going! As per previous FB post - my average annual mileage is 1700... You're superhuman; & a massive inspiration with it!!!! :)

July 26, 2011 | [TeresaGdL](#)

confession:

when you suggested colin farrell as the actor to star as you in a film about you (see day 28 blog), some may conjure up images of the hairy irish actor who starred in hart's war, minority report and in bruges, but not me, because i know better. what floated in my head were images of the awkward english guy from bridget jones diary. i was certain that it had to be the bridget jones guy because it certainly couldn't be that ferrell guy from elf.

July 26, 2011 | [springpanther](#)

It must have got colder if you're wearing the Serpie winter long sleeve!

July 26, 2011 | [John](#)

400 hrs I say no more!

July 26, 2011 | [lesley roberts](#)

Only 100 hours behind. See Tortoise v Hare (c.2000 BC).

Easy win still there for the taking!!

July 26, 2011 | [Dan Afshar](#)

Wednesday
Jul272011

Day 38 - Big Cabin to Miami - 40.9 miles

WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 2011 AT 12:56AM

Day 38

"Another one like yesterday please" was the request from most of the runners. The mileage was not much different, 41 instead of 38. However when you look up you could see stars and the moon which meant little cloud. Still it was a much cooler start and yesterday was good for resting and sleeping.

The race briefing Laure said that tomorrow we will still be in Oklahoma (I got it wrong yesterday) but that we will be entering Missouri after 10 miles of tomorrow. She actually pronounces the state "Misery", the same way I pronounce "New Mexico".

On starting in the dark I had a look up at the moon. I have now seen all the shapes the moon has to offer during this race and will see them all again. I love running under a clear sky and a full moon normally when back at home, switch off the head torch and let the moonlight guide you. Now I just thought that if I can see the moon then soon I'll be able to see the Sun.

It's hard in the dark to tell whether you are going uphill or down. It's hard anyway on these roads but the first few miles are a gauge of how knackered you feel and if you are going uphill without knowing then you feel like you are more screwed than maybe you are. But I should know better now than to believe what my legs are telling me in the first few miles, they are bastard liars.

8 miles we ran through a large town that had a McDonalds, Breakfast it is then. I stopped and bought a egg and bacon "griddle" which looked nice but is on a sweet bread which I am not really a fan of. I should stick to the muffins next time.

Shortly after on running up a busy road two guys in a car leaned out to yell "RUN FAT BOY RUN" at me. I thought it was a little harsh from two guys who were clearly not shy of the doughnuts themselves. Perhaps I should go back on the diarrhoea diet, I managed to lose a few pounds then.

And then, as if that could not be topped, I got to the top of a hill and saw a chicken crossing a road. Why did it do that? I have no idea. I wanted to run ahead and tell Alex about it but I am not sure whether he would understand.

The support today were great again and I was behind Jenni and Italu so they had to come back to feed me. Gemma has them well versed with what I need, sandwiches (and apparently apple sauce after a sandwich). I insisted that I had just had a McDonalds and was therefore perfectly healthy.

At 23 miles we passed through another little town where some food and drink was put on for us by the owners of a museum. I stopped for a little while and bought an ice cream from a nearby gas station (fudge lolly for \$1.40). I think I get silly when I have ice cream cos I then nearly missed a turning.

I started running over a creek then onwards along the road thinking that the next turn was 4 miles, when I looked at the instructions I realised that it was actually one mile. Shit. Have I gone a mile since that creek? I had no idea, I have no watch or anything. I looked around and could see no support cars or runners around so re-traced my steps. I walked almost back to the creek and could not find this road, I then walked back the other way and found the road, about 100m forward of where I was. Doh.

I was then on some old gravel track that is really part of R66 but has been preserved in it's original state. It is quite nice to have the variety but sometimes stones can just be annoying, especially when you are only lifting your legs millimetres. It was very hot again, by 10am I saw a sign saying 95F, it got to more than 100F (around 40C) during the day. I had ice from the team but not as much as from Gemma. I felt good and could run as long as ice was touching my head but when it dried I felt too hot again and had to slow down or walk.

After this section we were on a highway, I was catching up to Jenni and when I caught up with her she said she was dropping out as her legs and arms had swollen. Her legs really did look swollen as did her left hand. I think she really needs a couple of days rest and to get her electrolytes sorted.

Serge looked strong behind me today, he has had a terrible few days with an

internal blister or blood clot or something in his foot that makes every step excruciating. He has spent a few days near the back and looks like he is getting over it. His support butler made me laugh this morning, came over to me just after a turn and said "have you seen Serge?" I think he lost him somehow.

With only 3 miles to go I was thinking of the finish and easing down when a familiar car parked in front of me. It was Russ and Claire, I just can't shake these guys off :) Russ handed me a milkshake and promised a Subway at the end (and called Gemma to ask how I liked it). Those two really are awesome people. I think Russ is hooked on this race, he should have done it.

I ran through the town of Miami to the motel that we are staying in, I used the crossings and lack of side walk as an excuse to walk most of the last 2 miles.

So 41 miles done in 10.15, that's 4mph which sounds like walking but it isn't really. I was quite pleased that today felt easy. I said to Russ that I like to day the short days even easier as there is no rush to finish. On a 14 hour day every minute you save can be used in recovery, today that's not so important.

Gemma told me that my little brother had gone to talk about me in **my old school** and now there is a link about this on their website. This was really nice to see and brought back memories. Especially of the "sponsored walk" we'd do every year at that place where we would walk 15 laps of the school (prob about 8 miles). I hated it and usually cheated and cut corners. What's the point of doing all that on foot?

[James Adams](#) | [9 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (9)

Love your comment about seeing every shape of the moon and that you will do so again. That is so cool!!! Dave just told me that when he sees the moon in a race, it means that he's fallen on his back.

I'm sure you didn't take the Run Fat Boy Run comment seriously. It's actually a movie with Simon Pegg which I really enjoyed. I'm sure you've found that a high percentage of Americans have had their share of donuts! Most can only run to the fridge.

My legs were bastard liars this a.m. on my brief 6 mile run...actually, my brain is a bastard liar too: both telling me to quit.

Please our best on to the rest of the runners and crew, and make sure that Jenny takes care of herself; ditto for Serge.

Rock on, James!!!

Deb and Dave

July 27, 2011 | [Deb and Dave J-R](#)

Glad you had an easy one!

July 27, 2011 | [Andrew](#)

How many miles did the chicken have to do today?

July 27, 2011 | [Laurie](#)

Sounds like a good day - well done

July 27, 2011 | [John66](#)

Well done James, looks like you're finally getting the hang of this ultra-running thing HAHAHA. Keep ticking off the downward day count and before you know it you'll be in NY. By the way, only 1 year to the Olympics....why don't you offer to do the whole Olympic torch relay on your own???

Keep up the spirits and the Big Macs down.

Lanzarote Steve

July 27, 2011 | [Lanzarote Steve](#)

Well done James! Another great read - you are doing brilliantly and thank you for the morning read. x

July 27, 2011 | [Sandra BT](#)

"I insisted that I had just had a McDonalds and was therefore perfectly healthy."

I love it - I get all my nutritional advice from this blog. Anyway just done a hilly 22 miles so I'm off for a kebab and chips.

Keep it going James

July 27, 2011 | [mrmjb](#)

Mc Griddles are minging :-)

July 27, 2011 | [lesley roberts](#)

Nice going again...and just why do some folks feel the need to shout "Run fat boy Run" or "Run Forrest"? Glad this last one was kind to you.:)

July 27, 2011 | [Garfield](#)

Thursday
Jul282011

Day 39 - Miami to Carthage - 48.7 miles

THURSDAY, JULY 28, 2011 AT 2:35AM

The nightmares about the road have stopped. I'm actually sleeping quite well. Each day I get up with little more than a feeling that I have a job to do. I've stopped spending so much time worrying about the things I can't control such as where we stay at night, how much down time I get, what there will be to eat at the end, phone reception, internet connections even money. I can always make more money, I can't run across the USA very often.

Actually last night I got a couple of things off my mind. The hospital finally sent the bill for my 3 hours in the emergency ward (\$2400 though oddly discounted to \$1600). I hope my insurance settles that and Gemma is on to the case. I also looked at my bank balance last night too, not too bad. I have not really been keeping a handle on what I spend and worried that the pot would have dwindled a lot. Most of the costs of the race have been incurred now and I feel like I will have a little breathing space at the end. I won't have to sleep in a bus shelter when I return to the UK (though that sounds nicer than the motel from a couple of days ago).

So now it's just that, running, covering the distance each day and if there is time to blog or eat nice food or chat or call Gemma at the end of each day then that's a bonus. Bed by 8.30 latest, up at 4, just do the job each day. I feel like I am getting used to it now, like this is *normal*. Dare I say it's getting easier...

Today was going to be a great day, we were leaving the state that tried so hard to kill us all. Just another 13 miles of this and we were in Kansas (if only for 9 miles and then into Missouri). "Lets get the hell out of Oklahoma" I said at the beginning of the day.

It was Patrick's birthday today, not sure which one but he said he hopes not to run like an older man today. HE was presented with a book on the 1928 running across America. There were calls for him not to read it as it would give him silly ideas. He was already more than half way through that silly idea and smashing it.

The first 13 miles were the standard. I was told there were 3 Mcdonalds on the route today and I was intent on hitting them all. The first was just a mile into Kansas (Bye bye Oklahoma) and I stopped for a breakfast bagel and a smoothie. It was my first McDonalds smoothie and I had no idea just how good they were. It was starting to get a little hot and the ice cold fruit was amazing.

The 9 miles of Kansas was fairly uneventful, the "Pray for rain" signs were now "pray for America". Bando found a wallet full of cash and cards and handed it to his crew who passed it onto the police. There was no sign for entering Missouri but I think it was when we crossed a main road and headed into one of those lovely tree surrounded windy roads that nearly killed me the other day.

In fact it was really nice, I did not feel the temperature more than other days but was icing my hat and pack as usual. Around half way we entered Joplin, a town devastated by a tornado in May.

The first glance at Joplin looked like there had been some damage but nothing too much. Houses were missing roofs, a gas station was closed as it had been shattered. The other side of the street looked fine though, all the houses and buildings in perfect condition. I thought that this was not as big as expected and headed through the town and took a right turn onto another busy street.

The view from then was an upsetting shock. Miles and miles of rubble on each side. The town had been razed. There were still random buildings in perfect condition but most of it was wood and brick just piled on the ground. From a distance it looks like any disaster scene you will see on the news from time to time, a bit anonymous. When we got up close to the buildings it was awful, there were shoes and teddy bears and clothes and toasters and all manner of peoples personal possessions buried under mortar. One of the runners was told about a boy who was swept up in the tornado and not found for 20 days, dead in a lake, dead in a lake I just ran past thinking "that's a lovely lake".

I was running with Alex at the time and he just said "Look at how your life can change", pointing to the nice house with the car and the boat on the left and then pointing to the pile of rubble and belongings on the right. I think

everyone's lives must have changed that day, 200 of them ended.

With that harrowing few miles everything else seem to fade. All of a sudden minor pains in my legs didn't really matter anymore. I walked through most of the town but started running again as soon as I got out.

The temperature really kicked up again but it didn't register with me too much, it was only when I saw a sign that said 111F and then seeing Alex looking quite dazed in the shade. I was feeling OK probably because of McDonalds stop no 2 where I just had the smoothie.

The last 10 miles were really nice. A quiet road with a couple of towns passed. I think I like Missouri already. There was the third and final McDonalds a mile from the finish, it would be rude not to make the hat-trick wouldn't it? Again , the same wild berry smoothie while someone in there suggesting this wasn't the weather for biking. I'm not biking, I'm running.

Right, it's past my bedtime. I think tomorrow is about 53 miles. Night night x.

James Adams | **5 Comments** | **Share Article**

Reader Comments (5)

Hi there, am really enjoying reading your diary James, makes me amazed to see how far the human body can go if I'm being honest! Keep up the good work, and try not to let the lucrative contract with the Daily Telegraph go to your head ;)

J Leese

July 28, 2011 | **JL**

From 2 McDonalds, only one bagel and three smoothies. I can't pretend I'm not disappointed. Well done. I like the way you put things into perspective. Excellent bloggage as usual.

July 28, 2011 | **John66**

Really enjoying keeping up with your exploits James and glad you are feeling a bit more cheery. All this talk of Macdonalds though is making me thinking of popping into my nearest one at lunchtime to test out those smoothies. allez James allez.

July 28, 2011 | **Sarah Spall**

Joplin must have been such a terrible sight to see so close and relatively new. I'm very proud of the smoothies though :-)

July 28, 2011 | **lesley roberts**

\$1600?? God bless the NHS.

July 29, 2011 | **Ob**

Saturday
Jul302011

Days 40 and 41

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 2011 AT 2:09AM

A couple of boring ones.

Day 40 – Carthage to Springfield – 52.7 miles

For the past few days I have stopped stressing about time. I can't control it so there is no point worrying about it. By the end of today, although it was more than 13 hours it did not feel like much time had passed at all. In fact it does not feel like much time has passed since yesterday. It feels like an age since I was in LA, buckling under the weight of this thing. Now the days just seem to be falling off, and the job is getting smaller.

Today could have started with a downer though, I was given an "official warning" for not running safely on the road. It's a fair cop I think I was facebooking on a windy road without paying much attention, I think the organisers are keen to enforce rules more now given that Missouri has a higher proportion of knob-head drivers than the other states we have passed through.

I was in a really good place mentally, clearly. Once I started running I stopped being annoyed completely with the warning, I was even trying to get angry about but it all just bounced off. Makes a difference from when I burst into tears about forgetting sunglasses.

After yesterdays McDonalds fest it was slim pickings today, just a gas station at 26 miles where I hoped to at least get an ice lolly.

The roads in Missouri really are nicer than Oklahoma though the price we pay is that with all the twists and turns and undulations cars can not see that far ahead and hence can't give you a lot of space as the roads are narrower. I am not sure what I prefer.

Why is it that tell any American what state you are running through and they'll reply "yes it's the XXXXXX that'll kill yer"? Missouri "It's the humidity that'll kill yer", Arizona "It's the altitude that'll kill yer", California "It's the heat that'll kill yer", Oklahoma "It's the winds that'll kill yer", New Mexico "It's left over beef steaks that'll kill yer". Why does every state want to kill us? You don't get that in the UK. If someone says they are running through Leicester I don't reply "It's the knitting machines that'll kill yer".

The day went the same as usual. I set out at a reasonable pace, Alex catches up around 15 miles, we swap places every couple of miles while we get our support stops or I go into a shop to buy a lolly, I'd catch up with Markus around 25 miles in and chat and the 3 of us would finish near to each other.

I was not eating as much solid food as in previous days and today for the first time in a while went back to energy gels and cans of monster. I have not had a monster for about 3 weeks now, since the illness (was that really that long ago?) and the taste brought back the memories of the early days of this race. It feels big when I look back, not so much forward.

And so today went without too much fuss and I felt as strong in the last 5 miles of today as I had done in any of the finished so far, even though I could not run too much because of the traffic. On arrival at the motel I was driven to McDonalds (there were not a lot of places nearby) where I spent more money in there than I think I ever have, \$23 on 2 large big-mac meals, each with smoothies and 20 chicken nuggets (breakfast).

A really tough day but a good one

Day 41 – Springfield to Conway – 44.4 miles

I know better than now to call any day less than 45 an "easy" day which is just as well because this was not one of those days. The first 10 miles were through the city of Springfield (I saw no Moe's, no Kwik-e-mart but did see a driver who looked like mole man). There were 3 McDonalds within the first 10 miles but I went in none of them.

The first 10 felt quite comfortable, especially as we were in a city as often in the morning that are very hot. This is the biggest city we have been in since LA. As soon as we got out of it though the humidity hit me, I was suffocating and I think Alex and Markus were too, it was stifling. This state really is trying to kill us.

My clothes were wet all over but I was not cooling down, there was no wind or cloud just stifling wet air. I wonder who it was who first discovered humidity, there is no evidence of it other than slow suffocating.

This carried on for about 15 miles where we had to make a turning at a gas station, I went in to buy an ice lolly and saw a blast from the past, ice-poles. I don't think I have had one of those since school. I used to buy them for 10p on my way home from school while enduring some of the 25C summer holidays. I bought the two that remained (\$3.50, prices seem to have gone up a bit in 20 years), I put one down my top to store and tore into the other.

I walked chomping on these things for a couple of miles trying to think about the things I used to think about when I was about 11. It was probably about which ninja turtle was the best and whether Melanie Wainwright would ever go out with me. I always thought Donatello was the best and I don't believe Melanie ever wanted to go out with me, I think she said it clearly enough. Maybe it's because I cheated at the sponsored walk?

Well, 20 years later I don't think I have too much more to worry about, the second ice pop (green flavour, it even tasted just like the green I remember 20 years ago) went down quickly and I was resigned to having to run again, but this time with a lot of ice on my head and in my body it felt much better.

And then I heard thunder and the temperature drop again, oh yes we were going to get another one. It took much longer to arrive this time but so long as the pressure dropped the temperature did too and then we got 20 minutes of beautiful rain. Well, I say "we", Alex who was just ahead of me got it, Markus who was just behind got none at all. Soon after the rain stopped the evaporation started to choke again but I was close enough to the end for that not to bother me too much except that my ankle felt twisted, probably as a result of having to run so close to the edge of the road where the camber is quite severe. I hope it's a bit better tomorrow.

So 44.5 miles done this time in 11.23, quite slow really but it still *felt* quicker. Tomorrow we pass 3000k. That's pretty big.

James Adams | [10 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (10)

not boring at all. far from it. It's the boring ones that'll kill yer. good to see you aren't starving yet and doing your bit to keep the US national debt down. "\$23 on 2 large big-mac meals, each with smoothies and 20 chicken nuggets (breakfast)." nice work James

July 30, 2011 | [Brendan in Beijing](#)

Hey James,

I can feel for you with the heat and humidity, it's a real pain running with the combination of the two. Given a choice I'd take heat over humidity any day. read in your Maraton des Sables bit that you came pover to Lanzarote for warm-weather training but only got rain. What month did you come?Should come over now, we've got 32°C, a howling gale and humidity around 80%. great for running up hills.

Anyways, keep going and don't worry about the organiser warnings. tell them you've got the Force.

July 30, 2011 | [Lanzarote Steve](#)

Your blogs definitely aren't boring! Lol at the ninja turtles - I think Michelangelo was always my favourite. Keep going James!

July 30, 2011 | [Sarah Spall](#)

I agree with Sarah I dont think you could write a boring blog. Is an ice-pole the same as a Calypso but thinner? Just read that you'd completed the 3000k mark Congratulations ;-)

July 30, 2011 | [Jaks](#)

You are doing very well. Keep up ze good work.

July 30, 2011 | [Dr Von Kakaland](#)

3000km i have had to say it in my head a few times to comprehend, incredible running and blogging.

Paul

July 30, 2011 | [Paul Rushton](#)

3000 k is impressive, but you've easily topped 3000 calories with that last McDonalds meal..Good work on both counts!

July 31, 2011 | **Laurie**

Just found your blog James, an amazing achievement already congrats on reaching the 300K.

Keep that brain entertained with ice pole eating Nija turtles... A fantastic read :-)

July 31, 2011 | **Prue**

I'm sure it would be the pork pies in Leicestershire that would kill yer. Imagine if the race went through Corby though, "It's the trouser presses that'll kill yer"...

August 1, 2011 | **jb**

Keep it up, laddie boy!

You are the talk and the toast of Fetchland!!

August 1, 2011 | **Kenny_Boy**

Monday
Aug012011

Days 42 and 43

MONDAY, AUGUST 1, 2011 AT 2:38AM

Day 42 - Conway to St Robert - 51.7 miles

The day started as usual except this time I was a little more worried to start running. Yesterday ended a bit disappointingly with a tweak to my ankle that seemed to get worse after the finish. Each day starts with a walk, I think everyone wants to space out a bit before they start running. Sometimes I am not convinced I actually am capable of running until I finally start shuffling my feet. There you go, you can still run. Game on.

But today there was a lot more apprehension about taking those first steps, like checking a bank balance. I know I need to look at it but I am scared of what it will say. Perhaps if I just don't look then it will just go away. After about a mile I started to run. And it was absolutely fine.

This morning it was my right knee and hamstring that seemed to be sore but as long as the injuries moved around my body I am happy that no serious damage is being done. I had an early confrontation with a skunk, it was just wandering across the road in the dark and so I moved to the other side so to not disturb it, it looked at me and arched it's back like a cat ready to pounce. I moved further away and it continues alongside me and did the arching thing again. Yeah come on sunshine, I can probably out-stink you right now.

Around 7am I passed some Jehovahs Witness building and was tempted to go banging on their door at this unjehovahly hour and tell them to come out running with me. It looked like too much of a trek though.

It's too easy to think (and say) things like "oooooh, it's not as warm as it was at this time yesterday" but it really is pointless as the weather here can turn on a sixpence. It did feel a little cooler at 8am and it's tempting to think that the whole day will be cooler. However it depends on so many things, how many clouds there are, how high, how many trees, wind etc. At 8am I was looking forward to a cooler day, by 9am I was suffocating again.

We are starting to go through some bigger towns and cities now which is great for people who like to fuel of random crap they can buy from shops and fast food places on the way. Around 16 miles in we entered a place called Lebanon which was quite a big place compared to where we have been and I was hopeful of a place to have a breakfast sandwich. On being disappointed that the McDonalds we'd pass was on the other side of the interstate and so I could not get to it. I staggered in the heat through Lebanon looking for a place but everything was closed. Eventually I found a "Casey's" store and bought 2 egg and sausage biscuits (which are kind of muffin things here). Phew.

The temperature soared again as I exited the town (towns feel so much hotter) and tried to get an ice cream from a gas station but they had nothing, the lady in there seemed really interested in the race and so I bought a couple of drinks in there.

After Lebanon there was a hilly section of quiet road alongside the I-44. There are not many cars at all but as it's hilly and twisty you have to be careful. It's hard to be careful when you are choking on humidity though. The camber of the road makes it look like you are running drunk, a slight change in gradient and you wobble off to one side. On the plus side it looks really nice.

And there was a little lift today in the form of a milestone, or kilometerstone. 3000 kilometres, or rather to but it more succinctly 3 megametres. Only about 2 megametres to go.

After several hours of the usual choking there was hope, the sky started to fill with clouds, grey clouds. There had been thunderstorm warnings in the state and I really hoped we'd get to run in one. The clouds started to rumble and the sky flashed, we were going to get it. I yelled at the sky as I passed the Italian support car to come down on us hard. And it did.

This was proper rain, coming in sideways and heavy. The noise was deafening, you could hear it crack to the left and then roll round right behind us like we were in a theatre. Alex said "you need to moderate your powers" as if it really was me that called the rain. I said "come on Alex, let's do some British running" and we ran through the storm.

It lasted about an hour, we were all drenched. I even started to feel *cold*. That's a sensation I have not felt for a while, certainly not when running. All feet were soaked which meant many were worried by blisters but I just loved ..

the rain.

It stopped, not suddenly it drizzled for a while. There was about 12 miles left and we feared what was coming next. As Simone said the last time it happened "yes the rain was good but now you must pay". The Sun would start it's evil work, sucking back the water and saturating the air. I looked at the ground, willing it to take in all the water before the Sun could claim it back.

