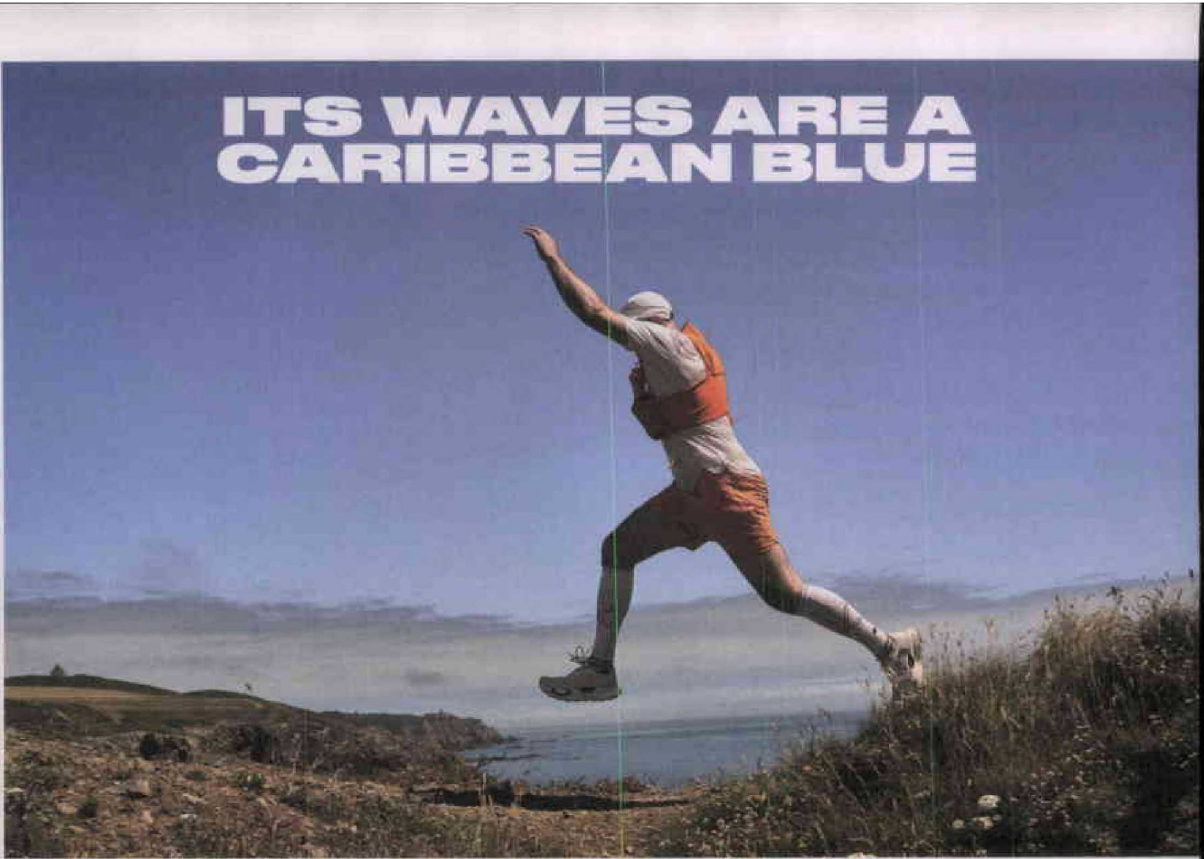




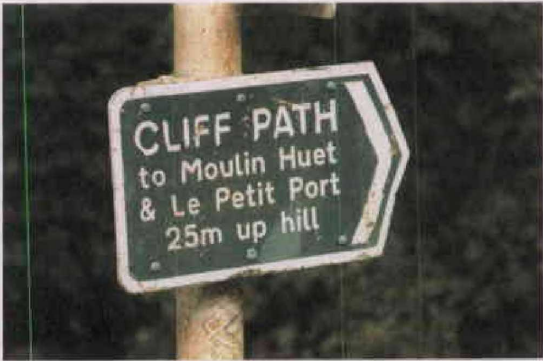
You have to pay attention to the terrain and your foot placement near the cliffs around the island

CARIBBEAN COVES

We continue south towards Jerbourg as the path passes right over the top of the cliffs with a sheer drop to the sea below where racing yachts look like toys and I get the sudden sensation of flying over the ocean on a narrow ribbon of trail. Reaching the south-east corner of Guernsey, we run right past the famous Pea Stacks, a line of miniature mountains that go out into the sea, and the south coast's parade of sandy bays and green-clad cliffs far below. It's a stunning view but still feels within the realms of 'British', right until the mist finally burns away and the sun comes out in force. Looking down at the boats bobbing in the shallow waters of Petit Port's rocky cove, I'm transported as the sands of the beach are bleached coral white and the waves suddenly shine a brilliant, Caribbean blue.

