

RESULTS

1st Male Walker: 01:53:46 Mark Woodhouse
1st Female Walker: 02:12:32 Sonja McLean (Trentham United)
1st Male Runner: 01:03:35 Deano Gaskan (Scottish)
1st Female Runner: 01:14:43 Ingrid Brosnahan

CONDITIONS

Gale force swirling winds at Summit and gale force tail winds from Siberia to end.

COMPETITORS

A good turnout of good-humoured, hardy and happy people of all ages.

THANK YOU

The Trentham United Executive committee and the Rimutaka event organising committee would like to sincerely thank all members and friends who helped in organising and marshalling this event. Obviously, we could never hold this event and make it the success it has been over the past 26 years without you! It was a huge success this year and you can all be proud to be part of such a well-attended and organised event!

PHOTOS

Official photos will be available from [NESPORT](#) by 6pm Monday, there will also be a few snaps taken from a finish-line perspective shortly in the [Photo Gallery](#).

REPORT FROM A FINISH-LINE PERSPECTIVE

It was with much smugness that the usual finish-line marshalls set up the finish-line in calm, warm and sunny conditions on the Friday evening prior to our 2008 Rimutaka Railway Fun Run & Walk event. Conditions were so perfect in fact that we were not only positive that weather-wise, tomorrow would be our best year ever but our most experienced finish-line marshall announced that next year we would camp out Cross Creek to avoid the early morning trip over the gut-churning Rimutaka hill. Quite frankly, he should have known better.

I awoke the following morning and tentatively peeked out the window to find a slightly breezy, partly overcast morning in Upper Hutt. Imagine my surprise at arriving at cross-creek carpark to find this very same adventurous marshall who had obviously jinxed the day by making such bold statements struggling to stand in one place whilst directing a car straight ahead into the carpark with one hand, and the other holding tight onto his cap which seemed determined to depart his head at phenomenal velocity. Parking my car in its usual spot at the finish line and making the wise decision of putting on a wind proof jacket, I stepped tentatively out of my car holding firmly onto the car door to avoid being the proud owner of a 3-door, instead of 4-door Subaru Impreza only to find my jacket ripped from me. Running to catch my jacket before it made its own way back to Upper Hutt, I stubbed my toe on a rock hidden in the grass. Luckily Trevor Porter and his competent Search and Rescue team had arrived, as I volunteered myself as their first patient whilst getting much abuse from my finish-line team.

The wind was of such velocity that we decided we had better check all our handiwork from the night before and made our way to cross creek where the wind was decidedly less severe. Nevertheless, the tape put across the cross-creek bridge had stretched to nearly twice its length. We then went back to the finish line to re-enforce all pegs and direct cars, buses, port-a-loos and water people and sit in wait for our first competitors. It wasn't long before our winning male walker made astonishingly fast progress towards the line trying desperately to keep a foot on the ground at all times with the slight inconvenience of a >120km/hr wind at his back. Apologising for perhaps not being able to walk at all times, we assured Mark Woodhouse that every walker would be in the same position and to enjoy his comfortable win. The next 7-8 male walkers came flying over the finish line before Trentham's Sonja McLean, the first female walker. This was then followed by an influx of walkers struggling to walk, most giving up and jogging over the line. The first male runner (Deano Gaskan from Scottish) arrived at the finish line ducking and diving walkers and was followed closely by the next 5 male runners. Ingrid Brosnahan was the first female runner to finish.

This year was slightly different as the foundations of a bridge 200m from the finish-line had been

washed out a month prior and was condemned. So for the first time, competitors ran through the ford which despite having a positive spin put on it of owning clean shoes at the end of the race, was met with much disgust and complaint from a small number of competitors. Luckily most of our hardy competitors met this slight inconvenience with a positive attitude and enjoyed the relief on their feet.

Now all that was left was to pack up the finish line, easier said than done. Whilst conditions appeared unable to worsen, the wind speed increased even further. It was with much relief that we closed the doors of the ute and made our way to the prize giving. Imagine our great surprise when we as sand-blasted, wind-blown marshalls with bright-red faces, much increased receding hairlines and grit in nearly every crevice arrived at the Fell Museum to find people basking in calmish sunshine enjoying coffees and steak sandwiches in civilised fashion. And what of the response of the experienced marshall who suggested we camp out next year.....'Like hell'.