But it never came out again, today the clouds finally won. It stayed overcast and cool for the remainder of the day. It was wonderful. There was lots of climbing to be done at the end and our final stop in St Robert was quite high. The last few miles my feet ached more than they have done so far, probably softened up by the rain. 13.40 is probably the longest day yet for me as I passed through the finish line with Alex.

I lay down in the grass and drank the American Water and contemplated nothing more than eating and sleeping. I ordered a delivery to my room from a great Greek restaurant, getting a chicken souvlaki and a pizza. The pizza was mostly for breakfast and the next day.

Day 43 - St Robert to St James - 41.4 miles

Italo told me last night that today was going to be 77k. I was disappointed as I thought it was shorter and this played on my mind a little. In fact I had my first white line dream for a couple of weeks. I thought I was passed worrying about how many miles each day brings. Clearly not.

However it was not 77 but 67, or 41.5 miles just as I thought. The next 3 days were going to add up to less than 100 miles which would feel like a holiday. I signed in on the sheet today, a new sheet to denote that it is now week 7. I have been running now every day for 6 weeks and only have 4 left.

We were along the road next to the I-44 for the first few miles and then down a more isolated one (I don't even know whether it is R66 or not). I spoke to Serge early on about his next run, crossing 5 continents in 18 months, covering 40000Km (or 40Mm). He mentioned that he used to be a trader and started running to get some stress relief. He also said that he believes everyone still in the race will make it to New York and that it's the first 10 days that sorts everyone out.

I said I feel physically weaker but mentally stronger since starting this race. I ache lots and I am slowing down and faffing at stops and in shops much more but I worry less and let less things get to me. That's what is going to get me to New York. If I can finish the day inside the cut off and not dying then I have done my job.

I felt pretty good and the scenery was great, trees everywhere though it was very foggy at day break. I had not seen fog in a while too, I could be back in England again.

The roads were quiet and surrounded by trees so closely that you sometimes got shade from them. If only all of Missouri were like this.

I watched the weather channel last night, just because it's the default on the TV. The place we were running through today was forecast 100F with 99% humidity and 97 dewpoints. I don't really know what dewpoints are (nor really what 99% humidity means, is it the maximum amount of water the air can hold at a given temperature?). Anyhoo it's bloody hard work with all of the above and while I have spent a long time "hoping" it will ease off it did occur to me that I've done 43 days of this now and there is no reason I can't do the other 27. At least it can't get any worse.

I didn't just write that out loud did I?

And so the humidity kicked in again and I responded in the usual way, to find an ice cream shop. I went into a gas station and they had none (note to self, Phillips 66 stations do not sell ice lollies). I then went into a large supermarket, wandered around in their lovely cool aisles and found that they only sell ice cream in buckets. Doh. A mile further I found a "Casey's" again and in their freezer were ice poles :) I bought 2 again and spent a while just wondering down the very undulating road of the town of Rolla chomping on chemically coloured ice (this time I had purple and red).

There were quite a lot of us running near each other today. Myself, Koshita (who has now taken over 6000 photos), Markus, Ishiara, Alex and Bando. Alex has been suffering a bit recently, feeling a lack of energy. He mentioned yesterday his crew think it might be an iron deficiency. The next 2 days of less than 50k are really going to help us all recover and rest. Having time to have 2 meals in a day rather than trying to stuff as many calories down us at the end of each day will be nice.

Today I ate mostly left over pizza. The crew are quite cool in pretending to be

Gemma and frowning at me if I eat crap. Berangere likes to wag her finger at me if I don't eat right and say "Gemma" at me. Emily just likes to take photos of me eating crap, like yesterday when I stopped in the shop to buy pringles.

Laure sent a special message to me during the stage to say that the finish motel had a pool and a McDonalds opposite. I don't know how I got this reputation for fast food.

There were a few miles on trails towards the end and then another undulating road (this will be a theme for the rest of the race I think). Then into St James' and as soon as I saw the golden arches I knew I had finished. I didn't hang about at the finish, I ran straight in and had one of those lovely smoothies.

So, another day done, nothing dropped off. Good day.

[James Adams](#) | [5 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (5)

Your blog is a shortcut on my desktop now, James. Clearly, MacDonalds have missed a marketing opportunity - they should be emphasising their competence as "pitstops for continent-crossing runners"! Megameters? Never seen that term before! But congratulations on passing through three of them. Fantastic achievement!

August 1, 2011 | [Northampton Tim](#)

Great going again James. Dewpoints indicate humidity but without the relative bit. Relative humidity can be a poor indicator of comfort at high temperatures. Mind you, with the figures you're looking at it's all a bit moot. Much respect.

August 1, 2011 | [NightJar](#)

Make the most of the fast food while there's only a couple of megakilometres to go. Morgan Spurlock was a skinny little runt before he embarked on his Jimmy Mac binge. I thought Hong Kong was unbearable at this time of the year and it's (only 33C and 99%). Just breathing must be a hydration experience.

August 1, 2011 | [Brendan in Beijing](#)

If they hadn't already noticed your penchant for McDonalds yet, they must have been living under a rock... ;) Great going and humidity makes warm weather really awful. Hang in there, you're doing great!!!

August 1, 2011 | [Garfield](#)

Wow, just wow really. Just caught up on the blog - 3000km takes a while to read you know! Awesome effort all round, keep going and keep blogging please.

August 1, 2011 | [Mark - Lytham Runner](#)

Tuesday
Aug022011

Day 44 - St Robert to Owensville - 29 (TWENTY NINE) miles

TUESDAY, AUGUST 2, 2011 AT 1:17AM

29 miles, seriously what is that? Should I even get out of bed for it? Well I suppose I should as I need to stay in the race.

We all decided to start at 5am still, mostly to get away from the heat a little. I think now we are in a routine of getting up at 4am each day to do this, a routine I am looking forward to getting out of soon.

Today is the 1st August. We will be going to New York *this* month. I have never been to New York before and as soon as I get there it becomes a holiday. I am counting down to it as if it were a holiday, I just have another 26 days of ball-aching work to do before that.

I immediately felt massive tightness in my hamstring and right arse today as I started to run and it did not go away after a few miles, it seemed to get worse. It was a little frustrating and today though the roads were again lovely and quiet the twists and turns compounded the problem.

Nowadays I run much nearer the back of the field. Usually near Alex and in front of Phillipe, Bando and Koshita though today Koshita ran out fast and finished way ahead of me. I am not taking any risks now. My body is hurting and slowing but it can still do the job. When something hurts I ease up a bit which means that I am perpetually easing up.

I stopped to stretch a few times and all of a sudden I was in last place. I've been here before when I was ill but started to wonder whether I am sailing close to the cut off times. IN actual fact I am comfortably inside them and have little to worry about in that respect but I still like to worry. Maybe it will stop in about 20 days.

We joked that Rainer would finish this stage before the people in the motel had left the rooms from the previous night, in the end he spanked it in 4.20. I took about 7.30 and suffering the worst humidity I have yet had. My clothes were soaked, I remembered to put my route sheet in a bag so that it would not dissolve like it has done in previous days. My phone is knackered from the humidity too, the 8 and clear keys do not work now which makes it fun trying to send Gemma a text that does not use a t, u or v and one where I can not delete any mistakes.

Still, it was only 29 miles and I knew in my head it will be over soon and there will be plenty of time to catch up on the things like sleep and eating. I've lost a couple of kg since Gemma left, down to 73 now which means I have lost 11kg since the start. Shit I just converted that and it's 1 ¾ stone. I better warn Ealing Kebab when I get back.

I finished in around 7.30, pretty slow but with the undulations and the aches I am pleased, still well over an hour under cut-off. I have plenty of room.

It's funny at the end now that Laure makes her highest priority getting me to a McDonalds. As I lay down under a nice shady tree Berand drove to get my order of a big mac and fries and a smoothie. Laure has also bought some nice beers (Boston something, can't remember but they are infinitely better than Budweiser). If Budweiser are the King of Beers then I am the King of organic fruit.

There is a new addition to the show now, Ludwig has been crewing Serge for the past couple of days and offered massages to the runners at the end of the stage today. Oddly I was the only one who took advantage of this and had a nice 20 minutes of relaxing massage on my legs. I think it will do some good and I can get the same tomorrow though. I told him about my usual massage person, Roberto the Butcher of Pimlico. How he likes to hurt me every time I see him. If this race does not kill me I think he may do first time I see him back in London.

[James Adams](#) | [9 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (9)

Well done!

Keep going and enjoy the easy ones.

Florence my 6 year old thinks you are really good. She asked me to tell you.

August 2, 2011 | [Andrew](#)

Would that be your namesake Sam Adams Boston Lager? Much more like beer! An oldie but a baddie..... Do you know what the difference is between budweiser and making love in a canoe? Nothing, they are both fucking close to water. Keep it up, keep on blogging, and enjoy every day and mile, don't think too much about the finish yet.

August 2, 2011 | [James in hk](#)

Another blog entry already – Fantastic! Blighty is enjoying a brief spell of warm weather, James, and I sympathise with your struggles with the humidity. You may have thought it was a short day, but I couldn't imagine running anywhere in temperatures and humidity greater than this! Take advantage of every massage Ludwig offers – you still need to get those aching, stiff muscles through another 26 days.

August 2, 2011 | [Northampton Tim](#)

James my man. Forget the pain, forget the strain and just keep running til the next McDonalds. Should have asked Ronal McDonald for a sponsorship deal–doesn't seem right not to get free burgers and smoothies in return for all the publicity you're giving him. 29 miles is an easy day for you, it's my main aim for this year!!! Puts your efforts into perspective, amazing my boy.

August 2, 2011 | [Lanzarote Steve](#)

29 miles is an easy day? Well done so far, good blog. All hail the king of organic fruit :-)

August 2, 2011 | [John66](#)

Great work mate, still bashing out those miles. What's the burger count, have you eaten a whole cow yet?

August 2, 2011 | [Andy](#)

I'm with Lanzarote Steve you SHOULD be getting free burgers, I haven't had McD's since I can remember, reading your blog daily gave me such cravings (though also partly blamed on pregnancy) that I had to get a big mac meal on Saturday. Wish I could do just a "short" 29 miles to work that off!!! Thank you for the inspiration though James already started looking at what silly adventures I can do for 2012 once baby Taylor is born. Keep doing such a brilliant job and loving reading about your marvellous adventure in the blogs!!
xx

August 2, 2011 | [Sandra BT](#)

Loving the king of organic fruit title, enjoy the rest your little warm up of 29 miles gives you. Fantastic stuff.

Paul

August 2, 2011 | paulrush64@hotmail.co.uk

You'll probably want to ease into the kebab eating on your return as you don't want a repeat of New Mexico

August 2, 2011 | [lesley roberts](#)

TUESDAY
Aug022011

Day 45 - Owensville to Hermann - 29.9 miles

TUESDAY, AUGUST 2, 2011 AT 11:56PM

Day 45

Today was another "easy" day of just short of 30 miles. I had a lot of food last night and more time off my feet than usual and the massage I think really helped.

I still had another white line dream though, at 2am I was up thinking I could get another 2 hours sleep if only I could get the road out of my head. I couldn't and the remainder of the night I was just lying there. I don't think lack of sleep will stop me in this race but it's nice to sleep all the way through. I am told a good way to try to fall asleep is to imagine that you are flying low over some roads or trail with which you are familiar. I don't think that one will ever work for me again.

The hamstring and right arse were sore again from the start but it occurred to me that if I ran it hurt no more than walking and so I resolved to run as much as I could, even the hills.

The road was the same again and it was cooler than yesterday (not that I used that to predict that it will stay cooler, I know better by now). It was actually really pleasant running in the morning. We are on a country road (don't know what the US equivalent is) but there is not much around other than really nice houses set back a long way from the road. I could be in Surrey.

I thought about the fact that I consider 30 miles an "easy" day. Seems ridiculous. I can still remember when I would line up at the start of a marathon terrified of dying. That actually was the case in my first marathon in 2000 in London, I spent months worrying about how on earth someone can run for 26 miles without collapsing and at the start line I had a stress nose bleed. A half a mile in I had to go to the toilet to sort it out and on emerging I was behind the rubbish trucks, I was last in the London Marathon. That was terrifying.

Quite often I think back to times when what I am doing would sound impossible. When I ran my 6th marathon (Paris 2006) I think I had just about stopped panicking about the distance, I mean I've done this 5 times before and it they seemed to go well before so there is no reason why this one shouldn't. I did not do as well in Paris as I would have liked (I think I got 3.39 when aiming for 3.30), however probably more importantly than time targets I think that's when the blogging started.

Well actually blogs didn't really exist back then (imagine that?) but I would write up my races on a word document and send them to the 3.7 people who might be interested in reading them. I made a spreadsheet of the Paris Marathon called "**Probably the best marathon album in the world - ever**". I quite enjoyed putting that together.

And from then on my running and writing became one and the same thing. I wrote up my first ultra marathon on a word document too and that ended up in our club magazine and at the time I did not really know many people at the club, all of a sudden people would refer to me as the crazy ultra runner.

And so I continued because I loved the writing so much and the attention that comes from it (I am a big attention seeker I know that). My first Grand Union Canal run, the time the Spartathlon tried to kill me, my 4 year quest to Badwater, it's all there, a massive collection of text detailing everything about my running life for the last 5 years, all in the public domain.

And I am really pleased with what I have done so far both running and writing and have loved to hear that people like reading it, especially now that I often go through dark times. I have tried my hardest (sometimes foregoing more important things like rest) to keep this thing alive as I really want to hold on to every detail. If I make it to New York this collection would be worth more to me than any medal, trophy, ranking or record could ever be.

I am sure I had a point when I started this tangent, what was it? Ahh yes. I sometimes think (and it's terrible I know) that there are risks in living this race so publicly. What if I fuck it up? What would this blog become after that? I know people who never dare tell anyone what they are doing for similar reasons. Most of the runners here have a blog or website and are updating it every day. It seems this race does attract the attention seekers like me. I know the benefits of having so many people commenting and supporting me through this outweigh a hundred times any drawbacks of public failure. It

still enters my mind sometimes though.

I guess when this is all over I want to point to this blog and say "this is what running across America *does* to someone".

Blimey, back to the running. I saw a tortoise on the road :) Actually Phillipe had to stop me standing on it. It was not very big, perhaps a little bigger than a big mac. It seemed out of place on the side of the road like that but it would not be shoed away, it just growled. Later on we saw a tortoise minus it's head, should have got off the road.

The day went really fast, I passed "Second Creek" which is ten miles in and thought "no way, not ten miles already" but yes it was. The other miles seemed to drift by quickly too and the soreness abated too. There were flashes of high humidity but rarely was I reduced to a walk. Towards the end a lady stopped to say "you should have picked another day to do this run, it's too hot". Well we don't really get the choice and she seemed staggered to hear that we had been doing this for 45 days.

45 days????

I finished the day before noon, under 7 hours, 1 mile further and 30 minutes quicker than yesterday. I was really pleased because in retrospect I was a little concerned that I was only 45 minutes inside the cut off yesterday, today I was 1.30 hours.

We are now in a old German colony called Hermann, which hopefully means they have good beer. Since finishing the humidity has skyrocketed and our rooms are horrible and moist. I am off to an Irish pub soon, a lot of us are deficient in iron and I have alerted the runners to the fact that Guinness has lots of it.

Tomorrow is the same again, plus a marathon.

James Adams | [32 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (32)

James, I'm a little concerned that you are now measuring wildlife in terms of Big Macs!

August 3, 2011 | [Laurie](#)

growing hedgehogs! :o) love it. Great blog James

August 3, 2011 | [Sandra McDougall](#)

I hope you enjoyed your pint.
I need you to run and write more as I have now finished your back catalogue.

August 3, 2011 | [Andrew](#)

Was good to chat last night mate, hope you enjoyed your Guinness.
25 days to go, just try to keep your hamstring loose & don't do any sprinting
;-)

25 DAYS TO GO!!

August 3, 2011 | [Allan](#)

James, anyone who toes the starting line no matter how far they make it is not a failure. I think you know this!
Keep on keepin on and you will see that finish in short order!
I've enjoyed your writing very much, thanks for the stories.

August 3, 2011 | [John Price](#)

James,
I'm loving your write-up of your race. I found your blog by accident while surfing and have been following it for the last month.

I'm on holiday here in the US and just did the San Francisco half marathon, from which I'm still sore! I can't comprehend what it must be like to have to get up and run the distances you are doing every day. And in this heat. We are going through Death Valley tomorrow and specifically through Badwater

going through death valley tomorrow and specifically through badwater because of the ultra. I might get out of the A/C'd car to see what it would be like to run.

Keep going and keep writing.

Jo

August 3, 2011 | **Jo**

Guinness is good for you! At least that's what the old adverts said

Quite frankly, I think your blogs are inspiring. You have a knack for capturing your thoughts in such a way that you answer the questions that the reader (well this one anyway) wants to ask, before they have to ask them. You also outline your concerns and fears too, not an easy thing to do honestly. Oh - and your running is pretty damn inspirational too! ;o)

Keep both going - and stay strong.

August 3, 2011 | **Mark - Lytham Runner**

1. We're enjoying it day by like we hope you're running it.
2. I believe tortoises have retractable (but not detachable) heads.
3. There is a bathroom company in Sevenoaks called Badger Bathrooms who do not specialise in coloured sanitaryware.

Keep it up!

August 3, 2011 | **Jon**

During your run....

I have put my house on the market and sold it.

The kids have broken up from school and the joy of having them around all the time is wearing thin.

Music festivals have come and gone.

We're about to go on a long (for us) summer holiday.

We'll be back and I've still time to turn 40 before you finish.

America's quite big. Just saying.

Keep going crazy running bloke.

August 3, 2011 | **Damian**

I'm another one who looks forward to your writing, James. I feel like I am sharing the experience - the highs and lows, the absurdities (and America has more than it's fair share!) and the slightly daft tangents! Big-Mac-sized tortoises?! But. like others have already said, it is what you are doing that is inspiring.

It worries me slightly that you put blog writing ahead of important things - like sleeping and recovering! Please don't feel you are under any obligation to report daily. If you're too knackered at the end of a day, we would understand your silence!

Keep going!

August 3, 2011 | **Northampton Tim**

tortoise burger: <http://www.wallpaperist.com/wallpapers/Funny/Tortoise-burger-800-600.jpg> :)

I told my physio about you yesterday and the first thing she asked (after getting over the shock of the time/distances) was whether you're writing about it. So you'll have another reader today. Brilliant :)

August 3, 2011 | **emdee**

link: **tortoise burger**

August 3, 2011 | **emdee**

Fella, you just completely fucking rock. If failure happens, it's part of the journey and as valuable, if not more than, success. I often tell my stepdaughter, "You never learn anything by getting it right".

And if you get it right? You still completely fucking rock. Just look at your man Harvie's book about the Spartathlon - he doesn't complete the race but the book is no less valuable as a result.

That said, keep going!!!!

August 3, 2011 | **jb**

.....

Inspirational. That's all

August 3, 2011 | [John66](#)

When I read "I had a lot of food last night" I went back and read it again because I realised that I'd subconsciously edited it as I read to read "I had a lot of fast food last night"

I also love that things are being measured in terms of size relative to McDonalds items. Have you worked out the distance to go in fries yet?

August 3, 2011 | [mrmjb](#)

After what you've come through over the last 45 days this is 90% mental and 10% physical now James. In which case I would bet everything I have on you finishing this and running through the finish line in NY. So put any negative thoughts, however small, completely out of your mind... you WILL do it, no doubts. You have Fetch power behind you ;)

August 3, 2011 | [Trin](#)

"Tomorrow is the same again, plus a marathon"

Not many people could get away with saying that and actually doing it. Fantastic stuff, hope you enjoyed the intake of iron.

Paul

August 3, 2011 | paulrush64@hotmail.co.uk

still gpoood craic ,still enjoy reading it ,keep it up matey .

August 3, 2011 | [Stuart Henderson](#)

I found this blog last week (can't remember how). I have done 6 marathons and was starting to lose my enthusiasm for them. I never knew this race existed, and am having a hard time trying to imagine what you are going through. Your blog has re-ignited the fire in me to run.

You and all the others that started the race are incredible. I am lost for words.

Fly the flag James and I quote: "Believe with all of your heart that you will do what you were made to do"

August 3, 2011 | [Mike Mason \(UK\)](#)

I remember being told a story about a man who could lift a baby elephant. He picked up that baby elephant every day and pretty soon he could pick up a full grown elephant. Dumb story, but your comments reminded me of it. You started with the London Marathon which seemed crazy to you at the time. Then you spent 11 years doing something slightly harder each time you raced... and here you are in 2011 doing something that was totally unimaginable to you when you started running. Hundreds of little increments got you where you are. That's why your race (and your future book) is inspiring: almost anyone can step outside today and run a mile today. If they spend the next 10 years running 20 yards further each day than they did the day before they'll be able to do exactly what you're doing now... 50 miles per day across America.

I'm pretty inspired by what you're doing of course, but equally inspired by the journey you took to the start line. I hope the book covers that part!

In the mean time, I'm guessing you have a bit of time for thinking each day while you're on the road. Any ideas for your book title yet?

August 3, 2011 | [Nikolai](#)

But was it a UK-Big-Mac-sized tortoise or an American Big Mac? I've been watching the series Man vs Food on Sky and some American burgers are just stupid sized. Keep loose James and don't worry about us knocking you if (unlikely after having passed the mid-point I should think) anything should stop you from finishing. As far as all of us are concerned "You're the MAN" as the Yanks say.

August 3, 2011 | [Lanzarote Steve](#)

You an attention seeker !!!!!!!

August 3, 2011 | [lesley roberts](#)

By the way emdee : love the tortoise burger foto.

August 3, 2011 | [Lanzarote Steve](#)

Hello James,

You don't know me and I don't run races of any kind. I'm a USA federal employee; a staff scientist in cancer research. I just wanted to say I've very much enjoyed your writing. I can not imagine the determination and willpower it takes for you to get up each morning and face the road.

I posted this comment just so you'd know you have touched people you're not even aware of....you and your fellow runners are such an inspiration.

take care

August 3, 2011 | [cheryl terry](#)

Wow James. You are getting more and more posts and more and more followers. Your ego is really going to love this. You may even become a Saint when you reach New York. Great potential for McDonalds too to get some positive PR. It is possible to eat shit, loose weight and run 3220 miles on Big Macs!

Dean Karnazes said you have to risk failure to know what the limit is..... I dread to think what your next challenge is going to be!!
Keep it going buddy.

August 3, 2011 | [ian](#)

Saturday
Aug062011

Days 46 and 47

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 2011 AT 1:01AM

Well, lets start from the evening of day 45. After a short day and a run into the old German colony of Hermann we went to what I thought was an Irish place but was in fact a regular pub of German influence called "The Concert Hall". Most of the runners went, the French, German, Italian and myself as well as the crew. It as the first time I recall where we were all in the same place at the end of a run enjoying food and drink. I may have enjoyed a little too much drink.

There were a lot of Americans in there including Connie who was previously married to Dan who was supporting Markus for the first 3 weeks. It was really great sitting with them and telling them some of the stories so far. A lady (whose name I cannot remember sorry) was telling us that in her 58 years (she said that number quite a lot so I don't feel bad for saying it) that Missouri has never been this hot or humid for such a long period of time.

