

Dusk till Dawn 2010

The Team – **Joanne** (lap counter, gate keeper & pizza deliverer)
Shantelle (lap counter, motivational speaker & sheep counter zzzzz.....)
Colin (lap counter, driver & camper)
Peter (lap counter & late night party socialite)

A small admission: My plan for the year has somewhat deviated, and to tell you the truth I had only trained and planned to run the 6 hour. Being a competitive male and always trying to better myself the 12 hour was hard to resist.

The Journey

Following a detour through Caboolture the team arrived at the village to witness a wedding in progress. Everyone seemed really surprised by the dirt track and commented on how it was not what they had pictured. After parking the vehicles it was all hands on deck with **Colin** setting up the tent (sleeping quarters) , **Shantelle & Jo** setting up their chairs, sipping cocktails and socializing. I set about organising my all important table, see photo. After the team had found the lap counting area and settled in their tasks at hand, I took a walk around the track with **James** having small chit chat with the other crazies. Sitting down before the race I go through a routine where I listen to a few songs and tell myself "You are here for 12 hours". We all lined up ready for the start, **James** (doing a ½ marathon), **Gavin & I** (doing a full marathon). We ran together for a few laps before Gavin took off a little quicker. James & I ran 10 k together before he pulled out. After the first hour my shirt & shorts were saturated with sweat so I went the topless approach, apologies to the team and anyone who sees the pictures, not a pretty sight. I had a plan to go out at 5:15 pace and hold onto that but I don't handle the hot humid weather well so I slowed to a 5:30 and reset my plan. By 3 hours my feet were wet but I was travelling well and about ½ hour behind plan, by 3.5 hours I had caught up to Gavin who was also struggling with the heat. At 3.75 hours I witnessed my first wobbly person, I always wonder how people get to that stage without seeing the signs. My drinking / eating plan was working well and I can not remember when but I did stop twice for toilet breaks (No1's). Hour 5 came and I had slowed a little but was still feeling good. It was great to see the team chatting, smiling and enjoying the experience. I know for a fact that these great people kept my spirits up and seeing their faces every lap made it a little easier. Hour 6 came and I yelled out "only 6 hours to go" , that's when the track emptied of the 6 hour runners and relay teams. Hour 10 went by and that's when my left knee started hurting and occasionally locking up. There was no way I was going to stop and pushed on trying not to show any pain. 11 hour mark came and **Shantelle** ran a lap with me, I was in a world of pain and more than anything was worried about letting the team down. **Colin** later came and ran a lap with me and all I could think about was letting them down. Last couple of laps I ran a bit harder and as the countdown started my heart sank, I had only done over 98k and felt devastated. 3 2 1 STOP. It was over. I dropped my brick and stood at the side of the track. After a few minutes I walked down to the team, holding back my emotions I apologised to the team for not getting to 100k.

On a good note: I look back on it now and am glad the team got to witness quite a few people achieving their personal goals and to witness a new Australian record. Deb Nichol with 131.741km beating the previous 130.4 km.
Well done to Gavin who stuck it out and finished his marathon.

Early August I will be back to do it all again. My Last year's 105km PB is there to be beaten and my love for running will never stop.

98.4, 105 are only numbers, the memories of friends, faces & great experiences are the things I will cherish the most.

Eric Quevaulliers