



COSMIC BULLSHEET

The Bulletin News-Sheet
of Cosmic Hillbashers

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Editorial

Phill Thompson

Lots of materials for the Bullsheet this time, including various pics that I don't have time to put in - maybe I will eventually get around to doing the bumper colour pic Christmas Edition I think of doing every year.

The quarter four edition does traditionally tend to be the best of the year as various Comics travel far and wide doing amazing things and if hassled enough eventually write up their exploits for the Bullsheet. As ever we have had some excellent performances of late - Jon D having storming runs at the world orienteering champs and Ben Nevis, Lois at a number of events, Dan winning a number of local races and Mark Rigby winning the 2003 British vets title in the final race at Brecon Beacons. (My apologies to those I've missed I really should keep better notes of all your exploits!)

My own travels have not been anywhere near so adventurous and I'm currently on target to match last years number of hill races run. But this year it was nice to note I was not the only Cosmic at the Buckie 10k. Well done Ron nice to have some company for this classic event which includes the "infamous" *Slaughter House Brae* hill. Every year somebody comments to me along the lines of "That must have been an easy hill for a Cosmic". There's no doubt about it I feel a psychological boost, nae compunction, to scoot up any hill in a road race purely because I'm wearing a Cosmic vest!

See you at Kings , Cheers
Phill

It's a sad and annoying fact about races that you can't just do them once and get them out of the way. They have this habit of coming round year on year. So, having done Ben Rinnes in 2002 and nearly expired (not to mention that nasty business with the trousers), I found myself short of excuses not to do it again.

Saturday 26th July looked pretty good for running; a bit on the warm side but mostly overcast. Gary Gutteridge kindly offered me (and Colin Larmour) a lift to the event; his car was luxurious compared to our old Metro although the back seat was cluttered with rubber underwear, zip-up leather balaclavas and back-issues of Scandinavian Frisbee Babes. We arrived in Dufftown in good time and met up with a shower of Cosmics including Derek, Elaine and Lois. Mandy (my incipient bride) was due to turn up with two friends later in the day.

We registered for the race and went to change. This year I'd brought a generous stack of jelly babies to eat *en route*; these went into my belt-bag along with a 300 ml bottle of water and a few other necessities. I was worried about overheating in my long-sleeved Cosmics top, but I rolled up the sleeves and hoped for the best. We got a briefing by the changing rooms and then all thirty-seven of us answered a roll-call before we were allowed out onto the field to entertain the Public. We lined up, cheesed at the photographer and set off at the blast of a horn.

Last year I hadn't known what was ahead of me, and wasn't even sure if I could manage the distance. This year I knew the course and believed I could finish it, barring injury, getting lost or being attacked by flying monkeys. I set off a bit too quickly at first, running out of breath as we started climbing through the fields and golf-course before Little

Conval. Quite a few folk passed me before I found my pace. I was surprised to find myself trailing Derek on the track up Little Conval; he'd been way ahead of me the previous year. Was I improving, or had Derek succumbed to a year of easy living in France? I amused myself by nipping past him to the summit checkpoint, but he soon caught me on the plateau and steamed off downhill. Maybe it was all the frog's legs he'd been scoffing. I followed on and was soon tackling Meikle Conval, walking as fast as I could with hands pushing away on my knees. The path was easier than I remembered, drier and with fewer boggy patches than last year. Another summit checkpoint and the big downhill; gentle and gravelly at first before a peat hag (that's a dried-out bog rather than some gnarled old woman selling compost) and then a scary, skiddy descent down a heathery slope to the drink station. Once again I'd inched ahead of Derek; could I stay there?

Cramming a few more jelly babies down my throat, I set off up Ben Rinnes. So far it was all going rather well; I felt focussed and my legs had plenty of go left in them. I made it up the land-rover track of the first climb half-walking, half-jogging but aware that Derek was gaining all the time; eventually he made it past me before the second, rocky stage of the ascent. I was still doing well enough, I thought, maybe I'd catch the pseudo-Gallic charmer on the way down...