Day 46 - Hermann to Bowling Green - 54.9 miles

Day 46 was going to be tough, 55 miles after a couple of days of finishing by lunchtime. It was hard to get my head around having to do the same as yesterday and then run another marathon. And all that with this increasingly irritating hamstring and glute problem.

It was sore from the start as usual and I hoped to run it off in a few miles but this looked like it was here to stay. The first thing we did was cross the Missouri river and I managed to lead the Japanses runners and Alex down the wrong path and all of a sudden we were underneath the bridge we were supposed to be running on. Doh.

It was a shame to cross the river in the dark, I would have liked to have seen it. Shortly after that though there was an unexpected milestone, 2000 miles. Now it really feels like we are well into this.

I was told about a McDonalds at 16 miles and I had that marked for breakfast. When I got there just after crossing an interstate it did look a bit of a trek from the route but I was really looking forward to it so I went. This is the point where I lost Alex and as I was queuing I saw Phillipe and Bando pass meaning I was at the back. Rene and Karin would normally be looking for me wondering where I had disappeared to but on seeing the arches they knew and waited outside. I had a bacon and egg McMuffin and smoothie by the way.

That all went down a treat and my injury seemed to be improving. The biggest challenge for me is the curvy roads. I can go up and down fine I just can't go round corners. I am like an American car. Oh how I miss the long straight boring roads of Oklahoma. Did I really just say that?

Today the weather was great, when I asked what the temperature was I was told 33c and later 35c, practically jumper weather. There were clouds in the sky and the occasional breeze which meant it did not really get stifling at all. There were a few moments of saturation but nothing too bad. That meant a steady pace and quicker pace than the previous week could be maintained.

Generally I am getting slower and falling further behind the others. I am not worried about this as long as I keep inside the cut offs and make it to New York. I think I may be crawling by the time I get to New Jersey, weeks 8 and 9 are heavy on the miles, 50 a day on average. I am still in this though.

I did not see anyone much after about 20 miles where we hit a trail and I left Bando and Phillipe. I felt like I could run quite well and got through the last half quicker than I had anticipated. Not far from the end I caught up with Jenni and said to Anneke "wow her legs look swollen again". I was told not to mention this to her.

The finish line was right next to a McDonalds and Subway. I vowed to eat the big mac first then go for a Subway but on getting into bed after 13.30 hours on my feet I just could not be bothered to get up again and so just stayed and slept. I would regret not eating tomorrow.

Day 47 - Bowling Green to Hannibal - 44.7 miles

Good news and bad news. The hamstring and arse did not hurt as much as at the start of previous days. Yay. Bad news is that the bloody shin splint came back, and the ankle niggling. Grrrrr. I like to think that even the pain cannot keep up with this heavy schedule of running and so has to work shifts to

annoy me.

So that made me a little grumpy in the morning though my hunger may have contributed to that. Russell told me a couple of weeks ago that feeling grumpy when you run is a sign that you need food. I remember that well and food usually is the answer.

So the day started as usual, a slow plod punctuated by walking any tight curves and stopping to stretch my body out. It was Mr Koshita's birthday today (60 I think) and he got some gifts at the start including some genuine Japanese Saki (Brewed in the USA).

At half way I found a place to get an ice lolly just before we had a 7 mile section of interstate. It got quite warm in the morning, cancelling out any expectation that our last day in Missouri would be nice, the interstate for me was particularly hot.

After the interstate we went through a small town (or rather city, any place with more than 4 buildings in the US is called a city), called New London. It was not as good as the old London. They seemed to have got New York spot on but have some work to do here. What kind of place has 5 different churches and no place to buy ice cream?

After that we were on the lovely twisty hilly roads again and my shin and ankle were starting to behave themselves. However I just had a crash on energy and could not run for a while. It was because I did not eat enough after the 55 miles yesterday for sure. It's so hard when you finish at say 7, want to be in bed by 8 to try and cram in 5000 calories worth of food. I failed this last night.

ON seeing the support car I sat down and tried to stuff as much into me as possible, counting the calories as I did. 180 cal yogurt drink, 150 cal coke, 250 cal sweets and more sweets from a jar. I figured I have just taken about 700 calories of mostly sugar that should give me a kick up the arse to get going again.

It did and with about 10 miles to go I felt fine. It has cooled down a lot, the clouds had swooped in to rescue us for today. I can't really describe it, I think I just couldn't be arsed running much more.

The scenery was spectacular, rolling hills, trees and little houses. If the houses were not made of wood then I could imagine I was in the Cotswolds. I miss England. Today and yesterday there seemed to be so many more people out just doing stuff. Mowing the lawn, playing in the garden, wandering the streets. For as long as I have been here people have been sat indoors afraid to come outside. It's nice to see people when out on run.

I am not the world's best at focussing at the best of times but for a few hours today I was just somewhere else, wandering up and down some hills with no real purpose. It felt strange and not particularly helpful either, I was keen to get the run finished so I could eat a horse.

I finally finished the 45 miles in about 11.15, walking down a load of steps and into an armoury building that we are staying in tonight. I felt quite good at the end despite my wandering mind and rumbling stomach. I put that right with the glorious food spread provided to us here. I had about 3 meals and some ice cream.

I am not sure where Mark Twain was born or lived but there are a lot of places here named after him. I have no internet to check right now and will forget by the time I upload this. He must have been born nearby as there is a lot of mention of him here.

One of the quotes I carry around with me is his and was particularly useful during the days where it all felt a bit too big.

"Courage is resistance to fear, mastery of fear, NOT absence of fear"

The fear is still deep inside, but I am getting on top of it.

[James Adams](#) | [10 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (10)

Wonderful post James, sounds like you are in an elevated state....stay there and enjoy the journey.

August 6, 2011 | [Dan Bakke](#)

Top quote. Well done - you're amazing

August 6, 2011 | [John66](#)

Well done mate. Day by day you're getting closer to the end of your epic journey.

August 6, 2011 | [Avon](#)

Mark Twain (Samuel Clemens) was born in Florida, Missouri on Nov. 30, 1835. I thought I'd google it for you :-) Congratulations on passing the 2000 miles, thats what I ran the whole of last year. (shocked face)

August 6, 2011 | [Jaks](#)

Once again James great work. Said it before and will say it again, doing anything day after day for hours and hours is hard work. To be running and having to cover 40/45/50/55 miles is just ridiculous. Keep that mental focus. You are on the home straight now.....

August 6, 2011 | [Ian](#)

The Lanzarote Non-Stop looks like finishing in about 40 hours total, not bad for 200+ km as far as I'm concerned. So passing the 2000 mile mark is unbelievable. I'd say nearly finished but it's a relative thing. I'm knocking off to enjoy my weekend, a short 25km tomorrow (short for you, bloody long for me) and will be thinking of you. Even planning on ghaving a BigMac in your honour. Have a good weekend.

August 6, 2011 | [Lanzarote Steve](#)

Well done on reaching 2000 miles and top quotage! Keep going James!

August 6, 2011 | [Sarah Spall](#)

Congrats on the 2000 mile mark. Odd finding something Japenesse made on USA It' always been the other way round. Keep up the good work.

August 6, 2011 | [Yank Dave](#)

'I am not the world's best at focussing' – you must be in the top 1% though to be doing this! Your mental strength is awesome. Being hungry makes me grumpy under ANY circumstances, let alone while running, let alone after running 55 miles the day before. Lovin' your work.

August 7, 2011 | [MissChappo](#)

Was chatting to a Serpie clubmate of yours on Saturday at the Round the Rock ultra in Jersey... everyone is in awe of what you're doing out there! But I had to have a McD after the race... you're a bad influence James lol :-)

August 7, 2011 | [Trin](#)

Monday
Aug082011

Days 48 49

MONDAY, AUGUST 8, 2011 AT 1:53AM

Day 48

I thought today was going to be another long one, well at 47.3 miles it was a little more than average but in my head I had over 50. It's not really much relief when you hear that a stage is shorter because you know you still have the miles to do. The big days are coming.

Today we were going to say goodbye to Missouri. It tried it's best to kill us with its humidity but failed and then gave up in the last 2 days. This morning we had only 1 mile left of it before crossing the mighty Mississippi and into Illinois. It's a shame we had to do this bit in the dark but the size of it was impressive and the bridge was long. As soon as we entered the state it started to rain.

It was drizzle and grey sky for the first few hours as we plodded up a gentle incline. I was being frustrated by my shin and groin again, it seems now to be the same four things (the others being hamstring and arse) just taking turns to torment me. I felt like I was putting in the effort and doing a reasonable pace but it just was not happening. It was annoying and I thought about how long the day was going to be.

The rain turned into a monsoon, it came down heavily for an hour and the roads turned to rivers. Those gutters at the side of the roads that we sometimes have to jump in to avoid traffic were now streams gushing with water. I think I might like Illinois.

I was cold and wet and loving it. I wondered whether I could get hypothermia as I had no waterproof clothes to put on. I explained to the crew that my skin is waterproof and so should be fine in just my tshirt and shorts. Most people hate the rain because it can cause blisters, though this danger was no less for me it didn't really bother me. My biggest concern was that if that \$20 note in my bag gets too soggy I will not be able to buy a McDonalds at 37 miles.

I stopped and the cloud remained to prevent us from suffering from the hideous humidity that it would have caused. In fact it was not too hot at all today, in the low 30s. I had a close encounter with a car, I stepped onto the grass and as she passed me she seemed to get faster and swerve towards me. I threw my arms up in the air to voice my dissatisfaction and she turned around to apologise and said it was because her visor was down and she could not see me. Illinois - It's the airhead drivers that'll kill yer.

Today I was running close to Philippe who does not speak much English but likes to pull silly faces at me as he passes me. I returned the gesture at some stage by mooning at him. It helps pass the time. The time did once again pass quickly though the leg was still sore. If I can keep it moving me forward then I am winning.

McDonalds was ok, I had a quarter pounder this time with fries and a smoothie. I am becoming very aware of just how much I stink when stood in a queue of people. I sat down on a wall near the place and ate the burger and watched Phillippe and Ishiara pass. I never really thought the McDonalds would become a routine thing but it is hard to pack in enough calories in such a small time at the end of the day. If I can stuff 1000+ into me in 15 minutes during the stage then I am going to take it.

The last few miles my leg eased up a bit, seems that I am fine when it gets over 40 miles, good job most of the remaining stages are just that. We stopped just short of the Illinois river in a place called New Florence (probably not as nice as Florence) near a house. We were supposed to stay in Pittsfield today but there were no places so instead we ran through and ended up staying in Waynesville (there was a nearby place called Beardstown that I would have fitted in nicely to). Waynesville had a lot going on and I went to buy Italo's height in Subway for dinner and breakfast. Tomorrow was going to be a 3:30 wake up with the drive back.

Day 49

3:30 and the alarm goes off. I don't know what 30 minutes less sleep really does to you but having to get up earlier made me paranoid to even fall asleep. I was pretty grumpy, even though I did have an Italian BMT subway for breakfast.

My shin felt sore as I hobbled down the stairs but after doing so I looked at Bando do the same. That man is in bits. To look at him walking or running

you would be hard pressed to find any part of his legs that are operating normally. Yet Bando finishes each day in great spirits with a little jig at the end of each day and a smile on his face and a joke to tell (though often I can't understand). He probably doesn't whinge about everything on a blog (I guess he would not have time). Even if his legs fall off he will find some way to get to New York by sheer bloody mindedness. I like to think I am mentally tough but that man is in another league.

There was a bit of a debate this morning about potential rule changes. Some runners feel they now do not need to carry the 1.5l of water that the race rules require. Serge was recently given a penalty for not carrying anything on a stage and there is mixed feeling about it. I would say keep the rule as it is (I have no choice but to carry water anyway) as that is what we all signed up for. I think perhaps some people have bad chaffing from their packs. It seems to have divided the runners and some feel frustrated about some of the other rules. I really hope it does not poison the group, we have all come so far.

When it was still dark we were treated to an awesome light show. IN the distance there were some menacing looking storms and lighting forking out of the sky every 2 seconds. Sometimes it would go sideways, I have never seen it do that before. I could barely hear the thunder which means it must be a long way away and it never shifted over to us.

But the day started fine, it was drizzly and cool, my legs did not hurt too much yet I was still a grumpy bastard. Remembering the new rule of thumb that if you are grumpy then eat something (thanks Russell) after a few miles I sat down with a can of coke and a load of cookies given to me last night. It really does work, I felt much better. Rik Waller must be the happiest man alive.

The road for the first 15 miles was lovely, no traffic, lots of up and down and a nice spray of rain to keep us cool. I was surprised by how quickly it seemed to go by before we were on a traffic road again. It was not busy but with no shoulder you have to look out a lot.

It stayed cool for most of the morning, Claus (Markus' support person) told me about a sign he saw saying "The Devil called and he wants his weather back". Well it looks like he has got his wish.

20 miles in we passed through Jacksonville and I knew there was a McDonalds there (After I finish this blog I will have to do one of those "word cloud" things. I suspect, McDonalds, Shin, Humidity and Shits to appear high). It was quite a way in and I was disappointed to miss breakfast (it was 11.20 I assume breakfast ends at 11?) so I went for a cheeseburger with a smoothie. As I tried to pay a woman who had been listening to me talk about what I am doing jumped in and paid for my food. That was really kind of her. Illinois - more than just bad drivers.

I was close to Alex at this stage which pleased me because he disappeared early in the previous 2 days as I slowly plodded. However I lost him when I went in to get my food. There was a long uphill section out of Waynesville before crossing an interstate and then onto another lovely quiet road. This one was hell however.

I thought there was something wrong with me, it was barely 30 degrees, duffle coat weather yet I was exploding all over the place. I walked more than I had done all day and when the support car came I had to lie down and drink a coke while Emily sprayed me with water (I think she likes doing that). This continued till the end and I knew it was the humidity but did not think it should be this bad. At the finish I heard that everyone choked on those 10 miles which made me feel better. Not that I feel good about others suffering generally I was just worried something was wrong with me.

So all in all a successful day for me capped off beautifully when Laure said she had a surprise for me and then handed me a Guinness. She had obviously heard about the iron deficiencies in the group.

SO that's week 7 done. 3 weeks to go and according to my calculations less than 1000 miles...

[James Adams](#) | [12 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (12)

Less than 1000 miles to go....amazing!

August 8, 2011 | [Laurie](#)

less than 1000 miles? that all ;)

August 8, 2011 | [Sandra McDougal](#)

August 8, 2011 | [Sandra McKeegan](#)

Incredible stuff, allez James!!

August 8, 2011 | [John Donno](#)

Great work James, another state in the bag, only a few more to go

August 8, 2011 | [Andy](#)

"The Devil called and he wants his weather back" - what an excellent title for your forthcoming book!!! Keep on going matey it's all downhill from here.

August 8, 2011 | [James in hk](#)

I think "Running the US on the Big Mac Diet" would be a good title/sub-title. Hardly go down well with the low-fat gurus, but hey, you've done the run and they can't argue with the evidence. Ask my girlfriend about needing to eat and grumpy. She sometimes just goes to the fridge and puts me a sandwich together before telling me I'm a grumpy bugger. Must be true love. Keep going James, must be all downhill from now on...

August 8, 2011 | [Lanzarote Steve](#)

'In fact it was not too hot at all today, in the low 30s.'

Good to see that you have adopted the Aussie temperature scale ;-) Welcome to my world!

August 8, 2011 | [Nat K](#)

What a classic, no one ever paid for my food in McDonalds.

One megametre to go and counting down in triple digits from now on. I have been hanging on to this blog since the Tour de France finished,

Suppose you didn't buy a return flight from LAX did you? Cheers James, Keep on Truckin!

August 8, 2011 | [Brendan in Beijing](#)

I ran in the Dovedale Dipper yesterday - 26.5miler in the peak district. The one guaranteed topic of conversation: James Adams running across America.

August 8, 2011 | [mrmjb](#)

Apparently the rioters in Tottenham were discussing your race across america between throwing molotov cocktails.

August 8, 2011 | [Jon](#)

When going through hell, find a McDonalds then keep going. Brilliant yet again James.

Hope you enjoyed the iron rush

Paul

August 8, 2011 | [paulrush64@hotmail.co.uk](#)

Less than 1000 miles. Pretty amazing going

August 8, 2011 | [lesley roberts](#)

Tuesday
Aug092011

Days 50 and 51

TUESDAY, AUGUST 9, 2011 AT 1:23AM

More boring ones

Day 50 – New Berlin to Decatur – 54.4 miles

Well, today started in an odd and disappointing fashion. In the nice little chalet in New Berlin (not as good as the old Berlin) we had the race briefing for the long day of 54 miles. There were the results of a couple of things, firstly on whether we need to carry water anymore (vote was in favour of not carrying) and whether the start time should remain at 5 (it will for the rest of the race, except stage 70).

Then there was a vote as to whether Serge should be disqualified from the race after 2 runners complained. He admitted to not carrying water in his bag for a number of days and then ran one day without a pack completely (he was given a 30 minute penalty for this). The vote was for him not to be disqualified. It was an unhappy start and I could see Laure was feeling the stress of not being able to please everyone all the time.

And so the long day started under a cloud, and a bit late which did not help. A few turns in and out of New Berlin and we were out of some nice roads again. I thought about the events of this morning. I really don't care what other runners do, my focus is on getting to New York. I don't care whether I come first or last or whether people carry enough water. Serge can get a motorbike and ride the rest for all I care, I just came here to see whether I am capable of running from Los Angeles to New York. This is by far the hardest thing I have done. I am more tired, grumpy, despairing than I have ever been and I can't afford to waste what little I have left stressing about whether others are following the rules.

And I think Laure is doing so well in an incredibly hard job. It's interesting to see that people are beginning to crack, all of a sudden I feel like I am not on my own in feeling the strain. Laure has an impossible job of trying to please 14 tired, hungry and frustrated runners with everything. It's not possible but I think that this has been the best race ever organised. They have been so good to me, what other race organisers would get me Guinness at the finish line because they thought I missed home? I stopped to tell Laure that I think she is doing an amazing job. She and her team really are. She seemed pleased when I said this. I was determined to remain cheerful all day.

And the day went well overall. My backside still hurts but stretching helps it. Early on we ran through Springfield (a different one from last time obviously) and actually saw joggers out there jogging. I have come to recognise everyone from their running style, Alex runs like the terminator, Serge looks like he is swimming, Italo bobs up and down like a duck, Phillippe runs like a waving clown, Koshita stops every 5 minutes to take a photo. I looked behind me to see an alien running style, going quite fast and wondered who on earth it could be. It was of course a normal person out on a run. It was quite nice to see the runners out there, it's been a while since I've seen a non-spherical American.

Of course there was a McDonalds today and I made it in time for breakfast and bought 2 (1 for later) and enjoyed. Then after the city there were more quiet roads which were lovely, the temperature had dropped but there were no clouds in the sky so it still felt quite warm. There was at least a little breeze at times which was amazing when flanked both sides by the corn fields as the noise sounded like the sea.

For some reason today I was obsessing about pace, I wanted to arrive averaging 4 miles an hour but without a watch the only way was to get the phone out and I seemed to do this too much and wasting time in doing so. Oh the ironicalness.

I promised myself I would not do this but I could not help myself. My pace was fine, I was going steady at that pace all the way and I am really pleased despite the niggles that I can canter at that pace (including drink stops, stretch stops, facebooking, animal watching, pulling faces and Phillippe) from start till finish.

And so without too much ado I finished 54.4 miles in a shade over 13.30. Perfect. 24 inches of Subway again and pretty much time for bed. Oh, please can an American explain this air conditioning thing to me, "low cool" and "high cool", which one is cooler?

Day 51 – Decatur to Tuscala – 41.8 miles

I was woken up a couple of times in the night by the aching of my legs. Funny how they did not hurt massively during the stage yesterday but just feeling them when lying there was a concern. The first few steps out of bed felt like the usual hobble but it did not seem to get much better.

Better start today, no fighting or arguing. My legs were in bits though, I could not seem to move them along but then I know this is usually the case and I just need to pull through it. It took longer than usual to ease up and I was running right at the back with Bando and Koshita. Bando looked his usual chirpy but crocked self and he said something really sad to me. He said "I think tomorrow will be my last day". I am not sure how much he meant it but it worried me. I look at Bando as the person who is suffering more than all of us and it brings us all hope that he makes it every day to the finish line. I am still scared that I might not make it to New York and I really need Bando to stay in the race to ease this fear. I really hope tomorrow goes well for him.

The legs did ease and half way seemed to come in no time but after that I just could not be arsed running anymore. I don't know what was wrong really, my legs were better, I had enough energy and sleep, I just didn't feel like putting in the effort. At 26 miles there was an aid station put on by the Decatour running club who were keen to meet us all. I chatted to them for a bit, mentioning the weather through the central states and how horrid it was. Just after that it rained briefly but then the sun came out and made it humid again.

So there was not a huge amount more to say about today. Sorry it's a bit dull.

Also there will not be a huge amount of blogging by me in the next 2 weeks. Tomorrow is 57 miles, the next day 52, and all the days are long now. We also have to drive to places too.

Oh and someone just told me something about the "Appalachians".

James Adams | **16 Comments** | **Share Article**

Reader Comments (16)

You want high cool. That's just how loud it is and how hard its supposed to cool. And only shitty hotels have those kinds of systems. I can't imagine how tough it is now but not long until Gemma is there again and I know she'll get you there xx

August 9, 2011 | **lesley roberts**

The Appalachians are a band that the organisers have arranged to play. Definitely that. Not a range of hills.

I've been away and not been able to read your regular blogs. Your tone has changed but there is still a happy, smiling core. You'll do it. NY no bother. :-)))) awesome dude

August 9, 2011 | **Brian Mc**

"high cool" is more cool. Think of "cool" as the verb-- the cooling machine is set on high. Loving your blog and cheering from Portland, Oregon! :)

August 9, 2011 | **grrlpup**

Hi little bro. I've in Turkey with my sister and her family. I've just been reading your blog out to my little nephew, Ali (7). He wanted to know if this was real. I told him it is and asked if he wanted to meet you. He does, and wants to know when this will be. Anyway, props from both of us. xx

August 9, 2011 | **Lou Reeves**

Keep going James - you will make it - just keep thinking of Gemma waiting at the finish for you. Allez James Allez

August 9, 2011 | **Sarah Spall**

keep up the good work James, can't believe you still have the energy to blog about it regularly :)

August 9, 2011 | **jo kilkenny**

I believe you can do it. I feel sorry for Bando. He's strong and has come so

far, it must be really bad for him to say that he will stop

August 9, 2011 | [Brendan in Beijing](#)

Hi James, what you have achieved so far is incredible!!! I have found it hard to leave you a post recently as I can't really comprehend what and how you are doing it, both running and blogging!! All I can say is that is my honour and pleasure to have met you!! All the best as you enter the last 1000, you will succeed, you already have.

August 9, 2011 | [markyboy](#)

Awesome mate. Inspiring and funny. Keep on banging em out.

August 9, 2011 | [monty](#)

James, the last big push buddy. Big days ahead but the finish is in sight. You have made it this far and I have every confidence in your grit, determination and will to reach the line. It is impressive! Very impressive! Return to normal.... Mmmm worryingly, what will be normal for your return? I think maybe 70 days of no running just to balance things out, health food and drinking just water. Maybe you could blog about it? Interestingly, you may very well find it the harder challenge....

