



Posts from Romania

We came from the West and from the North. We made our way East. Many of us had travelled long distances. We dreamed of escaping from civilization, from our cluttered realities, of escaping from running in towns and cities and away from where our passion for running was misunderstood. We came looking for a place we had only seen fleetingly in our dreams, but which lived in our imaginations, to a place whose folklore we thought we knew, only to find we knew nothing.

Romania welcomed us and Transylvania bewitched us. When we left, we were not the same for we had discovered a new land; a more pure land. A land where people accepted the new ways, but respected and preserved the old ways. They welcomed us.

We visited Bucharest, and fell in love with its old heart, its streets and bistro culture. Then we headed into Transylvania. Our heads were full of old myths, histories and romances about which we laughed nervously as we travelled. And then, to our surprise, we fell off the map of Europe and into a land of rugged, ancient mountains and forests, of precarious tracks and trails, of mists and sunlight. We met farmers, villagers and everywhere...we met children, all wondering why we had come to their homelands, with our running shoes, and our poles and our headbands. And yet, they accepted us.

Then we ran. We ran through mountains which felt older than time, along high trails still only used by sheep farmers, through unspoiled valleys and forests, past castles and farms, and past the lonely sphinx of Bucegi. We ran through the night until we came back to where we had started, and then we knew, that though we had made only a small impact on Transylvania, it had changed us, and that we would be back. Transylvania had made our fleeting dreams real.

We remembered again how light plays in wide, open spaces and sweeps across the mountains. The wind and sun and rock and light seemed to speak only of time and movement and the elements and basic needs. All distilled into sensation and smells and primal urgency...the runners instinct to move, to escape darkness, to move beyond wind and rain and weather...to move forward...to never stop.

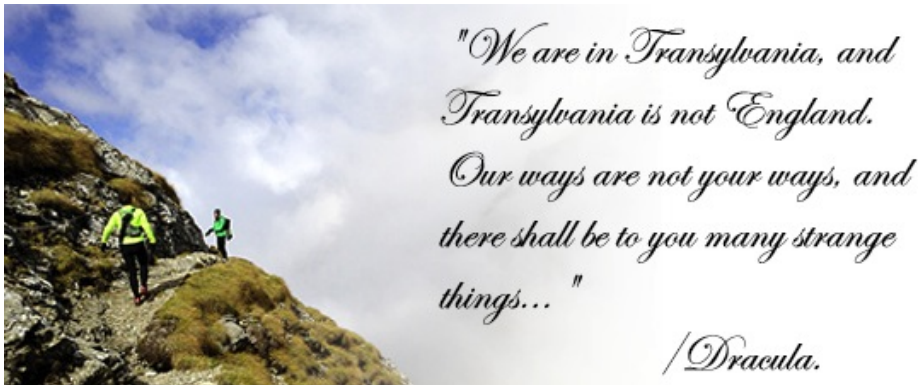
This year over 180 runners joined us for the first Transylvania Trail. More than 80 came from Sweden, over 40 from 16 other countries, and the rest from the host country, Romania. In 2015, we expect to more than double this as word has spread of this adventure in an unspoiled land. Join us this September and experience it again or for the first time. <http://www.lostworldsracing.com/transylvania-trail-traverse/>

Transylvania Trail
Lost Worlds Romania



We had come east

click to see race video



*"We are in Transylvania, and
Transylvania is not England.
Our ways are not your ways, and
there shall be to you many strange
things... "*

/Dracula.



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Transylvania Trail Event invite

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