

Ouch!

Ironmen special!

End of season Issue

**et**  
**edinburgh**  
**triathletes**

# TRIBULL

October 2010



Outlaws on the run

## The Editor Says

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Phil Parr-Burman



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When the need was great you responded.  
Thanks you guys!

Phil

## Quote of the Month

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General Zod



“Kneel before Zod!”

## Coaches Corner

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Doug Steele



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No sooner has the 2010 season crossed the finish line and hobbled off for a shower than we start to think about the 2011 season. But before ol' 2010 disappears completely, it's worth taking a last look at how things went for us individually. Where did it go right? Where did it go wrong? Where was I weak and where was I strong?

Thinking about these questions and others like them, coming up with honest answers and figuring out where we need to improve is the best way to begin a new training season. If we know where we need to do the work, we can target relevant training sessions, talk to the coaches about what we need and set about working on our weaknesses.

ET training sessions are principally aimed at people aiming for sprint and standard distance races. This is mainly because these are the events most ETs are racing. Although standard-distance training isn't wholly incompatible with middle-distance (half IM) racing, this kind of event and longer does demand a lot more planning, time, effort and cakes.

In the very early season, however, we are all, from sprint to Ironman, looking for the same thing: building a good aerobic base and improving technique. Most club sessions will for the next few months be designed to work on these. Don't, however, be surprised if some sessions are lung-busting affairs that leave you feeling wrecked; improving technique also means maintaining that technique when you're tired. One of my major weak spots is bilateral breathing, I can comfortably breathe every three strokes at easy pace but once the pace is up I'm back to every

two, to the right. Definitely lots of work to do there.

You'll have seen from my e-mails that training sessions come in 4-week phases. The first phase is a recovery phase and the next three are steady increases in intensity or time. Each 4-week phase is also a step up on the previous one although the recovery weeks should all be at an equally low level throughout the year. Odd as it sounds, the recovery weeks are where our bodies get stronger and our (fitness) improvements are made. Most of you will be familiar with his basic concept of 'periodisation'. The monthly

TTs we have are also very useful indicators for gauging how we're getting on.

October 1st saw the start of ET's new training season although many of you will be taking a down-season rest. When you do come back to regular training, come armed with thoughts of what you're aiming at next season and where you're looking for improvement - be it something or everything. Don't leave it until next spring before reappearing though if you're looking for better results next year: the longer and deeper your base-fitness training has been, the better the foundation for your race-fitness to build on.

## Another Coaches Corner

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Aidan Mullan



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Apologies to those swimmers who come on a Friday as you will have heard me bang on about the catch many times before.

There are a few barriers to fast swimming; poor leg mechanics, lack of rotation, low body position but I would argue that the biggest barrier to fast swimming is not getting the catch.

Straight arms cutting through the water just don't work efficiently. Not catching the water correctly can lead to as much as 40% loss in efficiency in the stroke cycle. Unless you are Alexander Popov (youtube "Popov drills" if you haven't heard of him) you won't get close to 100% - but your goal should be to get as close as possible.

So how do you address this?

Skulling. This creates feel for the water and will stop the hand slipping through the water as you

learn how to feel for the resistance.

Thinking. Once you have developed a better feel for the water you will have a much better perception of where your hands and arms are during each stroke. You will learn to think about what you are doing more and very quickly you will be able to start making corrections to your stroke yourself.

When you start to get the catch you should note a marked decrease in the number of strokes per length you are doing. As an example, if you decrease your stroke count from, say, 26 to 18 strokes per length you will take 500 strokes less over a standard distance swim (1500m) and an amazing 1200 over ironman distance (3800m). This should create a nice big energy and oxygen saving.

The catch is definitely not the be all and end all, it needs to be set up by the good overall mechanics of a solid leg kick and good rotation but this is the one thing that I would encourage every swimmer to work on to make big improvements.



## Challenge Copenhagen

Jason Baggeley



I decided to do another last ironman this year, ideally one that I could finish and that would not cost too much or take too much time for travel etc.

2009 had not gone to plan, although we had a lovely holiday, conditions on race day for the Great Floridian were hot and humid, and my race ended at mile 94 of the bike getting the first of three bags of IV.

The inaugural Challenge Copenhagen seemed a good target then. I don't like the WTC pricing or attitude much, so go for the Challenge races, and Copenhagen is a city I have wanted to visit, that should offer a good course and reasonable weather conditions.

As ever, preparation was sub optimal. I had a good start with a trip to Club La Santa with Scott Balfour, Doug Steele and Brad Gilbert (one time ET— ed) – my one week of the year where I train more than 10 hours, but soon realised that I am getting slower with a new PW in the Edinburgh Marathon, but that might be because I had done the Fred Whitton 2 weeks before, and half

challenge Barcelona 1 week before! The race in Barcelona is well worth doing though – we had a lovely long weekend with Gill Pilkington, and it is a fast course – I did 4hrs 45 with a fairly slow run.

Challenge Copenhagen is centred around the centre of the city. We travelled out on the Thursday evening, and stayed close to the airport. Being the anxious person that I am the bike was built on arrival – to find the chain had come apart in transit!

With son Fraser (5) ready for his tea, we set off for the shopping centre next to the hotel – first shop I saw was a high end bike store, run by an ex pro, so I ran back to the hotel and gave him my bike to tune up!

Friday morning was a trip into the City to find the expo and register – travel by train / metro is simple and very efficient, and the expo was easy to find close to the main station and Tivoli Gardens. The rest of the day was spent walking around the city and avoiding shops (very expensive). We took a boat trip to see the beautiful architecture and enjoy a cold Carlsberg.

Saturday saw a months rain in half the day – not what I had expected! When we racked the bike I had intended a swim and relax, but it was too cold and only Fraser was brave enough to go into the water – Jacqui (Jason's wife and über



podiatrist—ed) muttered something about forgetting her costume..... again!

As ever, it was an early start on race morning. As we waited by T1 we watched some poor lady cycle into what looked like a small puddle, but in fact was about 2 feet deep, she did a wonderful summersault – not a good start to her day!

The swim was in the sea, but an inland water-way and so protected. The organisers don't follow the WTC mass start, so it is quite civilised with heats of 150 or so – the only problem with the 1 lap swim was a lack of buoys due to the storm the day before.

I exited the swim in 1.03 – slower than expected, but quite well up in my heat – must have been long! The bike was on closed roads for most of the way, and started by going straight through the city centre! It was an undulating course, but I only used my small ring on one climb. The road surface was good, but following the heavy rain there was some debris and quite sharp flint on the road – lots of people punctured. For the first time in an ironman I felt good throughout the bike, always easing off if my heart rate climbed above 128. Only two visits to the portaloos as well! Bike leg took 5.47, and finished in the city centre with a great crowd, including the Saltire waving Jacqui and Fraser.

