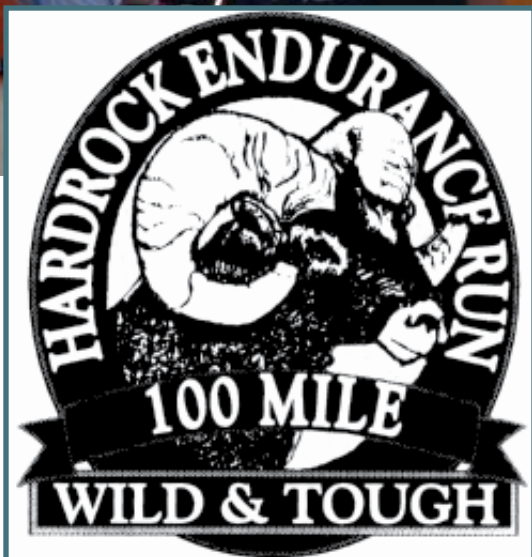


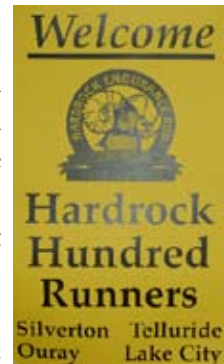


# RACEREPORT



First of all, I made it!

It was a loooong, tough and very beautiful race. Brandi, Andrea, Lexi, Kelsey, our dog Freedom and I arrived Wednesday night at the Mineral Creek campground close to Silverton. I spent Thursday checking into the race, talking and getting mentally ready for the race, while my crew visited Ouray and the course there. It rained most of the day.



Friday 6:00h Start of 134 runners. In the front, 4 times champion Karl Meltzer (orange dress) and Scott Jurek (white/yellow dress), Spartathlon winner and probably the best ultra runner in the US. On the second mile I already lost my rainjacket which was tucked in my camelback. Luckily No. 104 picked it up. It would have been two cold nights without it. After the first pass, Dives Little Giant the aidstation gets visible a far half a mile down behind a huge black wall on the other side of the valley which was the second of 11 major climbs. Everybody is passing me on the downhill including Paul Grimm, a runner from Denver. I am probably the slowest downhill runner in the field.



The rain and hail catches me half hour after the Pole Creek aid station in a vast green valley above 12.000 ft. I lose the trail for a couple of minutes. Down to the Sherman aid station, the rain stopped and I store the jacket back to my camelback. "Potato soup", " fresh Burritos"



Photos from top: Start, HR logo, welcome poster, all the powergels, my drob boxes, Silverton, shortly before the Start, medical check, Brandi + Hans,