Slug, slug slug up the rocky path, trying to keep the pace up even though my mind kept wandering. If I'm getting bored then I can't be putting enough effort in, I told myself. "Nooo! Nooo! Don't eat us!" shrieked the jelly babies, but I did anyway. I'm hard, me. Swig of water. More rocky path. Noises behind me...it was Lois. That spurred me on a bit; I don't remember which of us made it to the top first but it was close either way. Round the crags and a hello to the poor sods at the checkpoint before the rocky, relentless downhill, throwing away all that arduously

claimed height for no reason, no reason at all apart from the fact it was a hill race and you've got to do something to fill the interval between being born and dying.

Lois was ahead of me now and stayed that way as we hammered back down the hill. I caught up with her and Derek at the water station but lost them again on the steep climb back up Meikle Conval. Now I was starting to suffer. The big downhill had shaken the last scrap of freshness out of me, and although I know this climb was smaller than Ben Rinnes it seemed much harder. The little black flies, my friends from last year, came out to greet me. Buzz buzz, slog slog. Yes, okay, we were at the top now and could think about a jog, maybe even a stride-out along the plateau. Lois and Derek were little dots ahead of me now, but I was still feeling better than last year. Down into the saddle and up Little Conval, the last barrier. People behind me. I glanced round and saw Elaine chugging up behind me. I knew that if she caught me then humankind would be driven extinct in the future by a race of giant, shiny, killer robots. I had to get to the top of Little Conval ahead of her! Elaine claims she said 'I don't want to pass you, Jon!' at this point, but what she acutally said was 'die, pathetic human, and let our chromed legions dominate the planet as is our destiny'.

Using pipe-bombs, liquid nitrogen and a million tons of molten steel I managed to keep just slightly ahead of Elaine at the summit and then eked out the distance on the long descent into Dufftown. The sun came out and my brains started frying gently between my ears. I was feeling totally wrung-out as I circled the field to my little round of applause and sprinted the last twenty metres (just to give the crowd a show) before collapsing at the finish-line. A minute or so later I bothered looking at my watch and realised that I'd finished in about 3.05, almost 18 minutes faster than last years time. Not bad at all.

Unfortunately, Ben Rinnes wasn't finished with me yet. After I'd shuffled back to the changing rooms I sat down for a few minutes, feeling increasingly nauseous, until I realised, great, I really am going to be bleaaaaagh! Fortunately a toilet cubicle was free so I didn't decorate the other athletes. The jelly babies were free at last. Feeling the worst was over, I headed for the tea tent and met up with various Cosmic folk, who supplied me with tea. I rapidly realised that the worst was by no means over and heaurgghhh! After I'd finished abusing the bin in the tea-tent I found myself being complemented on my white face and blue lips before being hustled off to the Red Cross tent. I ended up lying on a nice comfortable bed, wrapped in a blanket and being fed Rotary Club egg sandwiches by a Red Cross volunteer who was adamant that I should eat something. It was now four in the afternoon, and all I'd eaten that day was breakfast and rebellious jelly babies. The proper food worked a treat, and an hour later I was enjoying a lift home in a plush Mercedes the size of Belgium, courtesy of Mandy's friends Bjorn and Livia.

All in all it was a success, although the immediate aftereffects weren't fun (and may be 'brought up' by my Cosmic buddies in the future). The race was spiced up by the episodes of competition with Derek, Lois and Elaine; each spurred me on just a little and together they helped me achieve my much-improved time. Thanks to all of them!

EASTER IN THE MOURNES Bob Sheridan

Some of you may remember that the week before Easter was filled with great weather and luckily for Helen, myself, the kids and our 2 dogs we spent it on holiday in Northern Ireland.

Sadly this meant that I missed the Clachnaben hill race. When I realised this I decided to look for a race while in Ireland. Luckily for me I found the Slieve Martin hill race, this is a hill in the southern part of the Mournes near Rostrevor. It was part of the Hill and Dale series, very similar to Ewen's fledgling summer series. It consists of 11 races based around the Mourne Mountains.

Race day started with a walk with the dogs and then a visit to some shops. Town centres have come a long way from my time living in Ireland. No longer barricades and searches, now it is all open with people sitting in the sun drinking coffee or Guinness. The organisers were lucky to get great conditions for running and 111 people turned up for the race.

The course winds through the woods to a ridge up to the summit, then the descent is straight back down again. Tricky decision on whether to wear Walshes or road shoes. After discussion with a local I decided on road shoes and I think I made the correct choice. One individual decided to wear his brand new Walsh PB racers and he certainly regretted it as he had lost a layer of skin from his heels by the finish.

