

Robb Eggleston

D100/50 RR By little Robbie Eggleston: I spent the better part of my mid 20s stumbling down A1A - 20 years later was no exception... funny how scotch and 5 and a half hours of direct sunlight have similar effects ☺

To borrow from Mike, the winner of the 50miler. It was hot & humbling. I had arrived at my first ultra with some pretty lofty goals and was already altering expectations by the time I got to the 1st uncrewed cooler: "Well a 10 hour finish is out of the question, maybe midnight... why did I wear a black hat?" I had promised myself I wasn't going to "math" and here I was doing just that.

I was already overheated by the time I reached the 1st aid station but it was so nice to see so many helpful and friendly folks. I wasn't quite sure what to expect and to say I was blown away the kindness and generosity of every single volunteer at the aid stations is an understatement. In kind I was lavish with my gratitude. It was also terribly sweet of the crews to offer cheers and assistance to us uncrewed runners. Hearts of gold everywhere you looked.

I picked up my good friend/pacer around mile 15. I was extremely relieved to see Pat's smiling face. He's been through several ultras and I knew I was in good hands. The next 35 miles were a mixed bag of whines, laughs and having some fun with my odd misfortunes. Between Flagler and Ormond my hernia starting flaring up and I think I frightened a nice gentleman who was running with us by constantly fidgeting with my midsection. He quickly picked up the pace and we never saw him again. Then after Ormond I stopped for a quick bio break and when I started back to a light jog it felt as if my unspeakables had fallen into a patch of stinging nettle. On the upside it was a temporary distraction from tired legs and the situation had made for a few good laughs and parody songs.

We saw Noelani Taylor float by effortlessly like a majestic gazelle as we approached the Ocean Walk. She slowed down long enough to give us a thumbs up and a "good job" before disappearing out of sight down A1A.

A little further down we spotted a tattoo shop. I joked with Pat that he could stop in for some ink and still catch me before I reached the finish line. Beyond the tattoo I also promised to buy him ice cream, hotdogs and other assorted nonsense. I was racking up quite a bill but my plan was to give him my credit card and nap while he did these things. He never took the bait. This was also around the time where I swore off running any distance beyond a 5k "fun run" in the future 😊

The beach section was amazing. It was the perfect recharge for this tired and overheated runner. The last aid station was a sight for sore eyes with wonderful volunteers. I contemplated walking to the back of the parking lot and power-napping in my car but with a 10k or so to go that wasn't an option.

We finally made it back on the beach and suddenly I was able to find the gas the pedal. It wasn't a sub 5 minute mile by any stretch but closer to my starting pace. Mike & Addie were kind enough to hang out long after his race was over and told the tape for the rest of us finishers. Classy folks right there.

I had a blast (despite a lot of bellyaching) and I was window shopping for a white hat with a neck flap the next day... so there goes that whole "only doing fun runs" business:)

I'm hoping to crew Pat next year but if he doesn't sign up, you might just see me out there for round 2.

Thanks Dave, the volunteers, the crews and the fellow runners for an amazing race.