August 10, 2011 | [Ian](#)

Hope you make it James, it will inspire a lot of people. Just realised you are not posting weight and fuel intake anymore?

August 10, 2011 | [Mike](#)

As you can see from the comments left here, there are a lot of people following you and cheering you on. Hard to express in writing the awesome respect I think we have for all of you. Keep going and give our best to Bando.

August 10, 2011 | [Lanzarote Steve](#)

Mon ra BINKS! !

(This is Scottish for anyone that wonders...)

August 11, 2011 | [Kenny_Boy](#)

Just caught up with the blogs again. I'm sure you will run all the way to NY as do lots of others, your determination is just brilliant. Hope Bando is still going.

August 11, 2011 | [Jaks](#)

I don't know you but those last few blogs make me want to give you a cuddle, as long as lovely Gemma doesn't mind, of course. You are amazing and you will get to New York.

August 12, 2011 | [MissChappo](#)

Have had a few days away from work so a little behind on reading the blog but you still sounds super positive and are going so strong! I'm also intrigued as to how you do it when you get 2 McDonalds and only eat one – where do you carry the other and honestly how does it taste when it's not "fresh". x

August 15, 2011 | [Sandra BT](#)

Friday
Aug122011

Days 52, 53 and 54

FRIDAY, AUGUST 12, 2011 AT 12:57AM

These blogs are going to become less frequent and more tired. I want to keep it going so i can remember afterwards.

Day 52 Tuscola to Rockville - 56.8 miles

Well I honestly cant remember a great deal about day 52 which is odd as it was on my mind a lot beforehand. 57 miles and on a day where we would lose an hour due to the clocks going forward for the last time. The day was going to be followed by another 52 the next day. There was actually a vote on whether to hold off on changing the clocks for another day but I voted to do it as soon as possible so that it was not on my mind anymore. Plus from then on we'd be on New York time. That felt like a step closer to the finish.

I took one of my "in emergency break glass" things today. I wore my MP3 player for the majority of the run. I spoke to Jenni who said that her feet were ok and her body is ok but her mind is not ok. Does not sound like an injury but it has such massive consequences when your head is not "ok" and mine was not this morning and I hoped that deafening myself with The Killers and Led Zeppelin might help.

I still have one more emergency glass to break, the pain killers. I really don't want to use them and in running they are almost always a bad idea. I actually took a couple of anti-inflammatory early on when I have the shin splints but since then I have not taken anything. I have started carrying some in my bag however, just knowing they are there might help. I don't think it will come to that.

Today I crossed into Indiana, nailing Illinois in 4 days. Laure said to expect a change of scenery as we went in, it's hard to describe what it is but there is definitely a change. Maybe more trees. I was speaking to Gemma at this point but had to cut the call short as I was struggling to breath and talk at the same time.

Overall I was doing my target pace of 4mph and would have done this till the end but a mile from the end there was a Burger King so I stopped there, stocked up and walked to the finish so I could just crawl into bed and eat. I could barely eat though. I had a burger and milkshake but did not touch the fries. I had a chicken salad to put in the fridge for breakfast tomorrow.

I really can't remember much about this day. Except I remember at the finishing line asking whether anyone wanted to go clubbing. And also talking to Laure a lot about why I wanted to do this race.

Day 53 - Rockville to Indianapolis

The alarm went off at 4am as usual but this 4am felt like 3am. I wanted the hour back as soon as it went off. When I finish this race (ooohhhhhh check out the confident language there) I am changing that alarm tone so I never am reminded again about how hard it can be to get out of bed some mornings.

And it got worse, my chicken salad that I had planned for seemed to be missing the chicken, so rather than have some lettuce for breakfast I scabbled around to find some biscuits and a banana. Never going to Burger King again. Let that be a lesson kids, when running across America take no chances with your nutrition, stick to Big Macs.

With the clocks going forward we had another hour of darkness to run in the morning which would normally be great but today it was on a windy narrow road where cars were still driving.

I felt pretty rotten for much of the first part, the darkness made me grumpy as well as the lack of food. I was struggling to keep any sort of pace up and for the first time since I was ill I was right at the back. I was really pleased to see Bando survive yesterday and he seemed to be having a good one today.

In fact Jenni, Phillipe, Tanaka and Girard were all behind me but they dropped out early due to the efforts of yesterday. I should not really complain that my legs would not get going, I had run 57 miles yesterday and had been deprived of a further hour of recovery. Those precious hours of lying down while something magic happens in my legs to give them a chance of making it through tomorrow are at a premium now. This is my life for the next 2 and a bit weeks.

But it got better. I settled back into the pace I want to run and the groin and other parts started to allow me to move my legs again. By about half way I

was bang on for a 4mph average (listen to me talking like a triathlete, a very slow triathlete). At 38 miles there was a McDonalds where I made up for yesterdays mistake with a burger and a smoothie and soon after I caught up with Bando and chatted to him.

Bando owns a publishing company in Japan. He started it as a one man band and now it employs 50 people. He told me (in much better English than I first gave him credit for) that he thinks about New York all the time and it often brings tears to his eyes. I think about New York all the time too and it too brings tears to my eyes.

It was really nice to hear that (for the first time) from someone and I can imagine why he does. He finishes last pretty much every day after running on his own. His legs are a mess, he said he takes his mind off it also by singing. He was doing amazingly well today as at this pace we'd beat the cut-off by nearly 2 hours.

10 miles from the end we went onto an interstate that led to Indianapolis. I was still running at this point but Bando was now walking, not something he usually does. A mile up a hill I saw another McDonalds and I bounded up the hill (remember all words here are relative) to get in there and by me and Bando a smoothie before he caught up. He seemed surprised when I waited and handed him a smoothie on the interstate but enjoyed it a lot. We walked together for about another mile and chatted some more. It's great to see he is well and truly in this race still. And me too.

I ran on, no longer really worried about how fast or when I will arrive. On the interstate there as a lady and a guy whose car had stopped and they were pushing it. I asked if they wanted a hand and then started to push the car up the interstate with them. I assumed they were going to pull into the next corner which was only a few meters away but they said they are going to the gas station which was ages away. Shit, how do I get out of this? Saying that I am running across America just seemed like a lame excuse. I just said "I gotta go" and went.

Day 54 - Indianapolis to Somewhere - 45.6 miles

45.6 miles has become a "short" day now. If I spend less than half the day on my feet then I am spending more time recovering than destroying. Not sure what the conversion rate on that is though.

But today started slow, stayed slow then got a bit slower at the end, the first miles into Indianapolis and out again were quite cool, like we were running into New York. Not quite. Leicester maybe.

This was the first proper big city we have run in since LA and soon we will have Columbus which is even bigger. At 6am there is still a lot going on, joggers out, drunk people and those with very early starts. More than any other place so far there are actually people walking around in the streets.

The traffic lights make it slower and although my legs were not complaining pain wise they just would not go. My stride length has been reduced to that of a duck. I was reminded of Alex's comment early on in the run "James you are from London you should run like a Penguin yet you run like a Kenyan". I am sure I have never ever run like a Kenyan and that possibility is as far away from me as possible right now. A penguin is more closer to the mark now.

McDonalds at 13 miles (to the reader I need to include every McDonalds visit for a bet that is been run on how many times I stop there, otherwise I'd just say something like "stopped for a healthy running snack")

Today I was running near to Tanaka who I try to run in front of if possible because of his obscenely tight shorts. Sometimes I stop at the car to pick up a sandwich, he overtakes and then I have to joy of munching the sandwich while watching the rhythmic wobbling of his 60 year old left buttock. Tasty.

The runners here seem to have gone 2 ways, some are getting faster in this new temperate climate whereas others are getting slower as their bodies fall apart. I am in the latter group with Bando. I predict my legs will fall off on August 28th. That's fine, I am giving up running to concentrate on becoming really average at golf instead.

Sorry this is going to be short again, there is loads of stuff I have missed but I am in a chinese buffet place trying to write and stuff my face but by body feels full now and I need sleep. We have to get up at 3.30 tomorrow to drive half an hour to the start. I never thought that I'd not have time to blog about running because I am doing so much running. Note for next time, get one of those dictablogging machines (assuming they exists).

Did I really just say next time? No way.

James Adams | 14 Comments | Share Article

Reader Comments (14)

Average golfer my arse !! Maybe you can invent ultra gofing extreme .
But 2 1/2 weeks doesn't that sound fucking awesome ;-)

August 12, 2011 | [lesley roberts](#)

Yours and Bando's tears to your eyes about thinking about NYC brought tears to MY eyes! Getting closer each day....thinking about watching Tanaka's left bun did not bring tears to my eyes. :-) Keep on runnin'! Pace doesn't matter. Relentless forward motion...whether 4 miles an hour or whatever - you are soooo close to The Big Apple.
Deb and Dave

August 12, 2011 | [Deb and Dave J-R](#)

You are in the zone now James, you will make it to NYC!

August 12, 2011 | [dan bakke](#)

Funny James, when I think of New York, I too get a tear in my eye.... Bloody sun cream!

August 12, 2011 | [ian](#)

James, how do you manage a sense of humour getting up at 3.30 each day to run a double marathon? Most normal people get really pissed off after just one day of getting up at 3.30 (or is that just me haha). Keep going mate and don't get tempted to munch on Tanaka's bum (emergency rations??)

August 12, 2011 | [Lanzarote Steve](#)

Hi James - you are doing amazing and you are still keeping your sense of humour. You are such an inspiration! Keep going!

August 12, 2011 | [Sarah Spall](#)

Keep it up big man. You're doing fantastic...you wouldn't believe the people you're inspiring out there!

ROLE PLAY TIME!

Runner 1 - 'Whats that? you have to get up at 3am to travel & run a 100k?'

Runner 2 - 'Yeah...really don't know if its possible...'

Runner 1 - 'I read a blog about a guy that has been doing that for the last 2 months with no breaks!!'

Runner 2 - 'hmmm...no reason why I can't give it a good go then!! '

Nearly there ;)

August 12, 2011 | [Paul](#)

- How do you blog for three days and two days at a time but post every day?
Is it that you are in a different orbit?

- That'll teach you for going to Burger King.

- How about a nude calendar of the finishers with Tanaka performing rhythmical 60yo left buttock wobbling. Could be another emergency break glass moment.

- Good thing you are an early riser. Well done James

August 12, 2011 | [Brendan in Beijing](#)

I don't think there's a penguin out there who could have survived the brutal summer heat the way you have. You may currently have the gait of a penguin but you still have the heart of a Kenyan. I know you're going to make it!

August 12, 2011 | [Laurie](#)

57 miles is Tring2Town followed by Cabbage Patch 10 and concluding with a run round the school playing fields.

But what continues to delight and amaze is the sheer variety in your writing. Smiles and awe in equal measure. And a return to fruit very soon!

August 12, 2011 | [Gowan](#)

Dictablogging?? Using your dick to blog is most certainly wrong but if it gets you to NY then go for it

you to get them go for it.

August 12, 2011 | **ChrisMac**

Keep going mate; lots of confidence in you.

You may have heard that there's been riots in the UK. Ealing got smashed up (I'm not joking by the way). Might have been 'cos Ealing Kebab ran out of lamb doners.

August 13, 2011 | **Dan Afshar**

"Next time" ? You are already an inspiration, where do you go from there?? :o) Best wishes for what's still to come – and huge congratulations on what you've achieved so far.

August 13, 2011 | **Mark – Lytham Runner**

Well done James, keep plugging away. You're getting closer and closer to the end now.

August 13, 2011 | **Avon**

Monday
Aug152011

Days 55, 56, 57

MONDAY, AUGUST 15, 2011 AT 1:30AM

Day 55 - 53.6 miles

3.30am to drive to the start of a 54 mile day which I now know will be at least 13.30 hours on my feet. I try not to let it bother me when I am awake but it bothers me when I try to sleep. Every day I think about all of the nothing that I am going to do the day after I finish this.

But the day started as most do, gentle plodding to wake up the achy parts of my body and to assess what remains after a few miles. It was the groin again today but not as bad as it has been of late. I was hopeful that I could just plough along as normal, Normal now being running like a penguin.

Today there were going to be a few treats for me, Luca was going to meet up with me at some stage as he lives in Columbus Ohio and keep me company for a while. He had also brought along some new shoes for me which were going to be very useful, I have been hammering the same 2 pairs since Oklahoma and I think my feet might be coming through the bottom of them.

Half way came easy enough and at this point I could still see Alex just ahead and Koshita and Ishiara were close by, 26.2 mile though was a significant distance today, it's where the McDonalds was. I had a cheeseburger (not a big mac, I have to try to fit into a medium Serpie vest in 2 weeks time) and a smoothies as always and soon after in the town of Richmond I saw Luca. I had only met him once before in Badwater where he was crewing Tim Welsh but it was really great to have some company.

Luca would park the car, run out to me and jog for a couple of miles and then repeat. It was great to have someone to run with as I have been alone in the past few weeks. While running through Richmond I got my first "RUN FORREST RUN" of the race so far. 55 days in. I am astonished that it took that long. I guess it's better that "FLAP PINGU FLAP".

The appearance of Luca did confuse some people, Rene thought I just met a guy in McDonalds who just decided to follow me. The last 15 miles were on a long straight road where Laure said to us "I don't know how your minds will deal with this" in the morning. It was not that bad and having Luca to talk to was great. I was doing good time too though I bonked a bit at the end, slowing quite a lot with a big energy crash. Koshita and Ishiara at this point came bounding past me with little effort at all.

Shortly before the end we passed the 4 megametre mark. It was a surprise to me as I did not think we would hit this today but was very pleased to see it. It does not feel like long since we were at the 3 megametre mark. Hopefully it won't seem like too long that another 1000k will be knocked off.

I was quite pleased with the time and manor of the day, just over 13.30 with not too much pain. Better still Luca had a Subway and a Guinness for me at the end, much needed Iron replacement.

So, 2 weeks to go exactly (the last day does not count, like the last mile in a marathon that's a given).

Day 56 - 48.6 miles

I had the new shoes feeling today. I joked at the start that I would win because of them but then Rainer pointed out that he too was wearing new shoes. Dammit.

But they seemed to just pull me along today. I did not hurt much really and by putting in the same effort as I have been doing the past few weeks I seemed to be going a bit faster. You might even see it and call it running.

There was a McDonalds at 6.5 miles, a little early but I had 2 McMuffins and a hash brown. No smoothie this time as they don't melt as fast as they used to and take up too much time to drink. You have to think about these things when you are a super elite fast runner like me.

It was very cloudy to start with and it started to rain quite lightly. It was already quite cool and then I was hit by a heavy shower. A few seconds later after leaping to defend my breakfast I realised that I had just wandered into a sprinkler.

After these few miles in a town I forget we crossed a huge bridge and into "Taylorsville" park which is build around a dam and really beautiful. It was the first time for a while where we ran in trees that were not trying to kill us with their humidity. It was a wonderful few miles that I ran close to Bando who seemed to be having a new shoes effect too.

Today we were going through yet another Springfield. Not sure why so many places have that name. Most places like this involve some hideous interstate going in then a busy city then more interstate leaving. The interstate parts were the normal ugly noise but the town itself was nice. For some reason it reminded me of Leicester. Not sure why.

At half way I enquired as to where Alex is as he would usually have passed me long before. I was told that he went into a gas station early on, came out and went north instead of east and did so for quite some time. At that point he was 5 miles behind the next last runner Koshita.

The heat got to me today a little, long a nice long street cutting through many small towns I felt the sun more than I have done for some time. It was only in the low 30s. An ice lolly at around 32 miles helped this.

Near the end along a hilly high way a chap stopped me and asked if I was Alex. I said no and that Alex was a little way behind me and probably not in a great mood. Then another guy stopped me and asked if I was James. It was Scott, a friend of Debbra from my support team and he lives in Columbus and came out to give his support. At the end he provided the nest cookies I have ever seen which the whole lot of us went crazy for. Thanks Scott :)

Day 57 - New Venice to Outside Columbus - 42.6 miles

I did not sleep great, it was the last time we would have to sleep on the floor of somewhere and I think my sleeping mat is leaking. There was an explanation at the beginning of the day that the route was slightly longer (about 400m) that advertised as some of the GPS people pointed out. What is 400m out of 3000 miles? And then it was funny watching Italo not start running till his watch has a signal. I think Garmins have done to running what Simon Cowell has done to music.

But the say started really well again, the new shoes effect still strong. My pains had mostly gone (the hamstring was very sore at first) but overall everything was ok. The miles evaporated slowly as I thought about just how close I am. I get told a lot about how close it all is but it's still over 600 miles, still a bloody long way, I have not seen any signs pointing to New York yet.

Today we were to pass through Columbus, the biggest city we pass between LA and NY and Luca was here again to guide me through his home town along with his wife (who's name I didn't get - even though I spoke to her loads in the evening). It was nice to have the company again and Columbus is a nice city to run in.

After the usual grim highway part there was the downtown area with the tall buildings and then we passed through some run down areas that looked like the parts of east London you pass on the Marathon route. We then headed out of the main city and finished at a motel on the highway. As soon as I had finished the heavens opened and gave us an almighty downpour which I enjoyed looking at from inside the lorry as I drank another Guinness.

Today's pace was a little faster than yesterday again. If I keep this up I might win :)

[James Adams](#) | [13 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (13)

Keep up the Guinness

August 15, 2011 | [lesley roberts](#)

Ian Cordless reposted one of your thoughts that said "in exactly two weeks time I'll be really drunk in New York" I would guess, after what you've been doing, we're not going to be talking huge quantities that night.

August 15, 2011 | [mrmjb](#)

If the new shoes have such a positive effect, maybe you should have had new shoes every week, James! Keep rolling along - New York is only just down the road!

August 15, 2011 | [Northampton Tim](#)

fanbleedintastic James!!!!!!

August 15, 2011 | [jo kilkenny](#)

"Guinness is Good for You" – as true now as it was then...

Keep it up champ!

August 15, 2011 | [Kenny_Boy](#)

Another few days closer to NY James – keep going and enjoy the new shoe feeling a little longer :-)

August 15, 2011 | [Sarah Spall](#)

A little company does wonders for your spirits

August 15, 2011 | [lesley roberts](#)

Amazing James. Keep it up! Hope you've been wearing the SAS cap?!

August 15, 2011 | [mark beckwith](#)

Run Forrest run , best shout i ever got was... Run you nob !. Keep up the good work dude .

August 15, 2011 | [monty](#)

Still mightily impressed. Still posting excerpts + the link as my facebook status.

Ann and I don't eat MacDonalds as a rule however we have decided that when you finish we will celebrate with a Big Mac and a smoothie in your honour.

August 15, 2011 | [ash singal](#)

Still quite frankly awesome. Stay strong, stay focused and stay on the black stuff

August 15, 2011 | [Mark - Lytham Runner](#)

Great work James. "just" 600 to go! In the bag son!

August 15, 2011 | [Martin Yelling](#)

Hi James

Nice to know you had a relatively good weekend. Now on the BigMac and Guinness diet? Somebody will have to do a scientific survey about this, puts the lie to the "Supersize Me" film? I did 25km in 33°C yesterday and finished in bits, so BIIIIIG respect to you.

August 16, 2011 | [Lanzarote Steve](#)

Tuesday
Aug162011

Day 58 - Reynoldsville to Zanesville - 51.8 miles

TUESDAY, AUGUST 16, 2011 AT 12:26AM

Buoyed by yesterday's great run I was looking forward to today. I was still my usual grumpy self at 4am, rueing the fact that I "have" to get up and today run two marathons in the name of "personal challenge" or whatever it is. I managed to keep a lid on it as I started the usual slog through Reynoldsville in the night and onto a highway where I now get the feeling the cars do not want us.

My pace had improved on yesterday yet again, I was not quite believing the numbers as it felt quite easy. I had to stop a fair bit to eat and assumed that I would lose a lot of time but it wasn't the case. My optimistic expectation for a 52 mile day nowadays is 13 hours.

Serge ran past me around 10 miles in to say that today we pass the 100 marathon point, at 43 miles. That got me thinking that we were not too far from the 99th marathon at 17 miles and as soon as I got there I thought about running the 100th marathon of the race.

Shortly before that though I had my first sobbing moment for quite some time. I have been getting a few supportive emails from Bob Brown (winner of the trans USA 2004 race) and I had to ask him "Does the feeling of achieving this ever wear off?" He replied that it never wears off and that confirmed what I always thought but still gave an emotional response. I am going to feel pretty good about all this for a long time after, makes those 4am starts worth it.

I am also touched by the messages and comments that I get on my blog, facebook, email and text. I've read so many nice messages and have forgotten who has sent what but when I am done (possibly after doing some sleeping) I am going to go through all of them and thank everyone who has left kind things. I read them every morning and they really do help.

Around half way Luca and his wife D'lyn (Got the name and the apostrophe :)) came to join me and I had the company of Luca while I ran again. It was really nice just chatting about anything and everything while enjoying some really beautiful rolling hills of Ohio.

While chatting we both nearly shat ourselves when a bee came out from a bush and made a funny grunting sound at us. It was really weird how we both just jumped into the air because of a bee. At least it wasn't just me.

There was a 5 minute heavy rain downpour just before the 100 marathon point and as if it were designed by a genius race director there was a McDonalds exactly at that point. What a way to celebrate?

Today just seemed to slip by without much effort at all, the new shoes, lack of injuries, Luca and D'lyn and cooler weather all helped with that. It got quite hilly towards the end and I walked some but finished in a very pleasing time of under 12 hours, over an hour quicker than I usually give myself.

The end was the usual set up of chairs outside a motel with the organisers, some runners and crew just assembled outside. Luca gave me a Columbus IPA which was a treat, really nice beer. Markus was there and later Phillipe and Koshita. We all chatted about the stage and the race generally while drinking beer (as I ordered McDonalds room service). Anneke came out as she always does to give her really warm and enthusiastically Dutch sounding "CONGRATULATIONS". That is such a wonderful sound to hear at the end of each day, the moment that is the furthest point possible from having to do any running again. I only have 12 of these moments left (and I suspect the last one might be different). I am going to miss these moments. I might not want this to end.

[James Adams](#) | [40 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (40)

Bob Brown is 100% correct – the feeling of achievement will "never" wear off. Only 13 more 4 a.m.s – then you will likely have 18,000 more sleeps when you can wake up later and with a satisfied smile. Like I told you back in Oklahoma, all this masochistic crap makes you thoroughly and fully appreciate the small, mundane, boring routine of home. Life will never be the

same again – for the better. Hugs to Gemma soon.

August 16, 2011 | [Russell Secker](#)

Only 13 more 4a.m's, but I hope you have a 14th 4am but one that you approach in the correct direction ie after a BNO in the Big Apple, in a comfortable bed with a belly full of oysters/steak/champagne/guinness etc, and in the full knowledge that you don't have to get up until at least 4pm the following day!!!! Just the thought brings suncream to my eyes.

August 16, 2011 | [James in HK](#)

Dad and I are driving down on Wednesday from Pittsburgh Pa to get a load of this spectacle. Do you need any pain rub, Iron City Beer, or bus fare to New York? Ah, what the heck your close enough to the Big Apple you might as well run there. People do it from here all the time....Not!

