

**Club Champions
Revealed**

**Wot, More Iron Peo-
ple?**

**Two Matches
(exclusive)**

et
edinburgh
triathletes

TRIBULL

October 2011



And they're off !

The Editor Says

Phil Parr-Burman



Another season over. Its time, after a suitable rest, to have a long hard think about your training and your targets for next year. The coaches training plans have been reconsidered, there's a new approach to swim training (see last issue), and more options for running training. So get out there and do it!

So what do we have this issue—more inspiring stuff from the iron people out there (and other races), more profiles from two of our newer members and more club life stuff—the xmas do in particular.

Hopefully you will cope with the disappointment that Audrey is taking a break from helping you with fashion advice. She will be back next time , though, to give you a good head start to cope with next years season on the catwalks of life.

And we have the first in a new, occasional, series of hatches, matches and dispatches.

Hatches, Matches and Dispatches

Liz Richardson, Trumpeter in Chief



It's been a busy season for nuptials. (and looks like it's going to be a busy season for babies soon... though not from these couples (as far as I'm aware!)). .

Firstly Aidan married Joanna on 21st September in New York's Central Park, and secondly Clare and Greg got married on 15th October in St Margaret's RC church in Aboyne, Aberdeenshire. Being that we're a competitive bunch it would only be fitting to make it into a competition... so Clare and Greg would win on number of guests, and Aidan and Joanna would win on distance travelled. In which case the Trumpeter-in-chief declares it a draw.



Club Championships

Phil Parr-Burman



Here it is people! After all that racing, and thanks to Anne Moore for keeping track of the race results, the final points tally is here.

And though I say it myself, well done to the champions!

This is how it works:

First Name	Surname	No. events	Total
Keira	Murray	4	60
Elizabeth	Richardson	4	54
Barbara	Davis	4	44
Mhairi	Ferguson	1	16
Seonaid	Hudson	1	14
Pat	Angus	1	10
Jenny	Buxton	1	10
Lynn	Hanley	1	10
Fiona	Milligan	1	10
Kirsten	Ness	1	10

Scoring system –

- 10 points for each event
- Women – 2 extra points for each ET you beat
- Men – 1 extra point for each ET you beat
- Your best 5 races to count
- You must have a Triathlon Scotland race licence (because without Triathlon Scotland we wouldn't have such great races around, and it means your performance counts towards the Scottish club rankings, and a benefit for you is that you get free insurance that covers you whilst training and racing).

The Races were:

1. Stirling Duathlon 27/3/11
2. East Fife Sprint Triathlon 10/4/11
3. Midlothian Sprint Triathlon 1/5/11
4. Knockburn Standard Triathlon 12/6/11
5. Lochore Sprint Triathlon 19/6/11
6. Kelso Sprint Triathlon 7/8/11
7. Aberfeldy Middle Distance 20/8/11
8. Strathclyde Standard Triathlon 4/9/11
9. Portobello Aquathlon 25/9/11

The prizes are to be awarded at the xmas do (see next page for this).

First Name	Surname	No. events	Total
Phil	Parr-Burman	5	77
Andrew	McMenigall	4	59
Paul	Chowdhry	3	46
Michael	Allan	3	46
Marco	Capriglione	3	46
Doug	Steele	2	44
Andrew	Scott	3	37
Greg	Mcdowall	2	35
Nick	Sinclair	2	29
Nicol	Fraser	2	28
Scott	Balfour	2	28
Howard	Glynn	2	26
Paul	Rowlings	2	26
Andrew	Fahey	2	24
David	Forrester	2	21
Carsten	Mieves	2	21
Dan	Halliday	1	15
Aidan	Mullan	1	15
Mike	Cunningham	1	14
Gareth	Ellis	1	14
Graham	Corker	1	12
Tony	Rose	1	12
Mike	Brown	1	10
Brian	Foley	1	10
Jon	Jack	1	10
Arnott	Kidd	1	10
Jude	Moir	1	10
Chris	Smith	1	10

Christmas Do

Liz Richardson



It's not all tri, tri, tri you know... at Christmas we like to partake in a little festive cheer. Plus we have some club prizes to award in recognition of another great season for ET.

