



Boston 2018 Recap

by Galen Farris

This was my third trip to Boston, and the lead up to Boston always seems to involve discussion of “what will the weather be like on race day.” And I think I can fairly say that for those who raced Boston 2018, the weather—high 30’s temps, blasting headwinds, and pouring rain—will be a lasting memory. It was an epic day, and one that definitely bordered on “type-3 fun” for me (i.e., memorable, but a total sufferfest).

My training leading into Boston was solid. I ran a good race at Norcal 10 in March and felt fit and ready to roll. But as we saw the weather reports get more and more ominous—headwind gusts were forecast up to 47 mph—I threw any notion of a specific pacing plan out the window. But racing is racing, and I was determined to do my best. So the plan was to just try to stay in a pack for as long as I could and race hard and see what happened.

Though there may have been fewer spectators out on the course than in good-weather years, the energy was still electric and there were still hordes of people out cheering in the cold. And that’s why I love Boston so much! (And will most likely be booking a hotel room for next year’s race when they become available in the next couple weeks)

In terms of my actual race, I did my best to tuck into a pack and run conservatively in the beginning. I felt pretty good through the first couple of Newton hills, but I was also starting to feel quite cold—with sore hammies and quads—and ended up really suffering the last 5 miles. That said, the run down Boylston to the finish is always awesome. But after crossing the line, I then had to make a mile-long trudge (through the still-pouring rain) back to my hotel, which was not so awesome. I don’t think I’ve ever been that cold in my life! And once I got back to the hotel, getting my compression socks off was an impossibility. Mental note, if I do this race again, leave a jacket in the finish-line gear check!