The start was a long steady climb up a track and then onto the hillside itself, climbed further up grassy slopes to a ridge which then gently sloped up to the summit which was a radio mast from what I can remember. The descent started down a steep stony track and then back into the trees before joining the route of ascent.

The climb was good for me but the first part of the descent was difficult without much grip. Managed to run well though and was pleased to finish quite well up the field. The heat made for a hot and sweaty race but the dogs licked me clean at the finish!

So if any of you find yourself in Northern Ireland over the summer months I would strongly recommend this series it varies from week to week and certainly the hills are very good for running.

The Krunce: an appreciation and the ignominy of being lapped....
Ian Searle

The Krunce is a rather particular little torture, with terrain and course profile that must have delighted Cosmic Rennie when he first set it up all those years ago. Some 3.1/2, usually muddy, miles with 500ft of ascent in 3 nasty little climbs.

The first climb out of the start is slightly less direct than it once was, but is still just perfect to send your pulse straight through the roof. Climbing out of the car after work, pulling on shoes and just making the start without warm-up is guaranteed to cause serious pain. Once up the first climb, the flat section across the wood is either a sprint for the big boys or just welcome recovery for the rest of us. The muddy holes, fallen trees and broken down stonewalls frequently claim victims.

The loops of the far hill begin with 'The Grind' - which forms the second (and third) climb on the course. Again it is rather nasty, especially the second time. The map shows only 150ft total ascent but the terrain makes it seem far worse. First it's up the incline on the forest track, steepening towards the top and usually stinking of horses. Then a brief lull on a flatter section, before turning sharply into the slog, paddle, stomp through the trees up to the water tank - the high point on the course. Lost shoes, scratched arms and legs, even full face-plants in the mire are all quite common.

Reaching the water tank provides the only real relief on the course as it's followed by a crazy pelt downhill. This long straight descent varies depending on moisture levels: when dry, it's fast and reliable, when wet it can be slick, sticky and shoe swallowing. Either way, the sharp turn into the fiddly bit that follows is usually made with rubber legs and ankles - not best suited for the twists and turns through the tree roots that follow. Namby runners loose time here.

Once off the roots and back on the track, it's a short roller-coaster ride before the path through the young trees that completes the lap. A very 'Rennie' little sign marks the start of the intense training pleasure that is the repeat lap of the hill. The Grind hopefully passes in a haze or trance, although slightly more active attention is recommended through the trees up to the water tank -

too many opportunities to sink above the knees and by now it's normally gloomy and often straightforward dark.

At the top, on goes the auto-pilot and the blast downhill hopefully passes roughly in control. Once past the tree roots again, the end of the lap comes quickly and there are only a few obstacles remaining (or there were, until Rennie arranged for substantial forest thinning to litter the path)

Back across the flatter forest and it's all about not relaxing and keeping just enough composure to deal with the final few rocks, stumps, mountain bikers and dog walkers. A short uphill, traditionally taken at a sprint, is then followed by the final ridiculous descent to the finish. Here Cosmic Rennie awaits with clipboard to record evidence to feed into his completely unfathomable scoring system – although having just won overall for the 6th year, I am beginning to suspect that Alistair Leiper has worked it out. Then again, I suppose he of all people should have given his quite incredible record of running in all Krunces ever held over the last 13 years!

As for being lapped? Well, given the course shape I thought it was unlikely to happen to me (at least for a while yet) and I always felt confident of making it back to the start of lap 2 in safety. Wrong! The first Krunce of 2003 was incredibly dry, Jon D was in monstrous form, I wasn't and that was it, just 20 yards from the turn and JD comes storming past. The fact that he was on the way to a new course record is some consolation, but the fact remains – I've now been lapped and it can't ever be undone!



Cosmic Social Events – Quarter 4 Year 2003
Social Secretary – Elaine Stewart

Social Retrospective

August

Congratulations to the two happy couples whom both got married in August. Mandy & Jon Crowe tied the knot down south on Saturday 9th and had also invited all cosemics to a celebration at the Westburn Lounge the week before, I'm sure that everybody who attended enjoyed themselves.

Thanks also to Anne and Mike (Imelda) Stone for inviting everyone to their wedding ceilidh at the Mary Culter House Hotel. Did you know that Mike possesses the same strange extravagance tendencies as Imelda Marcos, he apparently owns hundreds of pair's of shoes?