So put Saturday December 3rd in your diaries and dust off your non-lycra... it's ET's second Christmas bash of 2011!

To get us in the festive spirit early in the day there'll be a fun-filled swim gala after the morning swim session at Dalkeith..details to follow.

In the evening we'll be heading into town for a meal, Christmas quiz and prize-giving. We'll be eating tapas at Cafe Andaluz (77B George Street, EH2 3EE) at 6, at a cost of £15 per person plus drinks.

Then we'll be heading to the basement bar of The Canon's Gait pub on the Royal Mile (232 Canongate, EH8 8DQ) for a Christmas quiz and further merriment. Google reliably informs me that this is a distance of 1 mile, so you can cover

the distance by whatever means you see fit. We have the basement bar booked until midnight, after which those with the stamina for the third discipline, dancing, will relocate to a suitable venue.

As with all ET Christmas bashes, even the ones that happen in February, this promises to be an evening not to be missed. It's a great chance to catch up with old chums, pat each other on the back, and meet other members.

Thanks to all of you who have already sent me your £10 deposit for the meal: you can rest safe in the knowledge that you have a place reserved. Anyone else interested should let me know and transfer £10 to my account (number 88025007 and sort code 089273). There are still places free but it'll be first come first served if the numbers get much higher. So the quicker the better!

So, get December 3rd in your diaries, wire me your £10 at your earliest convenience, and get revising your useless trivia.

Classifieds

Classifieds can be put in Tribull when there's space, and only for authors of articles in the recent past.

Full Carbon Avanti, Raleigh Carbon Comp, 56cm, new, Red/White, £950

Raleigh Airlite 200, 51cm, carbon fork, new, Blue/White, Sora, £420

Raleigh Aura, Women's specific, new, White/Aqua, carbon fork 44cm, Sora, £430

Many other bikes coming through regularly, let me know what you're looking for by e.mail kyles-trachan@yahoo.com or on 07813941287.

ETs Abroad

Steve Law at Glastonbury



Craggy Island Triathlon !

Joel Sylvester



[Craggy Island Triathlon.

This is what Scottish Triathlon should be all about. We don't have the smooth roads of California, or the warm water of Hawaii. We can't match the ease with which they can close roads on continental Europe. We certainly don't have the sunshine and beach culture of Australia. So why pretend? Scotland could be the world centre for off-road triathlon, and a combination of No Fuss Events (Ben Nevis Triathlon), Paul McGreal (Durdy Tri) and others are doing a good job of making happen.

The Craggy Island Triathlon is a McGreal creation, located on the small island of Kerrera, which sits just off Oban, between the mainland and Mull. When I say it's his creation, it was probably his idea, along with Duncan who runs the very small ferry across to the island, and with the help of what seemed like the entire population of the island (all 30 of them). Paul had been going to Kerrera for years, and probably knows everyone on the island. Certainly Duncan does. I'd been to Kerrera a couple of times in the past few years and knew how beautiful it was, so when Paul emailed me to tell me about the race he was planning I signed up that day.

A simple concept, with some difficult logistics for the organisers. Ferry 200 competitors across the 500m of sea to the island, with their bikes and all their kit. Let them set up transition. Ferry them all back again to the mainland. Oh, the ferry can only take 12 people at a time, so more boats join in. Follow them as they swim back to the island. Then a mountain bike ride around the island on land rover tracks and footpaths. Finally a hill run over rough terrain, often pathless, to the highest point on the island followed by a break neck descent to the southern tip of the island to finish below a genuine ruined castle. Meanwhile a van full of competitors dry clothing, a buffet for 200+, and plenty tea and cake had made it's way to the finish line.

To put more pressure on Paul, it was all going to

be filmed for The Adventure Show. I was interviewed as I was setting up in transition. Transition was a field. It had been mowed, which helped since we'd have lost our bikes in the long grass otherwise. Real old school, lie your bike down anywhere you like.

I was approached by a film crew. Actually, I knew the interviewer Duncan McCallum from 20+ years ago, he was a top Scottish climber back then, but he didn't know me. It went something like this.

