

Allan, Darren and David's
Canadian Death Race Report – 2016



The short report:

- Allan 21:48
- Darren and David DNF after 15 hrs, 87.5 km
- All well and great adventure

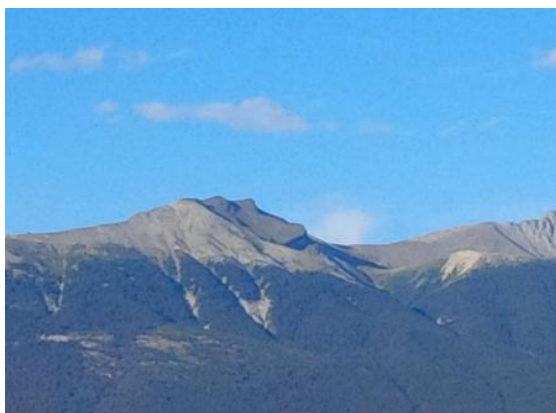
The long report:

Some of you may have read our report from our last adventure at the 2014 Canadian Death Race (CDR) in Alberta. This CRD trip could not have been more different, and yet similar.

The CDR is an ultra distance, point-to-point trail race in the Rocky Mountains around the town of [Grande Cache](#) Alberta. Here are some race statistics:

- 125 kilometers
- 17,000 feet of elevation change
- 5 stages
- 3 mountains
- 1 raging river crossing

The race is based on the theme of death. To the point of being tacky, the organizers really play up the whole “death” thing. For example, participants are given a coin to carry throughout the race and must give it to the “ferryman” so you can cross the river. This is an homage to the mythological Charon, the ferryman of Hades who carries souls of the newly deceased across the rivers Styx. At CDR, racers get to ride a jet boat. If you lose the coin along the way, you are not allowed to cross and your race is over. Since the race may be run as either a relay or solo, if one member of the team loses the coin, the whole team is disqualified. Regulars refer to race “attempts” rather than entries since the completion rate within the 24 hour cut off is usually around one third. That is, in any given year, two thirds of solo participants do not complete the event.



The three of us met in Edmonton on the Thursday before race weekend. We diverted our rented VW Golf (make and model will be relevant later) to Jasper as a sort of side trip on our way to Grande Cache. We took in the mountains, explored the still very cool, un-commercialized town of Jasper, marvelled at the Old Man of the Mountain Sleeping, met Jasper the Bear, bought some real maple syrup, played lots of pool, drank lots of beers and finished our pre-race preparations with breakfast at the historic Athabasca Hotel. OK, now we're ready.



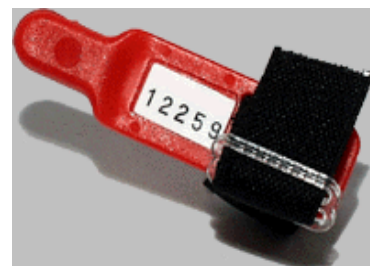
The best part of the diversion (or the whole trip according to Darren) was when we were driving out of Jasper. As you drive out of town, the highway parallels the Athabasca River. A few cars had stopped by the side of the highway and tourists were wading out quite far into the river. Darren, fresh off his 22 km swim around Key West, is always looking for new places to get in the water. For example, while on recent business trips he took advantage of opportunities to swim with local endurance swim clubs in Bondi Beach near Sydney Australia and San Francisco harbour. The pale blue of the Athabasca was too much to resist.

The Athabasca is a significant watercourse, and although the middle of the summer, still moves a large volume of water. It is fast and dangerous in parts of the valley where it is constrained by mountain and channel walls. However, at this point, the river widened out to about a kilometer and folks were wading out in the shallow and slower moving water. At Darren's request / dare / threat we stopped to wade in. As one would expect, the water was very cold. The riverbed was soft silt and a spectacular steel blue colour. Darren decided to see how far he could wade before either the water deepened or current increased, and Al and David followed along. (OK, so this is pretty much our philosophy these days – someone gets an idea and others respond, "I'm in.") Darren got about one third of the way across with the water still below his knees and, remarkably, the water became even shallower. About half way across the river the water was still below our calves and Darren (who is always "too busy" to take pictures) took this awesome panorama photo of Al and David in the middle of the river.