September

Congratulations to Clare and Dan for the arrival of their baby boy Lucas. I'm sure it won't be long before he's running past us all.

Forthcoming Features

October

Thursday 30th

An early start at Carmine's for 6:30 for a pizza followed by some cultural film at the Belmont (depending on what's on).

November

Saturday 22nd

It's the Meall a Bhuachaille Hill Race followed by Scottish Hill Runners 'Annual Do' dinner, dance and prize giving. The race starts from Glenmore Lodge, nr Aviemore at 12:30pm, its 6 miles and 2000ft, entry fee £5. There will be B&B accommodation available at Glenmore Lodge approx. £18, let me know if you are interested in going and want to stay over. Their will also be a cost for the dinner which I will get details of nearer the time. Also an opportunity for mountain biking on the Sunday.

Saturday 29th

Anne & Mike Stone have kindly offered the use of their house for a slide show, and so that you don't get too bored or fall asleep we could do separate showings between courses. Food will be delegated to people to

bring nearer the time, once I know who's coming. If you have any interesting slides of your holidays then bring them along. Anne & Mike have been to Greenland recently and I could do a few of my circumnavigation of Mont Blanc by mountain bike.

December

Tuesday 16th

Being the last training night at Kings before Xmas, you are all invited back to my house for food and drinks and the usual games as thought up by Ewen Rennie. Any contributions towards the food and drink will be greatly appreciated.

Address 27 Grosvenor Place (back of Grammer School)

Tel: 641613

January

Saturday 17th

Put this date in your diary for the proposed Cosmic Xmas Party. The last couple of years haven't been that well attended so I thought that we should try something different. Perhaps a weekend away instead at a very nice bunkhouse within the Mar Lodge estate, Braemar. This would give us plenty of options to go skiing, walking, running and mountain biking, followed in the evening by having a communal meal with everybody contributing to the food.

Let me know if you have any other suggestions.

DON'T FORGET..... TUESDAY NIGHT IS PUB NIGHT

It would be nice to see some more faces turning up at the pub for the social get-together.

Dear All,

Thanks for all the efforts to get supporters and for the good wishes. It all paid off when the torrential downpour at 8am, when we set off, turned to sunshine, excellent visibility and a cool breeze for the rest of the day. Gill Irvine and I had great people helping out, one of whom Katy will remember from her first go with Jo McIntock...David Owens. He took us over the night section across the Helvellyn ridge with amazing accuracy, he knew the shape of every summit cairn so we didn't hit the wrong ones. We only needed our torches for the descent from Clough Head as the sky was so light. I now know what sheep do at night.....just the same as what they do during the day!!!

We got ourselves over the Honister Pass to Wasdale leg, and lost a bit of time wondering which cairns were which and going over them all, and the 3rd leg proved the hardest. Gill hadn't eaten or drunk enough at that point and my knee, bad from the LAMM 2 weeks before, was starting to really scream over the rough stuff. I had decided to give up as we only had 1 person scheduled to take us through the night and I didn't think I would make it, but Gill's sister, Chris and husband Ron, had drummed up more folk from the local fell running club, so there was no excuse!!

We got to the top of Skiddaw with guts and knees intact at 5:50am, in time for the most spectacular sunrise pinking up the hill ahead....which was the only good thing about that ...XXX@@@ hill. but my knee was excruciating on the path down and it took over an hour to get into Keswick. Gill very kindly stuck with me, as she probably could have managed 22 hours 30mins otherwise. As it was we got in at 22hours 58minutes.

We both reckon that is the biggest day out we have ever done or likely to do!!! One of the supporters, Joe, pointed out where we had been from the top of Skiddaw and I nearly died...what a spectacular place and wonderful people.

NEVER AGAIN!!!!

Thanks to all who helped or tried to help and for the moral support.

Since 1987 when I started orienteering, aged 11, I have dreamt of standing on the podium at the World Championships, having a medal hung around my neck. On Saturday 9th August it happened – for real. At least I think it was for real!

In 2001 I had a bad year. I missed selection to the Nordic championships and then had to stand aside when the British men won the relay. A few months later I failed to get selected for an individual race at the world champs. I got a run in the relay and went ok, but we finished 8th and were disappointed. I started to think, for the first time since 1987, that I had had enough of this. Should I carry on? Was it worth all the sacrifices?