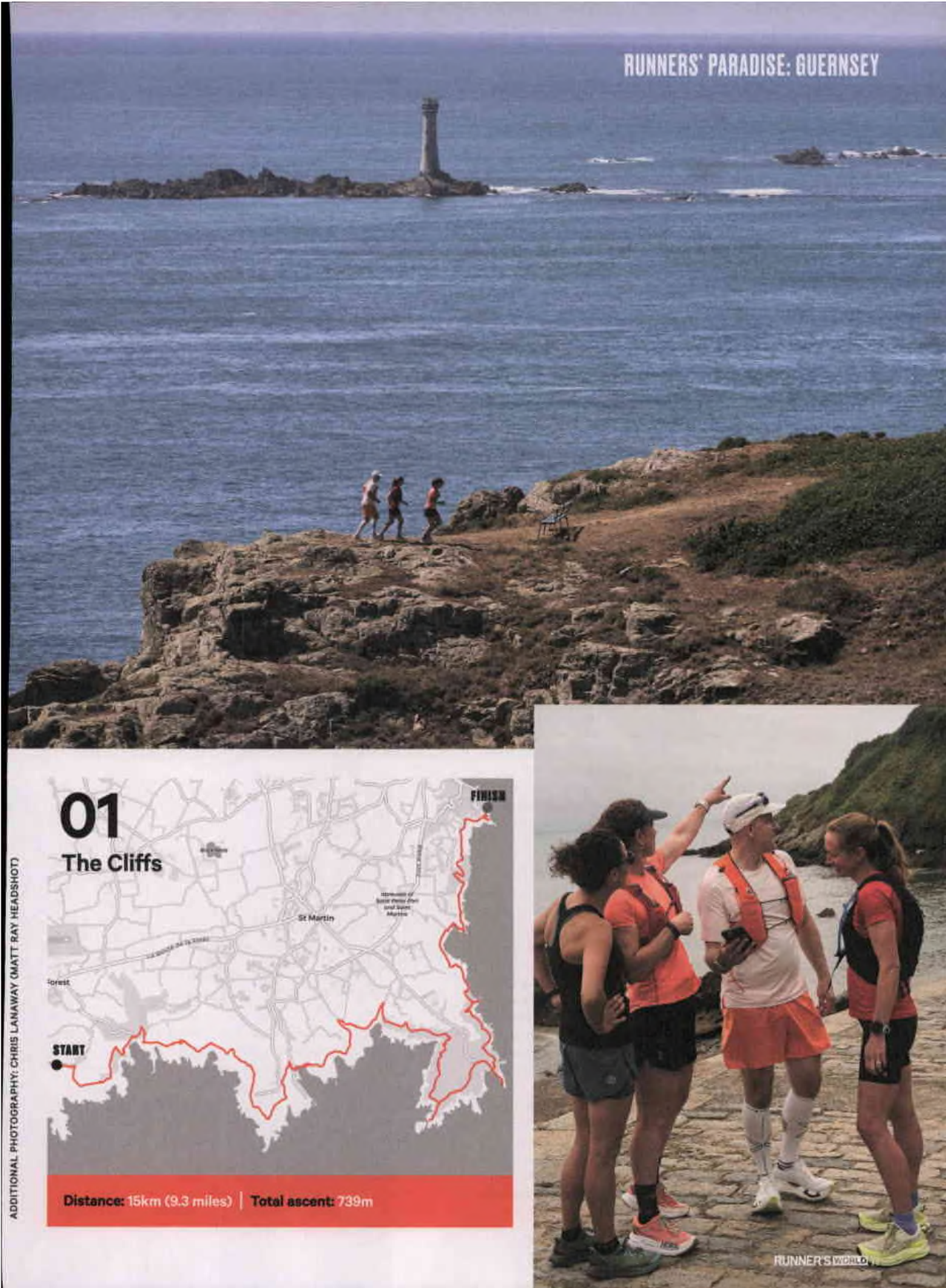
It's a moment that will burn bright in my memory, heightened by the glow of endorphins, and it gives my fatigued legs a boost that carries them up and down the steep to Renoir's stomping ground of Moulin Huet Bay, and then on to a welcome, beach-side pit stop at Saints Bay. We pause for homemade raspberry lemonade, a bite of cake and the local delicacy, Guernsey gâche, made with dried fruit and slabs of butter.