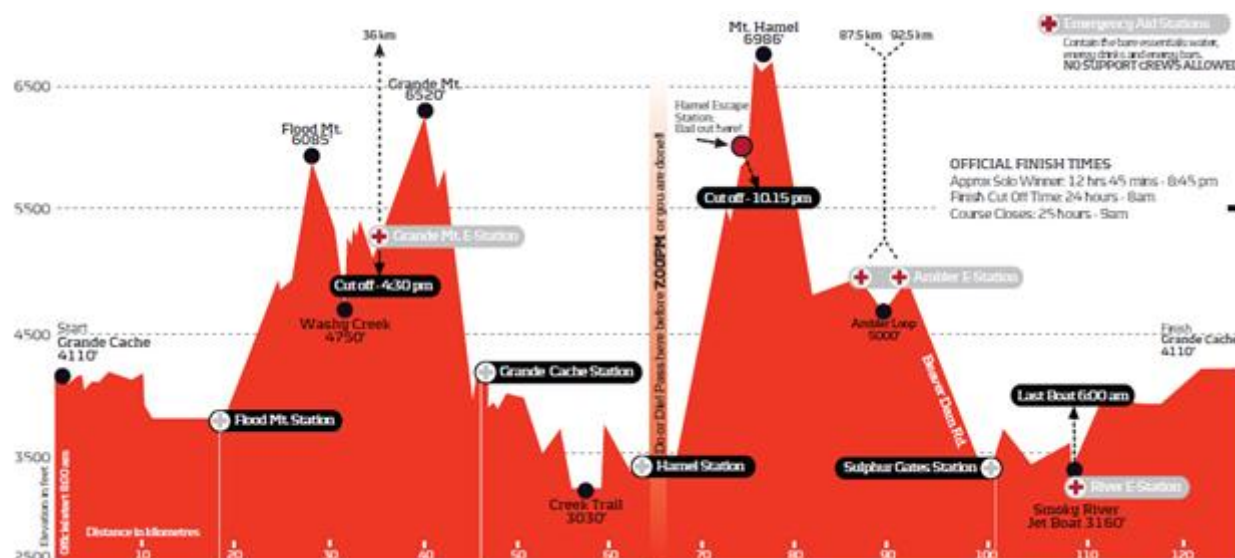
We later learned that Rick Paradis had taken the same route to the Yukon a few weeks earlier on an epic motorcycle ride.

We reached Grande Cache early afternoon Friday and checked into our hotel parking next to a trailer marked the Kwad Squad (not sure what it meant, but their logo painted on the side included a wheelchair and pusher), met up with our Sherpa, Ben Johnson – not the sprinter- of Mountain Madness Tours (see 2014 report), picked up a T shirt and buff from the minimalist swag typical of trail ultras, and registered.



Registration includes one's bib number, the coin and timing stick. The stick is inserted in each of the approximately fifteen timing stations located along the course – timing mats don't work well in the rain on a mountaintop.

The race is pretty much unsupported. There is a minimalist aid station between each of the five stages with water, and sometimes Gatorade and assorted snack foods (candy, chips, trail mix, etc.). The two longer, mountain stages, 2 and 4, have water and not much more, about two thirds of the way through. The aid station in stage 4 is at the Ambler Loop, a 4 km loop on the descent from the third mountain, Hamel. This station is 87.5km into the race and organizers allow participants a drop bag with whatever they might need; food, clothing, spare headlamp and batteries, security blanket or teddy bear.



Friday afternoon and evening we packed the three bins that Ben provided us. The bins were about 18" x 30" x 6" and Al quickly filled one with just his gels. Other contents included Darren's nutrition (ketchup chips, liquorice allsorts and cheezies), spare shoes (at least two extra pairs each), David's med kit, assorted clothing, bear banger – remember, don't point it at the bear - and, fatefully, rain gear. We also loaded our drop bag, a five-gallon pail we picked up at Home Depot in Edmonton, with assorted food and clothing. Al, at the last minute, threw in "what the hell" a long sleeve shirt. Al and Darren put on the watertight lid and drove it to the area/race HQ for delivery to Ambler. When they returned, all enjoyed heaping plates of David's homemade spaghetti, Darren made a loaf of PB&Js, and we tried to relax with a beer(s). We discussed the weather (websites were very inconsistent but seemed to be

calling for 60% chance of rain and cool temperatures) and race strategy (Al suggested we start with a sub 3 hour marathon pace and see how long we could hold it). We eventually decided that we would take it easy and stick together until the top of Mount Hamel (the last big climb) then reassess how to attack the final 55 km.



