

# The Adventures of Carbo Man

## Double Barreled Sunday: Mizuno Wave Run and [The Terry Fox Run](#)

I was looking forward to this run immediately after the conclusion of the [Putrajaya Half](#). I ran a very poor race in the 2005 inaugural edition but right after that bounced back with a good performance in the 2006 [GE 30K](#) as well as the [NB 15K](#). The GE race was undertaken prior to my [KLIM PR](#) –when I was in a good shape – while the NB one was completed right at the beginning of my downtime. Yet the fact that I could still churn out a reasonable performance *then* sort of exorcised the Ghosts of The Double Hill.

This year's Mizuno saw an improvement in the quality of the T-Shirt and it was a typically well –organized race. I had a good run too. OK, let me qualify that statement. The first 5Ks and last 2Ks of the race were good and reflective on how I used to run my 10Ks. The middle 3Ks were absolute disaster as I reached new depths in my running. I thought 21K is a distance too far but it looks like even the 10 is as bad. The terrain exacerbated the effects of a non-existent running routine.



Gary trained hard for this race.



How I (seated left) "trained"

With Wendy and Mary in tow, I reached the Bukit Aman car park just before more cars streamed into the area. A congestion was expected since the KL edition of the Terry Fox Run was also scheduled for the same morning at 9am. After some chitchatting, we set off for Padang Merbok and the entourage promptly got separated. It was time to start the warm-up routine. The morning air was crisp and the last thing I wanted was cold muscles and catching the chills. 15 minutes of jogging and striding got me sweaty and dripping sweat. Kenneth was also doing his own warm-up.



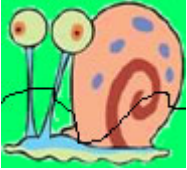
The group of Pacemakers somehow got together again at the holding area and there were plenty of laughter as we raucous bunch shared jokes. Then the air horn sounded and we were off. Up until the 1<sup>st</sup> water station I kept in touching distance with Kenneth while Tey had motored away. Yong was slightly off behind me. I didn't check my pace but I was going at a good clip.

The Double Hill proved to be *endorphin-interruptus*. By the second climb I had all the wind knocked out of me. A bad cramp had developed on the right section of the abdomen. Running hard in an untrained state, is strictly not advisable. The diaphragm can easily be overstrained and I believe that was what happened to me. Lawrence went past me like I wasn't even there as with Jessica and countless of seniors and juniors. Not being an ostrich, I couldn't stick my head into the earth, so I had to suffer the indignity of being passed, dropped, left for dead, what-have-you. There was also the odd

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remark about a younger runner losing to an older one – which was always a kick in the nuts, whether told in jest or not.

Just as I was getting comfortable with the feeling of embarrassment, I heard Kelvin the Swinger come from behind and for a short while we walked together, before he too left me behind. I was surprised to come alongside Fook but after suffering together for a bit, he took off.



Gary breaking the tape comfortably. All the endurance training paid off.

Just before the 8K mark, Karen caught up with me and went ahead – I told her to summon an ambulance. It was a joke but I wasn't laughing as I was in such discomfort. At the top of the final climb, I decided to pick up my pace again until the finish in 1:01.08 (position 435).

I was totally pooped and my face showed it. I planted myself in front of a volunteer pouring mineral water and downed 6 cups in quick succession. I was drinking as quickly as he could pour! After that I hung out with the gang for awhile and in my state of delirium, I totally forgot about my appointment with Julian to pass him the Terry Fox T-Shirts.



Looking good from behind. Gary already crossed the line 7 minutes ahead



View from the front: Dead Man Walking

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Buluman aka Kelvin The Swinger having fun



Nice shot, evenly proportioned. Taken by Mrs Cheong

By the time I got back to the car park with Sim, it was too late. We made our way down to Tapak A of the Lake Gardens where we were greeted by a spectacular sight of a crowd so huge the entire open space were covered by humans, small and large. We propped ourselves on an elevated bank just beside the stage and I thoroughly enjoyed Yasmin Yusoff's MC'ing of the event. She's just so good. The spot we were standing was extremely strategic. We took in the sights – we were told by Yasmin that there were 5,000 people there – and managed to even spot Runwitme and Julian. In the masses! My treasure hunting eyes have not deserted me yet in my dark era of running! Saw Ivy and Audrey too.

Sim and I decided not to run with the huge crowd and instead checked out the stalls. A coke, bottled water and San Fran coffee later, we walked back to the car park. After waiting for about 30 minutes, I had to leave, so for the 2<sup>nd</sup> time in a morning, I had to miss passing the stuff to Julian (very very sorry, friend!). Got home famished and downed 2 large bowls of superb chicken porridge before relaxing with the kid.



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Over the next few days, I shall think about my next course of action.

Race reports:

[Galnexdor](#) | [Dinesh](#) | [Fook](#) | [Azwar](#) | [Choi](#) | [Kenneth](#) | [Tey](#) | Cheong | Sim | [Justin](#) | [Runwitme](#)  
| Wendy | [Mary](#) | [Faie](#)