# HARDROCK 100



# FIRST DAY

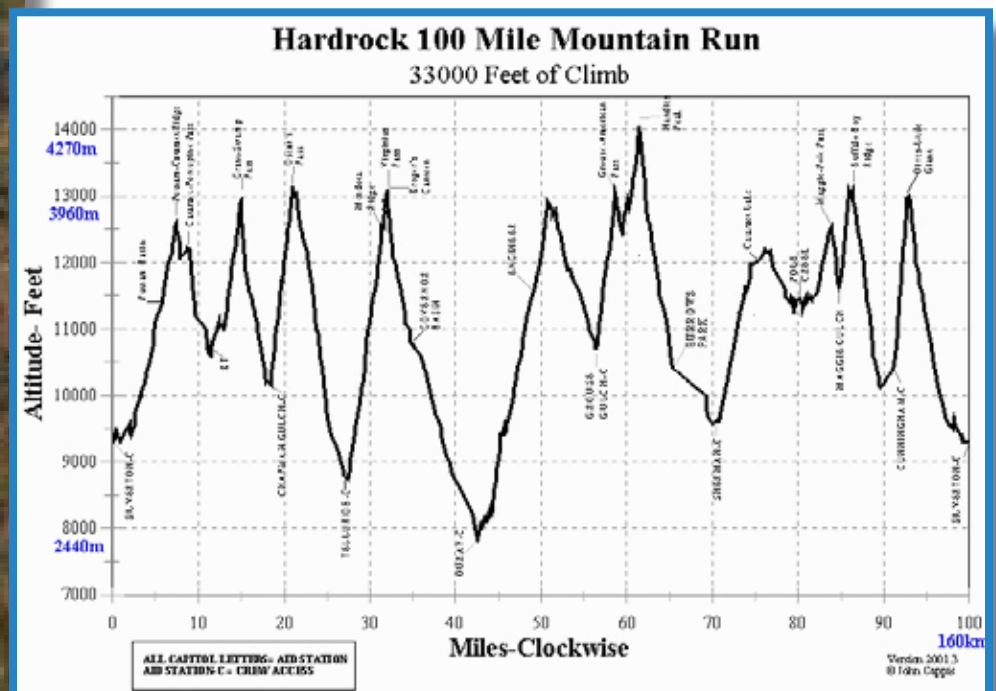
several signs advertise for the next aid station. A volunteer speaks my number into the radio. 2 minutes later I reach Sherman aid station. One helper is waiting for me already, with a chair and my dropbag. He gets my camelback refilled and brings me food and drinks. Rickie Redland and Susan Gebhard who I met in several races earlier in the year are also here. After 15 minutes I am on the road again. It starts raining again, but not for long. The long four wheel drive road we have to share with a lot of 4 wheelers. I am running with Murray Schart here. Its getting hot. At a small bridge is a water station. I pure some water over my head. I have to slow down above the treeline. The Handies peak 14,048 ft and the trail to the top is visible from here. It takes forever to climb up. Hiking, break, hiking, break but the views are breathtaking. I traverse a small snowfield and scramble to the top. The evening light is beautiful and at 6.31pm I reach the peak where two tents are sitting on a small lake.

Billy Simpson is sitting on a rock. "I will quit at Grouse Gulch." is he saying. "No way, you are looking not to bad and quitting is not even a word for me" answer I. Another pass - Grouse American pass, the sun breaks through the clouds and lighten up the Grouse Gulch valley with many marmots and a endless downhill.

Dale Garland is dressed Hawaiian style at the aid station. I really enjoy the



Photos (John Cappis, Blake Wood): Billy Simpson taking a break from his AT hike, after the first mile Silverton in the back, HR 100 course profile