As I headed off onto the 3 lap run I felt quite good, however it does depress me how fast some people bound along! I always walk the feed stations, but found them rather poor – there was no savoury food / salty crisps, and as a result I started on the coke earlier than planned. By the end of lap one it was clear the run was not going well, in fact the walk wasn't going that

well. The spectators looked a bit shocked at the volume of coke / water and jelly beans as I threw up, but kindly offered to get help, and more water!

At my hour of need I again passed my support crew – to find Fraser fast asleep – it's a long day you know! Jacqui gave me much needed encouragement "if you are going to do one of these again then at least train properly" was one of the better lines! Finishing remained the goal as time slipped by.

The shuffle took a very disappointing 5 hrs, but the run across the finish line with Fraser (refreshed from his sleep) and Jacqui felt wonderful – I understand some events have banned families from crossing together which is a great shame, as it is only with their support that anyone can cross the line.

I was taken to the medical bag for a bag of IV – it certainly helps recovery, but at a price – trainee medics that find it hard to hit a vein – Fraser was quite distressed at the amount of blood, but it is well worth it – I find that without one it takes about 3 days to get hydrated and be able to stomach food, but with one only about 24hrs.

Total time 12.01 – At least it wasn't a PW; I think that was my first at 12.14. Fraser keeps telling me that I have now given up, but to be honest I would like to do another, but not next year – 6 finished, hopefully more left in me!

If anyone wants a friendly race that is reasonably priced and easy to get to, give this a go – I might see you there!

## World Championships Budapest

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Kirsten Sinclair



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cold, wet and too short

# The Outlaw Triathlon

Mark Chapman



It had been my goal for many years to complete an Ironman race and I had it pencilled in to do when I turned 40. On holiday at club La Santa last winter I decided that I was not going to wait until then and once I got back to Scotland I was going to enter one. The Ironman branded events were too expensive for me so I choose the new long distance race in the UK, the Outlaw. After entering the race I contacted our Ironman extraordinaire, Scott Balfour and he agreed to help me with my training. Scott was my secret weapon; he helped me plan my week and answered my questions and calmed me when I began to panic!

The race was held at the national water sports arena in Pierpont and it is a great place to host a race. Mhairi, chief supporter, and I camped in the campsite adjacent. The campsite was nice but the facilities were basic. Over the weekend it was only open to competitors in the race so it should be nice and quiet.

Registration was on the Saturday along with three swim races. All entrants to the Outlaw had a free entry into the races but I did not fancy

them so just had an easy day. There is something to be said about having all day to register and get your bike and kit into transition. We walked around the regatta lake where the swim was held and saw that it was choked with weeds near the bank. I will need to keep away from the edge in the race. An early night at the campsite and straight to sleep only to be woken up by firework displays. There was also a pub somewhere nearby that added a little drunken ambient noise until about midnight. But I had popped earplugs in and was fast asleep.

Alarm went off at 4am and I could hear that already some people were up and moving about. By the time I got out of my sleeping bag Mhairi already had the porridge and coffee on. I stuck on my headphones and let Metallica and the Wildhearts get me in the mood.

Fed and watered we walked over to the start line and posed for a few photos. I got into the water 10 minutes before the start time of 6am. Those that know me will know that I find the swim the most challenging part of a triathlon and the thought of swimming 3.8km would normally fill me with dread. But not today. Today I felt good. We were divided into four pens depending on estimated swim time; somehow I managed to be at the front of my pen when the hooter (more on Hooters later) sounded. For the first 200m or so I just swam breaststroke so I could take in the



experience and enjoy the sights and sounds of a big race. I might never do another one, so I was going to enjoy today. After a while I switched to front crawl. The swim was in a regatta lake so it was a long out and back. It was an uneventful swim apart from a horrible patch of weeds that wrapped themselves around your arms and legs, uccchh. Thankfully the experience gained on Tuesday night swims at Musselburgh lagoon helped me keep calm. Eventually I reached the turnaround point and started for home. I am going to do it! A huge smile spread over my face when I saw the 250m to go sign. I had a wee look around and saw that there were people behind me. Excellent, I am not last. Time for swim: 1:28

I was helped out of the water by two people who passed me up the slipway and over the timing mat. I knew I had to take off my wetsuit before I entered the marquee and was surprised when another helper grabbed me and pulled my wet-



suit off. A much better way to exit the water. The race organisers had admitted that they underestimated the size of marquee needed. It was a bit of a tight squeeze inside with lots of naked and semi naked men lubing up their butt and balls. Memories of a drunken night in Ibiza came back to me J

Running to transition I found it easy to find my bike as there was not that many left. Where did everybody go? Wait for me! Mhairi and her mum shouted words of encouragement and I headed out on the bike course. It started with a lap of the regatta lake and straight away I was overtaking people. In fact it was hard not to. I spotted a few people still swimming and one guy with a long way to go. I later found out he did not make the cut off time of 2 hours 20 minutes!

The cycle route was a lollypop shape; the 'stick' an out and back of approx 10 miles each way with a 32 mile lollypop loop done three times.

My game plan on the bike was to keep my heart rate down, eat, drink and enjoy. I had read that it was an undulating route and had trained appropriately. The hills I trained on were bigger than the bumps on the course so I was in for an easy cycle. After an hour or so of cycling I felt a bit sick so I stopped taking energy gels and energy drinks and switched to water and peanut butter sandwiches. That seemed to settle my stomach down and after a few hours I switched back to the energy products. On every wee rise in the road I passed a bunch of people, the most memorial was passing some guy on a £4000+ time trail bike spinning his legs like he was on a mountain bike while I cycled past, sitting upright, no hands on my bars, unwrapping my sandwiches.

Second lap was a little slower due to my chain jumping off and getting stuck in my crank; it took a few minutes to get my chain back on. I also got held up on the top of the lollypop, this part of the course was on a busy narrow road and a tailback of cars and bikes had formed. No point worrying about it, just slow down a little and have something to eat. As the second lap finished I passed my cheering section of Mhairi and her mum who had now been joined by her dad. On the third lap I got stuck into my remaining sandwiches to make sure I would not have to eat too much on the run.

Mhairi popped up again to shout more encouragement as I came back into transition and I handed my bike onto an army cadet to rack for me. After nipping into a nearby port-a-loo I realised that I still had not crossed the timing mat to stop my bike time. Time for bike and pee: 6:06.

I changed into my running kit and upon exiting the marquee I let some woman rub sun block on me. It had been a lovely hot sunny day so far but it was now beginning to get very hot. The run was three laps comprising off a loop of the regatta lake and an out and back along the canal with a bonus lap of the lake to start. Great for the spectators but it was a long straight run up and down each side of the lake. Feed stations were about every 1.5 miles along the course and the rumour was that the first station was going to be manned (womanned?) by girls from the local Hooters bar.