The climb back up out of the bay immediately incinerates the calories and we loop around another headland to pass the bays of La Bette and Le Jaonnet. The landscape starts to open up here and the sun beats down on the dusty trail that hugs the cliff face. I dig deep, knowing the finish point is up ahead, and focus on picking a line along the rocky ground. You have to pay attention to the terrain and what's on the trail, but that makes it



The beautiful trails are well signposted, with 'thigh-screaming' ascents

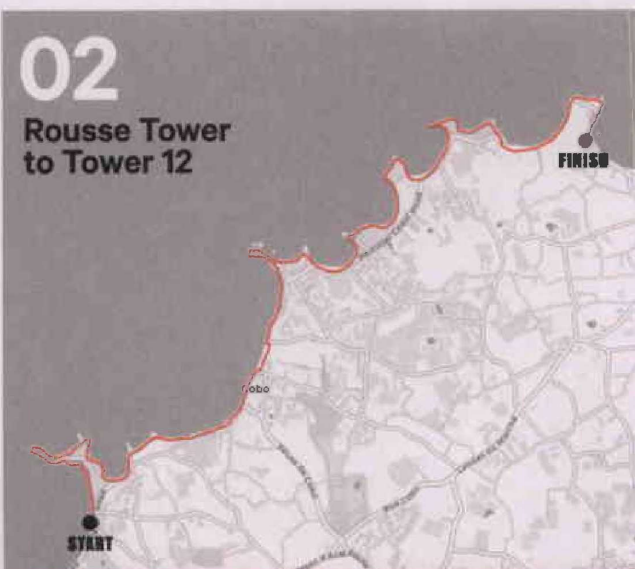
very absorbing,' says Katie. 'It's running as meditation because you don't have time to think about anything else.' The beeping of my smartwatch announces the 15km mark and brings me out of my reverie as we pass the top of the rise and reach the end of today's route, on the cliffs past the beauty spot of Petit Bôt beach. My legs need a cool-down, so we hop in the car and drive to the trail overlooking Guernsey's most western point and its lighthouse. Jogging past bunkers left over from the Second World War, we head on to the viewpoint that inspired Victor Hugo to write *The Toilers Of The Sea*. I end the run tired but inspired, and hungry to see what else Guernsey has to offer.



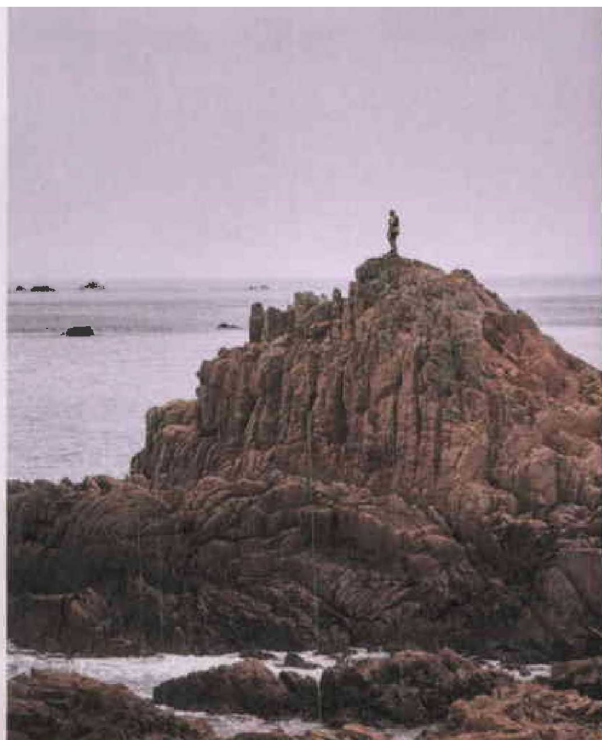
## RUNNERS' PARADISE: GUERNSEY

02

Rousse Tower  
to Tower 12



Distance: 9.6km (6 miles) | Total ascent: 65m



## BAYS FOR BRUNCH

They say there's a run outside every front door in Guernsey, so the next morning I lace up my trail shoes before brunch to head out of the Peninsula Hotel and straight on to the Coastal Path, on a six-mile 'Tower to Tower' route from Rousse Tower to the similarly built 'Tower 12' beside the surfing beach of Vazon Bay.

