

MOBY DICK 2003.... A LA CARTE...

March 8, 2003, Moby Dick, take your pick... It was "a la carte" at Moby... your choice... choose the traditional 16 mile up and around the monument and back down... or a 30 mile ultra version up and over, down and back ... or choose the 7 (really 8) mile snowshoe to Jones Nose and back down along the Northrup Trail... take your pick... no races... all fun runs... it was a good day to do any of the above... the sun was warm and the sky real blue, except for the very top of Greylock... I had visions of Moby, 2002... horizontal blizzard solid ice fun run...

Around 9:00 am, people were assembling in the Visitor's Center in small groups... participants had to sign in and choose their choice. The ultra people assembled in the corner, looking very ultra... Dion was the leader of the ultra pack and they were outfitted as though they were going to be gone for a very long time... they were the first group to leave on their 30 mile ultra "fun run"... glad I didn't choose that one... don't think I could even come close to looking THAT ultra...

The middle pack was not a pack at all really... one by one, the 16 milers signed in and straggled out the door and on up the road... no leader... no ready set go... no fanfare... no cheering... coulda done that one, but with no fanfare, forget it...

Then the last group sort of assembled... shuffling to the far end of the parking lot to start the snowshoe run, looking a bit bewildered... that's the group I chose... the bewildered group... we were to be led by the chief course marker and water planter, Paul Hartwig. We stood there till Farmer Ed explained the course and the markings and then said, "Go ahead, you can go now." We were confident that we wouldn't go and get lost. After all, Paul was our fearless leader.

Well, we all know how these little fun runs go... a nice relaxing snowshoe through the forest, right? WRONG! Paul Hartwig, aka Snowshoe Man takes off like a bat and left everyone on their own... what the heck... I knew something was up when I saw his red tights... his cape was neatly tucked underneath his shirt... this man is a DEMON on snowshoes... but no way was he going to go and leave me to get lost at Greylock... I tried to keep him in sight, just a flash of red now and again... think I caught him as we hit the road and ran the road together in tandem asthma attacks...

We ducked left into the trail again, with Snowshoe Man in the lead... we carried on a great conversation, but I have no idea what he said... all I could do was say "yeah" once in a while, when I recognized a word... we hit Jones Nose in about one hour... the view just breathtaking... the trail wound around in circles for a bit... Snowshoe Man told me that Farmer Ed did that so we could spend a little more time up there to take in the gorgeous vistas... two little gallon water jugs sat in the snow, looking very inviting... strange that they were marked with yellow "police line" tape... I guzzled down half a gallon and we were off again...

Just starting down and uh oh... someone is on his way up and pretty close behind us... so we kick it up a notch, Snowshoe Man rips his shirt open, his cape unfurls, he lets go with this kind of honking roar and we start the descent down the trail...

we are cookin... we start passing people on their way up and realize that we better bust our butts if we are going to win this "fun run." A little further down the trail, we run into Farmer Ed and his trusty dog Tippi and his trusty camera... Ed focuses and shoots and we are off again... I think there were other people in the shot, maybe K2 and Jeff ??... anyway, we are flying down the trail... and wondering where the heck the road is and boy, the road is going to be easy after the trail and all the 3 foot deep post holes we have had to dodge and jump over...

Well, we get to the road, hang a right and take off... now the sun has been out for a long long time and the sun is very warm and the snow has gone very heavy and mushy and our sprint down the road lasts about 10 seconds... a quick check behind us and no one in sight, so we slow down and get a breath... then run, then walk, then run, then walk... hang a right into the trail and the last leg to home... I tell Snowshoe Man that he led this snowshoe run/race, so he has to be the first to cross the line... it's only right...

We would have made it quicker, except Snowshoe Man got lost at the fork... first right, then, no, to the left... no.. no..... sorry it's the right... and we flew down to the imaginary finish line to the sound of no one clapping... Snowshoe Man was the first across that line... made his day... he tucked his cape back inside his shirt, put his pedestrian black cap on his head and grinned...

We really had no worries about anyone close behind us... the next person to appear was 11 minutes behind us... Snowshoe Man grinned and grinned...

You know what they say.... any day is a good day at Greylock! I told you it wasn't over yet....

Kaniac, Overall Runner-Up at the Moby Dick Snowshoe...

MOBY DICK FUNRUN SNOWSHOE March 8, 2003 Lanesboro, MA

01. Miren Hodgson	2.5 Miles	0:49:00
02. Chloe McGrath	2.5 Miles	0:54:59
03. Tracy McGrath	2.5 Miles	0:55:37
04. Ed Alibozek Jr	2.5 Miles	0:55:41
05. Brett Hodgson	2.5 Miles	0:56:00
01. Paul Hartwig	8+ Miles	1:58:00
02. Carol Kane	8+ Miles	1:58:02
03. Sarah Edson	8+ Miles	2:05:00
04. Laura Clark	8+ Miles	2:10:00
05. Brad Herder	8+ Miles	2:10:05
06. Laurel Shortell	8+ Miles	2:16:55
07. Edward Alibozek	8+ Miles	2:17:55
08. Rich Busa	8+ Miles	2:35:03
09. Martin Glendon	8+ Miles	2:36:14
10. Ken Fairman	8+ Miles	2:43:04
11. Jeff Clark	8+ Miles	2:56:30
12. Konrad Karolczuk	8+ Miles	2:56:31
13. Ann Snoeyenbos	8+ Miles	3:02:44
01. Will Danecki	16 Run/ 2.5 Snowshoe	
01. Nico Scibelli	16 Miles +	????????

3 Dogs (Sierra, Summitt and Tippi) also made the trip.