

## Run Report: Maui Perimeter Relay Run, aka: the "Party" Ultra. July 22-24, 2010.

~31 hours run time, ~ 170 miles, start: 11pm Kahului - finish 11pm Kahului.

### The Course:

Western Maui Loop: Kahului to La Perusse Bay 70 Miles

Lava Trail from La Perouse to South Kula 15 Miles

Eastern Maui Loop; North Makena, Hana Highway, to Kahului 80+ miles

**The challenge:** a team of Four Fearless Ultra Running Chicks and one crazy French rally car driver running their butts off for 2 full days around the perimeter of the spectacular island of Maui.

### Observations:

Do make sure you have the coolest pieces of ultra running gear on the planet:

BlisterShield roll-on and towelettes, a collapsable REI drinking cup, an Amphipod belt that holds cell phones, a neon-green running bra that can be seen at night, a padded Coleman camping tarp that folds into a pillow, an Engo Blister Relief Kit with scissors, flexible adhesive sports tape, and an SUV with multi-config seats that can sleep up to 3 runners at a time. If in doubt, and you don't have the \*exact\* piece of gear that you need... take what's available, and "Julie-rig it" to make it work...



Don't run out of food (or drink). Especially food. Certain female ultra runners need to eat ALL THE TIME. For like, 2 days, solid...non stop. "She's not a maniac. She's an eating machine!!!"

It's important to pack the car neatly at the start, run all night, and then pack it again the morning before continuing the run. That way you can make sure it is completely, absolutely trashed by the end of each day's or night's shift. Otherwise, you'd think you weren't really doing anything. Of course, the smell, however, does confirm that you are doing something. Definitely. Four sweaty runners in a space that size over a period of time does become quite, um, shocking to the senses.

Have foods on hand that make for interesting conversation: Pringle's 'Screaming Dill' Potato Chips. "So, how come they are screaming? are they being attacked or are they attacking? are they violent dill Pringles? are they like, rioting-jungle-rebel- guerilla-warfare-fighting dill Pringles? Couldn't they have just gone the stork route...?" Y'know...???



Where would we be without GPS, iPhones, Google Maps, and cell phones. I mean, what in the hell did you DO if your runner got off course, your car broke down, if there was a medical emergency, or if you needed to coordinate with other ultras that were god knows where on the island and you needed to find them, if you didn't have this gear..???? How did people ever survive??

Must haves: Gummi Bears, Chocolate malt balls from Whole Foods, Larabars (so someone can lose them and then suddenly find it again and go "oh, where'd this come from"?), PB&J Sandwiches!!!, Cheese Crackers made with Real Cheese Food Product, Superfly the mystery performance boosting drink, Reese's peanut butter cups, Starbucks mocha in a can, and NOS. Oh, yes. Without NOS, it would not have been a party. Little did we know that one tiny shot of NOS would send one of our runners into hallucinations and fits of



uncontrollable laughter.

We made Paul H's calf muscles famous. And he doesn't even know it...

Moments of delirium: walking around Kahului at 1am trying to find something to eat, and knocking on the window of the Burger King Drive-Thru, thinking they will open the window to someone that is standing at a drive thru window knocking on it at 1 in the morning...

The beauty and mana of Hana Bay is hands down one of the most spectacular spots on the island.

We discovered, somewhere on a deserted road out near the Lava fields that a cow can actually give you stink-eye if you are trying to share the road with it. Apparently, it does not feel the same way.

Fresh-water ice cold Beach Park Showers. B.L.I.S.S.

"French Fry", our fearless rally car driver and support crew member, has a very special relationship with frogs, which, we only found out about the moment that he slammed on the brakes on the tiny dirt road somewhere near Kahakuloa Bay the first night. "Oh my god, what is it, what's wrong?" Reply: "It's a frog." "I don't want to hit it." This happened about 3 or 4 more times, much to the delight of the already hysterically giggling peanut gallery in the car.

As is always, ALWAYS the rule with any ultra run adventures: safety first. Run, party, go crazy, be silly and have fun, but always...safety first. That means for example, don't ever send a runner out on shift without a cell phone. It's a permanent CYA tactic. And, it's always a good idea to have a contingency plan, in case a runner gets off course.

Instead of telling ghost stories when we met up with some tall, crazy mega-ultra running dude who was also running Maui this weekend, we got "hallucination stories". (nb. Who is that nut-job anyway!?) For example : at night in the dark, as you are traversing unlit backroads, when the trees are moving and things are coming out of the darkness at you, make sure you just look down at the road and follow the white line. The white line will keep you safe. It cancels out all the bogie-creek characters that are comin' to git you... And, if you try to address said hallucinations and reason with them, well, it could be ...well, just Don't Go There!!! Just keep following that white line...or Else! GHOULIES!

