

# Event Results

## Red Sunday at Slavin Gulch, or How I Lost 45 Minutes at a Single Control



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### Details

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It's a beautiful March weekend at Slavin Gulch. After having done a nice comfortable 6 km run on Saturday, I thought, "6 km Red will be a perfect on Sunday!" Well, it isn't.

It starts fine; I pick off the first 7 controls one by one. I'm a little slow perhaps, up and down the rocky slopes, trying to avoid the shin daggers. From 6 to 7, I run 500 m in a straight line on more or less flat ground, counting paces and finding intermediate streams where they should be. Bang on Red 7, a bend in a stream next to a fence and an earth bank. My confidence level is high, I know this will go well!

It's 700 m from 7 to 8, and just to be safe I head for some intermediate stream junctions slightly off the straight line. At the second one, it's time to correct my direction and head straight for Red 8, a large hill. No problem!

But after my pace count is done, I don't see any hill, just a slope on a much larger hill. I move on a little more and trouble begins. I run back and forth trying to establish where I am – no luck. I hadn't figured that out yet, but I'd gone well to the right of the hill, overshoot on distance, and now I'm off the map. Things get worse as I run back and forth – off-map – trying to find something that I can use for relocation. Finally I give up my scurrying, head east and look for Red 9, a water tank next to a fence, a good 750 m from 8. Eventually I find the fence and a windmill which I remember from Saturday. It's off Sunday's map, but all I need to do is to follow the fence. About 600 m later, there's the tank!

I had made a huge loop around 8, and it was really time to give up. "But what the heck, let's see if I can find 8 after all." To make a long story short, by now I'm pretty tired, and my 750 m straight line wanders off again. The hill is like "That damned elusive Pimpernel!" I decide to give up and head for home when, after a short walk, about 100 m off to my left, what do I see? A control is waving tauntingly in the breeze at the top of a hill, large as life. I can't say I'm back in the race, but in the end at least I finished it.

Thanks, Mark, and others for a nice weekend – minus the fateful 45 minutes!

**NOTE: Results for the overall Slavin Gulch event will be posted later.**