I started running and surprisingly my legs felt fine and I felt good. I passed my cheering section that had now been joined by my mum and her partner. It's a long flat run around the lake with the first feed station at the far end. I had a quick drink of water and a few ready salted crisps and ran down the other side of the lake

and past the finish line. The race commentator was blasting out music to spur us on and it was Ace of Spades by Motorhead as I ran past. No, Mr Kilmister I don't want to gamble, but thanks for the offer.

I high fived my mum as I finished the bonus lap of the lake. Mhairi ran beside me and shouted instructions from what Scott had just texted her. That was a great help as I had expected to be in a much worse state than I was and was unsure what my game plan was going to be. Refocused I ran on keeping my heart rate down and only stopping to walk at the feed stations.

The run went fine until halfway round when the hot sun was beginning to get to me. Memories of being boiled alive in this year's Edinburgh marathon came back along with a sore head.

Two cups of Asda's cheapest cola at the next feed station worked a treat and my sore head disappeared, must have needed the caffeine.

That's the only thing wrong with these long races, there is nowhere to get a nice coffee and have a wee seat with your book, or anywhere to carry your book.

The Hooters girls, I almost forgot about them. They did show up but did not match with the mental image of what a Hooters Girl should look like. A bunch of Jordan wannabes helped out at the feed station for a while. They had the required ample mammalian protuberances, but kept them covered. Come on girls it's a hot day. I'll show you mine.

At the last feed station I splashed some water on my face and fixed my hair in preparation for my finish line photo. On the long home straight I paced myself so that I did not finish too close to the guys in front or behind. But my cunning plan failed as my finish line photo was ruined by the two guys in front of me deciding to walk in front the camera as I finished. Bastards.

It felt great to cross the finish line. I had achieved my goal and was feeling good. Run time: 4.35 Total time: 12.27.

There are lots of Ironmen in the club but only one Outlaw.





# Ironman Austria

Aidan Mullan



## The Cast

Me, Joanna (my Fiancee), Foxley, Fiona, Kirsten, Pete and introducing Elmar the friendly Austrian apartment guy and sub-10 ironman.

## The Beginning (training in brief)

Training started in deepest darkest November- Greg guaranteed he knew the way. Our first 90min run turned into a 2 hour+ adventure around an icy Cramond and being late back for the Wednesday swim. Our first 100 mile bike was a voyage of discovery through the many lovely villages of Fife, Greg was in charge of navigation so nothing could go wrong. Several detours and wrong turns later we were back in Edinburgh wondering if we could do a marathon after it. A 3.8k open water swim race in Coniston was perfect prep for the swim. Now to put it all together!

## The Journey.

A bit of advice for anyone travelling to any race abroad, ask Foxley for a lend of his bike box, mine's was rubbish. I was however very proud of my homemade handle and pulling system- this was made from a wooden coat hanger and a strap cut from an old sports bag.

The journey was great, a short flight to Munich, an overnight stay near the airport and then the train the next morning through some amazing countryside and we had arrived in Klagenfurt. We quickly realised how polite and friendly the people were when the taxi driver greeted us "Welcome to Klagenfurt my name is Manfred, can I help you with your bag"- now imagine that at Edinburgh Airport. The apartment was massive with a lovely balcony and only 2 minute walk from the most stunning lake I have ever seen, 12kms of turquoise crystal clear 25 degree water. We also had Elmar running the apartments, a sub-10 IMer and all round good guy, this however didn't stop us calling him Elmar Fud the whole time. Kirsten and Pete were in the block directly opposite and arrived a few days after Joanna, Foxley and I. Fiona arrived on the Saturday before the race- Foxley instantly stopped swearing, tidied his room and didn't run

about the apartment in his pants.

## The Few Days Before

Lots of eating, bike building, more eating, registering, chatting to Elmar, eating, nervousness, eating, bathroom visiting, eating, transition setup, eating, bought a nice hat, eating.....

We also went to restaurant near the apartments for dinner the night Kirsten and Pete arrived. The waiter could not understand any of our accents- each time one of us ordered lasagne he would repeat back spaghetti bolognaise, if someone ordered spaghetti bolognaise he would say lasagne. The food was good when it came though.

## The Morning of the Race

Our alarms went off at 4am- in my younger days this was known as bedtime. Foxley and I got stuck into a huge breakfast, 4 bowls of cereal, 6 rounds of toast, fruit juice and 2 cups of coffee. We then met up with Kirsten and Pete and hit the road.

We made our way to Ironman City- the buzz around the place was electric. Transition was a monster of a place and my Boardman looked decidedly cheap compare to the bling in every other rack. I was hoping to see a few MTBs or even the odd folding bike. We were re-assured by the level of security getting in and out of transition that our kit would be safe- are bikes were electronically tagged and photographs taken.

Time then seemed to pass very slowly up until 6.30am- time to don the rubber. All bits were suitably lubed, 5<sup>th</sup> and final bathroom visit and we were ready. I then noticed a rip in top ("f~ck it" I thought- nothing I can do now) - this started off tiny but gradually grew through the rest of the day (updates to follow).

## The Swim

Standing on the start line was simply awesome- apart from Joanna agreeing to marry me this was the most amazing day of my life. The crowds, the music, the noise, the MC singing "put your hands up in the air, put your hands up in the air". The first buoy was barely visible it was that far away. One final man hug with Foxley and I made my way to the front row, we waded out to the start line, then seconds later bang we were off. The noise was unreal- the crowds, the thrashing water, the fireworks, a helicopter, the weird Austrian accent across the mic. I tried to concentrate and get into the nice

rythm but the only thing I really remember about the start is just looking and seeing nothing but swimmers in either direction. I really tried to cruise the swim as I knew my two much weaker disciplines were to come. It turned out I really didn't have much choice- I got caught behind a wall of swimmers which didn't open up until well passed halfway. On the way back toward the canal you get blinded by the sun, so I just followed the crowd and hoped for the best. Once you get into the last 900m along the canal it feels like you are swimming down a race track with crowds on both sides cheering you on. The swim was over way too soon- all of a sudden I was getting dragged out of the water by some inappropriately dressed Austrian men. Swim time- 60.50

### The Bike

I jogged into T1, got my wetsuit off and took some time to chill out. (rip update-the rip in my top was now 2 rips). I covered myself in sun cream and ran/walked out of T1 and on to the bike- I now realised how hot it was and it was only 8.15am. I set off on the bike at a nice easy pace on rolling roads alongside Lake Worthersee. A steady stream of tanned Europeans came passed me over the next 30mins or so. I didn't have bike computer on- instead I taped the times I wanted to be at; at each of 3 major checkpoints on each of the two 90km laps. This worked well for me, I just didn't want to spend all my time staring at a bike computer. I had also set my HRM to beep every 20mins to remind me to eat or drink. The first beep I took a slug of one of the 15 energy gels I had in a bottle and some water, the next 20mins some energy drink and then on the hour an energy bar and some water. This pattern continued for the whole bike leg, only interrupted by a cheese and jam croissant at the end of the first lap; which tasted like heaven.

