



do the
Round Norfolk Relay 2025



What is the RNR?

The course of the Round Norfolk Relay mirrors the county boundary over a distance of 200 miles, divided into 17 unequal stages. Norfolk's enormous skies, vast sandy beaches, open spaces and picturesque towns and villages, with their attractive cottages and medieval churches, all contribute to making the race a unique running experience. But it is likely to be the spectacular skies at sunset and sunrise which will provide the most vivid memories.

The race starts at Lynnsport in Kings Lynn and then, from Hunstanton, follows the stunning coastline through 5 multi terrain stages taking the Norfolk Coastal path as far as Cromer. The 40 miles (4 stages) from Cromer through to Horsey Mill and on to Belton are on the road. By the time the teams reach Belton it is dark.

From Belton, the course turns south-west following main roads for 62 miles (4 stages), all run in darkness. It is during these mostly flat stages through Breckland that the time stagger unwinds and the race is invariably won or lost. From Feltwell (Stage 14) the four remaining stages covering the last 33 miles are run across the flat Fens through the early morning mist. Finally, following the Great Ouse River into historic King's Lynn runners pass by the old Custom house, through the famous Tuesday Market Place and then on to the Finish at Lynnsport.

Unique in character and concept, the race presents not only a tough physical challenge, but also a test of the organisational prowess of a club. Run over 24 hours, without a break (and carrying a baton), the event is much more than just a normal relay for it requires special preparation, planning and support. It is not an event for a club without a spirit of adventure. But the sense of satisfaction and achievement after completing the race is simply 'Second to None'.

A staggered start, based on anticipated finishing times, ensures that teams of similar ability start together, with faster teams chasing. If the stagger works, all teams should finish the race by 9:15am to 10:00am on the Sunday. With the first teams starting at 5:30 am on Saturday this allows for teams running an average of 8mins 40secs per mile throughout the course.

History of Metros at the RNR

Metros first entered the Round Norfolk Relay in 1991. It was the late John Barrow from The Stragglers Running Club, a good friend of Metro Garry Young, who suggested we entered. John was also a member of North Norfolk Beach Runners hence the Norfolk connection.

Now this is not a race you can just go ahead and enter. To start with you need a team of 17 and also 3 to 4 others (if possible) to help with cycling and lighting, although the reality is runners do this either before or after their leg.

Applications are over a 2-week window in March and you have to apply to the RNR committee. What started out as just a handful of teams has now progressed to 60. We normally always get accepted because of our history. We have now completed over 20 events.

The race itself is over 17 legs ranging between 5.5 and 20 miles. Your start time on the Saturday morning depends upon your predicted finishing time. Being a relay you do not break for lunch or for any other reason. The team keeps going from Lynnsport in Kings Lynn, round the county to finish at the same venue usually some 26/27 hours later on the Sunday.

During daylight hours the runner has to be accompanied by a cyclist. During darkness, a car lights the runner. These are very strict rules for safety reasons. Obviously, taking all these logistics into account, there is a good chance of things not going according to plan.

Getting lost on some of the legs is quite easy despite carrying instructions. I went wrong on a beach on leg 3 but luckily realised before I had gone 300 yards off route. Others have not been so lucky but I'm not naming anyone.

It's not only the runners that can go wrong. I was acting as co pilot lighting our runner and somehow the driver and I missed the changeover despite seeing our runner only about 1/4 mile away. Don't ask how, to this day I will never know. There are obviously many stories to be told and it has been said we could write a book on Metros exploits...

I was on leg 1 in 1999 and drove up to Norfolk at about 4.30 in the morning. I started with 3 other clubs at round about 7.30. It's usually a friendly affair and we introduced ourselves. One of the lads was Kenyan and after chatting for about the first mile he said 'nice talking to you Gentlemen but I must get on'. He

disappeared into hyperspace and the rest of us said 'OK, it looks like silver at best for one of us.' I managed the 16+ miles in about a reasonable time and handed over to Jane at Hunstanton. I jumped back into my car and drove home. Out of my car and into another and drove up to the Lake District. Covered a lot of miles that day.

