

The life of a sprained ankle

A nice warm Summer's day during the Reservoir Bogs fell race and I arrive!

I ensure that he gets past all the really rough 'n' tough tussucky bits then on a fairly easy track, I've caused the recipient to fall over and cry out in pain and lie down, but what's this, just after I thought I'd stopped him in his tracks, the chump gets up, brushes himself down and starts running again towards Sheepstones, how can this be!

I think Mr Adrenaline is trying to hide me, grrrrrr, I'll show him. Finally the oaf finishes the race, right, I'll make him limp in pain now back to Lane Ends pub! Ha, revenge.

Hey, what, who, why...I now getting on a bike. I should be making the idiot rest. Why isn't he feeling the pain, oh Mr Adrenaline, it's you again. I try my best to hide him and create pain, think it works well up the hills! About three hours later, finished the ride, surely Mr Adrenaline is exhausted now?

Right, payback. Brrrrrr, that's cold, looks like I'm being dunked in a bucket of water and ice, I can't breath, help. Phew, half an hour later I'm taken from the Arctic straight to the Sahara! A warm bath, is he daft, I live!

I'm trying to create pain but Mr Adrenaline is still lingering. More coldness, and now I'm being put up in the air, so that my lifeline Ms Blood is being drained out of me. Arghhhh, surely this can't go on for ever. Help.

Now he's resting, I'm slightly raised but am warm enough to teach him a lesson. I grow immensely, Daniel Lambert is now my role model. I'll teach him.

Sunday, the morning after and I've done well, am now very, very large and creating pain, lots of it. Have tried to stop him walking on me, but I notice he's trying some kind of crawl/hobble, and going up and down stairs. But he'll learn, he doesn't mess with me. I've won. Have stopped him from doing his 2.5 mile Derwent swim followed by his Lakeland passes bike. Ouch, more coldness and elevation, I'm becoming scared of heights. Still I manage to severely disrupt his day, ha! No sports, hardly any moving about and lots of hurt; ankle 1 chump 0.

Next day, I've lost a tiny bit of weight, more elevation in bed must have affected my blood supply. Still if I can still cause discomfort! What's this, moving about slightly more, and more cold and elevation, someone help me. He must remember not to mess with me. I still manage to create a shuffle, and note he still has difficulty moving, good.

What's this, Mrs Positive Attitude also attacking me. No, stop. Very quick recovery, sports very very soon, don't listen, she's telling fibs. You won't be back into sports for ages, you'll be in pain for ages, long term injury ha. Hello, hello, are you listening? I'm also having real difficulty trying to persuade him to eat cr*p food and drink lots of ale. Please stop eating really healthy food, it's hurting me; ankle 1 chump 1

Tuesday, I've lost more weight, more of the elevation in bed. This is turning me anorexic, help. Never mind, at least I've stopped him going out during this fantastic weather and during the Summer Equinox, he'll be gutted! He's walking better now, but I can still manage some pain just to remind him who's boss!

Next day, crikey at this rate of slimmingwhat's this, a swimming baths? He's trying some sport well I'll show him. Oh no, he's doing crawl, I can't seem to affect his style as his kick is very slow and smooth. He's only using it for balance, and not to stay afloat, damn! After quite a while, he tries breastroke. C'mon, give him some pain, well I'll be successful as $\frac{3}{4}$ of the power comes from the kick, yes. Result, he stops and reverts to crawl. I try to inflict some slight pain but doesn't seem to be having any effect. He even starts to swim breastroke with a float, thus not using me, drat and double drat! Finished at the baths, and brrrrr, more cold and heights.

I'm feeling seasick.....not only this, but reverting to the core work, in particular the ankle strengthening exercises, arghhhhh.

During the week, more elevation, cold andworld cup football on the telly, also some cycling and swimming, and swelling and slight pain!

Hopefully I can still put paid to the planned Arrochar Alps fell race, and who knows, Wasdale and then maybe the future triathlons!



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First weekend and I thwart his Arrochar Alps, ha; ankle 2 chump 1

But I note that on Saturday and Sunday the swine does some cycling and then dunks me in cold water for ½ hour at a time, nooooooooooooo, this really isn't helping my plan to make his life hell.

Start of the second week, driving for 2.5 hours and stuck under a desk for about 9 hours, he thinks he can get away with this, I grow again, and give him slight pain and discomfort.

As the week goes on, and more core and strengthening work, I feel weaker, much weaker. Ultrasound, heyyyyy, that's not cricket.

More swimming, cycling, core work including stretching and strengthening, and ultrasound really starts to hurt me.

Two weeks later and he's doing a slow 4 mile run, how can he, how dare he! I can't produce any pain whilst he's running, and I try to grow afterwards but he ice packs me; ankle 2 chump 2

After a swim he gives a pint of blood at the blood donor centre, yesssss, this might help me to live longer, less blood, slower healing time.

What's this, the day after, and he's running 8 miles, some off road, and I can't stop him. I can't grow anymore nor can I give him any noticeable pain.

Just over 2 weeks after I arrive, I think my life is over, it's not fair, I don't normally die this quickly; ankle 2 chump 3

The Colden Downhill Challenge

Warning – before reading below, ask yourself, do you have a sense of humour, do you get easily upset, do you take life too serious? If so, please don't stress yourself further. Pass go and move to the next article!

So another year of pack runs, another year of me working in Coventry, but managing to wangle a Wednesday off for one of my favourite of the pack runs, from Colden. This means I can make an attempt at my annual event, the Colden Downhill Challenge. No fell running involved, just a cross bike (no hermaphrodite jokes please) or MTB, a not very good headtorch, and a few beers in quite a short time.

The time approached, a nice slow amble on the cross bike via Heptonstall and Colden up to the New D, for a run with the fast lot (well, mostly trying to catch them up and breathing out of my ar5e). Then the stage set, finish of the run and in the pub, c'monnnnnnn!

Some chips and four pints later at about 2215 the start of the main leg of the Colden Downhill Challenge. Said my farewells to other runners leaving the pub (well you never know what's 'round the corner!) and climbed onto my cross bike. Headtorch not that good but what the heck. Hammering down the bridleway, now I know why MTBers have suspension. Enjoying life, what a great feeling after a few, bombing down a hill on a bike...arghhhhhhh. Slow motion, I see a massive rock stopping my front wheel, I'm flying, I'm on the ground...oooops.

Drat, for the second year running, I've not achieved the challenge, 4 pints and managing to achieve the downhill route without coming off. Drat, drat and double drat.

So I lie on the ground amongst the rocks laughing to myself, get back onto my trusty steed and carry on. Climbing up to Lumb I had to get off and push a bit. A lady walking the other way gives me a really weird look. "It's okay" I tell her, "I've just had a few too many beers". Hmnnnnnnnn.

Carry on via Heptonstall and get home safely only to discover my left leg and left arm covered with blood. Madness, and didn't feel a thing, alcohol, the great anaesthetic (although maybe not in the morning). No wonder the lady looked worried.

So that's it for another year, another last placing on the Colden Downhill Challenge! Hmmm, hang on, there's always a midweek trip to Kobs tho, maybe on my MTB this time tho!

Clive Greatorex