August 16, 2011 | [kim](#)

soundin upbeat, loving it, as McDonalds would say ;)

August 16, 2011 | [Sandra McDougall](#)

pingu will be so proud, keep it up James! did my own 53 mile race on saturday...ONE day in the life of you. gemma

August 16, 2011 | [gemma carter](#)

reading this made me quite emotional (quite a few of these blogs do). If you were ever to write a play about this, I think this is act IV: the audience's eyes are glued to the stage that is the breadth of the USA, watching our beloved Badger fighting on his quest from West to East. Hero Adams is showing us how to make the impossible possible, and is triggering a myriad emotional and intellectual responses along the way, and many questions that make us think, and indeed make us question what we thought we knew about life, running (and nutrition). We are allowing ourselves to feel some relief when things seem just that little easier on certain days, but we're also staying focused with you. Wishing you all the best for the remaining days and miles (more miles than many of us would run in a year). In a way, we don't want this play to end, but then, for your sake, we do, of course, and are looking forward to the grand finale in the great city of NY!!

August 16, 2011 | [Anja](#)

James, Bob Brown is a legend. Have ran with the man, chatted with the man and he is a fantastic example of all that is good about our sport. You will follow in his footsteps.... you will always have your RUN ACROSS AMERICA as something to dine out on... be that at McDonalds or the Ivy! What is also important is that people will always listen. It is an epic journey, one that only a handful can achieve. I am looking forward to sitting with you and being bored to death again and again by your stories.... Lucky 13!

August 16, 2011 | [Ian](#)

So glad the running is becoming easier again. It must be those new shoes ;-) Keep going James. I have become addicted to reading you blogs and seeing how you are doing. Bloody well done so far. NY is getting closer!!!!

August 16, 2011 | [Footpad](#)

New shoes always make things better!! (and so does a good cry) awesome work James. See you in London. Keep September 8th free for an RM leaving do night out. I might even buy you an American water.....

August 16, 2011 | [Claudine](#)

Hi James

We have never met. I was directed to your blog by Tim Adams and love it. I don't know how you find the energy to blog at the end of each day and also don't know how you manage to type when you clearly have a big mac in one hand and a subway in the other! Anyway, just wanted to congratulate you on your huge effort so far and wish you all the best for the remainder. You will feel amazingly proud of what you achieved. It will be stamped on your soul. In years to come you will meet up with some of your fellow RAMmers and without even saying anything there will be a shared smile because you know what you all went through and came out the other side victorious. Also, should you ever find yourself on a plane flying across the US, you will look

down and think "I ran that". Awesome stuff. You are an inspiration to us all.

August 16, 2011 | [Marcus Liddiard](#)

James everyone back here is so proud of what you have achieved so far, you are so close to the finish. Enjoy the rest of it if you can. You will have Gemma there soon very soon which will no doubt make it even better.

August 16, 2011 | [Jo Kilkenny](#)

I dont want it to end either

August 16, 2011 | [D2](#)

What a great blog! Glad you are feeling more positive and well done on hitting 100 marathons. Treasure every moment as this is something you are never ever going to forget. Allez James Allez! :-)

August 16, 2011 | [Sarah Spall](#)

Absolutely incredible James, after 58 days of continuous running you are now flying along!! Truly inspirational!!!! I had a few dark moments in the ndw100 but thought about your amazing strength , desire and will power and that brought me back into the light and to the finish!!

August 16, 2011 | [markyboy](#)

Brilliant stuff. Am completely in awe of the sheer bloody-mindedness of what you're putting yourself through. Extraordinary achievement, and the blog's not bad either.

August 16, 2011 | [Robin Harvie](#)

Hi James, I dreamed the other night I met you running down Rathbone Place. Oddly you were still doing the LANY! (Rathbone Place = Springfield?) anyway we had a bit of a chat and you said you were tired but were enjoying all the posts and FB Messages and they were helping you along. Anyway – so here's another one! Enormous well dones from W1!

August 16, 2011 | [Pam R](#)

Hi James, to borrow (and tweak) a quote that often pops up on Fetch around VLM time " There will be times when you think you cant run across America, but there will be a lifetime knowing that you have" and I cant imagine how great that is going to be.

What you are doing is amazing and inspiring to so many in different ways for example, I often find myself thinking of you when I hit a tricky part of my run and how you havent given up no matter what. Its like a alternative WWJD where the J is James not Jesus! :o) Maybe I'll get a band made... :o)

August 16, 2011 | [Vicki \(Fetch\)](#)

Hi James, I echo Ian's sentiments...Bob mastered this race and you will too. Two great examples of what mind and body can achieve. Glad to hear a really upbeat sound to your blog...savour the last two weeks and enjoy every moment. All the best mate. Carl.

August 16, 2011 | [Carl Miles](#)

Make sure and enjoy those last couple of weeks as much as you can! It sounds like you are. McD should give you a free pass for life.

August 16, 2011 | [MissChappo](#)

Absolutely stunning yet again. I think the readers of your blog might need a "post LANY footrace" support group as reading this has been a daily highlight for many of us and once you have finished we won't quite know what to do with ourselves!

August 16, 2011 | [David](#)

I just finished Marshall Ulrich's Excellent book, Running on Empty, and he says that what the run across America gave him is a real appreciation of the absolute basics we all take for granted – eating with cutlery, sitting in an armchair – and a re-appreciation of the beauty of it all.

I think you might have a similar epiphany... Keep it going fella, you rock. Now and forever!

August 16, 2011 | **jb**

You're becoming quite the philosopher these days

August 16, 2011 | **lesley roberts**

Hello James, i have been following your progress since you started so I thought i would tell you once again that what you are doing is truly amazing. You put your words together in such an orderly fashion without a care. I like that in a blog. Tell me something, did you go to University to do a journalist degree? Does it take you long to draft and prepare your writings, do you carry a pencil to jog down your thoughts ? Which do you enjoy the most, short essays or long rambling narratives? You are also a funny person, i think that is what makes your musings a delight to read. Now what else did i want to say, oh yeah. You are RUNNING across America !! Blimey how mad is that? If you decide to do anything as crazy again please let me know so i can follow your progressive thinkings. Seriously though, you are doing something special and I wish you every success.

August 16, 2011 | **Paul brackett**

So great to hear you so upbeat. I've been listening to country music while reading your blog and it's definitely an emtional combination. It's so overwhelming what you are achieving. And the blog has been such a gift. Thanks for the tremendous effort.

August 16, 2011 | **Jill Sikkens**

100 marathons!! Amazing - well done. You're doing brilliantly. Fantastic achievement!!

August 16, 2011 | **John66**

Thursday
Aug182011

Days 59 and 60 (Yes SIXTY)

THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 2011 AT 1:41AM

Day 59 - Zanesville to Morristown - 55 miles

Italo woke up this morning looking more confused than usual and then broke the silence by saying "oh no, I dreamt that I had run 40 kilometers of today already and now I have to run them again". Welcome to my world my friend, I have been doing that all race. If I could bag the miles I have run in my sleep then I would have got to New York ages ago and be half way back to LA by now.

Today was supposed to be the longest stage of the race, 58.5 miles but it was cut down to 55 and tomorrow's increased by 3.5 as Laure was worried about the amount of turnings we would have to make in the latter stages. A few people have gone wrong and I think now we are not on endless straight roads anymore Laure is worried about someone ending up in Toronto.

I was my usual self, not able to eat as much in the 20 minutes I gave myself to try and wolf down as many bagels as possible. Eating enough, finding clean(ish) pants, remembering my running number all seem like too much in the morning. Only 5 days left till Gemma can help me out with some of those.

There was a surprise at breakfast (provided by the motel today, normally we have to fend for ourselves), David was back. I interrupted his conversation with Serge to give him a hug. It was great seeing him again.

The miles in the dark felt like harder work than normal and just for me for some reason. Everyone flew off leaving Alex and I at the back. Alex has been suffering with a bad shin splint for a few days and has been coming in at the back. In my and most others experience injuries have a life expectancy of about 4 days before they go away or just stop complaining, I hoped this was the case with Alex.

It was an incline which I was running and feeling OK but it would appear that everyone was wearing new shoes today because they were all in the distance. It's impossible to see other runners from behind in the dark from more than about 50 meters so you never really know where people are.

The sunrise was the best I remember, the glowing sun sat at the end of a beautiful corridor of trees making it look like they were on fire. I have stopped taking pictures now (the humidity killed my camera phone) but that would have been a brilliant one and today generally was gorgeous.

Emily and Berangere were crewing me at the start and I no longer know what I want to drink when I get there. I just ask Emily "what do I want to drink" and she has some ideas, usually iced tea. My food box contained pringles today which I bought from a gas station the previous night. 900 calories in a little tube of easy to eat snack. That should get me through 20% of the day at least.

My energy today was generally good, only one wobble around 35 miles. I was eating small amounts constantly with the sandwiches and pringles and the occasional gel. I think the hills and scenery helped with that. I was going slower, I think the new shoes effect might have worn off though it was hilly so perhaps my pace was just as good. I just looked around and thought "I could easily cope with 12 hours of this every day for the next 12 days".

I guy stopped to ask me for directions to Egypt Valley road, I said I had no idea about the area and he seemed a little grumpy at my response and drove off. Oh well, I used that as prompt to get my route card out of my bag and look for the next turning, half a mile, left on Egypt Valley road. I swear I've heard that street mentioned before.

I did pass Koshita and Ishiara though Bando was running very well and finished ahead of me. He must have got new shoes and new legs. It really is great to see him running well, I hoped to catch him to chat but he was way ahead.

Most of today was in fairly warm sunlight with trees all over and quiet roads. There was some trail too or rather gravel path. I found myself running quite well on it and thinking yet again of where this reminds me of home.

The finish was by a small motel that only Italo, myself, Jenni and Anneke were booked into as there were difficulties booking enough rooms nearby (and this was part of the reason why the distance was changed). All of the supported runners had to drive a little distance to their motels. I was relieved at just being able to stay in the place we finished and I enjoyed a prolonged stay out

on the grass of the finish area just chatting and waiting for the others to arrive. We were then treated to a brilliant meal put on by the motel owners of noodle soup and pasta, really really good and I regret again not having enough time to eat it. It is hard straight after a long run, your body is screaming for food but your digestive system has gone to sleep.

Day 60 - Morristown to Washington - 50.3 miles

I had a dream last night that I had missed one of the stages and got thrown out of the race. I was trying to convince Laure that I could just catch up and run two of the stages on the same day but she was not having it. For some reason this conversation took place in Leicester. Anyway, I woke up a little relieved to find that I was still in the race and now on day 60.

In the morning Peter said that after today there are 10 stages, but the last one does not count and the 26.2 mile stage (67) does not count either so really it's only 8 days left. Wow, 8 days left sounds much better, that's only a week. I'm not counting my McNuggets yet but that seems really close.

Bando had a screamer yesterday. I said to him in the morning to slow down but he said "No, today I go faster, yesterday was the first day since day one with no pain". Alex told me that Bando had been praying to every God that exists (sic) for just one day without any pain and he seemed to get that yesterday. I think he got that today too as he flew off with Rainer at the start.

We were a bit concerned about Alex who was not at the start today. He had an alarm malfunction and ended up coming 30 minutes late.

Today was an exciting one, 3 states. The milestones were 20 miles - West Virginia, 26 miles - McDonalds and 35 miles - Pennsylvania. I was expecting more of the same as yesterday which profile wise was the case but scenery wise was not. The hills were still there but instead of being off the beating track we were passing through town after town.

There was an incredible fog as the sun came up, reducing visibility to around 30 meters. It felt quite nice just to run through some towns where people were getting up to go to work in the foggy morning like I could have been running to work myself.

The miles were slow going but with the hills and intersections I was not too worried. It would be nice to get this finished under 12 to have a bit of time at the end. I ran together with Koshita for the first half and he slowed to take lots of pictures of everything. A game I like to play sometimes is "what would Koshita take a photo of?" While I am running I imagine I have a camera and that I am Koshita taking millions of photos. I don't know how he is going to make cut-offs now we are seeing much more stuff.

West Virginia looked interesting from the start, a town called Wheeling and some huge bridges over a river. It all looked very industrial age with steel bridges. It looked really cool. Soon after there was a McDonalds (Big mac and smoothie) and then we started a long long slog uphill.

It was not that steep but anything that increases the effort you need is frustrating, particularly when all out effort still results in you going very slow. I ran most of it, getting more knackered and thirsty and just frustrated with how slowly everything was going. There were some busy sections of road where I'd get annoyed by a lorry breaking my rhythm and making me go to the side (not their fault, the road was narrow).

I saw my first live snake, quite a big black one that made me jump and he went the other way and slithered pretty quickly up an embankment. I was amazed at it's speed and wondered whether I could have out run it if it decided to go for me. This occupied my mind for a while after.

Near the top of the long incline was the state line into Pennsylvania and with almost every mile now comes a historical marker sign describing some fort or house or refuge that helped protect the settlers from the Indians.

The last few miles were just up and down and up and down, too steep to really do anything with either. I felt my relaxation time at the end slip away as I slogged up a significant slope and then limped down the other side. This is what the next week is going to look like. I finished in 12.40, south of my "4mph" slowest ideal pace but at no point did I really hurt or suffer, it was just frustration really.

But then again, there is only a week left :)

[James Adams](#) | [17 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (17)

Good going James, getting closer and closer to the finish. Do you think you could run back again so I can carrying on following the blogs?

August 18, 2011 | [Avon](#)

Go James go.

August 18, 2011 | [mrmjb](#)

but 1 week (working) is only 5 days, that is like no time at all. where is Gemma, she should be with you if there are only 5 days to go :o)

August 18, 2011 | [Ted](#)

Only 8 stages left? What will we all do when you're not blogging on a daily basis? I'm amazed you dream at all, I'd have thought instant unconsciousness/semi-coma would be the order of the day (or night I suppose). What is the impression of the USA you'll take away from this?

August 18, 2011 | [Lanzarote Steve](#)

A pure fantastic adventure, with time squashing, Koshita's photos and snake amuzement it won't be long til you get your McNuggets!!! Count Down time :-)

August 18, 2011 | [Prue](#)

Great efforts James! I've been away for 2 weeks so have come back to a backlog of blog posts to catch up on, work productivity has definitely taken a hit!!

August 18, 2011 | [Gaz](#)

Hi James, I ran the Northdowns Way 50 on Saturday with Gemma Carter (fellow Serpie) we talked a lot (well Gemma talked, I listened) and your name cropped up in conversation. Just thought I would say that we were in agreement that you are attempting something quite amazing and you are a top bloke. Keep up the great work, one foot in front of the other and all that.

August 18, 2011 | [David Hegarty](#)

"Not counting your McNuggets" made me laugh. I don't think you're obsessed at all. Honest. Well done so far, you're a legend.

August 18, 2011 | [John66](#)

James, I have been reading your website for a few months and really enjoyed your race reports. This is an epic challenge you have undertaken and I am so inspired by your efforts. I am a "mediocre" athlete who completed their first Ironman this year but reading your blog has made me think about doing an ultra (damn you!!)

The end is in sight now, good luck and bloody well done!!!

August 18, 2011 | [Kay](#)

A book in the making? Doing really well!

August 18, 2011 | [Athreya](#)

Whenever this adventure can't get any more epic, and you crank up another gear. "Don't want it to finish" you said the other day; amen to that echoed your very many readers.

Someone suggested turning your blogs into a play. Well Sophie Woolley wrote her one-hander "Born to run" a few years back, so something to think about. When you're under that tree by the river.

BTW, you're number 1!

August 18, 2011 | [Gowan](#)

Still a nutter, but an awe-inspiring one!! No matter how hard a day we've had here, it's pretty clear that your day will have been multiple times harder. If you want a real challenge you can have a go at teaching Rosy SAS when you get back - she's starting on SPSS now, but I'm sure there are bigger and better things ahead of her!!

Well done - you'll storm it into NYC!!

August 18, 2011 | **Sinead Jefferies**

The time seems to be flying by for us on the outside. We do appreciate all the hard slog you're doing each day and then you're generous enough to share it with us, a true gent x

August 18, 2011 | **lesley roberts**

James , remarkable progress. Day 60 and everyone a fantastic read. It is amazing how your exploits get me and others off the couch to do our measly miles . Thanks, Next stop NY.

August 18, 2011 | **Paul Rushton**

The Toronto bit made me laugh – out loud!
Thanks for sharing this awesome journey with us all.
You have every reason to be massively proud. :o)

August 18, 2011 | **Mark - Lytham Runner**

James great job! Thanks for sharing, as per several of my other posts love reading this! Especially getting to know the other guys on your race through you. "I don't know how he is going to make cut-offs now we are seeing much more stuff" – this same thought crossed my mind before I read it!! Now 8 more days – and 2 of those dont count as per your blog so 6 days to go!!!
xxx

August 19, 2011 | **Sandra BT**

Just caught up on your blogs after having a few days away, you might not want this to finish statement made me choke on my cup of tea lol
Now day 61 and the end is in sight think there might be a few tears from lots of people who are following your progress when you reach NY Thanks for sharing your days with us

August 19, 2011 | **Jaks**

Friday
Aug192011

Day 61 - Washington to Uniontown - 50.3 miles

FRIDAY, AUGUST 19, 2011 AT 1:13AM

Day 61

I woke up feeling more energetic and awake than usual. Since there are so few days left I have decided to get out of bed with more of a spring and make more noise at the race briefings. It was going so well. The first few miles I ran pretty well too, no pain and comfortable. I did not eat much at breakfast though as I have toothache and the nuts were getting stuck.

Anyhoo, a few miles through what remained of Washington and then out onto some narrow roads with a fair few cars and trucks on them. It was a beautiful road spoiled a little by the traffic but I was determined not to let it get to me. Around half way we passed through a little town and there was a right turn onto a smaller road that seemed to disappear up into the sky flanked again by trees. Wow I thought, here is where the proper climbing starts.

There already had been a few hills of the day but I was expecting more and this was the start of it, a great incline at around 27 miles and it was nice but really hard to slog up. David and Rene were at the top to give me some much needed refreshment while David and I continued our "English people are Stupid because", "No French people are stupid because...." Debate. I am clearly winning. Stupid Frenchman.

The road flattened out a bit and then there was another turn onto a very busy road. This is when I lost it I think.

I just hated it from the start. The evil camber of the road made me run lopsided and the rocks strewn into the road, the smashed up sections and truck after truck after truck just made it unbearable. Well for me anyway, I was right at the back already and thought I'd been running ok till then. My promise of staying positive was broken on this road.

I was thinking of things to be pissed off at and could not really come up with anything. These drivers are only doing their jobs. The organisation of the race is phenomenal, last night Emily drove back to the previous motel to retrieve my phone that I left there, a 2 hour trip. Seriously how many race organisations would do that? My injuries are minimal. Somehow I managed to overlook all this and stay grumpy.

An Ice-cream with about 10 miles to go lifted me a little and then seeing Bando and Koshita ahead made me feel like I was not going as slow as I had thought. Bando made me laugh earlier by finding 2 enormous sticks to help propel him up the hills. It seemed to work, he just flew off and this was the first time I had seen him for 20 miles.

The last few miles were even worse but I had run out of energy to be grumpy by then. There was a lot of walking on roads that were not made for walking. I saw a sidewalk on the other side and waited several minutes to cross and then ran down it till it ended 50 meters later and I had to cross back. Dunno why I was so frustrated today, I should be enjoying every moment. Hopefully I wont sleep at all tonight and wake up tomorrow feeling like shit. Then the day might turn out good. That's how it usually works.

I finished and Berangere took me to McDonalds on the drive to the motel. I had a little surprise when I got back. My friend Drew Sheffield (currently in Colorado with Tim Adams and James Elson for the Leadville 100) called me to chat and then put Marshall Ulrich on the phone. Marshall ran across the US 2 years ago in a very quick time of 56 days and wrote a fantastic book about it (I recommend reading it while you wait for me to write mine :))

Anyway, one of the things that struck me from the book when I was reading back in the UK was how little time he had to do anything. It's all run, eat, sleep, run, eat, sleep. Marsh was covering more miles a day than I am and so for him it would have been worse. It was great to speak to someone who knows what this is like but he said that running into New York is the most amazing thing. I am so close. Pennsylvania is just a big rectangle right next to New York. 9 more days.

Tomorrow is a tough day, I think the hilliest yet. I just hope there are no roads like the one we just ran on but I suspect they will be more frequent now.

James Adams | 21 Comments | Share Article

Reader Comments (21)

Forget the roads, just take it step by step... enjoy your surroundings while you can and occupy your mind elsewhere when you can't!
You have this down, just finish it up!

August 19, 2011 | [John Price](#)

You've run nearly 2800 miles in the last 60 days and you're feeling grumpy? Can't imagine why.

August 19, 2011 | [Laurie](#)

David and you are the American version of BCRB and Contro. Silly Frenchmen everywhere.

August 19, 2011 | [Ted](#)

It could be worse, you could be trying to run a SAP report for val walker. Only 9 (really 7) days left and gemma's almost there. The best is yet to come. You can do it!

August 19, 2011 | [Jill Sikkens](#)

Keep it going mate.

August 19, 2011 | [Avon](#)

Time for some more new shoes I think!! That clearly worked last time. Gemma if you are reading this pack a pair or two for him.

When you are feeling grumpy just think that it is the last time you will EVER see that particular piece of road/town/latrine EVER again, show it the English finger and remember Agincourt. MTFU!!!

August 19, 2011 | [James in HK](#)

Can totally relate to the grumpiness and running. I remember toward the end of Davos and feeling really tired and wanting to punch the next lovely supporter who yelled 'Allez' or rang a cowbell into my face:) I can't even imagine my grumpiness after getting up in the dark and this being 61 days of running. I reckon just go with the feeling and embrace it! you've earned it all and more. Or maybe just think of the finishing line and Gem being there at the end. It will be a suncream in the eyes extravaganza! We're so proud of you and are looking forward to the book!

August 19, 2011 | [Mariana](#)

you are doing an amazing physical feat, you blog is the first thing i look at every morning. a great adventure to read about, chin up!!

August 19, 2011 | [D2](#)

9 days – bloody hell – and only one more day til you see Gemma. I think your attitude is spot on by the way. Nice blog – can I have a signed book please?

August 19, 2011 | [John66](#)

Just run faster, then it will be over more quickly and you'll get more rest.

I don't know why you haven't thought of this already.

August 19, 2011 | [Lammo](#)

Just keep thinking of seeing Gemma and running into New York – you are doing brilliantly and there is no way that you won't finish this. Nice that you got to talk to Marshall Ulrich and get some perspective. Come on James – only 9 days to go! :-)

August 19, 2011 | [Sarah Spall](#)

Oh wait think my maths was wrong in may last comment – never mind! KEEP GOING!! xx

August 19, 2011 | [Sandra BT](#)

Not long to go now James. Keep positive and now really focus on the end. Hope the grumpiness goes away :-)

August 19, 2011 | **Footpad**

Yesterday I sat and read the entire blog from start to finish – brilliant. Couldn't put it down. I laughed out loud a lot – through your great writing, not because I think you're stupid or anything. Bit rude of me to be on my bum for so long when you were out slogging away with all those lorries – sorry about that. Anyway, not long and glory will be yours! Give my love to all the other nutters. Especially Italo – he's my favourite (other than you, of course!).

August 19, 2011 | **Lou Walker**

You'll get over it, it's probably just PMT.

