

Wow! What an incredible experience! I began the Ice Age Trail August 30th this year thinking I would do it in thirty days but finished September 23rd with an approximate average of 47.6 miles a day.

I began with no real knowledge of the IAT. In fact I was dropped off at the terminus by a REI costumer I met that morning. Dos Kinuta, the previous FKTer, and Melissa provided me with valuable information and answered all my questions. I did not use any of the guide books only the Guthooks app.

I loved the first day of the trail. By the second day I was beat. If you look back and read my Instagram posts you can read how fast I tanked. Somehow I kept going.

The road walks were never an issue for me since 20 miles could be covered in 6-7 hours.

One night I came across the Curve bar that wasn't on Guthooks or Google maps. It was 10:30 at night and I was so happy I drank with the locals till 1am. They let me sleep on the bar's back porch and charge my electronics. This became common for me to reach a bar late at night and sleep on the lawn.

The day before, day of, and day after the midpoint were consistent days of rain. After the midpoint I spent less time in bars and would walk all day. My body stopped wanting to jog.

My visit to the IAT HQ was wonderful. Everyone had interesting stories, lived interesting lives, and were a pleasure to talk to. The shower and laundry were very refreshing!

By day seventeen my body nutritionally crashed. I changed my diet to include almond butter, tuna packets with olive oil, honey, a multi vitamin, dried mango, a lot of nuun tablets, apples, bananas, instant mashed potatoes, and cans of Van Camps Pork N Beans. The Pork N Beans helped the most.

My body began to recover as well as it could on the new diet while also pushing big mile days. The last four days were a struggle. The hardest where I felt I reached my limits was the night going into Delafield. I sat down on the bike path about 7 miles from town and laughed. I had wanted this moment. I had wanted to push my limits. I didn't want to look back and think I could have done more. I wanted to see what I was made of. I was happy. I got up and finish the miles to town. I didn't want to. I wanted to quit and every hour of everyday after I wanted to quit.

The the morning of September 21st as I start hiking I have tears running down my face. This surprises me! I don't feel like I'm crying but I'm crying as if something terrible has happened. It must be the stress my body is under and the looming long day ahead. I have never experienced this before.

September 22nd I pull a 60.1 mile day to shorten the last day to 47.7. It's cold that night and I shiver till midnight until I reach the Kewaunee River and crawl into my sleeping bag.

I run the last 14 miles of trail and finish at 7:34pm September 23rd. I am embraced by my parents who were waiting for me at the monument with a homemade sign. It means everything that they're there. It feels so good to stop the clock on my watch for the last time. After the adrenaline wears off an hour later I fall asleep immediately.

I am very lucky I never suffered any major injury on trail. I lost my big left toenail. The bottoms of my feet became completely callused. I met two other thru hikers, one east bound and one west bound. I met two ladies doing a 100 mile section that gave me snickers and gummy bears. Just talking to them made my day.

I went through three pairs of shoes.

Counted 302,456,786 corn stalks.

Had a bear roar at me as it's cub treed.

It never became about setting the record for me but about pushing my limits.

Thanks for the amazing Pub Crawl Trail, I mean Ice Age Trail!,

- Collin "Wild Turkey" Britton

The Ice Age Trail Community ROCKS!