We were up by 6 am to find it was about 10 degrees with light clouds. We ate pre-race meals (Ensure for Al, PB&J for David and Darren) and chose to dress in shorts and T-shirts. We were out the door by 7:30. We then returned to our hotel for last minute preparations and began our walk to the start in the nearby park. We mixed with the three hundred other soloists, first stage runners of the relay teams and "Near Death" marathoners and vaguely listened to speeches from town dignitaries and others. One take-away was how much the local economy had been affected by the drop in oil prices

combined with decreased demand for coal because of climate change concerns. Just before 8 am the organizers herded us in a parade up the street and at 8 am a gun (or maybe bear banger) went off and the race had begun.

Stage 1 is reasonably crowded as participants from all three events head into undulating, forested single-track trail. David estimated about 2 hours to complete the 19 km based on training and racing at Sulphur Springs and CDR in 2014. As in 2014, Darren found plenty of friends to chat with as we snaked up, down and around the bases of the two mountains we would climb in Stage 2. We made good time and were happy to find the trail pretty well drained despite recent rains. Aside from some close calls with barbed wire and dancing around mud and puddles we arrived at the first transition in great spirits and health, and pretty much on time. Ben and his team helped us refill our packs with nutrition and fluids for Stage 2.



Stage 2 is only 27 km but the most technical of the stages with two mountains and steep terrain. Stage 2 is where you will find the "Bum Slide". In 2014, it was unseasonably hot and we all ran out of water on this stage. This had a very pronounced effect on Al so at Al's prompting we all carried more water. Dave and Darren carried just over 2.5 litres and Al carried 4.5. For the record, 4.5 litres weighs 10 pounds. When you throw in the rest of the equipment required, Al set off for Stage 2 with what amounted to a small automobile tire his back.

After a couple of kilometers along a CN rail bed the course transitions to a climb of about 3,000 feet up Mount Flood. We each pulled out our racing poles only to find that David's were jammed in transit and could only be opened to $\frac{3}{4}$ of their length. The three tried valiantly for several minutes, but they were soon returned to David's pack with the hope that Ben could figure something out with tools for Stage 4, Mount Hamel. Again, the weather, our nutrition, and sprints were all great.



It is uncanny how in a race with hundreds of competitors spread over 125 kilometers one keeps running into the same people. On the way up Flood we enjoyed chatting with folks we would re-connect with throughout the race. The Swimmer (a twenty-something swimmer turned triathlete that reminded us Maisey Kent), Superman (dude running the race in a cape), and even Unicorn Girl (who we met and raced with at CDR in 2014).

About 1,000 below the summit, there was a check-in and David asked the volunteers in jest if they had any pliers. One replied that he had a Leatherman and the three tried again to extend the jammed poles. After 5 to 10 minutes we were able to free one but the other was still jammed. David packed the jammed pole and followed the others up with just one in hand. Even though only about 6,085 feet above sea level, the 1,000 foot climb from the check-in was quite strenuous.

The view from the top of Flood was spectacular. Deep forests, rivers, mountains near and far. The weather was still cooperating and rather than feel chilled at the windy summit, we each enjoyed the refreshing effects. Although it would have been nice to enjoy the view for a while, we were under the clock and Al was having some discomfort from the altitude. The trail down crosses the checkpoint where the volunteer with the Leatherman was stationed. David scurried ahead with the intent of again trying to free his pole. He tried again for a few minutes but gave up when Al and Darren arrived. They thanked the volunteer, and all three set off down Flood.



The route down Flood and up Grande is steep and wet single track organizers call the “slugfest.” Signs warned (or maybe advised) racers of “Bum Slide” areas. In fact, the entire remote course was dotted with great diversionary signs.



We chatted with fellow racers and kept track of each other making sure each was staying on top of their nutrition. About $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way up the second mountain, the 6,520 foot Grande, we stopped at the only aid station to refill our bladders (backpacks that is; we were regularly emptying the other kind.)