I spoke with Jane early next morning from a rainy Ambleside; (this was before we got married) and she told me one of our drivers fell asleep at the wheel and crashed into a telegraph pole. Luckily no one was hurt, well except the insurance company's.

As I mentioned earlier, the driver doing the lighting has to have a co-pilot to help them stay awake. It is a bit tricky driving at 8mph for 2+ hours. However when the driver and co-pilot both nod off, it becomes a problem as Andy found out nearly sitting on the bonnet. Again, luckily no issues and I won't mention names.

So, I have run the RNR 10 times, Jane about 15. I think she has done the most but there are many others so I'm not certain. I was often Team Manager but Jane was always the brains behind our team. She used to work out the team and roughly calculate our times.

One thing I forgot to mention is the team also has to have a timekeeper. One year we were 1 second short of our predicted time. The stage marshals also time you and told us we were 1 second long, which meant we were correct to the second. Not bad after 198 miles.

We have passed the baton (so to speak) to Chris and Marcus so if you fancy joining the 2026 team, you know who to ask.

Al Scoffham



Metros who have completed the Round Norfolk Relay 10 or more times:

Name	Number of appearances	First RNR; last RNR
Jane Scoffham	18	1991; 2018
Dave Brown	15	1991; 2005
Dave Young	15	1991; 2018
Garry Young	15	1991; 2005
Terry Burke	14	1993; 2011
Andy Fox	13	1991; 2011
Gill McBride	11	1994; 2005
Peter Reynolds	10	1996; 2005
Al Scoffham	10	1997; 2018
Koster Tavatgis	10	1991; 2004

NB: This list only includes runners, not those in support roles!

And onto 2025...

16 miles. Somehow I ended up agreeing to run stage one of RNR having barely run more than a 5k in years and with only 3 months to train. Having negotiated heatwaves, a wedding and holidays over those 3 months, I did eventually get to a place where I felt I was ready.

After a delightful stay at Peterborough North Premier Inn on the Friday night, I was off at 8am – definite bonus of stage one being a fixed start time. Mainly flat with a pleasant tail wind, the sun slowly rising, and a bonus Dad (Nigel) cycling next to me for the first half, I settled in, passing one or two runners along the way. Pleased to have done my revision(!) I made it onto the coast path where the terrain became more challenging (shingle is definitely not for me...) However, a water top-up at mile 12 gave me the pick-me-up I needed for the final stretch into Hunstanton where I handed the baton over to Peter. I was amazed with the pace I managed to keep up throughout and was really pleased to have decided to compete this year. One too many well deserved beers were enjoyed later that evening!

Thanks to Chris and Marcus for organising as well as all the runners and support team (especially cyclist Dad). Slightly concerned that Chris and Marcus will come calling next year and who knows how far I might agree to run next time...

Matthew, runner, Stage 1

For me the highlights were the camaraderie and friendliness of everyone involved. The teams were helping each other with lots of reminiscing about earlier years. The natives were charming too although some of the accents impenetrable. We were lucky with the weather on the early legs with blue fenland sky and fantastic coastal views. Check out Wolferton old station with its royal history or Burnham Overly windmill too.

Nigel, cyclist, Stages 1 & 2



For the first time in my RNR experience, I was pleased to be running early on Saturday. This had the pleasing benefit of giving me two relatively decent nights of sleep over the weekend – a first, as far as I can remember. Still, I was a little apprehensive about my leg of the race, as it would be the furthest I'd ever run in my life (13.75 miles). Laughable, I'm sure, to some members of Metros... I was also more than a little concerned about getting lost en route – not exactly ideal for anyone involved. Despite this, I'd followed strict instructions to read the directions carefully and spent plenty of time studying the route on Google Maps beforehand.