The big climb to Rupertberg was magic, for an all too brief moment I was in the Tour de France. Climbing a hill with cheering crowds 5 deep, a helicopter overhead and a DJ at the top of the hill is something I won't forget. I finished the first lap miles ahead of schedule and got stuck into the second lap. The second time up the big climb was slightly less fun- my legs were really starting to feel it and the heat was getting to me a bit. The descent on the other side soon cheered me up- mile after mile downhill stuck to the tri bars. Then, the heavens opened, it was rain on a biblical scale. I very cautiously tried to keep my pace up- I went passed a group of uber-tanned Italians crying for their Nonnas

whilst taking shelter in an abandoned petrol station. The rain stopped after about 15mins and the sun came back with an angry vengeance. Plumes of steam rose from road, it was akin to cycling in a sauna. I got passed by the crying Italians on the next and last climb.

I eventually made it to the outskirts of Klagenfurt and really enjoyed cruising the last few miles back into T2. I now knew I was going to finish and felt a weight being lifted. Bike time 6.52.

### The Shuffle.

T2 was slightly smellier with much more nakedness than T1. I got my bag and sat down again- I put on my Orca Killa Compression socks, they slipped on with much less trouble than expected. I stuck on my pillow like Nike Lunarglides and finally my cap. I composed myself for a few minutes and then hit the road.

I found the first 5km hellish. The next fifteen were fine, I was plodding along nicely with delusions of doing a decent marathon (rip update- two small holes had now become two large holes). The support on the run was awesome, this really helped me get through the last sections of the run. The final 15kms were really tough but strangely enjoyable. I ran the last 5kms with a crazy old French guy with a huge tache, everytime I dropped off a bit he would shout "vite, vite". In the true spirit of Ironman I got away from with about 1km to go and never looked back. As I came back into the Ironman complex for the final time the clock read 13.45- I realised I was going to go under 14hrs, I punched the air and shouted "yes", then looked about to see if anyone had seen me; (rip update- the two large holes were now one massive hole). I painfully shuffled the last km and finally finally arrived at the finishing shoot. I just wasn't expecting the lights, the massive crowd and the dancing girls. I trotted up the runway punched the air and crossed the line, an Ironman. 13.56.

My goal was 15hrs so I was ecstatic to go under 14.

### Crossing the finish line

Once I got up the ramp and crossed the line it immediately descended into darkness, I was slightly disorientated for a few minutes. Then I met up with Foxley and Fiona. I gave Foxley a man hug, gave Fiona a girl hug and went looking for Joanna. That's when it really hit me that I was finished; giving Joanna and her teary eyes a big hug really brought the achievement home. All the training and sacrifice was 100% worth it.

Thanks to a great training group for all the help, support and belly laughs during the previous year. Greg for his navigation skills and nedly good looks, Clare for her positivity and swearing, Tom for his unruly hair, Doug for just being an all round legend, Nick for being a darkhorse and penultimately Foxley for being a top notch training partner, founder member of Team Austria and for picking me up off the side of the road on our last long bike ride after I spectacularly bonked. Finally, special thanks to Joanna for putting up with me and my endless Ironman chat.

Some pics-



A gaggle of Ironmen.

2 grinning idiots.



Marino van Hoenacker- winner in 4<sup>th</sup> fastest ironman time in history. 7.52.

And finally one for the ladies and recent front cover of attitude magazine....



## Ironman Canada 2010

Doug Steele



After a five-year layoff from long-distance racing, Doug Steele travelled to British Columbia to test himself on the Ironman course there only to find himself getting a masterclass in endurance clapping and raw truths

"You look like shit!!"

There are pros and cons to having your name on your race number: when you're on a roll, feeling good and possibly looking good, it's great having folk holler personal encouragement. But when you're on a rock, feeling like death and wishing you were invisible, there's nothing worse than some bright spark in the crowd picking you out from 100 metres, "That's it, one foot in front of the other, looking good, keep going".

All that said, the brutal honesty of that comment shouted out to me at Ironman Canada on 29th August made me laugh after what had been a miserable few hours. I've come away from Penticton, in British Columbia, with lots of memories of the race but the most enduring is certain to be of the support - from the organisers, the marshals (all 4,500 of them) and the thousands of people lining the bike, the run and even the swim routes, with people out on all nature of watercraft and crowding the two houseboats that were used as the main turn buoys - hell, they were even standing in the water lining the swim exit. There was no hiding. Before getting to the race, Angela Kidd and I had been told (principally by Clare Halpenny and Greg McDowall after their own experience in North America) to expect loud, raucous and constant route-side cheering, but I really wasn't prepared for just how literally we should have taken this.

The support from the organisers began at bike check-in the day before the race. Rather than the long queues and tiresome kit checks I've had before, I wandered into transition to be greeted by a woman called Marly (from Vancouver, 5 hours to the west). I can only describe her role as 'transition hostess'. Angela was met by her own 'host' (John, from Golden, about 5 hours to the north). Marly showed me to my bike slot from where she pointed out the entrances and exits

before walking me through the whole thing step by step, patiently answering my questions "Is this the male or female change tent?" "I don't think tomorrow you'll be in a mood to care". Marvellous.



Heaven-sent support

Ironman race mornings always come round unappetisingly early, but to get those race-day carbs in and those pre-race-day carbs out means getting up at 3:30 or 4am. With the prospect of hauling up at transition with the other 2,500 startliners, Angela and I set out to get there early, get our stuff done and not let running late spoil the day. We'd been told that we couldn't take our own track pumps in with us and so were particularly keen to have our tyres feel the pressure without our doing the same. As it was, every second person there seemed to have a track pump.



Race day. Transition. 5:45 am. Angela's priority is to deck her bike with Saltire stickers



Swim practice in flat, calm Lake Okanagan on the day before the race

Angela's bike was efficiently dealt with by an officially designated tyre pumper - she didn't have to do a thing herself. A kindly fellow racer in my corner of transition not only let me use his Joe Blow, but offered advice on pressure ("High as you can, buddy, the roads here are clean, smoooooth and fast!")