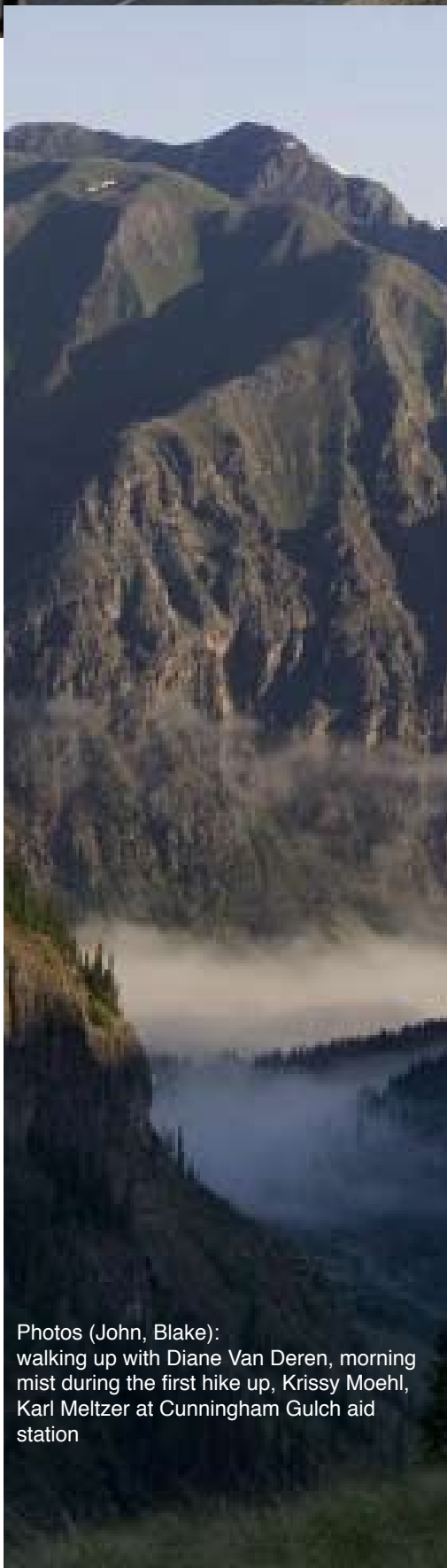


# TO OURAY

break here but the Engineer Pass is waiting. I walk up a 4 wheel drive road while it is getting dark. For the most part I walk without my headlamp to enjoy the stars. A good mile is the way down to Ouray. Luckily I ran the lower parts of this dangerous trail already in daylight in May. A few hundred feet of drop is to the left of the 3 foot wide path. Almost down, Billy Simpson is flying by. After 45 minutes at Grouse Gulch aid station, he is fully recovered and in very good spirits. Almost in Town I see Rickie and Susan walking out again. Ouray aid station is a bit disappointing but its 2.00 am and the runners are not the only ones sleepy.

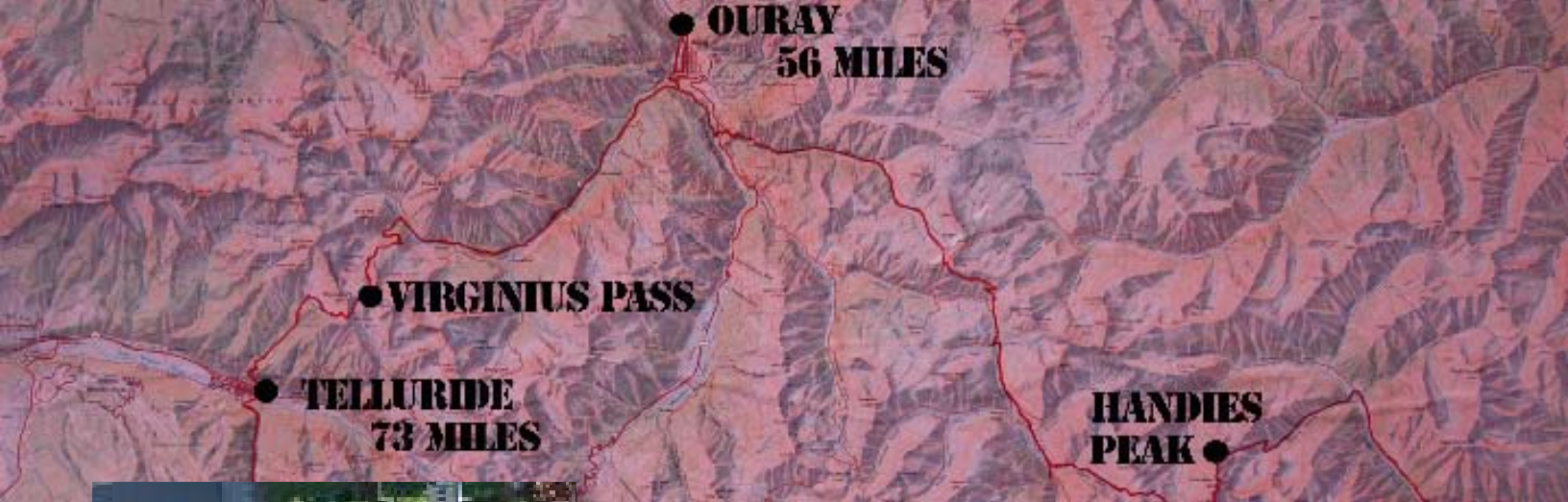
The road to Governor aid station is wide and dark and I prefer to run again without light. Later I have to switch it on again to stay awake. My feet start to get blisters from the wrinkled skin...Finally I reach the aid station. A 10 minute break in a chair then I have to move on. The next creek crossing is painful. Ice cold water and blisters not really a good combination. In the meanwhile night changed to day. In a switchback I can see the road I came from Ouray and some runners behind me.