The early morning drive from Peterborough to King's Lynn was a bit tighter on time than expected, but we made it, and Matthew set off from the track to get us all underway. Time passed quickly as Dad (Nigel) and I made our way along the coast by car to Hunstanton. The weather couldn't have been better, and – as someone helpfully pointed out – the wind was generally working in my favour. Before long, Matthew arrived, looking worryingly bouncy, and I was off, baton in hand.

The first mile or two, skirting the golf course to my right, was mostly on sand, and my pace definitely reflected that. It was hard going at first, and I did briefly find myself off the coast path. But eventually, I hit more solid ground, and things settled down. I felt good and found my rhythm. The coastline was beautiful that morning, and I was largely able to enjoy both the weather and the scenery. Pleasingly I did not get lost and managed to stick to the pace predicted.

Eventually, the end was in sight. I was feeling decidedly less fresh by this point but pushed on past 'The Hero' pub (very apt). A couple of corners later, I handed over to Zahra. My legs have definitely felt better following a run, but it was fantastic to be back in the RNR and part of Team Metros again.

Well done everyone and thanks to Chris and Marcus (and everyone else) for all of the prep-work and support over the weekend. Hopefully I won't be roped in next year! ;)

Peter, runner, Stage 2



I took on stage five of the Round Norfolk Relay; 11 miles of the county's finest scenery and, as it turned out, one of its most stony beaches. About half a mile in, I developed a blister on my left foot so big it felt like it deserved its own race bib. Three of those miles were spent plodding across Cley Beach, which is beautiful if you're a birdwatcher but less so when you're trying to run on stones that feel like marbles underfoot. The route was meant to be simple, following the scenic coastal path of the Norfolk coastline, but somehow I managed to veer off and ended up running the last couple of miles across the beach just past Sheringham, adding my own unplanned "scenic detour" to the event.

Eventually I scrambled back onto the actual path, limped into a caravan park, and, as if by fate, spotted Quentyn waiting for me on his bike to guide me to the finish line. His support, along with that of the whole team, turned what could have been a race to forget, into a race to remember. It was such a great experience; one I swore I'd never do again as I hobbled along, but thanks to the encouragement I received, I'm already thinking about lacing up (and taping up) for next year 2026.

Nick, runner, stage 5



The few weeks before RNR you'd think I hated it, however that's because Chris, Marcus and I are sorting the final logistics of getting people where they need to be and home again.

Once there it's fantastic! I'm mainly on a high, even when things change last minute. Sometimes I get tired and cold but then I realise I'm hungry and I've not slept but it's so worth it. The buzz from everyone, Metros, other club runners, supporters and marshals is so uplifting. It's a wonderful event to be involved in and as someone who has always been on the "support" side it's definitely a Team event where everyone, runner and support, are winners!

Gillian, end-to-end support & lighting, Stage 13



This is a delicious 7.9 mile taster of Norfolk's coastline and beautiful horizons. Starting with the sights sounds and smells of a seaside beach front and promenade experience there's then a wilder ascent to the lighthouse. With lots of gorse-lined sandy paths to choose from and limited views, it's easy to feel and get lost here.

The light house is a literal and figurative high point. Navigation/orientation is easy from here. I enjoyed a pacy trot down to the main road in anticipation of meeting my cyclist. From there it was 6 miles and a good stretch of road. I'd invented a left turn onto another "main road" so spent ages expecting that and feeling grumpy that it wasn't appearing.

In hindsight it was a lovely road to run along. Interesting enough...pretty villages, bendy and gently rolling...with a down hill finish.

Anna, runner, Stage 6



Stage 7 was unforgettable for both its chaotic start and its lively finish! In a rush to strip off my layers as Marcus yelled, “Anna is coming!”, I managed to snap my watch strap and had to carry it in my hand for the entire stage.