Bikes sorted, bags double checked and all stuff done, we sat down and took it all in. We watched the area fill up, the toilet queues lengthen, the sky brighten and the calm tension mount. Before wetsuited up, I even had time to text Scott Balfour, telling him how utterly perfect conditions seemed to be. Hmmm, it was still early. The beach area at the swim start was fringed with squillions of onlookers; there was waving and cheering from the hotels and apartments behind them; helicopters in the sky and flotillas of canoes, speed boats and cruisers out on Lake Okanagan. This is the kind of race start that a £400 entry fee buys you.

IM swims always seem to take hours at the time but when looking back seem to have been over in a flash. However I do remember being delighted at being cheered out of the water by

people thigh deep in the lake. Entering transition, I didn't even need to take my wetsuit off. It was already down to my waist but then I was ordered to "Lie down. Lie Down. Ass up!" as two bouncily cheery 'wetsuit hosts' whipped my Orca 3.8 off me, pulled me back to my feet and catapulted me towards the change bags and tents, whooping and laughing as they worked.

Out on the bike and the crowd each side of the road for the first mile was three or four people deep. The wall of sound they made was something Phil Spector would have envied. This gathering of people continued all round the one-lap, 112-mile course. Early on, people were having their breakfast on the pavement, chewing and cheering. At T-junctions, cars were parked up and mini camps erected, hundreds lined the many hilly ascents and summits. Going south through the fruit-growing areas, workers busy harvesting peaches and pears called out. Entire townships lined the main streets as we rode through, cowbells and kitchen pots clanging loudly.

Of course, the most-welcome support came on the ascents, particularly the two 'big' ones of the

day: Richter Pass and Yellow Lake. The drag up Richter was hot and came with a headwind, but being mesmerised by the intensifying crowds, I was at the summit and onto the long, swoopy descent before the pain registered.

Down into a valley floor and the supportive gatherings were back again, standing on walls, jumping up and down on the back of pick-up trucks, calling out from cars travelling in the opposite direction. Was everyone in British Columbia here?



Race day. Transition. 6am. Tense? Moi?

It was as I approached the 75-mile mark that I noticed the darkening skies. Looking to the side an awful lot to wave and smile back I'd not been looking ahead enough. Those clouds were black and heavy and directly over where I was heading. Angela, Ben Mitchell (of ERC) and I had driven the course three days ago and the previously feared ascent to Yellow Lake wasn't nearly as bad as portrayed; long but not so steep. But now on race day and the northerly headwind was picking up. Not long after starting the hill, I felt the first few spits of rain. Before long, it was hammering down in large, chilling drops. I was cold, soaked to the skin and my sense of humour had all but washed away, but the crowds were still there. They'd come prepared. Water-

proofs on, the support was even more personal and encouraging. They were willing us through the torrent and over that hill. My legs were shivering uncontrollably which made pedalling a most awkward affair and I was bemused at seeing water sloshing from my shoes at every turn. I did have thoughts of stopping to beg for a rain jacket or even a blanket but wasn't quite prepared to quit yet. The further up the hill I got, the deeper the standing water and the more intense the applause and hollering from the roadside. It was a bewilderingly beautiful experience. I remember at one point thinking that the sky was so dark and heavy, so cold and inhospitable, it could never turn blue and warm again.

Past Yellow Lake (which is actually bright green) and across a plateau, I detected a chink in the clouds' armour. The chink spread as I rode on, and as the descent began I could feel warmer breaths of air eddying round me. The road was wide, swoopy and fast, and my tires were at full pressure. Down on the tribars and almost certainly at the limit of safety, all I could think of was getting down the hill to where I could clearly see patches of sun. I passed riders shrouded in space blankets and at least three ambulances. This mountain storm had taken its toll.

Riding back down Main Street into Penticton, there were even more people there than before. I felt like a conquering hero, albeit one with wholly numb feet and hands. Another kindly transition fairy gave much-needed help to pull off wet bike stuff and pull on dry run kit. Rather than heading directly out of town, the run route took in a loop along the lakeshore. For two miles, the masses lined the road - as energetic and enthusiastic as before. I would have been blasé about it all by now but with my race number now facing to the front, my name was there for all to see and call out at full voice. My run got off to a great start. I'd been working hard at it since last November, steadily clocking up the miles week after week. Then at mile 8, just as I had slowed my pace to save energy for the road ahead, a runner just ahead of me stopped dead. I dodged aside to avoid him, angering my right hamstring as I did. And that was that. The cramped muscle let me run for about three or four minutes at a time before calling another halt. For the next 15 miles I walked, ran and hobbled, a sulky pout across my face.

Unfortunately, even the waves of positive energy surging from the crowd situated half a mile before and after the turnaround point couldn't release me from my muscular snare, but they did slow my descent into despondency.

Two miles later and I could see Angela running towards me. Strongly. Cheerily. Good for her, bad for me. At this rate, she was going to catch me. This was not part of the plan. I picked up to a rapid hobble, keeping it up until the next aid station. I haven't made mention of the aid stations yet, but to sum them up: frequent, loud and very giving. Each one on bike (every 10 miles) and run (every 2 miles) had two portaloos. Each one had a station 'captain' who was positioned at the start of the station – you told him or her what you wanted, it was called out loudly and then the bar, banana, gel, water, Gatorade, chicken soup, grapes, pretzels were offered up eagerly. At this aid station, there was something else on the menu. "Powerbar, gel, dead deer.....", called out a chatter of cheery young boys who, when they saw they had me intrigued, pointed to the ditch right behind them. Sure enough there was a dead deer lying in it. I tried a joke, "What was it killed him, a Powerbar or a gel.....?"

They didn't find it funny either.

Three miles from the finish line, the roadside mob was getting denser again. Whether this was a factor or not I don't know but my hamstring seemed to be a lot more co-operative and was allowing me to maintain a decent pace. It was about this point that a woman with a shopping

bike appeared through a gap in the crowd. "You look like shit, but you're nearly there and you're gonna make it, Douglas!!" The smile was back on my face. The spring was back in my step. I was running, really running, like a runner. What had all that hobbling been about? However, my ego was still terrified that Angela was going to bounce, gazelle-like, past me, I looked around for a stick to beat her off.

The final finish chute at all IM races is a noisy 100 metres, but here in Penticton it was well over a kilometre long and the noise was phenomenal: shouting, cheering, full-blast music and of course the race commentator naming and claiming for the IM club everyone crossing the line.

Once across, I was immediately met by two 'finish-line hosts' who gave me a medal, wrapped me in a space blanket and then took me to a counter laden with hot pizzas. Angela came bounding in 21 minutes later, finishing her first Ironman in 11hrs 38mins. Ben Mitchell raced a great race but missed the 40-44 AG Hawaii slot he coveted by a crushing 20 seconds. Among Angela's first words to me were: "Incredible. The support was incredible." Go Canada!

