

Diary of an Idiot

- January Oy! Oy! A New Year and it's gonna be a good'n!! Missed the 1st Jan after getting p****d at the end of December (the 24th I think it was) but no matter!! This year I will become a class athlete! All my injuries sustained after the Abbey Dash and the Liberal Club 10 have nearly healed (though my head still hurts) and I'm feeling good. Will become an international fell runner this year, and fix the Mondeo.
- February S**t. Fell season cancelled due to foot and mouth. Received several abusive cards and an official request for a DNA sample on the 14th. Will now become a road runner, as there is greater anonymity in large fields. Wing fell off Mondeo.
- March Oy! Oy! A winning streak on the roads in Lancashire. Won a CD player, a set of saucepans and a wife in consecutive races! Had to trade the wife in for a Bourne Sports Voucher after a week as she just couldn't stay the pace. Got extortionate quote for fixing the car so have decided on a DIY solution.
- April S**t. Caught out by a simple April Fool trick that was broadcast all over the club newsletter, allied to photographs mocking my running style. At least I'm faster than all those b*****s. DNA results show I am the father of Nicaraguan triplets (by three separate mothers). Have decided to become a track athlete and to give up sex. Used the Bourne Sports voucher to purchase a vibrating pulse monitor that is incredibly effective. Mondeo now has a grey wing from a stolen Nissan Sunny presented to me by my remedial class kids.
- May Oy! Oy! Batteries on pulse monitor have run out already. Down the track for an analysis of my running style. Reviewed by my elderly coach along with selected fellow athletes and upstart juniors, some of whom commented that I looked stiff (although I don't see how they could know from where they were standing). May have to take up sex again if I'm ever to make it to the top.
- June S**t. Completely knackered arranging sportKarnival single-handed. No-one helped. Gave several inspirational school assemblies (I was introduced by one headteacher as the epitomy of a comprehensive education) but only seven kids turned up for my sponsored walk. A very busy time but had enough left in me to take part in the U17 Triple Jump later on. Mondeo/Sunny wing now rusting – it may eventually become the same colour as the rest of the car.
- July Oy! Oy! Now running like Sebastian Coe and whooping ass on and off the track. Will now retire from field events after being thrashed by my elderly coach in the javelin.
- August S**t. Trying to run the best sportKamps in the world surrounded by t*****s.
- September Oy! Oy! Went to the launch of sportKeighley and made a really positive contribution that caught everyone's attention. I will offer my diplomacy services to George Bush and the western alliance. Tried a new sports performance supplement that didn't work but turned my hair orange and made it fall out. Found out that I'd drunk the wrong stuff and imbibed rust repellent meant for the Mondeo by mistake. Interestingly, the stuff I put on the car has raised the top speed in third gear by 10mph. Went up to do the Great North Run and decided to appear on the Beeb,

- October S**t. Continued my training as a diplomat by assisting the Post Office in some eleventh-hour negotiations at 101, North Street. Still a novice, because my client got off scot-free and I cannot fully open my mouth anymore. My elderly coach told me this is a good thing and several local newspapers ran positive editorials. It's a hard, lonely life at the top. Received communication demanding a substantial sum of money from the Nicaraguan Child Support Agency who had seen me on the telly. It must be a case of mistaken identity – I'd dyed my hair blonde when I met those young south American nurses. Advised by senior club members to ditch my elderly coach after failing to improve on last year's time in the Bronte Way.
- November Oy! Oy! Narrowly beat a resurgent Zip in the West Yorkshire X-C, but it has to be acknowledged that I was competing with a sore jaw. Increasing my training after my elderly coach calculated that I was doing a mileage load equivalent to a seventeen year old. In light of this decided to re-arrange the club coaching rota in order to spread the load. Have also developed a new mentoring service for female athletes with special needs in order to comply with Sport England guidelines. Am now coaching on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights, and I may do a few evening sessions in future as well. Accidently rolled onto my mobile phone whilst doing some Saturday night intervals, much to Brett's surprise, who received what he took to be a call from a slaughterhouse at 1.30am.
- December S**t! The conclusion of an up and down year, one that has ended up with my Mum running faster than me. Sent a cheap and tacky card to my elderly coach dispensing with his services. My Mum will now coach me as she knows how to look after me. She started at the Abbey Dash by advising me to avoid any trouble in the pub after the race by staying with Liam!! Will start my own sportKamps at Easter, and by summer I will be a millionaire and will have replaced the wing on the Mondeo. Will also be world cross country champion and will be recognised by my local community for what I really am! Have noticed that the word "will" appears frequently in this paragraph. It rings a distant bell, but for the life of me I can't think why? Another beer? Yes please! Merry Christmas!