Not far to go now, just a few more days of putting one foot in front of the other will ensure your book can have a happy ending... I'm aware it's harder than it sounds of course, but I'm also pretty sure you won't let a few thousand miles of fatigue get you down when the finish line is so much closer than the start line!

August 19, 2011 | **Nikolai**

Last few days now; time to start winding up the pace a bit. When you hit 100 miles to go, then unleash hell!!

Can you let us know where the finish line is btw?

Good luck mate.

August 19, 2011 | **Dan Afshar**

You're allowed one "fuck you all day" but only one. You have to save up your rudeness for NY where it'll be right at home.

August 19, 2011 | **lesley roberts**

Hi James, its my birthday today and I got a copy of Marshall's book , looks superb and yes this will keep me going until your epic journey is released to the world!! Well done and keep going!!

August 19, 2011 | **markyboy**

Truly inspirational James. I've followed your ups and downs daily and I can only wish you the very best for the home straight. Bloody brilliant effort, you can do it!

August 19, 2011 | **Ed**

So very nearly there now James, and we're all behind you (a long way behind you ...). Tremendous. xx

August 19, 2011 | **PaulaMc**

Won't be reading anyone else's book, will happily wait for yours!
In the meantime, stay upbeat and remember just how awesome this all is.
It truly is.

August 19, 2011 | **Mark – Lytham Runner**

Saturday
Aug202011

Day 62 - Uniontown to Frostburg - 51.1 miles - Mountain Stage

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 2011 AT 1:55AM

Well today went just as I kind of hoped for yesterday, the opposite of yesterday. I woke up in a good mood but that was shortly ended by the nature of the start of this run. The town of Uniontown was like most other towns we have crossed. Broken traffic lights and uneven sidewalks (usually with an injury lawyer practice beside them). It can be hard work in the dark trying to step over all the obstacles but within 3 miles we were on a highway that put me right off running.

I don't really pay attention to the profile of the routes, don't really see how it will help me. Peter has been talking about "stage 62" for a while now. I just get out of bed and get given the miles and then do them at my own slow pace.

I wished I looked at this one though, the first climb was huge, on a busy road though the trucks were only doing 10mph downhill. As the sun rose I grumpily trudged up this thing for about an hour and thinking "how many more of these will we have?"

I also got a bit annoyed at Girard who seems to be able to walk as fast as I can run and he was doing it right in front of me, obviously not deliberately but I was close to asking him to at least look like he is making an effort cos I am busting a gut here.

I have been told I have a significant limp, denied by me for a few days but now I can clearly feel my body rocking more to the right and my right foot curving in more as I stagger forward. I have become one of those old men you see at races who look like they are running sideways and I remark "they should get that sorted out, it must be killing them".

I was getting annoyed at my beard too, everything I eat now has hair in it and my beard get full of everything I eat. I can't wait to get rid of it. End of day 66 it goes (because that's a short day and this will be a big job).

Anyhoo, at the top of this first mountain pass was a lovely looking resort and then the rolling road from then on seemed to have nice resort after nice resort, much nicer looking places than we have stayed so far. I looked at my phone time when I knew I was at 11 miles to see how far behind the "4mph" I was and it was only about 10 minutes, not as bad as I had thought.

But the grumpiness went away as soon as the highway got less busy and the lovely trees and scenery came out, I looked back having made the first mountain climb and saw just how high we were. Earlier today we were way down there in the fog, now look at us. I think today will be a Cheryl Cole day, really pretty but really really slow.

Bando had run off again, he has had a great second wind towards the end of this race and its great to see. I ran close to Koshita and Phillippe most of the day but they got away from me and I was in last again. I didn't mind this time though, I knew it was going to be a long slog but I was well inside the cut-off again and looking around it was just beautiful.

I nearly trod on an eagle. It was just in the road, unable to fly but it was trying to fly and get out of the way. I slowed and moved around it not sure what it might do and it managed to flap over up the embankment. I am not sure whether birds with damaged wings survive long or heal at all, poor thing.

I started to limp a bit quicker on the parts that were only slightly up or slightly down. It reminded me of yesterday when I ran past a school where a brass band were practicing. I managed to go faster than them and overtake and after doing so they all turned and cheered for me, that was quite cool.

32 miles in after lots of hills was the first McDonalds on a run I have seen for 2 days. Perhaps that's what perked me up. Big Mac and smoothie and David insisted on recording the whole thing, me walking in ordering, eating, spilling, getting gherkins stuck in my beard.

More down and up and then David appeared in a cow costume. At first I thought it was a biker and he had a bell in his hand that I thought was a spanner or something and that it was a nut wanting to kill me. Silly French Person.

I was just really enjoying the day and then Gemma sent a picture from James Edgar's birthday (HAPPY BIRTHDAY JAMES) of a load of friends wishing me

Logan's birthday (that's BIRTHDAY JAMES) of a load of friends wishing me good luck. That was really nice to see. Gemma is now less than 24 hours away, it's going to be wonderful to have her back here again. It's much nicer here than in Oklahoma too.

Two miles from the end it rained hard, David asked if I was wet and I said no, I am British and hence I am waterproof. I loved the end of today, getting really wet and heading downhill to get to the finish that they were waiting for me so they could pack away and get out of the rain. I finished and was handed lots of Guinness from David as a present so long as I promise to stop saying he is a Silly Frenchman.

So, I was hardly king of the hills today but I loved them. Actually if Budweiser are allowed to call themselves King of Beers then I am going to call myself King of the Mountains anyway.

James Adams | **16 Comments** | **Share Article**

Reader Comments (16)

I'm suprised you put up with the beard this long. Alex has an entourage to comb out his woolly mess.

August 20, 2011 | **lesley roberts**

My key board is full of tea thanks to your Cheryl Cole comment. Then the eagle. (Although the eagle bit becomes sad; I'm not that callous.)
Top shuffling!

August 20, 2011 | **Lou Walker**

lol at Cheryl Cole day and Silly Frenchman – actually nearly choked on my toast!!
Well done your highness

August 20, 2011 | **D2**

Hahaha loved the <Cheryl Cole comment, must try to remember ti and use it myself. Was the eagle a euphemism created by your mind? Keep going and have a good weekend. See you on Monday.

August 20, 2011 | **Lanzarote Steve**

I cant believe how you keep going – I once did a hill session with you at Primrose with the marvellous Gowan Clews and was in the pub at the Island before you set off to the states – I read on here every now and then (I am a serpie – marathon runner not some weird stalker...) keep going ... good luck and yes the Cheryl cole comment was the best...

August 20, 2011 | **susan kennedy**

Your ability to reflect so evenhandedly on your grand challenge is remarkable – laughing at daily ultras, acting on beard related issues and describing the sad accidents that nature hands out. Best wishes for trouble-free miles :)
Steve [swittle on Fetch]

August 20, 2011 | **swittle**

OK, I admit it. I have to Google Cheryl Cole....must be a British thing.
Look out tomorrow for a tall man in a red convertible. He is not a Silly French Man, nor will he be trying to kill you or be wearing a cow costume (at least I hope not). 'nuf said.

August 21, 2011 | **Laurie**

Wow...this running thing (even if it is slower than Girard's walk) is sounding like way too much fun to me. I, too, am perplexed by the Cheryl Cole reference. Is she related to Sheryl Crow? I definitely need to see the video of you ordering in Mickey D's and the subject cow costume. Sounds very "silly." Ms. Laurie is being too cryptic. I need to call her. You're getting closer and closer, James, even if you might be limping, looking like an old man, or a even a lumberjack (beard). Keep a truckin' and writin' You have many many cheerleaders on several continents.
Deb and Dave

August 21, 2011 | **Deb and Dave J-R**

Outstanding.

I'm musing now on how you'll cope with a lie in and a day off. Maybe some proper beer.

Not far now (!!!?!), keep going!

August 21, 2011 | **Damian**

Brilliant blog. Amazing how you've kept your sense of humour. I'm sure Gemma will be more than happy to help with the beard removal job. So close now!

August 21, 2011 | **MissChappo**

Wes is gutted that you are planning to get rid of the beard.

August 21, 2011 | **Nat Kolo**

Yeah keep the beard till NY. Shaving it off might be bad luck, like Samson and his hair. BTW you are so skinny now and with that beard you are starting to look more and more like Tom Hanks in Castaway (not Forrest Gump) have you started talking to your volleyball yet??? Keep up the brilliant effort, you really are on the home straight now. Today is the last Sunday, tomorrow is the last Monday etc etc. Enjoy and savour every moment it won't happen again. Soon, anyway.

August 21, 2011 | **James in hk**

I am just amazed. I have only been running for a year, so am new to all of this, but have to read your blog each day – am addicted. What are we all going to do when you have finished?

Excellent, very well done you! Enjoy NY!!

(Hamish84 on Fetch)

August 21, 2011 | **Joanne**

Nice going...I've finally caught up with your other blogs. Keep the new shoes feeling...:) Garfield from Fetch. I live in the UK but don't get the Cheryl Cole reference...then again, I don't get round much!

August 21, 2011 | **Garfield**

Love to see you still going strong and maybe now even faster after losing the beard.

I read your story every day (ok when there is one to read) and watch the pictures on Rainers blog.

August 22, 2011 | **Patrick**

So reading the other comments, Cheryl Cole isn't famous in the USA??! No justice; poor the Cheryl...

Keep on runnin', fuzzy-faced fella! All on Fetch are rooting for you.

Kb

August 22, 2011 | **Kenny_Boy**

Tuesday
Aug232011

Days 63 and 64

TUESDAY, AUGUST 23, 2011 AT 12:53AM

Day 63 - Frostburg to Hancock - 50.6

Today was the second of the "mountain" days. I think after this it's pretty plain sailing to New York. Yesterday was beautiful and interesting although the length of time on my feet took it's toll. From the very first steps of this morning I felt like my feet had been battered. Wearing wet shoes and clothes from yesterday probably did not help.

The first 10k of today were all down and at the bottom of the descent was a McDonalds that I had earmarked for breakfast. We then went through a small town called Cumberland which had been written on very old mile markers for miles and miles so it must have been important back in the day. Now it is just a regular town like many others we have passed through only there were a lot more morning joggers today.

Now we are in the founding states there are a lot more interesting buildings. Ones made out of stone and brick and made to last. We have been following the "National Road" more or less from Indianapolis, one of the first national highways built about 200 years ago. It is not a very busy road but it is littered with relics from the past when the country was only 13 states. There are forts of previous battles and toll houses with prices on. To take a 2 horsed 6 wheeled carriage into Hancock would cost 6 cents I think. Not sure about a weary runner on two tired feet and a badger on his back,

I am going to learn a lot more about this area when I am done here which is not long now.

Anyhoo the running went ok. The climbs did not really start until half way and even then they were not as bad as yesterday, certainly not the first climb. There were some awesome viewpoints though, one at a place called "Town Hill" which had a great looking B&B (yes, sounds very British doesn't it?) at the top .

Today I was excited about Gemma being at the finish though she got stuck in traffic and I am still waiting for her to arrive. I have been counting the days since we said goodbye in a rushed way in Oklahoma at the start of stage 36. It seems like such a long time ago though I have trouble now remembering what happened yesterday from the day before from the day before, like the days really are merging into one enormous tract of time. Los Angeles was two months ago (TWO MONTHS????) yet somehow it feels like that could have been years ago. My summer has been so crammed with excitement, despair, fear, hope, experience and all other emotions that by brain has probably spread it over more than a year just to stop me exploding.

Now I don't feel like I can even measure time. I think some days "I have about 8 hours left of running today". I don't even know what that is anymore. 8 hours used to be a working day, or a 50 mile race, or an after work pub session getting out of hand. I don't know why I even look at the time anymore, I just plod along and at some point during the day it finishes.

Serge said to me this morning "from tomorrow we will be able to say this is the last Sunday, and then this is the last Monday etc". It's true and it's going to be awesome. This time next week I'll be in New York. I prefer to think of it this way though.

Remember that thing I had to do ten times this summer? Well now I only have to do it once more.

Day 64 - Hancock to Waynesboro - 46.2 miles

This is the "last Sunday" of the race. No more running on Sundays after today. This time next week I won't have to do any running. Etc

It really lifts spirits to be able to say things like that, to say to a passer by who asks "yeah we started 2 months ago in LA but this is the last week".

Gemma arrived later than expected last night while stuck in traffic in a place called "New York" and we did not get a huge amount of sleep. I felt quite tired but so happy that Gemma was here now. Things seem much easier when she is around.

I also had a visit from John Price this morning. I had met John once at the Spartathlon 2 years ago and kept in touch with his crazy antics on Facebook. Earlier this year he ran across America pushing a baby jogger on his own. It was great to see him and he brought along some good beer and cookies too.

Even better to see him :))

I started the day still being crewed by the organisation while Gemma got more sleep and it started quite well with the feeling that this will soon be over. There were a few more hills left of the Appalachians but it was not nearly as hard as the past 2 days. The roads were quiet and lovely and after about 15 miles Gemma came along and started running small sections with me. It was great to have her back. Her bum is much easier to follow than Mr Tanaka's.

John popped up too and was taking photos and walking alongside me up some of the hills. It was great to chat to him as the last time I would have spoke to him was when I was an absolute wreck after my first Spartathlon and I did not want to talk to anybody. However I feel in this race I at least know that I would never feel that bad.

Around half way a chap pulled over (I think his name was Bennett but I may have misheard) who said he was a friend of Laurie and that he drove up from Baltimore to say hello. That was really kind and I said I was on my way to the McDonalds and that Gemma and John were there. I think they ate McDonalds together while my Big Mac and Smoothie were delivered on the road (this is the advantage of a support crew). I did not see him again but it was really nice meeting you and thanks for donating the beard trimmers :))

The second half of today felt a bit crap. The euphoria of "The last Sunday" wore off and the reality of "I still have 20 miles to go which is another 5 hours of slogging" set in. It's funny how I have don't this now for 63 days, run nearly 3000 miles and the thought of doing another 20 just make me feel crap. I have the blister on my little toe back that I got on the first day and it was burning a bit. I also seem to have started creating electricity and every now and then getting a shock in my balls or on my back. I think the humidity is quite high again and maybe my damp clothes are causing that.

I was a bit grumpy and sore for much of the rest and came in a little later than I would have liked but the finish was quite nice, some cookies (John's cookies were amazing, peanut butter that just melts in your mouth which is actually a really good thing to eat on the run) and a lady (whose name I forget) with cake.

We went to a buffet later which was an experience. I know I have lost some weight recently but a womans arms should still not be bigger than my torso. Yuk.

James Adams | [15 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (15)

Do you actually realise how amazing you are to get up every day and run insane distances? Or is it now normal because you've been doing it for two months? I'm really enjoying your blog and also following you and the other runners on the race website. I love the photos and video as it gives an extra dimension to the race and makes it seem all the more real. When you get to New York I hope that you get a ticker tape parade. At the very least someone should be showering you all with champagne to celebrate the achievement of all the runners in the race. Good luck for the final "last" days.

August 23, 2011 | **Siobhan**

I hope those beard trimmers are industrial strength

August 23, 2011 | **lesley roberts**

Visiting was my pleasure and meeting your girlfriend was a treat also! I hope to meet up with ya'll again when I come over to run John O'Groats to Land's End in May...

August 23, 2011 | **John Price**

Still awesome ,done my longest run on sunday (18m) was tiring and thought of you ,then f£\$ked off to maccy ds .keep it up mate .

August 23, 2011 | **stuart henderson**

So. Basically, this week is the equivalent of the final day of the 10-in-10 for you?

August 23, 2011 | **Ted**

Chances of you getting to New York and in true Spartathlon spirit turning

around and heading back to LA?

Two Hopes?

August 23, 2011 | [Damian](#)

You are doing amazing and I think of you during my runs especially when I am flagging in the last 1/2 mile of a 6.5 mile run, saying HTFU Binks is running insane distances day after day and it pushes me onward. Only a few more days to go and you will be in New York – am really looking forward to when the book comes out. Glad you are finally reunited with Gemma :-> Allez James Allez

August 23, 2011 | [Sarah Spall](#)

Hey James, congratulations on getting through to the last week of jogging/slogging/blogging. Glad you are being well catered for by your good lady now, hopefully last few days will get easier and easier as your spirits lift and the excitement of finishing begins to dawn. Really chuffed for you, so much so, I had a post race McD on Sunday following the Peaks Ultra 40miler. Am ashamed to admit it ticked all the right boxes. Run strong to the finish!!!

August 23, 2011 | [Carl Miles](#)

Just to re-iterate what everyone else has already said – you're hairy, I'm guessing you're pretty smelly and you eat way too much McDonald's, but you're an absolute legend! Big congratulations on the past nine weeks, and I really hope you get to enjoy the last one. In between reading your blog, I've spent most of the last six weeks or so lolling around telling myself I need to recover from the South Downs Way 100 miler, but I don't know what all the malingering is about – I need to put myself outside a Big Mac and get back out there again!

Coincidentally we're going to be in New York for a few days and I'm hoping to get out to the course to say hi, but feel free to tell me to bugger off if you want to savour the last bits of the adventure with those closest to you rather than having some 'Johnny come lately' tagging along.

Lots of congratulations and manly back slaps all round

August 23, 2011 | [Jeremy](#)

Are we nearly there yet?

August 23, 2011 | [John66](#)

Hey Skinny – looking forward to the movie :-> The love story, the run, the emotions.....and then seeing you in McD ads all over the US. Woo hoo

August 23, 2011 | [tyregirl](#)

When you say he pushed a baby-jogger across America on his own do you mean that he had no help in pushing it or that there was no baby in it? I always laugh when I see folks with pushchairs and prams but minus babies, but that is just going to ridiculous lengths. Speaking of which, the electricity generation must be your body's subconscious way of making sure Gemma has a good time after not seeing you for a month!!!! Cos you sure won't be consciously giving her a good time for a while I should think. Have fun guys.....

August 23, 2011 | [Lanzarote Steve](#)

Hi James,

I've been really enjoying your blog so much, it's great and your ever so close now:) tremendous stuff.

I've my first 50 in less than two weeks time, yay, the Bullock Smithy, 56 miles of great scenery and excellent camaraderie, your a real inspiration.

Good luck

Andy.

August 23, 2011 | [Andy H](#)

I have been following your blog from day 1 and have found it inspirational and addictive. So addictive that I couldn't wait to get back from holiday (without web access) to carry on reading it. Truly amazed at your tremendous determination and achievement. Keep on flying the flag. Hope you have a book launch in London some day so I can get a signed copy. Well done and best wishes for a great finish.

August 23, 2011 | **Dilip Chudgar**

I don't know you but I've been so enjoying your blog. I just can't comprehend how you are doing it, day after day. It's beyond amazing.....
I'm getting really excited now you are so close to New York, though remember that old saying 'the last mile is the longest' and just keep putting one foot in front of the other. Any chance of live streaming the finish? (Some guys from our running club, Chris Finill and Steve Pope, are running across America to raise money for Help for Heroes, but they will be having rest days, the softies! Good luck and I can't wait to read about the next few days and the finish!!

August 23, 2011 | **Jo**

wednesday
Aug242011

Days 65 and 66

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 2011 AT 1:22AM

Day 65 - Waynesboro to York - 48.8 miles

My legs hurt all night again, keeping me awake along with the usual thoughts of running the next stage. When I woke up in the morning I commented to Gemma that my legs do not normally hurt this much.

I don't think I was as grumpy as usual even though Gemma said I was at breakfast when I complained about having to eat a banana. The motel put on breakfast for us and as best as I could I tried to force bagels and creamed cheese down my throat. I still have tooth ache which means sometimes I have to eat like a geriatric hamster.

Gemma got me a proper egg and bacon roll from a diner early on which went down a treat, it had a real egg in it rather than the yellow circle thing you get in the McMuffins, not that I am complaining about those though.

Today was fairly boring on the whole except for a really nice stroll through Gettysburg around half way. I don't know too much about the battle of Gettysburg other than that it was a very important one in the American civil war where the Union army defeated the Confederates somewhere near there. Americans probably know all this from their world history lessons.

There were a huge number of historical signposts with information on which I stopped to read but it was hard trying to put it all together. Taverns where armies gathered, roads that were marched on, profiles of generals and heroes and villains. This would be a great place to spend the day as it looks like such a proud historical town. I got the sense that I was marching along the same routes that the armies would have done nearly 200 years ago. Pennsylvania is full of history, the buildings look old but beautiful. Previous states where all the large scale farming happens buildings look like they are only built to last a few years before being pulled down and replaced. I like this state.

New Oxford was lovely too and it had a McDonalds. Gemma asked me if I would rather have a sandwich that she had made with my smoothie rather than a Big Mac. It was a loaded question like many of hers such as "would you like to eat some vegetables" or "would you like to shower before getting into the bed". It was a nice beef and cheese sandwich though.

The blister that had bothered me the past couple of days had gone and in the last couple of weeks I feel pain on the sole of my right foot just below the toes. Not sure what that is but taking my shoe off and giving it a bit of a run seems to help it. Not sure whether it might be plantar fasciitis (I hear people banging on about this one a lot). I remember reading in Marshall Ulrich's book that he got this and his solution was to reduce his mileage from 60 a day to 40. I am doing about 50 a day and have no option of reducing. I'll get through it.

We finished on a very busy road at a café a few miles from the motel we were staying in. On finishing we ate in the diner that managed to get our orders a bit wrong. I asked for chapped steak and eggs and got a whole steak and an omelette, Gemma got most of her gluten free dinner correctly except for the bread stacked on top. It was not too slow a day and tomorrow will be nice and short.

Day 66 - York to Lancaster - 26.9 miles

26.2 miles was the distance we were expecting but Laure said there was a diversion and now it was to be 26.9 miles. My chances of a marathon pb were slipping.

There was an announcement that Alex had a baby girl this morning (back in Italy of course) and that mother and child were doing very well. He found out just before the finish yesterday which probably explains his quick time and hasty exit. Today we had two guest runners of David (dressed as a cow) and Berangere running today.

We started on the same busy road that we finished yesterday on and in the pitch black 5.30am morning it was still quite busy. I had the turn sheet and I normally just look for when the first turn is, today it was 16.9 miles which meant I could just put it away for a few hours and sleep run and follow everyone else.

We ran along and soon we were on an interstate, it felt a little strange but I could see a long line of runners ahead so stayed with it. After about half an hour on here Bando caught me as asked if this was the right way. I was sure it was not as Laure would have told us about this, there was no way a crew

could access us on this road and she would have said something to us. There was debate, Phillippe said "yes, this is good way, good way" and sped off. I thought we should just walk in the same direction till someone tells us otherwise (yeah stupid). I had no phone on me so could not call anyone.

Then we saw Fabien (Patricks wife and support) drive past and honk at us and somehow she managed to turn around to tell us all to go back. Doh. We are now further from the finish that we were at the start. I blame David. Silly Frenchman.

I was quite upbeat about the whole thing as was Patrick and Italo who soon sped past me. Rainer, Jenni, Markus and Alex had all gone the right way, the rest of us didn't. Bando flew off, I think he was worried about missing the cut off now which could be an issue for many of us. Mr Koshita did not look very impressed though.