Start of the Virginius pass climb. We have to scramble up a steep icefield or a lose rock slide. Both not really good options after 24hours on the legs. I take one step after another. It gets easier and the real pass is a tiny gap high up in the rocks which gets visible. To the left there are gorgeous lightened up rock walls but I have to concentrate on my steps. After a flat icefield a very steep stretch follows where a rope is hanging down from the pass. I prefer to stay out of the fall line of 3 other runners and scramble up on the right. This is the smallest pass I've ever seen. The two rockwalls are 8 -9 feet apart. 2 Guys have a small aidstation where they backpacked to. I sit down for a minute in a chair and then I slide down in a steep rock field until the trail starts again. An hour later Telluride is in sight. I ran down the townstreet. Brandi, Lexi and Kelsey are waiting here for me. I am less than an Hour behind my fictive schedule I made for this race. I change socks again



Photos (John, Blake): walking up with Diane Van Deren, morning mist during the first hike up, Krissy Moehl, Karl Meltzer at Cunningham Gulch aid station





at the station and eat a big piece of pizza. At this time Scott Jurek is already heading to Silverton on his way to win in a new course record time.

The wide hiking path out of Telluride is hot and even hotter are the switchbacks up the valley. I am really tired and I try to sleep for a couple of minutes along the path in the shade. But it doesn't work out. I keep going and reach the wonderful upper valley with lots of wildflowers. Here I find a really cold spot under a big rock and 10 Minutes later I am up again to find more switchbacks to the pass. But the pass isn't the pass. Far ahead I see another one. Another short sleep break in the grass where two hiking girls ask if this is a race. They cannot believe that I am already up for more than 30 hours. I drink another bottle of Ensure at the pass. Here I realized that this is still not the Oskars pass and then I have to slide down a snowfield and follow an old rocky mining road. Finally I reach Oskars pass and see far down is Governor, the next aid station.



The big red stones on the path are baking hot from the sun and no breeze here. I fall again but luckily I don't hurt myself, thanks to the advise of Karl Melzer to use biking gloves. Then the path is getting better and I can start to run again. I am looking forward for a nice break in the shade of the aidstation. But it takes a lot longer to get there. Its nice to sit in the big tent



Photos (Brandi Resa): Map of the course, run to the Telluride aidstation with Lexi and Kelsey, at the Telluride aid station, aidstation banner, Rickie Redland in Telluride

	OUT		OUT
1 #142 - SCOTT JUREK - 11:20	37 #153	JOHN HALSTEN	6:25 67
2 #1 - KARL MELTZER - 11:33	35 #150	PAUL GRIMM	6:30 68
MES VARNER - 12:48	36 #12	MIKE EHRLICH	6:30 69
Kiddoo - 1:03	37 #152	PAUL GRIMM	6:41 70

# SECOND DAY



Photos ( Brandi, Heinz Roethenmund ): Leaders board in Telluride, scrambling up Grant Swamp Pass, Joel Zucker memorial and Island lake

where I find out I am in 65 position. Exactly in the middle of the pack. The people here tell me that Karl Meltzer had to make a nap here. 20 minutes later I start to hike out again where it is still hot and the shade of the trees don't really help. An hour later I can see Giant Swamp pass in front of me. It takes forever to get closer and I took lots of breaks. A lot of runners and pacers overpass me here on their way to the steep 300 foot climb up to the pass. This year without it is without snow but with lots of loose rock and gravel.

I watch some other runners and there pacers on their way up and decide which way to go. But actually there is only a choice between loose rocks and more loose rocks. Finally I make it. Heinz from Durango is waiting here and making pictures of my scramble. Soon we figure out that we can speak German. He is originally from Switzerland and is living with his wife in Durango. He follows me on the steep way down to KT Aidstation where he is supporting. The Island lake is wonderful and there are 2 tents sitting there. That would be a nice place to stay. But I have to move on. It takes long to get lower. My head is already in KT but there are still some miles to go which is never a good thing in Ultrarunning. Another rough river crossing and then the endless Kamm traverse, named after Ulrich Kamm - a German as well and one of the few 10 time Hardrock finishers - who found that piece of trail. I enjoy the company of Heinz after 36 hours "Loneliness of the distance runner". KT, Kamm Traverse aid station, I don't need much here, only nice sit in a chair for a couple of minutes.