The remainder of the trek up was on an old service road that was mostly loose rocks and boulders and ruts passable only by Quads and high clearance 4-wheel drive trucks. Our pace slowed as the altitude increased and we were very happy to summit. The weather continued to hold as we ran around the windy weather station at the top of the mountain. After checking-in, David asked these volunteers if they had pliers and a service mechanic that happened to be at the summit offered pliers, lubricant and some elbow grease but we were unable to free the jammed pole.

The descent down Grande follows a 7 km long old service, quad path cut beneath the powerlines that snakes from Grande Cache up to the weather station. We agreed this was one of the most fun parts of the course. Racing downhill for close to an hour aided by poles (or pole, in David's case) to provide balance in the uneven terrain was as exhilarating as it was quad-busting. At the base, the course took us on a tour around town then back through the Start/Finish line. Ben had set up his trailer on the front lawn of a home a few hundred metres along the course so, after chipping in at the Start/Finish, we proceeded to Ben's oasis.

David arrived first and told Ben's team to prepare Al and Darren's gear, as they were right behind. David gave Ben his poles and asked Ben to try and fix the jam while the boys were on the next stage. By the time he sat down, Darren and Al had arrived, handed over their poles and each began to restock nutrition. Al changed his shirt, David washed his feet, re-lubed and put on fresh socks but did not change his Hoka's, and Darren enjoyed a cup of Ben's fine coffee. We also chatted with a couple of the other 10 racers that Ben was supporting and happened to be at this transition point at the same time.

We were each feeling pretty good. The weather was almost perfect: low 20's, mixed cloud and no wind. We had been racing for about 7 hours and were on a good pace heading into stage three (Old Mine Road) which is about 19 km, the flattest leg, and net downhill as it follows the Misty River. The next, and most important, cut-off was to finish this stage by 7 pm, so we wasted little time as we returned to the course.

As we passed other homes on the way out of town, David called out to small group that were huddled around a relay racer who had just completed her stage, and half-jokingly asked if they had any spare poles. Typical of trail runners, the competitor replied that David could have hers since she was, “never going to need them ever, ever again.” Now we all had a complete set of poles.



Our spirits remained very high as we progressed along the blend of trail and quad track. We chatted among ourselves and our new friends whose paths we continued to cross. We met a young brother and sister pair who were attempting the solo together, some dude from Denmark who Darren interrogated about how he kept his hair looking so good 9 hours into the race and, of course, Superman, Swimmer Girl and Unicorn Girl.

We marvelled at the vistas, dodged streams that crossed and even ran through the middle of the course, and paused to watch the powerful Smoky River rush by. We joked as we heard the distant sound of gunshot that the organizers had introduced as a means to deal with runners that withdrew from the race. We also felt were also moving at a very good pace, close to two hours ahead of the pace we set two years ago.

At about 16 km, the course passes an old coal mine, and then follows a roadway and large bridge over the Smoky River. The course then crosses a regional highway and then turns back upstream and parallel to the river; with the highway between the trail and the river. While at the check-in point at this intersection the volunteers joked that there were “rumours” of a nearby bear sighting. They added that we needn’t worry because the bear was just fishing for its dinner and not interested in us. As we jogged along the trail / roadside gully we realized that the gunshots we heard earlier were, in fact, bear bangers set off by these volunteers. We also rationalized that if the bear was fishing, then it was separated from us by the highway.



And the volunteers didn’t seem at all concerned. So, we continued along the gully for about 500 metres where the trail turns up into dense forest. Just as David approached the turn, a relay competitor came running back down the trail screaming that she had just seen a bear.

Great. Our choices were to run back to the checkpoint, stay where we were as a small pod of runners began to form, or forge on. Given our clear minds (it was 5:30 in afternoon, and we had only been running for 9 ½ hours in the heat) and vast experience (we had each seen a bear in a zoo and thought Smoky, BooBoo and Daisy rocked), we made the only real choice and marched up the trail making as

much noise as we could. Although we never saw the bear, we could sure smell its presence. And Darren and Al were pretty sure they could outrun most of the other runners. And, of course, David.