After about an hour and a half I met Gemma at the 1 mile point to have a drink and sandwich. I think we had probably added about 4-5 miles on with that detour. Still, 26 miles is a silly distance to run. WE ran through a pretty town (York I think) and I think we are reaching that critical point where I can no longer say hello to everyone I see. In Oklahoma where you only see one person a day its easy to do, in fact I would say hello to horses and cows too just because I was lonely. It's going to be harder now in all these busy towns. "Hello, hello, hello, hello, hello, hello, hello, hello" I would get out of breath quickly.

10 miles a stop in McDonalds where I was allowed an Egg McMuffin and smoothie this time. At 16 miles there was the first official turning which was on a very long bridge over a huge wide river. Can't remember the name of the river but it was lovely to see in the sunshine. This is where I caught up with David dressed as a cow still (Silly Frenchman) and Berangere who looked like she was suffering a bit. Still I think after today they will be celebrating running their first ultramarathon. Who knows, perhaps in a few years they might end up doing something really stupid.

Not a lot else happened today though at the start we were briefed on how the finish into New York will work. We are to run the 35 mile stage as 2 groups, fast and slow (apparently I am slow). We will run to a Starbucks about 1k from Central Park and then re-group and finish the race together. I really like the idea of finishing all together but not all are keen. Oddly Bando is really against it "But it's a race, we should race to the finish". Bando has had a miraculous recovery recently but I don't think in the next 5 days he is going to catch up the 300 hours he needs on Rainer.

At the end we were informed that we have now done 3000 miles, I thought that was coming tomorrow but we are already there. In fact I am on 3005 miles :)

There was an earthquake nearby today which I felt as I went into the motel room. I was too tired to really get excited about it. Later after a much needed nap I had my beard shaved off and then a hair cut. When I started this I felt like a boy amongst men. Then during the race I became a tramp amongst men. Now I really really do look like a 12 year old boy amongst men. Mauro actually did not recognise me when he saw me earlier.

James Adams | [18 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (18)

so close now! i cant believe its been 2 months. You're nearly there James, and Gemma with you, how exciting :)

August 24, 2011 | [Sandra McDougall](#)

Honestly, women and their constant banging on about vegetables :-). It must be SO exciting to be nearly there!

August 24, 2011 | [MissChappo](#)

They are not loaded questions as long as you know what the only response to them is. 'Yes, Gemma'

August 24, 2011 | [Ted](#)

Well done mate, nearly there. Amazing effort.

August 24, 2011 | [Avon](#)

Well done James on completing 3 kilo-miles. Only 0.2 to go – a doddle.

I am a bit concerned about you changing your fuel from MaccyDs to Starbucks for the last 1km, do you think this is wise? What happens if your stomach rebels against the unknown diet, you get caught short and have to stop for a no 2 behind a bush in central park, in full view of the world's press and the the zero tolerance NYPD..... think carefully about that one. New York – its the double skinny iced mocca lattechinos that'll kill ya.

August 24, 2011 | [James in HK](#)

"Loaded questions" bit is amusing. "World" history bit is just depressing. Well done, you're a bloody legend

August 24, 2011 | [John66](#)

After 2 months running more or less together, finishing as a group is the only way to go. All who finish should be wined, dined, feted in the world press and given a strait-jacket. Loved the "26 miles is a silly distance to run" comment. I fully agree that its a silly distance (because I still haven't managed to run that far yet and am suffering preparing my first). Keep going my boy. And don't get conned into buying at Starbucks

August 24, 2011 | [Lanzarote Steve](#)

Binks though I've not posted anything yet, I have been reading your blog right from the very start and I have to say I am completely in awe of your achievement. You've done so well, not long to go now. I don't know what I'm going to do without these blogs to read each day though!

August 24, 2011 | [Pootle](#)

Nearly there!! You didn;t fancy keeping your beard for the finish line photo's. May have been handy for the journey home if you got a bit peckish. I'm sure there was plenty of food bits stuck in it.

Like others I read your blog every day and its inspired me to enter the Pony Express next year which will be my first ultra.

Well done I am in awe!

August 24, 2011 | [Kay](#)

Still hugely enjoying your bloggage and very excited for you to be over 3000 miles and soooo close (relatively) to the finish. I can only imagine how excited you are! On the downside, your blogs will soon be over – boooo – so I am going to have to find something else (no doubt far duller) to read instead. Unless you fancy running it all again ?

All the very best of luck to you James.

August 24, 2011 | [Mark - Lytham Runner](#)

I have been following your blog and am totally in awe of your achievements. Only a few days to go, all the best for the last days. It must be an amazing feeling to be so close to the finish.

August 24, 2011 | [Kira](#)

Wooweee 3000 miles – tick. Beard gone – tick. Photo of beard gone ... still waiting for that one! Well done James just brilliant!!x

August 24, 2011 | [Sandra BT](#)

Do what Gemma tells you !

August 24, 2011 | [lesley roberts](#)

Like your "tramp amongst men" plus so much more. Don't think that Bando can catch up 300 hours in 5 days?? Why not? :-)

August 25, 2011 | [Deb and Dave J-R](#)

Binks, been following your amazing blog & just wanted to congratulate you on an amazing journey – how you acheive so much and write with such humility/humour (that's both – not an either/or!) is astounding.

I am suitably ashamed at quivering at the thought of completing a training run that extends to double figures.

Oh and heads up to Gemma, too – my OH is just getting into this

Oh, and heads up to Gemma, too - my Oh is just getting into this long-distance lark & the inadvertant crewing tips are very useful.

Keep going mate - you're doing us all proud.

August 25, 2011 | **Vicky**

200 miles to go, and some wags say you're "nearly" there. Badwater plus a double marathon!

And after 65 daily blogs still you find things to say, and in an effervescent way. Geriatric tramp of a hamster!!

August 25, 2011 | **Gowan**

I too, will miss these blogs but will look forward to the book!. 2 whole months gone already doesnt time fly when you are having fun. Awesome work.

August 25, 2011 | **Jaks**

You're getting there... :) Also LOL at the loaded questions!

August 25, 2011 | **Garfield**

Friday
Aug262011

Days 67 and 68

FRIDAY, AUGUST 26, 2011 AT 1:13AM

Day T minus 3 - Lancaster to Kutztown - 50.5 miles

"Who is this new young good looking chap? And where is that smelly tramp who has been hanging around for the past 2 months?" Well no one actually said it but I am sure they all thought it. My new shaven face was certainly a discussion point this morning and during the stage. I still look in the mirror and not quite recognise myself, I have lost so much weight and it really shows now in my naked face. I am not sure whether I should try to get fat again when I finish this, saves me having to buy new clothes.

The race briefing this morning was long. I think Laure was frustrated by people going wrong yesterday (or perhaps by people complaining about it) so she went through all the turns. I can't see how anyone could really complain about yesterday. It was basically one person going wrong and then lots of people sleep running, our own stupid fault.

But for some reason today at the start my head was not in it again. We are so close now yet the thought of 3 more 50 milers and then the last day just feels like too much effort. I commented to Gemma in the early stops that today does not feel like it is going very fast. I was not talking about actual speed or time but by my own perception of it. I knew I was going along at about the same pace as usual but it just *seemed* to drag which in this race for me is so much worse than actual times. Yesterday even having done the extra distance the miles seemed to pass quicker. I moaned to Gemma that today was going to be long.

The town of York was lovely but soon we were on the busy roads again where I feel less and less welcome. Drivers pulling out of side streets and turning right do not seem to look right before pulling out and I have to be really careful of this. With 4 days to go no one is going to pull out now with blisters, fatigue, shin splints or diarrhoea. Getting run over by a car though will bring an end to it though. We all need to be careful now.

I have not really spoke much about Patrick on this blog. He is a really nice guy who does not speak English but I get the impression he is the joker of the French crowd. He is currently in second place and is obviously a fantastic runner but recently he has slowed and today he looked a cripple at the start. At some point I saw him go to the side of the road to take a leak and then have to be helped back onto the road by his wife and Girard. He could still run faster than me though. Whatever his issues were they must have eased at he slowly slipped out of view.

We passed a couple of nice places today in the middle, one in particular called Gouglasville (I think) which was a beautiful town just off the interstate. I was good to get off the busy roads even though we could still hear them. I said to Gemma "Perhaps there is a place to get a smoothie here". It was a loaded "Perhaps", and Gemma responded by getting me said smoothie.

We then went through a city called Reading. This was the most horrible part of the day. The city was fairly ugly like it's British counterpart but this was quite rough to run through. The sidewalks were all smashed, people everywhere looking at you with disapproval and I was afraid to go for a piss in case I got sucked into some sort of territorial war. Not nice.

And after that there was more really busy highway but by this point my head was better and the miles seemed to be going faster again. I was still in last place, everyone seems to have found some source of speed for the last few legs that I have not. I'm not worried though. 2 more 50 mile days and then the glory leg.

Day T-2 Kutztown to Washington - 51 miles

This will be a short one as it was a long day and soon my eye lids will overpower me. Today was tough. Laure called it a "5 star day" for hardness. There were hills, traffic, lots of turns, ugly roads, busy towns, intolerable intersections and on top of that a good hour of really hard rain that promised to bugger up everyones feet.

All eyes were on Patrick this morning. He can't walk. In the space of a week he has gone from the runner who finishes second most days to a cripple. Makes all this talk of "In the bag" feel a bit premature. Alex and I spoke at the start that we got into the "we're so close" talk way too early. 500 miles is not that close. Less than 150 is but because we have been thinking about being so close for too long it feels like we should have finished by now.

Today started a little slow and just got slower. The first 7 miles were on a road of angry truck drivers (I don't think they were angry I just imagined they were). Then there were a few miles of beautiful but very hilly roads which would have been brilliant but for the rain. I have loved the rain up until now but now I just think about my feet. After a rain shower my feet just burn. In the end they didn't and overall I had nothing to complain about but I found today really mentally tough.

It's funny, I am 3100 miles into a 3200 mile race and hence "near the end" but all I can think about is how it sucks to only be 17 miles into a 51 mile day. I can't get myself into New York mode for some reason, I found it easy to think about it before now but all I can focus on is the next horrible mile.

The day eased up though and just before entering New Jersey a Fetchie called Jeff came out to see us. It was really great to see him and as always it would have been nice to spend more time chatting to someone who made the effort to come out and see the race. He bought some really nice tomato that got put into my sandwich and I really enjoyed it. I may change my mind about this salad stuff....

Near the end I saw Serge's crew and asked them how Patrick was doing. They said he had been to hospital for pain killing injections and was back on the road. From what I heard he was on about 60k when I finished and was likely to miss the cut off by some time but that is OK so long as he does not miss it tomorrow. I really hope he makes it and hope that they would be lenient with the cut off if needed, if he has to crawl all day and all night to get to Central Park then let him. Come on Patrick. COURAGE.

And that was about it for today, I finished in 13.30 and will not sleep much tonight. Tomorrow is about 49 miles and then the last day. Gemma and I celebrate 2 years since our first date. She will be treated to me eating pizza in bed and then falling into a coma. I might shower beforehand though, I'm romantic like that.

Two more days, 85 miles. NOT in the bag.

James Adams | [30 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (30)

James, keeping our fingers crossed for Patrick. Yes, leniency, please. Should we make a call to Laure to assist? Will it help? Even if one doesn't make the cut-off two days in a row, I'd hope that the group would vote to let him stay in the results, etc. Maybe time penalties or something. Come on!!!

As we read today's post, I thought of how just a few days ago, you were tearing up when thinking about New York. As you said, so many highs and lows and the mind going in different places. No, it's not in the bag yet, but we are congratulating you and all of the other participants already. Way to go, everyone. And, ditto for the support crews and organizers. You are all amazing!!

Deb (and Dave)

PS - Glad Gemma got you the smoothie; hope you throw out the "fat" clothes and buy new skinny ones, and that you don't get too wet with Irene! Take it all in, James. It's almost over.....

August 26, 2011 | [Deb and Dave J-R](#)

Oh God, I'm so tired on your behalf but so excited! How will you even relate to normality when you come home? What's normality anyway? I wish I were there to distract you with inane chat about weird things, but it sounds like you're surrounded by the best possible people. COURAGE to you too. xx

August 26, 2011 | [Lou Reeves](#)

I saw you and others this morning on Rt. 222 just east of Kutztown, PA! I wanted to yell some words of encouragement, but thought you might misconstrue the intent. Having no idea that this run was happening it was quite dreamy to find you there along the road under pink skies with trucks blasting by (this is usually a very depressing stretch). I was beginning my daily 50 mile commute north, but had the sense that I was witnessing something extraordinary. Aside from your own personal journey, I'm sure you have made an impression on many people. Best of luck these last two days. Inspiring!

August 26, 2011 | [Jen E](#)

Hey I can't believe the race is almost at the end. I still remember being in Cuba New Mexico. Too bad you weren't feeling well there cause it sounds like you're a swell dude. Hang in there. It's just 2 more days. By the way, I left a gift card for Subway with the motel front desk in Cuba. I hope she didn't take

it for herself.

August 26, 2011 | **Frederic**

James it is the home stretch. An earthquake is behind you and a hurricane is in front – at least its not boring!! You know you will make it.

Be careful with the liking salad stuff. Salad is what real food eats! This is not the time to be changing anything.....

August 26, 2011 | **James in HK**

Not in the bag but near the bag. Brilliant stuff. Dont f the last bit up. Respect to you innitt !

August 26, 2011 | **monty**

85 miles, not in the bag. Its inside your head though. Go get em James

August 26, 2011 | **Sandra McDougall**

Bloody hell my morning cup of tea is not going to be the same again.

Since you have started your journey I have, fallen through a roof, recovered, read the Bunion Derby (god, you've had it easy), trained to much and pulled a hamstring, rested, beaten in a race by non running mate, hamstrunged again, rested, worked, gone on holiday, got back to lovely Reading, started running again.

Your blog has been a good inspiration so cheers.

Good luck for today or tomorrow.

August 26, 2011 | **Andrew**

Thanks for your fascinating blogs. Really enjoy your way of writing, your attitude and unfussy approach to running. I've found this really helpful for my own preparations taught me not to fuss or worry about it all. My morning commute isn't going to be the same once you've finished. Well done and am in absolute awe of what you have done and will do. Good luck and have a good party!

August 26, 2011 | **Charmaine**

What a journey. I'm with Deb – I hope Laure will be lenient about Patrick's cut-off times. You're all amazing people, achieving incredible things. Thank you so much for taking on two jobs – running and writing about it. Thank you for taking us with you on this journey. All the best for the coming miles. Onwards and upwards, towards normality and more salad in your life...

August 26, 2011 | **Anja**

I'm sure you can make amends for the 2nd anniversary man-in-a-coma-in-bed after you have finished, James! Made me laugh, as does much of your writing. How you can maintain (and convey) your sense of humour when the running is so unexpectedly, grindingly difficult is another of your awe-inspiring attributes. Keep going. We're all cheering for you!

p.s. Please can you continue the blog for a few days after the race? I think that the adjustment back to 'normal' life after 70 days on the road is also going to be fascinating to read about and part of the whole story...

August 26, 2011 | **Northampton Tim**

Stay strong, James – it's not in the bag but it's close and I know you'll get there. It's a truly inspiring achievement and I'm so glad that you've been able to blog along the way – you've given so many people so much pleasure in joining you on this journey which I hope might make up for even a tiny little bit of the pain you've had to suffer!

I've been asking Him upstairs to look out for you too so I believe you're in very good hands! ;)

August 26, 2011 | **sarahwoo**

An entire spectrum of emotions. Every morning I find myself going from welling up to cracking up in the space of minutes!! James, you seem like a top bloke and a huge thank you for allowing us all to join you on your journey.

August 26, 2011 | **Gaz**

I agree with Northampton Tim, you need to keep blogging after the race finishes so we can see how you readjust to normal life again. Will be difficult I imagine. You have to say the Yanks have pulled out all the stops arranging a full-blown (pardon the pun) hurricane to welcome you all to New York. I can dream up images of you all desperately running like underwater against the wind as you struggle to reach the finish line only a kilometre away. Oh sorry, that's Hollywood which was where you started. Ass over tit as always.

August 26, 2011 | [Lanzarote Steve](#)

Hope Patrick makes it – would seem a shame for him to be disqualified so close to the end. Not quite in the bag as everyone above has said but close enough. Keep going – not sure what I am going to do with my mornings next week when I don't have your blog to read. Hope the hurricane keeps itself at bay until AFTER you finish.

August 26, 2011 | [Sarah Spall](#)

You have to continue the blogs or we're going to struggle to adjust to normal life. 85 miles to go – wow – less than the Ridgeway!! I can't believe that no one else has said this here.... NOT FAR NOW! Keep doing what you're doing and pass on best wishes to Patrick. Noel.

August 26, 2011 | [Nightjar](#)

wow – that was quite a read – how you are feeling is surely inevitable really after that distance, just keep ticking off the miles, one by one they will fall and then, wow, what a celebration... will be keeping my eyes out for the next blog...

August 26, 2011 | [kris](#)

Good luck James. Keep your eyes out for those crazy american drivers.

August 26, 2011 | [Peter Land](#)

Gaz has it about right. You are mentally amazing and we all have HUGE respect for you. Well done. LEGEND!

August 26, 2011 | [John66](#)

Legend. True dat.

August 26, 2011 | [jb](#)

So, A Ridgeway or a Druid Run left, nearly there, nearly there....

I remember watching Supersize Me and Morgan Spurlock stating that there is a higher density of McDonalds in Manhattan than anywhere else. Good job then, you won't need to walk too far to replace the calories of Saturdays run.

Keep your focus today, tomorrow is a different day. Respect.

August 26, 2011 | [Carl Miles](#)

James, I am sending you the best and most positive thoughts for a brilliant finish. Just got word that my UK Visa is a go, so will catch up with you in the Mother Country this winter, if you are there! Best wishes from Hermann, Missouri! Cheers! Connie

August 26, 2011 | [Connie Heap](#)

Brilliant stuff James. Just come off holiday and enjoyed catching up on the blog. Just enjoy the last 2 days now.

August 26, 2011 | [Joopsy](#)

Fantastic stuff. Hope you know how much support you have back here, and virtually. Just keep going.

August 26, 2011 | [RuthB2](#)

I've been following your blog for the entire race, having learned of your efforts from Ian Sharman's blog. Just wanted to say: WAY FRIGGIN' AWESOME. I live in NYC and had hoped to see you pass through and offer a high five, though ends up your finish in NYC is while I am visiting family and running (a much, much shorter) race in Missouri. Terribly sorry to miss you. But you are incredibly close to finishing, and you have myself and other strangers supporting you from afar. It's been a pleasure following your progress these last few months. I hope you find the George Washington Bridge revitalizing –

there's nothing quite like the calm of seeing the city from the outside on the east contrasted with the calming green New Jersey Palisades to the west. Granted trucks and traffic whatnot run across the bridge, but whatever. I hope you enjoy it nonetheless. I bid you an early welcome to NYC, and wish you well on the rest of your journey.

August 26, 2011 | **Laura**

Saturday
Aug272011

Day 69 - Washington to Orange - 47.4 miles - Calm before the storm

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 2011 AT 1:44AM

Day T minus 1

OK, not too much time for a blog today, I thought I would have lots of time but we have just had a long meeting about what might happen tomorrow regarding the hurricane Irene.

It's due to hit late tomorrow, after we have run but there will be heavy rain perhaps spoiling our run. The problem is New York is closed, and Washington Bridge may be too.

It is possible that the bridge will be closed before noon in which case not many of the runners will make it across. In that even the race will end at the start of the bridge, in New Jersey. So I will have run the LANJ race. Does not sound quite as appealing.

The finish has been changed. Central Park is closed so we can not finish there nor can we do our staged finish. Instead we will finish on the 7th floor of the Novotel in times square, emerging from an elevator soaking wet. That is of course if we even get into New York.

Tomorrow was meant to be a nice stroll to glory but now it has become a headache. Damn nature interfering with our ultras.

Anyhoo, let's hope this hurricane does not hit till later. I am not too worried about being indoors for all of Sunday.

Anyhoo, today was great. I felt quite relaxed when running the last few hills of the USA and in some busy roads. It was half nice half horrid but I enjoyed myself today and always thinking of "this time tomorrow" while doing it.

And then a great surprised, at around 16 miles Laurie popped out of some trees. She and Gemma had been plotting this for ages and it was a real shock to see her I could not think of anything to say but I had suncream in my eyes soon after as I thought about tomorrow. Laurie was here at the start and it will be so great to have her there at the finish too.

Patrick still struggled today but comfortably managed the cut off. His second place might be in jeopardy though as Italo today ran like Rainer and smashed the 47.4 miles in 7 hours and is now I think just 4 hours behind Patrick.

I can't really think of anything else to say right now. I have an earlier start than expected so need to get to bed. But I need to get ready. No faffing tomorrow I have to get to that bridge before they may close it.

F**k

[James Adams](#) | [24 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (24)

James you shouldn't get the full effects of the storm til after daybreak on Sunday...

But who knows what the politco's will do!

August 27, 2011 | [John Price](#)

Yeah James! Yeah Laurie! Yeah Gemma! So glad Laurie's visit was a surprise! We are cheering you on from sunny (and hot!) California and sending good weather vibes your way. No matter what, it will be a wonderful finish. We already have tears in our eyes for you and everyone else (runners, volunteers, and support teams)!!
Deb and Dave

August 27, 2011 | [Deb and Dave J-R](#)

Hospitals, heatwaves AND hurricanes! This LANY race will certainly go down in history. As if the challenge wasn't epic enough without having all of that to contend with. And what a dramatic finale. Running 3200miles directly into a hurricane on the very day NYC has battened down that hatches. You can't write that stuff - but you have and it's all true. Looking forward to hearing all about the final installment and to buying you that Guinness on the 8th :-)

See you next week!!

August 27, 2011 | **Claudine**

Shit James, not the best way to end your epic story.

Really hope this does not mar what is simply a fantastic personal achievement to date.

Not finishing as you had hoped and envisaged is not ideal but as you said you can't plan for 'mother nature'

Have followed you from the start, 'massive' congrats.

Very best wishes for tomorrow.

Enjoy the moment!!!

August 27, 2011 | **Robert Gaddie**

It's just a sprint to the finish. OK so mother nature may have thrown a spanner in the works but it doesn't diminish your achievement. And hey there has to be SOME limits you guys can't overcome. Distance and effort per day may not beat you but the worst hurricane in 75 years - well I 'recon that's good enough for anybody. Was so hoping the time difference meant you guys would be finished before it hit. Here's hoping you get over the bridge safely. Look after yourself!

August 27, 2011 | **Siobhan**

Well done James. So close to completing your remarkable achievement. Enjoy the last day.

August 27, 2011 | **Avon**

"Suncream In My Eyes" - the only possible title for your book! What an ending racing the storm, you can't make this kind of stuff up. Enjoy every soggy moment tomorrow you will never forget it. Thanks for a brilliant, entertaining, hilarious journey over the last 10 weeks, would be honoured to buy you a beer and big mac if you ever make it hong kong, otherwise catch you at a race somewhere in the world sometime. James

August 27, 2011 | **James in hk**

Bummer but this makes the race even more a epic event. A good story for the children or grandchildren someday. Good luck on the last miles.

Maybe i put CNN on live from New York it's completely deserted Bob ...

o wait i see a couple of idiot runners

May the wind be with you

August 27, 2011 | **Patrick**

Forgot about the earthquake. Hurricane, heatwave and earthquake!