A short film of this year's race is on the IM Canada website: [www.ironman.ca/#qpm1\\_2](http://www.ironman.ca/#qpm1_2)

## Product Review: Elastic Laces

Phil Parr-Burman



In the constant desire to shave seconds off my transitions I turned attention to the elastic laces. I had the type that's about the only one you can get in the shops—like thin bungy cord with some grippy toggle things that don't work too well because they always slip so you have to tie a knot in the end of the cord. And they seemed to get tight at the toe end of the shoe, cutting off the blood to the toes whilst being a tad loose at the top.

An internet search showed up a hotbed of innovative products out there—so I bought a couple of them. Both claim to grip on the lace holes so you can adjust the fit—looser at the front, a bit tighter at the open end.

On the left—flatlines "loved because..."

On the right—xtenex "the lace of genius"

Both cost around a fiver. Both work as they say, but I just love the knobbly bits on the xtenex.

(By the way I had to get them on th'internet but would much have preferred to buy locally).



## Aberfeldy 2010: A long way

Francesca Osowska



My training for the Aberfeldy half-ironman distance race began in 2006. It wasn't really a super-long term plan at the time and the significance of 10 October 2006 only became apparent later.

2006 was my best season ever. I raced at all distances and achieved 11:08 at the ironman distance race in Roth Germany. My end of season treat was to race the European Duathlon championships in Rimini, Italy. A treat as it was in Italy, not because it was a duathlon. My race didn't go brilliantly. I'm not a natural duathlete and it was the end of a long season, so I wasn't particularly bothered. Part of my difficulty was on the first run when my left leg seized up. I still struggle to describe the feeling; the best I can do is 'wooden', but it went away, and I didn't think about it again.

Until... I was running the excellent Dundee 10 mile road race in November that year. (A brilliant race if it is still going.) Same thing, but again I didn't really dwell on it. I was tired; it was the end of a long season (still). However, over the next few months the wooden leg syndrome happened more and more. Generally only when running at effort and when running up hill, but very uncomfortable.

There then started the long process of diagnosis. I went to a number of physiotherapists, osteopaths and sports doctors. None were any real help and the condition worsened. In March 2007 I went cycling in Mallorca and at that point I could still run long slow distance (I was training for the London marathon from which I subsequently withdrew) and cycle and swim. A year later it was very different. Running was practically impossible, cycling was painful at effort and even swimming was becoming difficult. The endless round of physio / osteo / doctors continued with the expense of money and time. All gave the diagnosis of poor core stability (which I won't dispute). It didn't seem to add up to my symptoms but I didn't feel able to challenge.

This continued until the end of 2008 with the condition still deteriorating. I'd basically given up running and my cycling was quite limited. There

were some odd moments of relief. I managed a pain free run on Christmas day 2007. I ran one spring from Aberfeldy to Kenmore over the hill. But, the trend was ever downwards and I was now at the stage where walking up hill or fast or for long periods was painful. Eventually I took the option which I probably should have done earlier. I threw a strop. I feel sorry for the physio treating me at the time. It wasn't her fault but I'd had enough. However, the result was an appointment with an orthopaedic surgeon. He said that orthopedically there was nothing wrong with me, but he did refer me to a vascular surgeon.

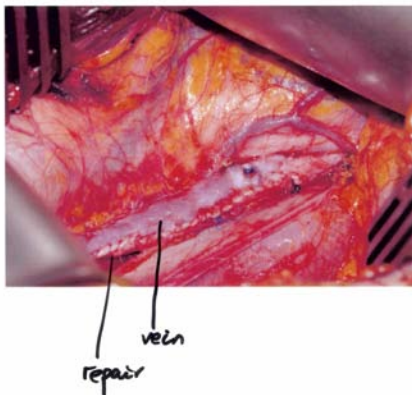
At around the same time, I discovered (from my endless internet research) an article which described a condition that was similar to mine. Unexplained pain / discomfort in one leg. The sensation by this author was described as 'frozen'. The condition was a blockage of the external iliac artery (external iliac endofibrosis). It was a known but rare condition amongst cyclists. As I researched more, I found more people who had suffered from this: Ryan Cox (he died after surgery, I put that to the back of my mind); Stuart O'Grady, Carol Montgomery (Commonwealth Games Triathlete). There was a reasonable literature about the condition in professionals, nothing on recreational cyclists. The pain is a result of a lack of blood flow and hence explained why initially it only occurred at effort.

In January 2009 I saw a vascular consultant in Edinburgh armed with my literature research. He loved me when I told him what the problem was (I'd also written in advance). Amazingly he agreed. There was then a few months of toing and froing whilst a treatment plan was agreed. Doctors in Edinburgh wanted to replace the blocked artery with a synthetic graft but told me I would never cycle again. However, thanks to British Cycling, I found a surgeon in Sheffield who would remove the fibrosis from the blocked artery and patch the artery with a vein from my upper arm. The vein would act like an artery and would become strong pretty quickly. Therefore, no potential limits on future sporting activity. My surgeon even told me of a cyclist on whom he'd operated who'd been competing a week after surgery.

Operation day was 21 October 2009, over three years since my initial symptoms. The operation



took longer than expected. I was under for between 4 and 5 hours, but it had apparently gone well. The artery had been patched successfully. The blood was flowing (they ultrasound at the end of the operation). When I came round I couldn't believe the pain in my abdomen (the external iliac artery is just above the hip bone underneath the abdominal muscles). I had a six inch incision just below my belly button and a three inch one lower down. Going through the abdominal muscles hurts! But morphine is a wonderful thing and it was therefore a few hours before I realised I couldn't move or feel my left leg.



out of bed to see how I was. I think they started taking my leg concerns seriously when I collapsed as soon as I put weight on it and they realised I couldn't walk. Doctors were summoned. They were unconcerned: post operative neuralgia was the diagnosis. It would go in 48 hours. After five days, all agreed that this was not post operative neuralgia, there was something seriously wrong with my femoral nerve.



There was so much else going on in term of post operative 'stuff' that initially I didn't worry too much about my leg. But when you're lying awake in a hospital ward all sorts goes through your mind. I was on hourly obs through the night and spoke (well, it was sort of speaking through the morphine) to the nurses about my concerns. In the morning, they thought they would get me

Essentially, during the operation my femoral nerve (which controls sensation on the thigh and inner calf and motion of the quadriceps) had been damaged. Subsequent tests showed (to the lay man) that the nerve had effectively 'died' along its length. Prognosis was uncertain, nerves can regenerate but slowly: between 1mm and 2mm per day. So after nine days in hospital (awful, terrible food, I lost half a stone), I was



packed off with a physio referral, dates for more tests and told to hope for the best.



