

Runners Win Perimeter Run

By Katy Bourne

The Perimeter Relay Race has proved to be more of a journey, exploration and self realization experience than just another race.

The initial challenge of finding six OCC runners to commit themselves to at least 16 hours of non-stop sprint racing is only the beginning. If that alone wasn't enough of a chore, the option to alternate the 3-6 mile sprints on foot with mountain biking helped whet the appetite. For an added twist, you stay up all night and race by moonlight. Did I mention it was 135 miles?

The pre-race preparations of bicycles, baby sitters and escorts willing to spend the night and day with sweaty, smelly, thirsty, tired and hungry lunatics was only the beginning. Once the helmets, lights, reflectors, air pumps, food, foul weather gear and liquids were mounted, we were off.

It was 11 p.m. Saturday. The sky was clear and lit up with stars under a bright, full moon. The first handoff went to an unsuspecting Vic Watumull whose house we raided en route for the best toys.

Bridget MacNaughton then took off at lightening speed, inspired by sweet inspirations from stud Bob on bike. Tommy Damon tested a scientific theory that using dental floss speeds a runner's pace. Paula Jenkins loves to run up—so we let her. Katy Bourne played Rambo around Kaena Point. Creative trailblazing techniques have bloody consequences.

Our orienteering guide Bort managed to find every hidden handoff despite our efforts to confuse him. Corin Gentry used her race park driving skills to recover bodies and revive Billy around the island.

Half awake at 3:06 p.m. Sunday, we were back where we started at Kapiolani Park. On the OCC Terrace later, members shared delirious stories, contagious laughs and Dr. Don's handy stitch kit and vowed to return next year. Why?

The beauty of our island, the creatures of the night, the camaraderie of fellow OCC adventure junkies, sharing personal scents, pressing on through sleep deprivation, mental melt-down, physical fatigue, blood, stitches, and jokes (funny only to the deranged) is why.

It's an experience you only understand through experience. And hey, we won. We really were: the heat of the night (mixed division).

For those who unfortunately missed out, there's always 1997. The man to see is Don Eovino, the runner's leader. ☉