Another creek to cross. The blisters hurt painful in the cool water and I try to follow the French runner Jean- Francois Geiss and his pacer but I cannot follow them. Its already dark when I reach the last pass. Some





# GRANT SWAMP PASS

snowfields and ahead left I see some confusing lights of other runners, or is this the last aid station already. I struggle up a grass slope. One after another of the metal markers pops up on the high horizon. I am confused. Why is it going up here. I sit down and read the roadbook. It seems right. Finally I am at a ridge and too far. "I see a marker, here is the trail" is a female voice shouting at me. Its Beth, pacing her husband Lance from New Mexico. I met her somewhere before but in this moment I can't figure it out. All I want to do is to stay on the right trail. I don't want to get lost here. He is coughing a lot and seems not in the best shape. But I have difficulties to stay behind them. My blisters are hurting a lot although the legs are fine. Putnam aid station, a short sit next to the fire. But I have to keep moving otherwise I will fall asleep soon.

What, I thought, would be a nice fast trail to the finish, develops into a nightmare for myself - rock, rocks, rocks everywhere. It is not a trail, it is a rockdump. I hit a lot of them and it hurts like hell on my feet. Some runners pass me. It takes forever. I have no indication where I am. Without the light I see the shade of the peak to the left. And this one is moving very slowly back. A check on the map. The trail should head east before I reach



Photos ( Blake, Heinz):  
Grant Swamp Pass on the right,  
down to Island lake, one of the  
few dry creek crossings, along the  
Kamm Traverse



SILVERTON  
B<sup>OR</sup>UST

# FINISH

the Mineral creek and just a minute or 2 later the trail turns. Then I hear a yell from the creek. A runner is crossing the cold water. I reach the fast running water and it is kind of frightening. Only a rope, the water and the dark. The crossing through the 2-3 foot deep water is okay but then I have to cross a muddy field. Really cold mud floats into my shoes and it hurts. On the main road I try to get rid of some of the mud but it stays. Its 1.50 am and I left Putnam at 23.44pm. The 2 to 3 mile stretch from Putnam to Mineral Creek took me 2:06h! That is a new record slow for myself.



I find the path on the opposite side of the highway and start running again. Running feels really good on this easy trail. I run all the way until I see Silverton. Down through the rocky grass slopes and then I see the Hardrock. Brandi is waiting there and Dale Garland the race director as well. After 44:33:23 I am able to kiss this big cool stone.



After a nice 3 hours sleep I press my torned up feet into my running shoes, since I forgot to bring sandals. The Silverton gym is packed with the whole Hardrock family. Everybody in line for the breakfast buffet.

From 134 starters, 97 finished in the 48h time limit and Matt Mahoney finished 28 seconds after the cutoff - ugh! Before the race Karl Meltzer was the favorite of all runners I spoke to. " He is the man to beat" Scott Jurek



Photos (Flavio Dalbosco, Brandi, Blake):  
At the Hardrock again 2.33am with Brandi, 13th finish of Kirk Apt, Paul Grimm, you have to kiss the Hardrock otherwise the time doesn't stop, my feet after 44.5h and 30 creeks, John DeWalt 71 years finishing strong again.



from Seattle came 4 weeks ahead of time, prepared well for race, and won this race in a new clockwise course record of 26:08. Krissy Moehl, also from Seattle did the same in the womans race in 29:24. Another amazing performances were Hans-Dieter Weisshaar's 100th 100 Miler and John Dewalt, 71 years young finishing this 12th Hardrock.



That was by far the most beautiful racecourse I ran in my 22 years of ultrarunning. After 1 year of trailrunning, I was pretty satisfied with my performance. But definitely I can improve my downhill running. I will be back next year for sure, if I am lucky enough to win another spot in the lottery.



Markus



P.S: Thanks to Brandi, Andrea, Lexi and Kelsey which supported me and to Karl Melzer which gave me a lot of helpful advice for ultra trailrunning. Also thanks to No.104 who caught my rainjacket as well as all the runners I shared the trail with: Diane van Deren, Cory Johnson, Murray Schart, Billy Simpson and Beth and Lance Johnson

Special thanks to the photographers: Brandi Resa, John Cappis, Heinz Roethenmund and Blake Wood.



Photos (Brandi, Blake):  
Gymhall in Silverton,  
the Hardrock, Andrea+  
Murrays wife, nametag,  
Hans Dieter, Billy Simp-  
son and mm  
Karl Meltzer with mm,  
Beth and Lance Johnson,  
Murray Schart



# PRE-RACE BREAKFAST