The next four to five months were probably the darkest period. ‘Nerves are tricky’ is as much as most neurologists will admit to. No one knew if I would recover fully or partially and within what timescale. My left quadriceps had withered to not very much at all (it was nicknamed my ‘chicken leg’). I couldn’t run at all, I would just fall over. My swimming was initially limited, but I could cycle (although not out of the saddle). Thank goodness for my bike and turbo. The turbo sessions and weekly spin sessions through the winter were my saviour. At least I could do something where I could see improvement. My right quadriceps had ballooned as it was taking a lot of the strain but my left leg was growing slowly.

In around May this year, with my leg considerably stronger, I tried running on the treadmill hanging on to the rails. Pretty shaky to begin with but I was running! Tears of frustration were replaced by tears of joy, I couldn’t believe it. I really thought I would never run again. Initial

progress was rapid. From 10 minute miles to 8 in a few weeks. I did a 5km road race in June (23:32, I would have accepted that before my operation). Then came the search for my comeback triathlon.

Aberfeldy as the comeback was never meant to be. It just seemed to be accidental. I’d be in Aberfeldy for the weekend, I had nothing to do, it’s a great race and there’d be plenty of people to pick me up if I fell over. So off I set. My big worry beforehand was the water temperature (my open water swimming training had been pretty limited). But, it was fine, the bike was gorgeous. I knew I couldn’t push it so I just enjoyed the scenery on the hottest day of the year. And then for the run. It was a complete unknown. I had told myself if I got to the Weem corner and felt ok I’d keep going, if not I’d turn back. If at any point the leg felt sore, odd, anything, I’d stop. But it was fine. I just kept putting one foot in front of the other and enjoyed the support from ETs (particularly Doug Steele, Scott Balfour and Paul Masterton). And then I’d finished. Half ironman and second female vet. (Don’t look at the splits.)

What a journey. Not just the 70.3 miles, but the best part of the previous four years. I wouldn’t have come through this if it hadn’t been for the support of my family and friends. My mam (Barbara Davis, fellow ET member) was amazing. She kept me company in hospital, brought me food parcels and much more. My boyfriend and coach Neal Doggett has continually kept my spirits up and has never doubted that I’d recover (even when I was at my most pessimistic). All my other friends kept me going and listened to the ongoing ups and downs.

Are there lessons for others? Yes. Never give up. There is always someone else to see, another specialist with another opinion. If your treatment isn’t working, don’t keep going with the same thing. Insist on someone different or (more likely to be productive) go to a different branch of medicine. Do your research. I’m sure all medics hate the patients like me who turn up with their internet articles but you can get it right where the medics might fail.

As for me, I continue to improve. It’s possible that I’ll never get the full sensory function back in my leg. The motor function is much improved but some movement still causes a problem (walking up and down stairs for example). But I’m on the up and am looking forward to next season. It’s a while since I’ve been able to say that.

## Aberfeldy as a Relay Team

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Vicki Stewart

Lynn Hanley

Mike Brown

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### Aberfeldy Swim - Vicki

After surviving my first night in a top bunk for two decades, it was a very misty morning when the ETs gathered for Aberfeldy. The team was made up of Lynn, Mike B and me. Months before, around the dinner table, we had agreed to team up for the relay, and in my wisdom I'd volunteered to do the swim. At the end of July, I'd gone to a training session at Loch Tay which was the first time that I'd been there. It was enlightening, as the water had been 12oC and very choppy that day. It was therefore with trepidation that I walked to the race start with my team mates. We could not even see the other side of the loch due to the mist! Thankfully, it started to clear during the race briefing and the conditions were wonderful. The water was like glass. The temperature was 13oC as we all shuffled into the water to the start line. I misjudged my starting spot and was jostled, pushed under, elbowed and generally abused after the hooter went, which (along with the cold) panicked me a bit. A bit of breaststroke snuck in for the first time in a race until I was able to relax. There was a silver lining to that though, as I was swimming straight as others criss-crossed before me. My goggles kept fogging up in the cold and I had to stop several times to dunk them. Having a bunch of yellow caps before me while trying to spot a yellow turning point was not easy. One of the hardest points was getting to my feet over the stones to come out of the water. I noticed an hour later that my feet were bleeding from it. Ouch. There was then the shuffle up to transition and the obligatory spin of my wetsuit over my head before Lynn grabbed her bike and ran off. I have to admit, I felt a bit of a pang not continuing with the race. But it didn't last that long as Mike and I gathered with a group of ETs by the loch for some food and drink in the now glorious sunshine. What a great experience.

### Aberfeldy Cycle - Lynn

After completing our first Standard distance tri at Selkirk earlier in the year our sprint to standard group was looking for a new challenge, perhaps a middle distance? However sense prevailed

and we put some teams together for Aberfeldy instead. I had opted for the run section that usually being my strongest part of a Tri but a calf injury scuppered my training and Mike was told he was running instead of cycling. (Poor Mike being in a team with 2 bossy women!). Luckily he is a very good runner and on the day pulled us up several places. Vicki being the strongest swimmer between us took on the (to me) daunting task of the swim.

The day dawned misty but with a promise of heat later in the day and Vicki disappeared into the gloom with the rest of the swimmers and I made my way to transition.

I was impressed when Vicki staggered towards me bang on time and I headed off towards Loch Rannoch. After a telling off from a marshal for cutting a corner I pulled myself together thinking I can't get a DQ my team would never forgive me! I knew what I was in for as I had cycled part of the route a few years before with my husband on an anniversary weekend in October. We ended up sheltering, freezing cold, under a tree in pouring rain arms folded not speaking to each other!! He accusing me of MAKING him go cycling and me complaining about him being grumpy...aah happy days!

However today the sun was shining and I was supposed to be racing not looking at the views. The route under the shadow of Shehallion to Loch Rannoch was spectacular, then on to the road around Loch Rannoch, thankfully sheltered from the by now hot sun by trees. I wasn't looking forward to the hill back over to Aberfeldy but consoled myself by remembering that I didn't then have to run a half marathon!

I was pretty slow with folk overtaking me thick and fast and I was cursing not doing more training on the bike. I think this is what I'm going to concentrate on for next season!

At last Aberfeldy came into view and I wobbled off the bike (cruel little hill into transition!) and handed my chip over to Mike.

What a great event, we were lucky with the weather although I felt sorry for the runners as by then it was a scorcher. Maybe next year the full thing?! Mike ran a blinder and it was great to cheer him and all the other ET's in at the finish.

Another successful ET weekend, accommodation and entertainment organised by Greg (Jenga King) Dowell.