The finish proved just as eventful — Quentyn suddenly pulled over 500m from the end for a much-needed pee, Pritesh jumped out to ambush me with a head-torch, and Simon (in the van) slotted in behind me, just in time as I passed the baton onto Ruth, right as darkness began to fall.

I think we got away with it! 😊

Jeff, runner, Stage 7



Aah I remember that with the car, I had been holding that pee all stage and finally we were out in the countryside. I pulled over and didn't even get off the bike, as I was catching up this van pulls in behind Jeff and for one horrible moment I thought it was a marshal / race organiser! My relief when I saw a "50" on the back was immense!

And did anyone notice I colour coordinated my socks, jacket, helmet and bike? :) It's the little details...

Quentyn, cyclist, stages 4 - 7



It never occurred to me to be part of the Round Norfolk Relay as it sounded like quite a logistical nightmare but when Chris asked so nicely, I thought why not! I asked for a straightforward route as my sense of direction is bad, and not too long a route either as I was having a bit of a "year off races"! So I was given a 7 ½ mile route from Lessingham to Horsey which was just one road, no turnings, perfect.

I found the build up to the race so nerve wracking, I'm not sure why, but just seeing Chris and Marcus spending so many hours working everything out, I couldn't let the team down. I think my run was estimated to start at around 5.30pm or so. We arrived in Norfolk mid morning to check out our accommodation and we then decided to check in at Wells and by coincidence, we ran into the gang at the stage 3 /4 changeover; it was amazing to cheer them on. We then had a few hours to kill and so we drove towards Horsey. The plan was to leave my bike there so after the race, my husband, Simon, and I could cycle back to our van. There is so much to think about in a relay! We then headed off to Lessingham but around that time, we learned that the start times had altered slightly so I had a delay of around 1½ hours; my anxiety levels were high and increasing, so I was so keen to get going. Simon was ready to escort me on his bike but it suddenly dawned on us all that I would no longer be running in day light so a last minute change of plan, Simon had to drive the van behind me instead.

When we were waiting at Lessingham, we noticed other runners were coming in to the changeover point lit by vehicles and a quick look at the rule book told us that this also applied to Jeff, who was running the stage before me. With a bit of quick

thinking from Chris and Marcus, Simon was sent off to find Jeff and his bike escort Quentyn, to then be seen escorting him in. (I hope no officials are reading this!) Poor Jeff didn't know what was going on as he also had a head torch thrown at him which he had no idea how to put on!

Waiting in the change over area was so nerve wracking and when I heard a shout of "runner number 50 coming!" that was it. All lit up and ready to go, I took the baton from Jeff; Simon and Pritesh were behind me in the van and I started running. The feeling of running on pure adrenaline was amazing. I started off at a good pace and I seemed to be keeping to my 6 min/km so I just prayed I could keep going like that. My instructions told me to go left at around 1km but that junction never appeared which unnerved me a bit. I saw a sign to "Sea Palling" so I knew I was ok and I also trusted that, as Simon knew the route, he would have made it known if I was going wrong.

After that uncertainty, I settled into my run. I felt my pace was going well and I then decided to no longer look at my watch, I just kept running... I was overtaken by two or three other teams but that was ok, they were going a lot quicker than me. It was extremely dark in the Norfolk countryside, and when I finally approached Horsey, I could see lots of lights. I then realised I was almost finished so ran as fast as I could until I saw Clive and handed the baton over. Hooray, I was done!

One advantage of changing to a night run meant I didn't have to cycle back after all and we arrived back at our accommodation two hours later. We then had an early start the following morning as Simon was escorting Marcus and Mike. It was amazing to be there at the end, when Mike finished his race and to cheer him. I was so nervous about the RNR but the feeling afterwards was so good. The sense of teamwork and camaraderie was second to none. I would love to be part of the team again whether as a runner or part of the support crew.

