

jamie's loft > running



Home

Life

Running

Photos

Musings

[Home](#) > [Running](#) > [Race Reports](#)

POWER RUN by Jamie Pang

[More race reports!](#)

Read [articles on running](#)

Preps

I ate and trained well for this one as I intended to better my 10K time of 58 mins. With more attention put into speed work (mostly tempos), I was optimistic of hitting my target of 55 mins but on race morning while sitting down waiting for my other running mates, my stomach was already churning. I wondered if it was due to the bananas I walloped the day before and on race morning or the onion-laced dinner the night before. In any case, it was too late to turn back.

The Cattle

The number of people that morning looked much smaller than the KL 10K. Without the large number of entrants from the schools and armed forces (to make up the numbers, I suspect), the race would've been a non-event. Once again the bull pen method was employed: Surrender the registration card, take a ribbon, go into the pen. Inside the four of us huddled together waiting for the flag off. I waved at Karim who was slightly further back among the herd. Met and chatted briefly with Chen, fresh from KL Marathon. He said his thigh was still a bit sore. Then Karim made his way closer to the starting line.



Click here to [view more photos!](#)

Race Plan

I planned to run the first 5K in 25mins, concentrating on my pace going up Bukit Tunku. Coast the downhill before reaching the Duta stadium mark. From there, slog up the Duta Hill, then hang on for dear life all the way to the end.

Stampede? Not...

I fixed my crosshairs on a blue-vested Pacesetter (BVP) in the first 3 Ks. I felt comfortable, my pace was consistent and BVP was in front of me - I wanted to draft in behind him. While we passed many runners, there were also many who was madly sprinting away. Of course these were the ones to drop off later. I felt really good and except for burping every so often, the stomach was behaving. After awhile I was running in the midst of 4 fit and tanned-looking youngsters, which I believed to be junior triathletes. By the water station, I had dropped 2 of them. A quick sip of 100Plus (thankfully they were not too fizzy) and continued on. My split? A 23:51, which is about 4:45 pace!

The F#^%ing Duta Hill!

[Gavin](#) had advised me to focus on hill training to conquer this dreaded stretch and I failed to direct more attention to it. So at the stretch that would make or break the race, I could only saunter up its slopes slowly. At that time a petite girl wearing white adidas Climacool shoes was shadowing me and I found it hard to shake her off.

Duta & Stitch

Somewhere after the Duta Hill, I was hit with some bad stomach cramps (on the right side). Forced to slow down, I

nevertheless tried to maintain a consistent pace (5:30 pace). With the clock ticking away, the only way was to surge now and then with hopes of finishing within the hour. So in one of the gradual downhills, I dropped the Climacool girl. I didn't see her after that but I think she must have overtaken me again at the Parliament flyover where it got so bad I had to walk.

To save some leftover pride, I gritted my teeth and strode all the way from the Lake Gardens junction where some Pacesetters were cheering on (caught a glimpse of Grace there), to the Dataran. There I found that the race organisers had moved the finish line facing the flag pole instead of the church. So I still had to run about 250 meters to the finish. Gavin called out to me (another top class finish from him by placing 16th with a time of 41:41).

The Finish

And at the finish line, Ronnie greeted me. I was out of breath, sucker-punched by the cramp. Sensing I was wiped out, Ronnie handed a half cup of Milo "Here, drink this!" (Thanks Ronnie!). At the water station, I saw Rohaizad (54:55) and Karim (54:43). After getting a drink, I watched Newton (70 mins), Cheong (72 mins), CS (79 mins) and William (80 mins).

Conclusion

Even with the cramping, I was still pleased with my results. The tempos were beginning to pay dividends - at 4:45 pace, I was still comfortable. I have no explanations for the cramps because I don't want to give any excuses. It could be due to the food, my harder breathing pressing down on the diaphragm or even the 100Plus. Nothing that more training especially them hills couldn't rectify. So unlike [Manchester United](#)'s recent performance, there was much to be optimistic about. And now I'm really looking forward to the [JPMorgan Race](#) in Singapore next month!

Learnings:

- 1) Recite now: Hills, hills, hills
- 2) Tempos rule!
- 3) Need to start my Saturday track intervals - would [Yasso 800s](#) (for another view on Yasso 800s, [read this article](#)) qualify as Max VO2 workouts? I guess if run at 85% intensity! Only one way to find out!
- 4) Time also to launch into long runs since there's a lull in Sunday races

Timing: 1:00.44. **Pos:** 304

Check out the [Race Photo Album!](#)

The journey continues...
Jamie Pang, Mar 14th, 2004