In November 2001 I travelled to Switzerland for the Euromeeting, not sure if it was worth me turning up. As we flew into Zurich you could see the white snow capped peaks of the Alps on the horizon. It was a cold, clear, crisp autumn day. Driving towards Rapperswil, the mountains stood out above the green forests. The colourful Swiss villages bustled with life. There was an atmosphere here that I had missed for too long whilst we concentrated on races in northern Europe. Switzerland was going to be different. I knew in that moment that something was going to happen here!

Between that first trip in 2001 (although I had run in Switzerland before) and the world champs, I visited Switzerland 5 times for training and races. In June 2002 it was for World Cups. I finished 5th in one of them - my best individual international result. Each time there was a similar feeling. Excitement, suspense and an understanding that we (the British team) could do well here.

August 2003 – and finally we are there. A two-year journey has come to an end and it is time to test ourselves against the best in the world. I was to run the classic and the relay. I hoped to run the middle distance too, but the schedule for the week was tough and meant I would not be fresh for the relay.

Monday 4th. Classic qualification day and the stomach is churning! It is always a little nervous before a qualifier since it is a bit of a hurdle to pass. It should be easy to qualify, but everyone is getting better and a small mistake can make you stress. If you stress then you can miss more,

and so on. Keep it under control and you will be fine. I ran well and finished 7th – it was tough though. Very hilly and very hot.

Tuesday 5th. A day off for the classic runners and a chance to relax and prepare for the final. All the Brit's qualified and gave the team a boost. In the afternoon we wandered down to Rapperswil to watch the sprint. And what a day! We watched in the town and listened to the German commentary being relayed from the finish arena – an ice stadium – as it kept mentioning Jamie's name. I don't speak German – but it was quite obvious that Jamie was doing well! A German friend translated and told us he was leading by 19 seconds. Then they announced 4 words in English and we went mental! "Jamie Stevenson – World Champion!"

We headed down to the ice stadium to find Jamie. The atmosphere there was electric. By this stage the women's race was in full swing and the local favourites were leading. There was a giant TV screen in there showing pictures from the town. The last control was in the stadium and then a small sprint to the finish. As one Swiss came in to take the lead the noise lifted the roof off. It couldn't get any louder. Then Simone Luder ran in to win and the decibels doubled! Amazing. My hair was standing on end and my skin tingling with the excitement!

The medals ceremony followed shortly after and Jamie went up to get his gold. Fireworks went off, the flag was hoisted and 'God Save the Queen' resounded around the stadium. I have never experienced anything like it – in orienteering or in any other sport. The whole lot was live on Swiss TV. I hope the BBC can buy a bit of it to show here.

Wednesday 6th. Classic final day. And a scorcher. The starts were in the afternoon – the heat of the day – and by then temperatures were in the high 30's. I was really looking forward to this. The nerves of Monday were gone and replaced with anticipation. But straight out of the start things did not look good. I felt wrong. I was heavy, flat and struggling to run. On an early climb I was unable to run away from Karo Arewang from Sweden. She ended up 2nd but I should have been a lot quicker than her. It was going to be a long day.

The course just stretched out in front of me. It was not so difficult and I was never concerned. I just struggled to run. Eventually the kilometres passed and I was on the run in. It had become a survival test. On a day when temperatures hit 38C the 17km course was planned too long. It was won in 108 minutes. 18 minutes longer than the winning time should

have been. I was 25th as I was in Scotland 1999. I had hoped for top10 and still feel I could have done this, but it was not my day.

Saturday 9th. Two days to recover after the tough classic. Physically ok again, but the nerves are back. They should be. This is WOC relay day! The relay is now only 3 in a team and at least 10 teams had a chance to take a medal. We were one of them and I felt again that sense of anticipation and excitement that I had had in November 2 years ago. Today something would happen.

Dan ran the first leg. Perhaps a surprise to many, but we had been planning this for over a year. The pack split up almost immediately – so as we thought there was gaffling that dictated route choices. As Dan ran in 2.5 mins down, I was thinking to my self that this was a lot to pull back. But he nodded to me as we changed over and I took this to mean he had run well. Now it was my turn.