Ruth, runner, Stage 8



Amol and I were collected by Rob lunchtime Saturday. By that time I was already tense. Stupidly I had put off reviewing my section (Stage 9 Horsey to Belton 16.6 miles) and had then spent a frantic morning poring over what turned out to be a whole pile of instructions and photographs (13 photographs and 2 separate PDF maps) with endless opportunities to go wrong in obscure rural hamlets and the frequent injunction that there were unlikely to be any signs. There was a conflict between the PDF maps supplied and Google maps and on one roundabout I thought the instructions identified the wrong exit, but it was hard to be sure. Amol by contrast had a couple of paragraphs and a single long road! There was a particularly dodgy part and U turn in the middle of Great Yarmouth – a town I have never been to. No water stations, of course.

On top of all that I had not done any running at all for 2 weeks and did not feel that fit. As I got into the van I was in a heightened state of worry and realised that I had been far too casual in (lack of) preparation. Adding to the nervous excitement was the realisation that if I did fail to make the distance or otherwise go off piste I would be letting down an enormous team all of whom had obviously been far more professional about the whole thing.

In the van, Rob and Amol by marked contrast, seemed calm and relaxed and made light conversation; I contributed some nervous monosyllabic grunts and shifted position on the seat uneasily. As we covered ground towards Norfolk there were various updates about everything going well for the team already running out there – the mental pressure increased. Then the weather started to look grim – heavy rain downpours thrumming on the van roof and no less than 6 bolts of lightning! Rob seemed fine and we kept going. As we got closer I was (ahem) running over the route in my mind and I kept nervously checking the pile of photographs I had printed out – I was definitely feeling uneasy with a growing premonition. Amol was snoozing and seemed not to have a care in the world while Rob was unconcernedly cheery.

Then the messages started to arrive - there had been a bit of a disaster on the coastal path, a stretch where critically there was no support - unlike all the rest of the course where you have to have a cyclist (daytime) accompanying you or (night-time), a car or van with a flashing light. Our runner, although fast, had done an extra 7 or 8 miles and by the time he met up with his support team we were an hour and half down. That also disrupted all the carefully timed and synchronised collection/drop off arrangements for runners at all the subsequent stages – potentially chaos. It also meant that my start would be very much later towards 9 pm or later and I would be running in the dark, in strange countryside, having to make critical junction/ navigation decisions, no signs and literally feeling my way!

To add a frisson of terror, I had been warned that mobile signals were unreliable and you could not guarantee access to e.g. Google maps. My state of nervous tension got worse and I genuinely had a sick feeling in my stomach. I also began to worry about whether I should eat now or later etc... the whole thing was taking on the sense of an inexorably developing catastrophe to which I was destined to be a major contributor.

Then we arrived at Horsey Mill. No room – it is a smallish car park with loos thank God - but it was rammed and there was literally nowhere else to go. We stopped in a circular queue in the car-park – jammed in front and rear. Fortunately (I had not realised) people and teams were constantly arriving and leaving (not our team of course!) and after about 30 or 40 minutes the car park cleared quite a bit. Rob started putting the mandatory signs on the van and the flashing yellow beacon – I went to the loo!

Fortunately the rain had held off. It was just the three of us - then we waited, and waited, I nervously ate a sandwich – then it got dark. Suddenly, friendly faces: Chris Shearwood and Marcus arrived and we brightened up. We were now last (out of 58 teams) and probably an hour and 45 minutes down. Chris said had I got gloves? I said ‘No’ – he said ‘You’ll need them with the baton’ – fortunately Amol had a pair and I took his, slightly guiltily.

It wouldn’t be long now – then we were called: estimated 10 minutes to start... I panicked unnecessarily as it was now dark and getting colder – should I change at the last minute into leggings having waited several hours? No...

We walked out to the main road where the changeover section was marked (if that’s the word) by an utterly anticlimactic pair of worn traffic cones kicked unceremoniously into position by bored marshals who had already been there well over 18 hours and had obviously seen far more impressive runners.