Q. You seem to be picking your spot in transition very carefully. What are you looking for?

A. Ermmm. Errrh. Hmmm. Mmm trying to put my bike somewhere I'll be able to find it easily.

Q. Have you done many of these type of events?

A. Mmmm, errrh, yes, mmmm, waffle, errrh, etc etc.

I doubt they'll use it. The group of girls they interviewed next were far more eloquent, and dare I say, just a little more photogenic than me, even in my best race Lycra.

Astonishingly, considering the heinous logistics and that this was the first time the race had been put on, we started bang on time.

I swam across the sound. I cycled around the island, fast. I passed lots of people. A few passed me. I got rather muddy. I ran over the island. I passed more people. No one passed me. Fell on my bum on the way down. Finished with a sprint downhill.

It was the shortest, fastest race I've done in years. It took me 1hr26. It must be 8 years since I last did a race that short. I felt awesome!

The TV crew approached me again.

Q. So how was that?

A. That was fantastic! What a wonderful race, absolutely brilliant! What a wonderful place, what a fantastic race, I enjoyed it so much, etc etc.

Somehow, being out of breath and and in oxygen debt actually improved my replies. Weird.

I cleaned off in the sea. I had a good chat with old friends (remember Caroline Wallace? She now teaches one of my daughters best friends. I feel old). There was masses of food, and then a ride back to the jetty sitting on straw bails on a trailer pulled by a tractor. How good is that?

Go on, stop doing all those boring miles on the road and pavement. Go train in the Pentland's and at Glentress, its way more fun.

PS - The Adventure Show will be on (or was on) 7pm on Tuesday October 18th.

Tour de Ben Nevis (47 mile MTB race)

I fell off on the first descent and hurt my knee. I got a proper poorly. But the subsequent 5.5hrs of cycling through big puddles, burns and wading through rivers washed the wound out and its healing nicely thank you. Of course if I hadn't carried on it might not have swollen up and I may have been able to walk properly this week. I'll never know

Embrunman

Gary Fegan



Preamble

18 months ago after deciding not to race Edinburgh Marathon due to being far from fit I talked a great training mate (Adam) into entering Embrunman 2011. I simply described it as possibly the toughest Iron Distance race there is situated in the French Alps, with over 5000 metres (yes metres not feet) of climbing taking in the Hors Category Col D'Izoard at 80 km into the cycle for good measure (there's always a debate about whether or not Norseman is tougher, either way its bloody tough!) in a relatively easy to get to location without the need for the full Norseman support crew. Adam being as daft as me said if I entered and *actually* toed the line, then he'd do it. I'm pretty sure he thought that once again he'd be there on his own in 2011, with me making excuses about being fat and unfit and talking up the next big pipe dream.

About July 2010 I started running again and then decided I was going to get some proper coaching, this was for a few reasons; proper accountability, proper structure and to finally spend more time training than taking about triathlon. My previous race was Lanzarote 2009 where I was out of shape and came in over 12 hours in a pretty bad state.

When it came to choosing a coach I knew it would be through the then relatively new Team TBB (The bicycle Boutique) coaching programme (where Jodie Swallow is now, Bella and Stephen Bayliss trained and most notably Chris-sie Wellington cut her teeth as a pro) , next it was finding the right coach. The choice was made even easier when after posting on Facebook that I would either be choosing Batman (James Cunnam) or Robin (Scott DeFilippis) as my new coach, that I got message from Scott that he'd be up for it. Decision made – Visa card out and the journey begins!

The Training

I told Scott I had two aims (which would quickly become 3), firstly to run a sub-3 marathon at my home Edinburgh marathon in May 2011 and to complete Embrunman. Scott was totally unfazed by my current lacking of training and I still re-

member my first swim session “Go get wet” (I'd not been swimming in months).

The TBB philosophy of building volume then holding it (no periodization – train for the now) was what I'd signed up for, although even I was shocked with a zero to 16 hour training week jump but I'd given Scott a “no bullshit” brief and he's stuck to it ever since, or as he put it “no cupcake workouts”.

I then asked Scott if he thought it was OK to tackle IM Wales less than 4 weeks after Embrunman – “sounds great” – only in Team TBB!!!

A plug for Scott and the TBB coaches – like everyone my lifestyle, background, strengths and weaknesses are different for yours and in the last 12 months these have continued to change. From having a baby in November, to crazy work weeks and a period out of work Scott has adapted and changed the programme and load to fit not only my circumstances but my goals and their needs. There's no boiler plate stock standard training week for any athletes – the session may look similar but the structure is unique to each person, something you don't find for double the price in many places.