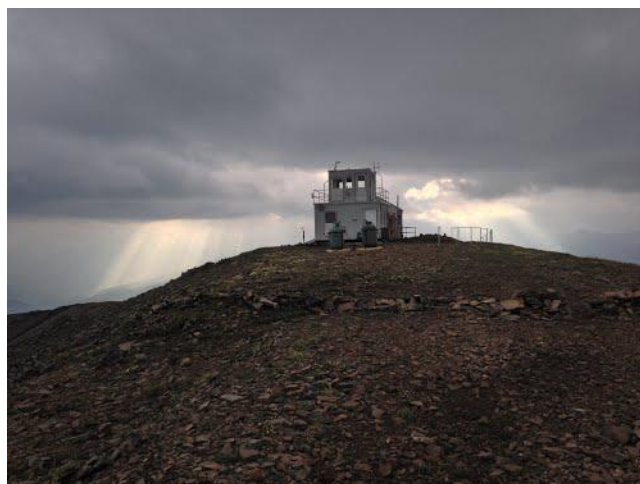
The trail emerged from the woods a couple of kilometers later and continued along the edge of the highway and then into a roadside turnoff where Ben and his team waited for us in the third transition - with David's repaired poles in hand!



We still felt great having beat the most critical cut-off by an hour and 20 minutes. Once again we restocked - this time with extra water for the long stage (4.5 L for Al and under 3 L for David). David and Al also washed their feet, re-lubricated and put on fresh socks and HOKAs. We asked Ben's helper, Josh, what we should do about bears and how to run with a bear banger (engaged or not). As an experienced hunter that lives in Edson he explained in the kind of tone one instructs a young, simple child that if we were to startle a bear that was inclined to cause us trouble it would be too late to find the banger, let alone get it ready to fire. On the other hand, running with a bear banger ready to fire is a YouTube video ready to go viral. He added that if we were attacked the best thing to do is to curl up and protect the back of one's neck, and remain calm if the bear tried to bury us. After all, it would eventually leave us alone and only come back later when it was really hungry. Seriously? Yup.

Of course, while all this was going on we were rushing at a typical transition pace and reminding each other to bring our headlamps, packing running knapsacks with fluid and nutrition, discussing clothing (who's wearing a tee shirt for this leg or donning a long sleeve), tossing back PB&J and Coke (Darren and David) or Boost (Al), making sure we had our poles, and jawing with Ben and fellow competitors. It didn't dawn on us to discuss the likelihood that the weather would change 5 hours later at the top of an exposed mountain, nor what precautions we should take.

We headed out on Stage 4 – Hamel Assault. This 38 km leg hits 6,896 ft with a 4,000 ft climb right out of transition. Up we climbed with each of us alternating in the lead as our energy and spirits ebbed and flowed. The first third is through dense forest on steep, snaking single track. The middle third is a blend of quad track and rock service road through shortening trees as we climbed through the tree line. The last third is raw and fully exposed on mostly large, loose rock. Of the three of us, Al is the most affected by altitude, which includes headaches and difficulty maintain momentum and nutrition. By half way we noticed that the beautiful mixed white clouds were beginning to darken. About $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way up we powered past the emergency “Hamel Escape” point where Al's race ended in 2014. We were getting cold but still in good spirits which was a good thing, because this year, the escape aid station was eerily unmanned.



After this point the trail becomes a series of switchbacks for about 20 minutes up the North face to the peak of Hamel. Racers then run Southeast along the ridge of Hamel for about 500m to a check-in and then return Northwest past the point where we summited and continue past a weather hut and down the West face of the mountain. Shortly after we began the switchbacks the temperature began to fall and we heard the sound of thunder. We also saw the scary beauty of a storm forming to the West, complete with black and grey streaks and lightning. Others around us began to put on hooded jackets, full gloves and warm hats. Darren and Al each put on their thin shells but David had left his jacket in his bins with Ben and only had an open-backed cycling vest to put over a thin Lulu long sleeved shirt. As we snaked up Darren optimistically predicted that the storm would miss us. Al forged on ahead determined to summit and Darren and David followed a few hundred feet back.

Just as we reached the top the temperature dropped, the winds spiked and the skies opened up. Although nightfall was a good hour away, it was pitch dark as heavy rain, snow and then hail pelted us. Al made the turn / check-in first and was well on his way back when David stopped him and said he was in trouble. The temperature was near freezing, all were soaked and the nearest help at Ambler was at least 2 hours away – going back to the start



of the stage was much further. (The race instructions are very clear that one cannot stop at the service hut). We ran as fast as we could to get off the exposed ridgeline and down the service track. As we did, lightning was hitting so close there were some blinding strikes with no time between sight and sound. Later someone would refer to us as running lightning rods, wet, at the highest point and carrying metal poles. We ran past one rock that was glowing from a recent strike.