I waited in the changeover on my own, suddenly isolated – a solitary figure loomed up out of the dusk followed by a car’s headlights – quite slowly it seemed - and suddenly, there it was, the baton, and we were off. Too late now to worry if I had bitten off more than I could chew but I was really concerned about the first set of direction choices through some small hamlets. I was over concentrating. The start was a longish straight country road, good surface, so that was OK and allowed you to settle in. I had some new trainers and they were really good – light, firm and springy so that was a real genuine psychological boost and the van behind was lighting the road surface so that was good. I deliberately held down the pace by a hair’s breadth as I had only ever done halves before as a race and was worried about my energy in the last 3 miles.

After only about 15 minutes a runner caught me up and passed me quite casually and – damn him – comfortably. He was incredibly polite and charming, congratulated me on my running(!) and wished me well as he disappeared ahead of me! This was a real psychological blow and I had to exercise conscious restraint not to chase after him – I had to accept that there was no way I would ever keep up, but it was gall and wormwood so early in the stage. I think an unacknowledged sense of unconscious resentment buoyed me up and kept me going in those early stages.

Ok – so we hit the first village and suddenly none of the turns I had expected and memorised materialised – we just followed the main road – I was really focusing on the navigation which took my mind off the running a bit and I thought we had to do actual turns – but I couldn't be sure – I kept thinking: is this right? I had been told several times that the van can't interfere, it is the runner's responsibility to get the route right but the van seemed quite happy following so I kept going.

The temperature was good, cool but OK and hardly any wind. I couldn't actually see much because, counterintuitively, the headlights from the van blind you to everything outside them so you are running in a bubble of light and it seems strangely isolated from the outside environment – detached from everything outside your little pool of the here and now – only the umbilical cord of light to the van.

Then the first critical right turn – it was OK, there was a street light and it looked just like the photo. We turned right and, for the first time it seemed, I started to breathe and settle a little. There was still a long way to go. Then along some small country roads with tiny cottages fronting the roadway – genuine country with small white painted picket fences and flowers reflecting the lights.

Then the first real test – larger roads and junctions I didn't recognise at all from the maps and photos – what was going on? I didn't want to stop and check, rhythm and momentum were all important, but I wasn't sure and I stayed on the main road. Then there were signs and I knew to head towards Caister-on-Sea. After what seemed much further than on the map we were into the town with a slightly tricky hard left at traffic lights, straight over the one mini-roundabout then hard right at the next mini-roundabout after that.

At this point the van got caught by a red light. To hell with it - I am not stopping – I am sure they know the route and they can catch me up - I kept going. I had probably done 4 or 5 miles at this point and I felt good. A nice run at this point – not much traffic, Saturday night seems to be quiet in those parts so no problems with fumes, vehicles or people and it was a nice night - clear, cool and good running conditions in the small, still night air. Stars glinted above in the distance.

Then a long stretch but OK on the navigation as you stick to the main road through some suburbs and again a nice run. Flattish – no real incline probably up to mile 8 and I started to feel some tiredness. This was a worry as it was far too soon and it was beginning to get just a little chiller and I was worried about cramp. I had to keep going.

Then we got into the outskirts of Great Yarmouth – I had to leave the van as I was on the footpath and the road veered away through a junction. But I could see them and after that junction it was a long, long straight road, dual carriageway, so the vehicles were moving at speed, but flat - with curiously the first sign I had seen all night on a lamp post 'Caution Runners' which cheered me up.

Running past a large dark park on the left, old-fashioned iron railings from a long time ago and the road just stretched ahead and now I was beginning to have to very slightly force a lumpier, harsher, more flat footed pace as I tired. The van had closed up and at one point, nearly ran me over! Rob was obviously getting tired too.