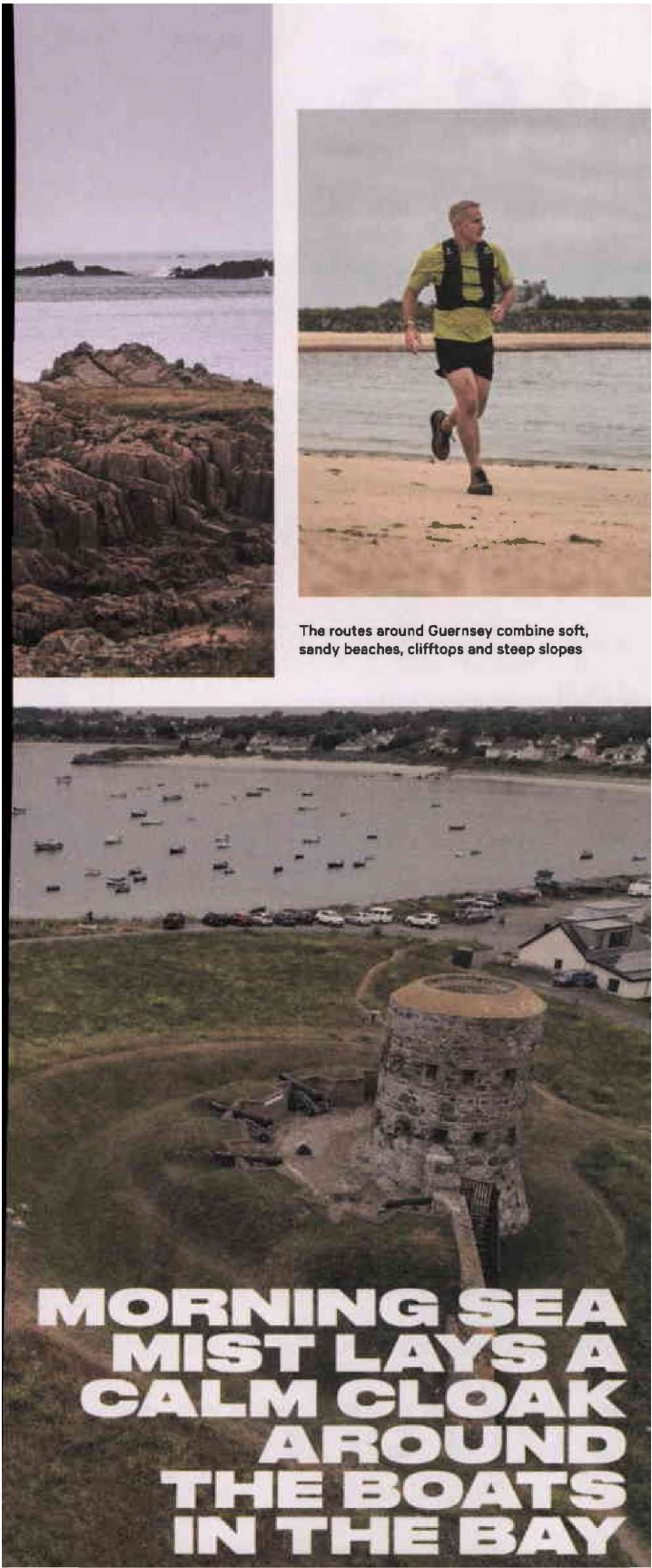
I run past the first tower as the morning sea mist lays a calming, quieting cloak around the fleet of small fishing boats at anchor in Grand Havre Bay. As I head west, the headland gives way to golden sand dunes tufted with green grasses and the horseshoe crescent of gently breaking waves on Port Soif beach. I'm enjoying the flatter terrain on Guernsey's western coast and it's anything but featureless with regular secluded bays, protected by the rocky arms of headlands.

The wave-washed stone and fortifications of Grand Rocque Battery loom ahead through the sea mist, but once the coastal path breaks through, the glorious, sandy swathe of Cobo Beach rolls away invitingly before us, as my legs begin to feel rejuvenated by the sea air.

A run across the tide-firmed sands brings me to the sprawling headland of Fort Hommet, before which a startlingly red outcrop of rock tips into the sea like a listing ship, buzzed by low-flying oyster catchers. I can't resist climbing up it for a view of the pounding surf below. The coastal path cuts through a carpet of yellow flowers and purple thistles as I pass the headland and approach Vazon Bay. Improbably, it's an equally long sandy beach, this time with some early-morning surfers enjoying Guernsey's most popular wave.

My legs are grateful for today's flatter gradient and, inspired by the sight of Tower 12, I really stretch out and go for a fast finish along the sandy reaches of Vazon beach, with the sound of gulls in the air. After jogging back to Vistas beach cafe, my muscles feel properly worked, but that just makes the sight of summer surf and the taste of my post-run mango and coconut smoothie all the more sweet. 





The routes around Guernsey combine soft, sandy beaches, clifftops and steep slopes