Although we initially tried to stay together, it quickly became clear that keeping moving was critical to generating heat. We put on our headlamps (which, thankfully worked in the soaking conditions) and rushed down the wet and technical trail as quickly as we could. The lightning let up after about 40 minutes but the rain only got heavier and the temperature continued to fall. As we progressed down the mountain the trail transitioned into a muddy bog and then became a river. At one point, we had to wade through a pond for about 100 metres that was mid-calf deep. Funny thing was that it didn't make us any wetter.

After about an hour and a half of this we began to see quads driving towards us on the trail. Members of a local search and rescue club (Kwad Squad) had been deployed to assist and evacuate runners to the Ambler aid station. Along the way each of us kept passing and offering assistance to fellow runners. Darren joined up with a runner that was too cold and wet to put on her headlamp and was moving along as best she could in the dark. He helped her to safety by acting as her guide for close to an hour.

David arrived first at Ambler, picked up the drop bag / pail and jogged to a tent the local rangers had set up. It was packed with about 30 competitors, all of whom were wet and shivering around a single, small space heater. A volunteer was organizing runners into groups to be driven back to town. In retrospect, it was pretty impressive how the town rallied to deal with the situation. There were more than a dozen

crew cab 4x4 trucks and vans ferrying folks the remaining approximately 7 km to the next transition to meet their support or relay teams or the town.

David opened the 5 gallon pail and found the contents safe and dry. He quickly stripped off his soaking hat, pack, vest and shirt and put on a dry technical shirt, thin shell and buff. As he stood shivering, Al joined him in the tent and pulled out “the” dry shirt. Darren joined moments later and put on his dry fleece.

The boys took stock as Al downed a boost. Packs of shivering runners were withdrawing and assembled for rides off the mountain. The next phase of the race was a 4.5km loop that took racers back to the same aid station, then 7 km down a gravel road and along a highway to the transition point for the last stage where Ben and chicken broth would be waiting. David was clearly showing signs of hypothermia (with that BMI are you surprised?). We heard a range of weather reports. Either the rain was dying down or it was expected to continue at the current torrent until dawn.

It was the middle of the night, we just survived a lightning storm, the rain was coming down so hard you couldn't see through it and it was cold. At this point we were still only half way down the mountain. Al recalls watching Dave shaking like a leaf and Darren not his usual jumpy, hyper "kill it" self. Al was cold but starting to warm up; his only real concern was the weather. Then the bad news. Dave, Al's training partner for the past year and 100 mile finisher says he's out. Darren looks at Al, ready to go and Dave, ready to quit and decides he too is out. At this point Al's pissed with the thought that he might not finish. After a brief and very concerned conversation from Dave (dad) Al decided he was going to continue. Those two guys already had coins; Al was off to get his.

David and Darren were out. They helped Al make and dress in a garbage bag rain suit (lovely pleated skirt) and were reassured when another runner said he'd run with Al. David returned the pail to the drop zone and he and Darren hopped into a dry heated truck and headed down the mountain. On the way down the huddled strangers learned from the driver that 20 runners had broken into the service shack on the top of Hamel and had to be evacuated. Also a high clearance jeep that was evacuating folks from the other side of the mountain had been struck by lightning and lost its electrical system. Our analysis of the results after the race showed that Al was one of the very last to attempt to continue after the Ambler check-in. Nearly everyone that arrived after him, and many before, withdrew.

Darren and David took their ride to the last transition and David set off to locate Ben and explain that Al was carrying on and to have the chicken broth ready. They also agreed on means to remain in communication so both could track Al. Darren had the harder task – turning in the chips and coins to crystalize their withdrawal. It was about 11:15 when they were dropped off at their hotel. After quick contact back home, including trying to alert Joanne, they had hot showers and some food.

So David and Darren were out. It was 11:45 pm, they were tired, still cold and worried about Al who would be out there for several more hours. The decision to be made was:

Door Number One - get some sleep

Door Number Two - sit up and wait for Al

In the end they choose Door Number Three – go to the bar.