## Aberfeldy Run – Mike Brown

It was strange to me running a relay. Normally I turn up an hour before the event and run, but this time I was up with everybody else to watch Vicky complete her swim leg then watch Lynn take off for her cycle run. I headed off with a few others to the Loch side for a bacon roll and coffee....A few hours later, guessing the time Lynn would arrive I waited in the paddock. It was 1pm and with the sun beating down it was in the mid 20's. Not being used to this, especially in Scotland when Lynn came speeding in it was over to me (not forgetting the chip). Through 10K in about 22 minutes which thought not too bad, but getting hotter feeling the heat soak from the road, then passing some ET's on the way out

looking very tired. Glad I'm only doing the running leg. I was taking water and nutrients at every water station, still getting hotter. On the way back even more water and could have done with a cold shower. Towards the end of race we had to negotiate a small incline - why do they always put them at the end of the race? Then got confused with signage saying 'not this way'. The heat was getting to me at this point but I crossed the line in 1hr 35mins. Thank goodness that was all over, especially with lots of hugs from my team (benefit of being part of a female team). Great weekend and looking forward to next year.

## Pasta to Go

Steve Law



1 chicken breast  
100g of wholemeal pasta  
1 large tomato  
Cucumber  
Your favourite hard cheese  
Pesto

Steam the chicken for 20 mins.  
Cook pasta for recommended time (usually 12 mins for wholemeal),  
Chop tomato into smallish pieces.  
Chop 4 thick slices of cucumber into cubes.

Cut 3 thick slices of cheese and cube them.  
Let chicken cool for 5-10 mins then cut into pieces.  
Run pasta under cold tap until cool (doesn't have to be cold but definitely not hot).  
Put pasta back in the pan and add tomato, cucumber, chicken and cheese.  
Add 2 heaped teaspoons of pesto (or more if you are a fan of pesto) and mix well.  
Eat there and then or stick it in a container for later.  
An alternative to chicken is cubes of panchetta (Mmmmm).  
If you are veggy then you can use cubes of tofu and vegetarian pesto.

It's a great meal to have 1-2 hours before a lunchtime or early evening training sesh.

## Profile: David Harris

*Please give an answer to all these six questions:*

*Describe yourself in 10 words*

Short-sighted, slightly overweight, not much hair left on top.

*What age group are you in?*

The mid-life crisis age group.

*What's your day job?*

Research scientist.

*How long have you been an ET member and what do you like about the club?*

Since April 2010. I like the open friendly atmosphere, the support and the good price.

Maybe an ironman before I'm 50 – but that is getting awful close.

*What is your favourite club session?*

Wednesday night swim – midweek, late at night: therefore feels exciting to go out. Relaxed session and concentrating on technique.

*Please give an answer to at least six of these questions:*

Did you come to triathlon from another sport?

Running socially, cycling as a means of transport, swimming for fun – all three still apply.

What's your favourite piece of kit?

A pair of Vittoria black leather retro shoes with

LOOK cleats: people think I am wearing high heels when they hear me walking. I cannot sneak much inappropriate clothing past the fashionistas in our house but these have made it so far. Perhaps they are just relieved they are not lycra.

*What one thing would improve your performance?*

Being 21 again?

*What has been your best racing or training moment?*

Edinburgh marathon this summer, finally finding a first aid stand where a big bearded first aider produced some Vaseline which I slapped on my chest for instant relief. His female colleagues seemed to find it very amusing – I'm not sure why – but that stuff never felt so good. And I'm never using plaster that does not stick again.

*What has been your worst racing or training moment?*

Cycling against the wind in a three day sandstorm between El Golea and In Salah. Stick that into Google Earth and see where it takes you. It was a long time ago and I wasn't really training – but it was the worst.

*What is your favourite post-race treat?*

A cup of strong coffee with sugar, in the bath.

*Who or what inspires you?*

All those people in front of me.

## Profile: Siang Ling Loh

*Please give an answer to all these six questions:*      *ance?*

Describe yourself in 10 words

*Need to swim better and clip out at traffic lights!!*

What age group are you in?

*I'm 28.*

What's your day job?

*Trying to become an actuary for the Prudential.*

How long have you been an ET member and what do you like about the club?

*I joined ET in May this year. The thing I like about the club is its recognition and celebration of personal achievements, big and small, long and short, fast and slow.*

What are your ambitions in triathlon?

I would like to think/dream that I can complete an Ironman one (fine and distant future) day. At the moment, I just wanna stop cramping so much/often/easily!!

What is your favourite club session?

*Can't beat Saturday morning swim/bike and sometime run combo. Pentlands Hill run comes a close second.*

*Please give an answer to at least six of these questions:*

*Did you come to triathlon from another sport?*

I used to play a fair bit of golf.

*What's your favourite piece of kit?*

Small favourite – The pull buoy, as it makes me feel like I could really swim.

Big favourite – My Cervelo S1.

*What one thing would improve your perform-*

*ance?*  
A cure for my cramps.

*What has been your best racing or training moment?*

Finishing my first sprint at Lochore.

*What has been your worst racing or training moment?*

Falling excruciatingly slowly sideways onto John's leg.

*What is your favourite post-race treat?*

A big fat juicy steak cooked rare.

*Who or what inspires you?*

No matter how fast/long/hard you've done, you can always do better.

*Men with shaved legs: yum, yuk or indifferent?*

Indifferent – It's a free world, but I won't do it.

*Women with six packs: yum, yuk or indifferent?*

Yuk – It's a free world, and I'm entitled to express preference.



## Profile: Seonaid Hudson



*Please give an answer to all these six questions:*

*Describe yourself in 10 word*

eccentric middle aged mother of many

*What age group are you in?*

Super vet

*What's your day job?*

Teacher

*How long have you been an ET member and what do you like about the club?*

Since April

*What are your ambitions in triathlon?*

enjoy still being able to do things in my dotage

*What is your favourite club session?*

Callum says I train to my strengths so it would have to be swimming

*Please give an answer to at least six of these questions:*

*Did you come from another sport:*

Swimming I suppose but I wouldn't see myself as a swimmer

*Favourite piece of kit:*

I think the kit is why I do sport. Anything made of lycra I find especially hard to resist! But I'm beginning to become more and more fond of my bike. It's nothing fancy but we've come a long way together.

*How to improve your performance:*

Having a few fast twitch fibres would help. I'm just a plodder in everything I do.

Best racing moment:

*realising that drafting works*

Worst racing moment:

*hitting the wall and my legs refusing to work anymore and realising that being drafted is not a nice experience*

*Who inspires you:*

anyone who is prepared to get out there and put the hard work in. I get so fed up with people moaning about their weight

Ed's note: The photo is not a true likeness. Seonaid asked for the hippo.



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Any problems please email membership@edinburghtri.org

To send a message to the group use edintri@yahoogroups.com