

Alexis (youngest) from Les Grenouilles Fringantes here! Finally, two weeks after the race, the fire down my crotch has finally been extinguished. Ahh the great pleasures of adventure racing!

Let's get back on track, Wilderness Traverse 2024, what an absolute blast it was!

Right as the Grenouilles finished the full course last year, we promised we would be back again for more adventure! And we did! Our team consists of a duo of fathers and sons and this year we even had another son of a member drive us to the race and back. Which was an adventure in itself. You may not know this, but we drove all the way from Gaspésie in Quebec to Pine Crest Camp, which was around 1600 km. Safe to say we were very happy to sleep on camp and not have to take the road the following morning.

Day of the race, in the camp cafeteria. Grenouille Antoine and Grenouille David are studying the maps very carefully and strategically as Grenouille Donald and I are supporting them as much as we can by eating and slurping coffee (orienteering and maps are eldritch concepts to us).

Before the start, we take out our temporary frog tattoos and apply them, we simply look and feel awesome!



Start of the race, we decide to send the Gazelle-Grenouille David to do the prologue. That will give us a head start! 40 minutes later we're not laughing

anymore. We are wondering if he ran a few km in the wrong direction or worse, got hurt.

Thankfully, our Grenouille finally crosses the start line and we're off. The trek goes quite well and soon enough we're at the first transition and hop on our bikes. We're a little behind schedule but we're planning on catching up during the bike segment! Fast-forward more than an hour later, we've taken the wrong way around the lake and are now bushwhacking down and up very steep, very dense cliffs to get back on the trail. We're now two hours behind schedule, we're REALLY not laughing.

We eventually get to the canoes and get to paddling, our pace is good, our morale is good, we're following a few teams and not getting left behind. We find the portages without much difficulty. David hits me in the head a few times with the canoe just to wake me up a little.

The crossing of the little dams and streams are especially tricky, the rocks are slippery. One of the team we've been following are lucky enough to really explore the depths of the river as they tip by trying to go over a small dam a little too fast.

Just before arriving on the final lake, we begin hearing gunshots and wonder if a team has decided to win the race by a process of elimination. As we arrive near the transition, we see that it was beautiful fireworks, very cool! Especially since we almost caught up to our initial estimated schedule!

We get off our boats, change, eat like kings and start the trek. I made the ultimate mistake of keeping my padded cycling shorts on.

We decide to take the longer and safer route. Everyone is getting warmer as we run, and we decide to take off some of our warmer clothes. Some of us, or rather some parts of one of us are getting MUCH warmer. Never have I felt such intense pain in my bottoms, the chafing from my cycling shorts is absolutely killing me. I decide that the best course of action is to simply pull the back of my shorts down, to let everything breathe and cool off. To the people in front of me I looked totally fine, but to the people who may have been behind us, I'm sorry if you caught a glimpse of the beautiful view.

After some fun sending David in the water to go get the canoe for us, we eat some soup and not too long after were back on our bikes.

I forgot my redbull and am now extremely tired, so much so that as we are downhill on asphalt, I start dreaming of a little gremlin for a second, papa Antoine shouts and wakes me up as I realize I was about to get off the road and crash. David and Donald kept me awake by chatting for the next 20 min.

The rest of the bike went quite smoothly, although we were not as fast as we would have like to be.

Were now at the final Bike-trek and the side of my knee, the iliotibial band as its apparently called, starts hurting quite a lot with every movement. Nevertheless, we find the CPs and get to the little brown lake separating us from the second-to last CP, David gets a brilliant idea and tries to cross it by bike, we are expecting the worse, but this Grenouille honors its name and crosses the large puddle gracefully.

We get to the very last CP. We are now on our merry way back to camp and. I'm now even starting to wonder if I will have bum cheeks left or if they've been completely shredded like mozzarella. Oh, what fun! We finally arrive at the finish line, let's go Tabarnack!!

What a fun race it was, even with all our little injuries and everything unexpected, it's what makes it fun! You never know how it's going to turn out! The weather was perfect, the views were beautiful, and the organization was top notch!

Many thanks to you Bob and to all of the amazing people who gave their time and effort for us to have such a blast!

À l'année prochaine! 🐸 🌸