



Race Report

LONDON MARATHON 2008

Date: 13 April 2008
Location: London

The high's and low's of Viv's 2008 London Marathon

By: Viv Baker

I'm at the start line and on either side of me are two strapping young men, one dressed in pink with fishnets and a handbag and the other dressed head to foot in red and that included a red wig. I could only be in one place, the start of the London Marathon! I felt brilliant, I'd done my training and had my 4.30 pace band at the ready, what could possibly go wrong? I past the famous Buster at about 2 miles, how old was he, there was some confusion.

Not long into the run my left calf muscle started to ache and steadily got worst, I was starting to worry. By the time the runners merged at about mile 3 I was having to walk. I had the phone ready to call Keith to come and collect me, I was gutted and turning the air blue with my constant swearing, my dreams of a PB shattered, I could of cried. Luckily I had packed a couple of industrial strength painkillers that I was going to save for the last 6 miles, would they work? I took them and started to walk, putting my phone away and telling myself 'to keep going.' I wasn't going to give up that easily especially after the amount of training I had done. I started to jog slowly and the pain eased somewhat but it was always there for the whole of the run.

With all plans of a time out the window I decided to enjoy the views and soak up the atmosphere. Talking to other runners and giving hi fives to the shouting children, waving every time my name was called. When I reached Tower Bridge I was speechless, what a welcome. When I met Keith, Alex and Edward my leg was starting to hurt badly and asked Keith to get me some more drugs and not to expect me to finish for at least 5 hours, how right I was!! Just after that I caught up with the Masai Warriors, how did they manage to run with those heavy shields and spears? I continued to plod, passing mile markers and at 20 miles listened to a man talking to a blind man that he was leading, describing everything, what an inspiration.

As I reached the last few miles along the Embankment I heard someone shout 'go on Viv, don't stop, keep going.' I finally reached the finish, it had taken 5 hours and 7 minutes!

Would I do it again? You bet.