

My own blog - Laugh at the sweaty mess:

This was a blog I wrote whilst training for the Great North Run in 2009 – I tried to keep it as light-hearted as possible, to counteract the pain I actually felt!

The Highs and Lows of Lies and Hoes.

Or: How I Chose to use a Completely Irrelevant Title just because it made me Laugh when I Thought of it but I don't think I'll get the Opportunity to Use it in Context.

Or: One Man's Attempt to get in Shape and Make Something of his Life.

Introduction

So here's a little anecdote, a setting of the scene if you will. It's Tuesday, and a friend of mine asks whether I fancy going to the cinema. I do, but should really go for a run after work and, what with the time it takes for me to cool down enough to be seen in public, arrange to meet at 7:30 for 8. I get home at about 6, and promptly crash out on the sofa. I'd like to say there was nothing I could have done about it, but let's face it, no one's buying that. I effectively wake up on the sofa at 7, and before I've even admitted to myself that I've missed yet another run, I find myself standing in front of the mirror, running water through my hair. My plan is to pretend I did go for a run; I might only be cheating myself, but it's easier than recognising that scornful lack of surprise. As I reached for my phone to let Kelly know that I was ready, I had a sickening realisation – the film didn't start until 9, and I had another hour. And so, because even I couldn't let myself down twice in one evening, I had no choice but to throw on my running shoes and hit the streets.

I tell you this just so that all you out there who haven't trained for a relatively long distance run understand the hardest obstacle to overcome – it's entirely mental. In fact, I really enjoy it once I'm out there, and even lacing up my trainers puts me in the right mood. It's the bit before that which proves so difficult. Oh, and the bit just after it, you know, when you're actually running. That's not much fun either. But the lacing up of the trainers... that bit's awesome!

As of this morning, I have exactly 50 days to go. Now you may think that's a lot, but when I first signed up I had almost 200 days to prepare. Fortunately, it only took me 150 days to realise that 13 miles, whilst not a full marathon, isn't exactly a walk in the park. And so the game is now well and truly afoot, as everything begins to ramp up and get serious. I'm running The Great North Run for charity, for a fantastically worthy cause (The Anthony Nolan Trust), and failure is just not an option.

A Sample of Charles Hogge's Portfolio
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And I won't be happy just finishing, I need to finish fast. I'm not sure whether that's a desire to push myself, or simply a pragmatic understanding that the faster I run, the sooner I finish. Either way, I'm going for it. I'll be reporting in every day, whether I've covered the miles or done nothing but sit on my arse, and I promise I won't 'wet my hair' – if I haven't made the effort, I'll tell you.