Then, sooner than I realised, we were approaching the really tricky parts of the route and we started to see marshals – really friendly and incredibly supportive, cheering me on and calling encouragement with smiles and waves. It was now about 10.15pm so they must have been there all day – very impressive.

Amazingly in the town itself there were simply loads of marshals at all the critical junctions so you couldn't go wrong and they were without exception cheerful, friendly and encouraging – a real boost and a genuine help in getting through that part of the route.

Cross the bridge then, at the next light a sharp turn left, and then a long, long stretch. Now I had to really grit my teeth and focus on the running. I was having to consciously use effort and started to feel some slight cramps – I should have worn the leggings. This was a straightforward run but hard work – then we hit the roundabout where I thought the instructions were wrong, and lo and behold, more marshals at the critical point and again really friendly and helpful – we must have been among the last teams running that stage and it was even later and colder for standing around.

Under the bridge and then – damn – it started to go uphill! I started to feel real cramp and kicked down on the push steps to hold it at bay. Now I was feeling it, probably about mile 13 and as far as I had ever raced before. More traffic here perhaps going home from the pub and I slowed down going up the incline.

Finally made it to the new main roundabout – and there was a hard left onto a cycle path and then just three roundabouts to go. This was really tough – everywhere hurt – hips and calves but I had to keep going – forced the run – keep going, keep going and then thank God the final stretch with, of course, the transition point right down at the far end. Somehow managed to find some energy so that I didn't look too shattered coming in and thankfully handed the baton to Chris and then leant against someone's car, all in.

That wasn't the end of it as Rob and I had to take Amol to his start rendezvous which meant a 45 minute drive across Norfolk and after Amol had done his stint (another 16 miles odd) we would be supporting another runner – so it was a long, long night.

At Amol's start – by then it was about 2 in the morning in the middle of mist shrouded countryside and dark vegetation stretching in all directions - there was a lovely club house (old stable block) with pools of light from widely separated single light bulbs - very friendly club runners offering tea, coffee, sandwiches and cakes all laid out! Truly fantastic hospitality. Hot coffee at 2 in the morning in the cold night air is incredibly welcome.

The next morning, after a stint with yet another runner when the sun came up over the fields, mist and stubble with hedgerows as we followed him in the van - we ended on a running track at Kings Lynn and quite unbelievably coming into the track our runner Mike Morris overtook a runner from another club in the last 500 metres. An amazing finish and we felt sorry for the other runner who took it with exceptionally good grace.

Clive, runner, Stage 9



What a weekend at the Round Norfolk Relay - and what an adventure to help co-organise our team alongside Chris Shearwood, with tons of help from Gill Gem Shearwood (the real Captain) for this slightly bonkers event.

For anyone who hasn't heard of it, the relay is 200 miles split into 17 stages all the way around Norfolk, with 59 teams taking part. Sounds straightforward... until you factor in military-level logistics, sleep deprivation, and the occasional runner who takes a wrong turn and ends up adding "bonus miles" (because apparently 200 miles wasn't enough already).

The weekend started with a 4:15am alarm on Saturday (yes, apparently that's a real time) to get to King's Lynn for our first runner at 8am. From there, it was a whirlwind of driving, cheering, handing over batons, and generally looking like I knew what was going on.

Sleep? Managed about 4 hours - and even that was in bursts, this was 4 hours more than Chris - kudos to him (no idea how he stayed awake). Not the most helpful preparation before running my own stage. I'd been carrying injuries and been recovering for quite some time, so I went into Leg 16 - the shortest stage, with very low expectations.

Miraculously, it went better than planned, beating my expected time by 35 seconds - maybe adrenaline, maybe stubbornness, perhaps just the fear of letting the team down, because I wanted to stop and walk due to pain and tiredness - but RNR gets the best out of you!!!

After 27+ hours on the move, we finally crossed the finish line at 11am on Sunday. By then, we were tired, stiff, slightly delirious, but proud (and possibly powered entirely by snacks and caffeine).

