

I still can't quite believe it but on Easter Monday I was incredibly fortunate to run the Boston Marathon having run a BQ time back in October at London (something I have to say I never thought would ever happen). The whole experience of being in Boston was incredible from the moment we landed - it felt like being royalty for the weekend the way the whole city so enthusiastically and wholeheartedly embraces the event and everyone running.



Looking back on the race, I was so fortunate that everything just clicked into place on the day. All steps getting from the hotel to the start line went as planned (including the iconic ride on a yellow school bus to the start!), the weather was perfect and the atmosphere even better than I could've imagined.



As we crossed the start line and headed off I honestly couldn't stop smiling. I knew the first few miles in particular were undulating but I was still surprised just how much - people really weren't exaggerating!! The first 5k was a little slower than I'd planned due to the volume of runners so I had a few miles of thinking ah well just enjoy it and try and finish in under 3:30 but I managed to pick the pace up a little in the second 5k which was a good confidence boost.

Around 12 miles my hip suddenly started to hurt - which made me panic slightly as I've had a few niggles with it in training and it's a source of a long-standing injury / issue. Had some brief worries about not finishing before telling myself to get a grip and that I'd walk / crawl if I had to. Thankfully after a mile or two it eased off and the panic was over!

Getting to the halfway point felt like a real milestone and I was feeling fresh and still had plenty of energy. I started to keep an eye out for my

little supporters club (who I didn't actually see until mile 20) and this was a good distraction!

The Newton Hills lived up to expectations and reputation, but I tried to push hard up them knowing there was a good recovery space inbetween. Conquering Heartbreak Hill was a real mental victory, knowing the biggest incline was done and I could enjoy the last few mile to the finish. A quick check of my watch and some mental maths made me realise I might be in with a chance of a PB if I maintained my pace so I pushed on and ticked off the miles. 2 miles out I started to feel abit fatigued and getting through the last few water stations was tricky as so many people were slowing up or stopping and I didn't have the energy for weaving in and out at this stage! But I knew I was still on for a PB so I tried to keep going through the crowds as best I could.

The amount of undulation in the last few miles caught me by surprise a little as I'd wrongly assumed it was downhill / flat over the last 4 miles (it wasn't) and the last little underpass was a killer on the legs, but turning right onto Hereford and left on Boylston was allllll worth it! The crowds had been incredible for the whole 26 miles but for those last few hundred metres it was something else!! It was so emotional running down to the finish line and something I'll never ever forget. I crossed the line with a 5 minute PB of 3:13:20 which I'm absolutely ecstatic about, but it was all about the occasion and the honour of running such an iconic race. Me - a Boston Marathoner - it still doesn't feel real! Coming away with a PB was never really my plan but it just made the whole thing extra extra special



Boston - you were everything I hoped and dreamed of and more - thank you! And if anyone is still reading this (thanks for hanging in there!) then I hope you get to experience it one day too!