I ran out hard, but in control. Within 10 minutes I had caught the Swiss. Then we came out onto a long uphill track and ahead of me I could see all the teams that started before me. Oh yes! By the time we ran through the spectator loop I was at the front. It was hurting by now and there was 3km to go. I carried on pushing hard, knowing I was still at the front.

Penultimate control, and just the steep climb back to the finish. I pushed really hard up here and came to the last control in 2nd place. I punched and ran off, but after 3 strides realised I had not heard the beep from the control. The commentary, crowd & cowbells were really loud, but I had to be 100% sure the punch had recorded. This event is too important to risk it. I went back and punched again. The Swiss came past and I chased them into the changeover, sending Jamie out in 3rd place, 20 seconds down on the lead.

It was a strange experience waiting for Jamie. Somehow I knew that he was going to do it. I knew we were going to get a medal, and I didn't care what colour. A mistake at half way let the Swiss catch up again and the race got quite interesting in the last 10 minutes! But a calmness I didn't expect settled on me. It was in the bag!

As Jamie appeared at the final control, the adrenalin buzzed back through my veins. Dan & I met him on the run in with Union Jacks, and we ran down to the line together. World Championships medallist! The dream had come true!

If you think you can, or if you think you can't, you are right.

COSMICS at KINGS

Training sessions at Kings Pavilion start on Tuesday 1st October. Changing in Kings Pavilion costs £5 till Xmas (or £8 for whole winter) with a 6-15pm target start for warming-up.

7th October "R"	3x(two minute out/back, 1min rec)
"H"	Seaton for continuous hills
14th October "R"	3x(400m,jog,1000m,jog)
"H"	Seaton for cathedral hill reps
21st October "R"	300m,600m,900m,1200m,900m,600m,300m
"H"	Hilton for hill reps
28th October "R"	3x(two minute out/back, 1min rec)
"H"	Seaton for continuous hills
4th November "R"	3x(600m,300jog,900m,300jog)
"H"	Seaton for cathedral hill reps
11th November "R"	10x400m jog recovery
"H"	Hilton for hill reps
18th November "R"	300m,600m,900m,1200m,900m,600m,300m
"H"	Seaton for continuous hills
25th November "R"	3x(600m,300jog,900m,300jog)
"H"	Seaton for hill reps
2nd December "R"	3x(two minute out/back, 1min rec)
"H"	Hilton for hill reps
9th December "R"	300m,600m,900m,1200m,900m,600m,300m
"H"	Seaton for continuous hills
16th December	3x(400m,jog,1000m,jog)
"H"	Seaton for hill reps

Anyone is free to join either group on any night – reps group may split.

Saturday Runs and Races

Sunday 5th October - **BENNACHIE HILL RACE** (2pm, nr. Oyne) and
IAN HODHESON RELAYS so no Saturday run

Saturday 11th October - **Carn Mon Earn** - NO768924
meet Duthie Park Boating Pond 9-15am or 9-45am there.

Saturday 18th October - **Bennachie from Rowan Tree Car Park**
NJ685245- meet Hazlehead 9-15am or 9-45am there.

Saturday 25th October - **Hill of Fare 9-15am Hazlehead for 9-45 there**
but also Karrimor weekend - beware of last minute partnerships!

Saturday 1st November - **Kerloch** - NO699917
meet Duthie Park Boating Pond 9-15am or 9-45am there.

Saturday 8th November - **Mither Tap** from Visitor Centre - NJ698217
Meet Hazlehead at 9-15am or 9-45am out there.

Saturday 15th November - **11am - ELRICK EIGHTSOME RACE**
(Straight race NOT relay - 3.5miles, 670feet)

Saturday 22nd November - **Bennachie** variations from Rowan Tree Car Park
NJ685245- meet Hazlehead 9-15am or 9-45am there.

Saturday 29th November - **Glentanar** - NO479964 -
meet at Duthie Park 9-15am or 10am out there (Remember £1 for car park).

Saturday 6th December - Back of **Clachnaben** from Glen Dye -
NO649868 - meet at Duthie Park 9-15am or 9-45am out there.

Saturday 13th December - **Mither Tap** from Visitor Centre - NJ698217
Meet Hazlehead at 9-15am or 9-45am out there.

Saturday 20th December - **Fetteresso** - NO 830873-
meet Duthie Park 9-15am or 9-45am there.