Huge thanks to everyone on the team for the effort, the laughs, and for proving once again that running is only half the challenge - the other half is just staying awake long enough to finish!

Marcus, runner, Stage 16



What's so hard about timekeeping – for a 24+ hours 17 stage event? Well, on the face of it all you need to do is press the lap/stage button 17 times (or is it 18?) and there you go.

However, it isn't that simple – you need to be at the end of each of the 17 stages – across 200 miles and 26 hours of the route. And you need backup if your primary clocks go wrong. And you need to report the stage result very quickly to Round Norfolk control. And keep a record...

We quickly found that the standard stopwatch isn't optimal for a 24 hour event – OK for a 1 hour event where you can retrieve the results at the end.... But not for this. Plan B was the parkrun app – end of each stage, hit the button and that stage time is recorded. Until it hits 24 hours. When it all goes to hell (possibly – we aren't quite sure, and 2 in the morning and sleep deprived, was not the moment to find out!)..... We ended up with 5 timepieces – the Metros stopwatch, The parkrun app on a mobile phone, 2 stage stopwatches, and an overall time of day clock. With an A3 table to fill in (7 columns x 17 stages). What could possibly go wrong..?

But it didn't go wrong, all runners had times, we all finished. OK we got the wooden spoon for worst time estimation! That being said, seeing all the runners start and finish (no matter how late), enjoying the Norfolk coastline, seeing the early morning sunshine on the Great Ouse – magical.

Tim, Timekeeping, Stages 1 - 10 & 14 - 17



A few highlights from me:

Waiting to see Matthew finish Stage 1, there's time to squeeze in Hunstanton Promenade parkrun - 4th overall and 1st by age grade...

The double (treble?) rainbow at Wiveton Hall Cafe.

To Ruth: you're definitely running in daylight...oh, wait...

The A143 by night is Yawnsville on steroids but Bungay Black Dog RC cafe at Ditchingham was most welcome at 1.15 a.m.

Mitesh (plus Gillian & me “lighting” him in our car) gets to see a lovely sunrise in the Brecks.

Only a quick loo break while Pritesh zooms off, with Rob & Clive lighting him, but it still takes me 3.5 miles to catch them up on my bike. Clive: ‘Well, you’re not getting any younger, Chris...’😂

Marcus & Chris hold the tape, thoughtfully provided by the RNR organisers, for Mike to break.

Chris, runner Stage 10; cyclist Stages 14 & 15



Sta ge	Start Point	Distance (miles)	Name	Support (lighting/cyclist)
1	Kings Lynn	16.32	Matthew Rackham	Nigel
2	Hunstanton	13.75	Peter Rackham	Nigel
3	Burnham Overy	5.76	Zahra Bassiri	n/a
4	Wells	11.14	Jahmai Townsend	Quentyn
5	Cley	10.81	Nick Russell	Quentyn
6	Cromer	7.90	Anna Maguire	Quentyn
7	Mundesley	9.24	Jeff Suffield	Quentyn
8	Lessingham	7.52	Ruth Tidder	Simon & Pritesh
9	Horsey	16.60	Clive Lucas	Rob & Amol
10	Belton	16.50	Chris Shearwood	Marcus & Pritesh
11	Ditchingham	14.90	Amol Bhuptani	Rob & Clive
12	Scole	18.88	DNS	Baton taken by car to stage 13 Metros given a time penalty Vincent
13	Thetford	15.00	Mitesh Patel	Chris & Gillian
14	Feltwell	7.27	Pritesh Patel	Rob & Clive
15	Wissington	10.59	James Kerrane	Rob & Clive
16	Downham Market	5.49	Marcus Weedon	Simon
17	Stowbridge	11.73	Mike Morris	Simon

Timekeepers - Tim, Jasia, Chris, Gillian,

Cumulative time: 29:17:42 (vs. predicted time of 25:41:08)