August 27, 2011 | **Claudine**

I'm surprised you are getting the lift to the 7th floor, surely a sprint up the stairs.....? anyway, i really hope it goes well for you and i shall miss reading about and admiring your adventures - what next?! :)

August 27, 2011 | **DZ**

Wishing you all the best for a great day today. Its been fantastic to be able to read all about your epic run and cant wait to read about your finish in NY. Go James!

August 27, 2011 | **Jaks**

Enjoy the finish james. Whatever it entails . A hurricane gives your experience a twist when you write the book. Well done james. Well and truly in the uk ultrarunners hall of fame. Good run, mate.

August 27, 2011 | **monty**

Just keep running until you're told to stop. Forget about the hurricane and focus on remembering the feeling of running your last few miles, irrespective of where the finish line is. When you tell this story 50 years from now millions of people will be able to tell you about the storm but no one else will be able to tell you how it felt to finish the race. One last push to the end!

August 27, 2011 | **Nikolai**

I have to admit I had a bit of suncream in my eyes too! I nearly didn't

recognize the skinny baby-faced man running towards me. So glad to be back for the finish and so proud to have been part of your crew. By the time you read this you will be relaxing in the Novotel with 3200 miles behind you:)

August 27, 2011 | **Laurie**

Thank you for sharing all your pleasure and pain with us. You have done an amazing feat of endurance and I take my hat off to you. when you finish I hope you have a little rest from blogging.

August 27, 2011 | **Paul brackett**

I've read every word of the blog so far and can't believe you're giving us a cliffhanger going into the final chapter.

I can't wait to hear about the last day. Well done and enjoy the finish.. wherever it may be!

August 27, 2011 | **Brent**

Hi James

Last one and it's over. Awesome respect. What a tale for the future and what an ending. Imagine the bragging rights on the following story..."Well you know, it was nothing...just 71 days running double marathons or longer you know...yeah, 70 days days to get from LA to Central Park....and you know what? The only thing that stopped me from getting there was a hurricane man....hell those Yanks'll go to any lengths to keep us foreigners in our place...." Watch out in New York, it's the Irenes that'll kill ya!!!!

August 27, 2011 | **Lanzarote Steve**

james ,i have great respect for you and the others.Hope you will have a great day tommorow.only one day left,come on!!

August 27, 2011 | **Durk (Netherlands)**

Sounds like you avoided the swarms of locust, but not much else. Epic run to the finish. Great job by runners and crew. Can't wait for the sequel!

August 27, 2011 | **KP of Pittsburgh**

Well done mate. You have already finished day 70 and resting (drinking) in NY. But, for some strange reason you haven't bothered you arse to blog the final day yet.

How, very, rude!

August 27, 2011 | **Ted**

I now know that you've finished the last stage in times square. Well done on completing an amazing feat. Good thing you've planned a whole load of nothing for the next wee while. Hurricane Irene seems to be agreeing with that decision. Enjoy putting back on some of those 12kg but resist the temptation to leave the hotel to find a McDonalds! Pass on my congratulations to all the runners, support crews and race organisers for their febulous efforts. Thanks for the blog and I look forward to reading the book.

August 28, 2011 | **Siobhan**

Shame nature had to interfere with what would have been a great finish...! Huge well done to you. :)

August 28, 2011 | **Garfield**

Anybody seen the last episode?

August 28, 2011 | **Bob**

Hey James,

If the above posts are correct and your there, then you've done it, that's tremendous news and a super well done!!! Nothing more that can be said but enjoy your Guinness with Gemma and the rest of the gang, put your feet up:) class!!.

Andy.

August 28, 2011 | **Andy H**

Sunday
Aug282011

Day 70 - West Orange to New York - 35.2 miles

SUNDAY, AUGUST 28, 2011 AT 6:48PM

Dear 4am, we need to talk. I have tried not to let it bother me for the last few weeks but now I must say something. It's not working out. It felt quite exhilarating and refreshing at the start but now after more than two months I think the magic has ended. It's not you, it's me. You have always been there for me over these past 70 days and I appreciate that but I don't think we are right for each other. It is with a heavy heart that I say today I think we should go our separate ways. I have changed so much this summer and I think I need a change. I know you will be able to make someone else very happy someday and really hope you find that special someone, but it is not me. I hope we can still be friends and perhaps one day we will meet again and I hope that moment will not be too difficult for both of us, but for now it is goodbye. I will never forget you.

Day 70. I have had visions of how this would look for about 69 days and in reality it was much different. I thought the night of day 69 would be a great relaxing evening of eating and drinking and celebrating a job almost done before a glory canter into New York. Instead it was a stressful long night of trying to figure out what we would do if New York shut down. One of the scenarios was that we would not get to cross Washington Bridge and hence not actually get into New York. It was only 8 miles from the finish line but imagine doing the Los Angeles to New York race and then having to live with the fact that you never actually made it to New York.

This made me feel a little down today. In the morning we discovered that it was very unlikely that the bridge would be closed but that did not change my mood. I have felt a bloating in my stomach for 3 days now which I thought might be a stomach problem but it wasn't. I think it was nerves. And now at the beginning of the last stage of the race that has been consuming everything I have for the past 69 days I just felt so empty. There was no excitement or anticipation anymore, very little emotion.

I have been warned by a few veterans of this kind of think to expect a 2 week funk after the event while I try to adjust back to normal life and wake up to the reality that the incredible thing you are doing is now done and in the past. I have experienced this in some of the races I have done before but in each case I have had another race to think about in the future which normally helps. Now I have nothing. Could it be that I have started suffering the post race depression before the race has actually finished?

The first few miles were through the busier and busier rolling roads of New Jersey. It was a staggered start today with Myself, the Japanese, Serge, a slightly more mobile Patrick and Phillippe starting off with the "Slow" runners at 5am. Alex, Markus, Jenni, Anneke and Girard were to start at 6 and Rainer, Italo and Peter at 7. It was perfect conditions for running, cloudy and cool like it has been for a few days.

The day slipped by quickly, soon I was at half way and at this point Rainer passed me running so fast I could not believe it. Italo as soon after trying to get the 3.18 hours he needs on Patrick to get second place. He got 2 hours of that in the first half of today and soon after Italo passed me Patrick did too, realising that his 2nd was now very much under threat.

I just plodded along at my usual pace expecting at some point the significance of the day to catch up with me but it was not happening. I thought "just wait for the bridge, it will get better when I get to the bridge". When I did get to the bridge it started pouring with rain. I was impressed with the structure but in the cloud I still could not really see New York. It was quite exhilarating passing the bridge with the noise of the cars rattling it. Once I got off I was in New York and only about 7 miles from Times Square where the finish was.

Most of the last few miles were on the riverside path which was pleasant as New York (the city that never sleeps) had been tranquilised with weather channel scaremongering. There were a few people out for a run but very little traffic and not so many people wandering around.

Laurie and Bennett were supporting too while Gemma was sometimes running with me. Whenever I stopped for a drink every 3 miles I did not really know what to ask for or what to say. I wanted this to be the perfect day for over a year now and it was not living up to that. Gemma ran along the river section with me while we talked about what hurricane Irene (later downgraded to "tropical storm" Irene and by the time I post this blog with will be

downgraded to dog fart Irene) had done to this city.

2 miles left I left the river to head onto Broadway towards Times Square. It got a bit better. I have run for nearly 800 hours and I have about 20 minutes left. I had to look intensely at the turn sheet though so that these confusing roads did not mean I ended up somewhere else. I was trying to then find 57th Street where the hotel was and then heard the incredibly loud sound of a horn and Rene running towards me. The finish line was outside (I was expecting it to be inside) and without really thinking about it too much I found myself on the other side of the finish line.

It was a great atmosphere at the finish with some of the runners and all the support crews there. Laure had wanted this to be a low key race which is why there was no media coverage or fanfare in the places we went. Every now and again someone would find out about the race and make a noise but on the whole we crossed the USA unnoticed. I was fine with this and she said about lack of media at the finish that they would make it look like it's all about one moment, crossing the line. It's not, it's about 70 days of unique experience at only the 16 of us would really understand. I still feel a bit down about it now but I know that it will sink in soon and I will realise the magnitude of what I have done.

I have so much more to say about this race and will be doing so in the next few weeks. Right now my brain is just an empty space, unable to really think about anything. Gemma is a bit worried about my silence but she needs not to be. It will pass.

I have just run across the United States of America. I just need to say that to myself a few more times and then perhaps I will believe it. And then my emotions should come back.

James Adams | **86 Comments** | **Share Article**

Reader Comments (86)

Wow! You've done it! How amazing.....

There really ought to be a film made of this race,with what you have all faced.

It's been great being able to read along with you and looking forward to your further posts of how it feels to have finished.

August 28, 2011 | **Jo**

Thank you for sharing in some small way through your blogs this amazing journey. Well done!!!!

August 28, 2011 | **Footpad**

Have followed your epic race from the beginning. CONGRATULATIONS. What a fantastic feat you have done – be proud because you have flown the flag for England. Brilliant, now have a few beers.

August 28, 2011 | **Viv Howard**

You have just RAN 3200miles for 70days across THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA!!!!!!

And it was a pleasure following it :-)

Take in all the final moments and cherish them..... Your memory will be with you always, and like a box of old photos, you will have this blog to come back to when you need to draw on the memories. Enjoy the recovery and even more the celebrations !! Congrats!

August 28, 2011 | **Prue**

James, It has been a real pleasure reading your blogs and articles. At times I felt as though I was running with you. This, as you know, is not just an amazing physical feat,but it is also an awesome psychological feat. You are made of strong stuff. You have done us all proud.

My morning ritual will now cease:

Get up and make a cup of coffee with Manuka honey.

Go to the LANY website.

Go to the blog.

Go to the Daily Telegraph.

Take dog for a 5 mile run down the canal towpath.

Shower and dress.

Go to work and email all the runners the update.

I will now have to find another ritual.

Love Dad, Siobhan and all at Hinckley XXX

August 28, 2011 | **Glenn Adams**

Well done, mate. I totally understand how you're feeling right now – post-partum, anticlimax and superfatigue all rolled into one. Just know that YOU DID IT and you'll always have that on your permanent record. Now hug Gemma for us, and enjoy a lie-in or two. You've earned it. You never need see that 4am b*tch again.

August 28, 2011 | **Russell Secker**

James, I just read this aloud to Dave. Both of us want to extend our hearty congrats to you (hey, you already know how we feel!). Although we are now where near as close to you as Gemma, we aren't worried about you either. The emotions will flow later. Although you've mentioned some of your "lows" in the blog over the last 70 days, I'm sure at times they were even lower than you expressed in writing. Dave says (and I agree) that your "lack of emotion" right now is somewhat due to having to "tap down" the emotions – basically the "lows" (since we don't worry about the "highs" too much) the last two months to keep going. I think that makes sense. Now that you don't have to be so "in control," I think the emotions will flow. And, yes, there's probably a bit of post-race depression in there too. That's ok. You will celebrate, laugh, and realize what you've done soon enough. Give yourself time: both to grieve a little at the passing of this miraculous feat, and to celebrate! Congratulations again, and, please know that many others are celebrating this amazing thing you've done. Kudos and congrats. to everyone else too! Deb (and Dave)
PS – Please enjoy the city in the coming week. I'm sure it will be "awake" soon!!!

August 28, 2011 | **Deb and Dave J-R**

James, just want to say a massive well done to you and the rest of the runners on a fantastic achievement, hope the recovery goes well.

Regards,

Phil. (pf55) on Fetch

August 28, 2011 | **Philip Fisher**

Wow – you've done it. Been following you everyday and really hoping that hurricane Irene didn't get in the way of your finish. Once you get time to look back on your experiences you will realise your fantastic achievement. You have just run ALL THE WAY ACROSS AMERICA – NON STOP!
Looking forwards to reading about your next challenge – we all have to have one.

Maxine

August 28, 2011 | **Maxine**

James, Do you remember the Primrose hill sessions back in 2006. You would run 10 miles from Ealing, do the session with gusto, then run home?

An early glimpse of the runner and the man, doing so much more and making it look oh so natural. Now comes the tree and the riverbank. And a few pubs. Hearty congratulations on a very human achievement. And onto the next challenge.

August 28, 2011 | **Gowan**

Congrats on finishing!

And thank you for sharing your experience running across the United States; I can't really comprehend what you have done, but it's been an amazing event to follow through your posts. Thanks for all the laughs, too, you definitely have a gift for comedic writing!

I'm not super-surprised the finish was an anticlimax – I can imagine the long lead-up and many expectations, not to mention the fatigue would conspire to make it so. Unlike others, I could also imagine it might take a while before you can truly celebrate completing this amazing feat. But I can live with being wrong on that one :o)

Best of luck recuperating!

August 28, 2011 | **hvm**

Seriously well done. I hope you enjoy a good few days of rest before coming up with any more mental ideas...

August 28, 2011 | [Dave E](#)

Congratulations!

Loved the blog. Waiting for the book.

Off now for a big mac and smoothie as a tribute to you.

August 28, 2011 | [ash singal](#)

Well done, dude--congratulations. we've been cheering you on all the way.

August 28, 2011 | [Robert Konshak](#)

CONGRATULATIONS AWESOME RESPECT ENJOY THE ACHEIVEMENT

Hope to see you some day in Lanzarote.I've enjoyed living the experience through your blog. Thank you from the bottom of my heart.

August 28, 2011 | [Lanzarote Steve](#)

Words fail. Fantastic! Well done!!

You can think about the Luton Marathon now.

(Could well be a dog's fart there)

I dumped 4am too. Not easy to get on with.

August 28, 2011 | [Bob](#)

We've enjoyed the journey. You deserve some down time to re-orient your brain. It must be hard to get out of the rhythm of the last 70 days. Good luck with the mental cool down...

August 28, 2011 | [Jon](#)

Christ James, it's been a nightmare waiting to find out whether you could get into NY or not. Huge congratulations mate and a massive thank you for keeping us all totally entertained with your fantastic writing; looking forward to the book!! Hope to meet you on the running circuit some day and buy you a post-race Guinness.

August 28, 2011 | [Gaz](#)

Like many others, reading your posts have become part of the daily routine, and, in a way I haven't fathomed yet, life has been that bit better here because of what you have been doing there. Many, many congratulations and thanks. I guess it's like climbing mountains: you have to come down, walk away and then turn around to really appreciate what you have done. We, of course, have been awestruck for the whole time.

August 28, 2011 | [Giles](#)

Incredible, incredible achievement.

I was fortunate enough to follow a link to your blog just before you started so feel like I've shared, in a small way, this with you and everyone else.

You've inspired me (and probably many others) to dip my toe into your crazy long distance running world so I hope to bump into you one day and shake you by the hand.

I can't seem to pre-order the book yet on Amazon.... Need to sort that!

Legend.

August 28, 2011 | [Damian](#)

Congrats James,

Yes the finish is a bit of a let down, mine was a little more exciting because I ran to my hometown and I jumped into the ocean at the end. But still it's not the fanfare most people would think. like Lauri said, it's not that moment of the finish it's the 70 days of imersion that you experienced along the way!

You will NEVER be able to explain it to anyone but you will always remember it! Small things that you've seen or experienced along the way will continue to pop up in your life, forever reinforcing what it really means to you.

Congrats again and thanks for sharing your trip with us here...

John

August 28, 2011 | **John Price**

James, what an amazing achievement. You have inspired me beyond belief with your incredible feat. Tenacity, resilience, dedication, bravery and resolve. The memories you have from this run will sustain you for the rest of your life. Enjoy these memories. I know you will, Congratulations on becoming part of an exclusive club. Brilliant blog by the way (how did you manage to find the time?)

Regards,
Bob Brown
(Fellow USA Traversor 2004)
You are a legend.
Enjoy your recovery

August 28, 2011 | **Bob Brown**

Thank you for sharing your thoughts and emotions with us for the past 70 days. I like many others have loved reading your blogs.

Many many congratulations on finishing this race, you are amazing – you have just ran across the United States of America, truly awesome.

August 28, 2011 | **Jaks**

I remember when I was running the Winter Tanners this January a lady runner who was doing a 100 mile event in the states told me you were going to run across the states. I could not comprehend this at the time, but you have done it. I have just supported a runner in the Ridgeway 85, a tough long distance event, but almost everything I can imagine just pales into insignificance to running nearly 50 miles for 70 days. Huge respect :-)

August 28, 2011 | **Adrian Lee**

James, it's hard to believe what you have done. I remember our regular Serpie runs with great fondness, though I have to tell you that you couldn't convince me to come for a little run with you now. My wife and I are both hugely impressed with your achievement and I really hope to see you in London soon. Enjoy this immense thing you have done.

August 28, 2011 | **Simon Freeman**

Saturday
Sep032011

One Week On..

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 2011 AT 10:05PM

One week on.

It was almost exactly a week ago that I was running through the streets of New York for the first time. I remember vividly splashing through the fairly empty streets of Broadway towards 52nd street when a makeshift finish line was constructed. Now I am at JFK airport, in the posh Virgin lounge no less (Thanks Jill for sorting this, beats going to Costa for a stale sandwich) trying to make sense of all of this. I still haven't, perhaps I never will. I think some time on my own and being reunited with my home and my friends might help all that.

So, a summary of what I have been doing and feeling in the past week. I have felt a little overwhelmed by the big city to be honest. More so that I felt when I arrived in LA and if I came here straight from London I would probably not let it bother me too much but everything just feels too busy and fast right now. Having spent so much time running along roads with nothing but the occasional dead animal I feel a bit overstimulated here.

The first few days were hard. The desire to explore New York was restricted by aching feet, waves of tiredness and perhaps most upsettingly disabled by a feeling of indifference. I am in New York, so what? What is so great about this place? Why would anyone run for two months to get here? This made it quite frustrating (particularly for Gemma) for me seeing the sights. We went up Rockefeller tower (a bloody great big building) in order to get a view of other bloody great big buildings. I did not take any photos, there was no need to, there are photos already on Wikipedia.

The second day we met up with Rainer and two of his friends Matthauss and Dani to do a walk of the city. We probably walked in total for about 8 miles, stopped in a few pubs along the way. Many times I just thought "why am I doing this? My feet hurt I could just get a cab home if I want". Now that I don't *have* to be on my feet then why should I? I managed to brave it out though and complete the 8 miles of walking.

It got a bit better later in the week. I am really enjoying the food and the task of replacing some of the 12kg I lost during the race.

Yesterday we went to Fire Island, a sort of holiday beach island that I think New Yorkers use as a holiday place, not so touristy. One of the things that I wanted to do on finishing this race was to go to watch the Atlantic Ocean. About 75 days ago I dipped my feet into the Pacific for the first time and at points during the race I just thought about the sound of the sea. I thought about the sound of waves gently crashing against the land when I was sitting on a chair under a parasol on day 18 trying to avoid a disaster. I thought about that sound many more times during the race where I felt I needed to relax and take myself away. It worked usually and now I was just indulging myself with that sound.

And funnily enough when I was listening to the waves I was taken back into the race. The anchor I used to get me out of the stressful situation can now be used to get me back there. I like this. I still am having problems processing this adventure but re-living it in this way might help. While I was lying on the beach in perfect safety and comfort my mind drifted to when I was sat in that chair, very ill, 23 more miles to stagger while not being able to eat and letting my body chew itself up and with the very real prospect of getting pulled out of the race, ending my dream.

There are other anchors I used to get me out of the race, imagining what it will be like when I see various friends for the first time when I get back, what the first Wednesday night run will be like, looking at my map in the clubroom and being able to say "that's done". I might have to go to the clubroom early so I can do that one on my own, it could get emotional.

I have been away from the UK for 80 days now, more than I have ever been away before. I am just really looking forward to getting back home. I feel like I am still just hanging around at the finish line which is perhaps why I have not switched off from the race yet. 2 nights so far this week I have had a dream where I knew I have finished the race but for some reason I am running around in New York looking for the end and I cannot find it. It never comes.

James Adams | [13 Comments](#) | [Share Article](#)

Reader Comments (13)

NY is overwhelming for everyone. I'm sure your whirlwind of emotions will take some time to calm down but I'm sure real beer, good friends and a kebab with chilli sauce will help

September 3, 2011 | **lesley roberts**

Lesley has it spot on. You need some quiet time and fat laden food.

September 4, 2011 | **Ted**

I think when you look at that map in your clubroom much more of what you've achieved will sink in. Take a hanky, be emotional and be proud. And enjoy a happy return to Blighty!

September 4, 2011 | **Mark - Lytham Runner**

Now you know what Superman feels like when he has to go back into that phone box and put his suit back on over his hero outfit! Returning to the tedium and mundanity of normal life was never going to be easy, but the joy of huge highs is only possible if there are adjacent lows. A mountain is only as big as the valley next to it is deep. Just remember that you have still got your blue tights and red Y-fronts on underneath your disguise, and be ready to leap into that next phone booth at a moments notice! The next challenge is just around the corner. Go Superbinks!!

September 5, 2011 | **James in HK**

Hi James

Don't be surprised by this reaction or under-reaction to the adventure. When you spend a long time planning something, and then eventually fulfill that objective it takes a while to recalibrate life. It's like when you see a girl you fancy a lot, spend time chasing her, chasing, chasing...and eventually pull her, only to get fed up after a month. You need targets and objectives in life in order to have some direction and meaning in it, whether they be professional, personal or sporting. Give yourself time to sort yourself out, get home and then fix a new target. And have fun planning and getting there (though I don't suggest you go the chasing girls route LOL).

September 5, 2011 | **Lanzaguy**

You're a star!!! I think a poster is due! Will see what I can come up with. I think this is just the start! :) Unfortunately or not most of my running memories are stored in short term except for the people I ran with. I'd say just go with the flow (yes prob lead you to the next subway!) Hope to make it over to the UK sometime. Take care.

September 5, 2011 | **Athreya**

What you have done is awesome. So it will take time to process it. Relax and enjoy.

September 5, 2011 | **Misschappo**

Some guys are running the length of the Silk Road
http://www.thehomeexpedition.org/en/running_the_silk_road

6000 miles is the new 3200 miles, get to it!

September 6, 2011 | **dave**

Just chill out and let it all sink in. I am sure it will take a while for everything to get back to feeling normal but maybe now you are home and with your loved ones and friends, you'll realise that you achieved something amazing and a once in a lifetime trip.

September 6, 2011 | **Sarah Spall**

Mr James

You're an hero to us all. Always remember you in my own runs.

My family and friends talk about you and we read your texts together.

when came to Portugal - Oporto we glad to receive you and show our traditions.

you're always welcome

Take care

Ana

September 6, 2011 | **Ana**

You've drained yourself physically and mentally, so pls don't start beating yourself up cos you're not immediately chipper and raring to go again.

It is a marvellous acheivement and one that you can grow ever more proud of.

September 7, 2011 | **Vicky**

Hi James

I am an ex fun-runner with a few marathons behind me, debilitated now with emphysema. I have read your blog avidly and indirectly completed a fantasy I had for many years.

Thank you for sharing the good and bad times with everyone.

You did the Brits proud.

September 7, 2011 | **David Moody**

Hi James

What you've done is too enormous to process quickly. It will take some time but it will happen and think of all the fond memories you'll have to remember. It has been a joy reading about your adventure. Enjoy some well-earned R&R now. x

September 10, 2011 | **Mile Muncher**