A soccer mom van pulled up alongside with two women inside, inquiring: "hey, are you guys running a relay around the island?" "uh, yeah" "Oh, that is SO COOL. Y'know, we saw a couple of these guys, earlier, and they were doing the SAME THING!!!!!" "Oh yeah, um, yeah we're all doing it". And then they just drove off.

There's reason to believe that Pueo, The Protector secretly wants to be an ultra runner. That dude, he just always shows up for the party. Every. Single. Time. But hey, if he wants to crash our parties, I have no problem with that. We are blessed to have Pueo around on these adventures. Always.

"Julie-rigging". Okay. You could go into great detail describing what happens when something gets "Julie-rigged". Reader's digest version: if you have a piece of gear, and it doesn't work right for the application, then you obviously have not Julie-rigged it. Then, it will work. IM-pressive.

Knowing what to do when two pitbulls rush you from across the other side of a two lane highway: If you don't, do some research on Dog Whisperer Cesar Milan's web site. Knowing what to do and how to react is important when you have roughly 240lbs of dog muscle coming at you full speed ahead.

There was a closet caregiver we didn't know about who made sandwiches, packed them neatly into individual baggies for everyone; took a 2 lb bag of grapes and neatly picked off every single one and put them into a serving bowl, loves gardening, and has a salsa addiction. The catch: the Suzy Homemaker-Greenthumb type was least expected to be this crew member...!

Now, on driving. We were not aware that we had a Euro rally car driver on the team until we hit the roads on the backside of Haleakala. In French Fry's world, apparently it was reminiscent of the roads in the mountains in France.

Or, so we were told. Maybe that was just an excuse to scream around all those hairy corners? Fou!

The NOS episode. So, at one of the convenience store stops, NOS was 'found'. Hey look everybody, it's an "energy drink". Is it legal? That is questionable. What happened after a certain caffeine-averse runner took a shot of NOS was like seeing a pack of Oompa-Loompas on speed, taking (as it was suggested) shots of NOS and Tequila mixed together...!?!? The adventure's best 'it's-like-watching -a-train-wreck' moment. Hands down.

And we have an ultra runner who can sleep. Any where. ANY time. and, not just lightly dozing or catnapping it - we're talking out cold, full-on REM stage, log-sawing deep sleep here, people!!! Question of the day or night: "So, where is she?" "Oh, she's probably asleep. Somewhere."

You've never seen such a beautiful, clear, bright full moon while running the roads at night, especially on Maui. Out-standing.

And finally, knowing when that last mile has come around... get the team together and finish it in style, meaning, you can't just run across a dirt parking lot to the car. No. That doesn't count. You must find some way of making it a ritual, such as, running around a stop sign. Okay, approved. That works. NOW, we can run across the dirt parking lot to the car. Then: high-fiving, group-hugging, laughing your asses off, and getting the Kodak moments. Oh, YES. We did IT!

Fini:

Aside from the antics, the fits of full-body laughter, the hallucinations, the camaraderie, the absolute beauty of running miles of open road on Maui, the spectacular views, the gutsy drives of a bunch of kick-ass ultra running chicks, the support, perseverance, and the urge to press on to finish Maui the "Party" ultra, the perimeter run was another outstanding and life-long memorable experience. We all, at one point or another said that we are extremely fortunate and lucky to be able to do what we love to do -- ultra running; to be physically, mentally (?), and spiritually able to continue doing what we love, and enjoy most of all.

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One final note: Events like these Party Ultras should not be taken lightly. They should be taken extremely lightly, with a big-ass smile, a belly full of laughs, legs that love to run miles and miles, a few crazies, no, a lot of crazies, and a team that makes it happen. Without the support and effort of the team, the Party Ultra just won't go off! Make it happen, and we did -- many thanks to: our Neurotic Organizer, the "Kamikaze Nazi"; our Speed Racer, "Irish Car Bomb"; the Sleep-apnea-notic, "Dirty Martini"; the Barbie-arian "Ultra Shi-shi", and our loyal Euro Rally Car Driver, "French Fry".

Without all of you, this would not have been possible.....Domo arigato, Go raibh maith agat, Baie Dankie, Dankschen, and Merci.

Happy Trekkin',

Trippy