Meanwhile, Al is enduring slightly tougher conditions. Outside it is chaos and the course is barely visible. There were lots of vehicles trying to evacuate people down the mountain and to those still on course, it felt like a full blown rescue mission. Visibility was so bad, Al had to track down a volunteer who looked stunned as she pointed to the direction he needed to go.

After Darren and Dave, Al still needed to complete the 4.5 km loop before he could head down the mountain in search of Ben. Part of the loop is on a dirt road but the rest of it is trail that was all but completely washed out. Trudging through mud and puddles trying to find higher ground, Al completed the 5 k loop in about 45 min. (This from a guy who would win the Beer Mile a few weeks later in under 7 minutes. Guess this just proves he's slower when sober.) "I knew at this point I was going to finish," Al remembers. "Even though I had 40 km to go and it was still raining, nothing was going to stop me now."

Al completed the loop and didn't even return to the Ranger tent; he just continued down the gravel road to the bottom of the mountain. The guy who started with him fell back and Al pressed on. "All I could think about was finishing the leg and getting to our Sherpa, Ben. It was about 8 km to Ben and it took forever." Al got there around 3 am, it was pitch black but it had stopped raining and was much warmer at the bottom of the mountain.

Ben was as happy to see Al as Al was to see him. Ben went to work to heat up some chicken broth and Al did a complete clothing change. His feet were soaked and his shoes were covered in mud. However, he didn't have any blisters or pain, and his feet were quite comfy. After considering a shoe change, Al made the decision not to touch them; he didn't want to mess with something that wasn't broken. "I'm sitting there with Ben, over 100 km into this crazy race and honestly, I felt pretty good. We carried on a conversation while I loaded up with more nutrition and as I rummaged through David's bins looking for Mars bars."

Al said good-bye and went off into a very narrow trail. At this point he was all alone and had not seen another runner in hours. "It's dark and quiet and I am starting to get spooked about bears. No idea where the bear bangers are and I'm not wearing a bell. I'm like stealth - which is bad." Before he completely freaks out, Al remembers to start making noise. He started to call out every couple of minutes and kept tapping his poles together as he went. "I'm moving along well; more like power hiking. Only 7 km to the river crossing. Some climbing but very twisty and technical. Then I think I hear a growl very close to trail on my right side. That got the heart pounding and my feet moving. I didn't see anything and I sure didn't stop to look."

Eventually Al gets to the parking lot that leads down to the river crossing. He totally lucks out because the boat is sitting there with a couple runners on it just waiting for him. He digs into his back pack for his coin which is held in with electrical tape and a safety pin. A dude dressed as the grim reaper accepts his coin and he gets on the boat. Across the river he sees the 110 km marker.

Doing the math, Al realizes it took him 90 minutes to travel 7 km. Crazy. Off the boat there is a steep climb and more climbing for about 3 kms. Then the trail started to get wider, straighter and flatter. Al is getting pretty pumped and starts to do a light jog. Al gets through the campground and ends up on a dirt road. It looks like the sun is starting to come up and it's around 5 am. After what seems like forever, the road turns into a residential street. Almost there.

Al recalls, "As I'm trying to figure out where I am in the town a car starts honking at me. Dave rolls the window down and calls my name. That was emotional. Great to have him there and see me through to the finish. I marched across the finish line to victory!"

Dave was there to pick up all the broken pieces, take some embarrassing photos and shuttle Al back to the hotel. Darren, who appeared to be more damaged by last call than the race, crawls out of bed and joins the celebration. We eat, drink and try to sleep.

This is by far the most adventuresome and rewarding event that we have ever completed. The views are breath taking. The terrain rugged and relentless. Climbing three big mountains is amazing. And to do this with your buddies is priceless.

Our drive home was pretty uneventful, though it would be helpful if you can help us settle the slight dispute over who was driving when Alberta's finest took this victory shot of us still racing.



So, after two attempts, we each have one coin. Darren has already signed up for 2017 and David and Al are threatening to follow. Alongside the solo event, there is a two to five person relay option, a Death Race Marathon and for non-runners, a need for support crew who have a background in having fun.

Trail racing in the remoteness of the Rockies is about as much pleasure any of us have had in our many, many years of competing against ourselves. We hope you can join us in 2017 as either a soloist or part of a growing relay team. Regardless of the outcome, preparing and competing will be an adventure you will never forget.

- - - David, Darren, and the 2016 CDR Finisher – Al Wiggins