In May the sub-3 was done with time to spare through my standard IM training and no taper with a sub 80min 1/2M shortly before.

Embrunman

If you follow Team TBB then you'll know of Embrunman, you may have heard it mentioned on the IM Talk podcast but outside of this there's very little coverage of this amazing race. Let me say right now, this should be on your bucket list! Not everyone is going to make it to Kona but anyone can sign up for this and they should. You'll not get the kids high fiving you on the streets and Kona, you'll not have families camped out in the middle of nowhere looking up your name in a race list and shouting “Allez, allez – courage- Gareee”. Make no mistake this race is brutal, the heat, the climbing and a bloody tough run but nowhere will you get the same respect and support just for toeing the line whether you take 9 ½ or 16 ½ hours to get round. This year about 900 started, nearly 100 DNF'd.

Swim

Having not raced a triathlon for 2 ½ years I was remarkably calm at the start. I knew the work

had been done and this race was all about the experience but running into a lake with over 900 others in the pitch black wasn't something you do every day so I decide to stay out of the "biff" and ease into it. For the first third of the 1st lap I stayed out of the pack and swam solo, then as I got over the initial nerves I decided to look for a draft, a couple of attempts later I found the perfect swimmer – pace was steady but easily maintainable, his sighting was good and he was happy to swim solo out of trouble, better still he had luminous yellow stripes on the wetsuit legs so easy to re-locate at the turn-around buoys. So like a limpet I stuck to his feet for the rest of the swim and he pulled me out into the sunrise in 57 minutes, which for a leisurely and stress free swim I was pretty chuffed with, a 3 minute PB.

Out the water and handed a plastic cup of tea, why not eh? Then into T1 for a quick change and off on the main event – the most challenging IM distance + 8km bike course there is.



Swim Stats: 57.43, 95th place.

Bike

Scott's orders were – take it easy on the bike and eat / drink every 15 minutes. Normally I

don't try solids in races, preferring to fill a 750ml bottle full of gels. So I had my gels prepared as normal but carried some extra stuff as a) the bike was going to take considerably longer than normal and b) there would be some long descents where eating solids should be easier.

Out of transition and I was prepared for the first climb of the day to come at 600m – it came at 200m! With the watch interval timer set to go off every 15 minutes I tried to get ahead of the nutrition plan get a bar and as much gel into me early on – so much so that I'd get 3 hours' worth of gels downed in 1 ½ hours. The bike course has to be ridden to be believed, it really is stunning, the plan of taking it easy was tested by immediately being in the 39/28 after less than 2 minutes – I spent a good part of the day in this gear to keep an easy effort going and was able to cope easily with the cadence changes as the pitch altered on the hills.

I must praise the race organisers – this event has a marshal at every intersection, every junction or roundabout and even farm tracks that join the route, there's Gendarmes stopping cars and waving you through traffic and for a race profile that's crazy, there were over 15 motorcycle draft busters – exceptional organisation throughout!

The route predominantly only has traffic allowed in the same direction so there's lots of people hanging out of passing cars shouting support, it also makes the descents much more fun although I'd have made Andy Schleck look like a descending God the way I was going, continually passed by riders going twice my speed and cornering with ease. This was a bit annoying as I'd spent a good 20 minutes of each climb struggling past them, just to see this advantage swept away in the blink of an eye – being a bit overweight, you'd have thought it would have been me hurtling down the mountain, lesson - must grow a pair!

The second ½ of the bike route is pretty much 3 tough climbs with the last being in Embrun itself, having kept it well under control on the bike, these climbs didn't pose too much difficulty although the last 1000ft of climbing did seem to take forever and being in a hosed area you can't see the summit. The descent back to the finish has the worst road surface of the whole route making it a bone shaker of a finish. In fact the times where I really had to control my effort where on the flatter sections where I'd be chasing down the groups that had just whizzed by me!

Bike Stats: 7:06:30, Places gained 20, new

found respect for tour riders - LOTS!!!

Run

Scott's kind words before the race we're "The run is going to hurt like a f@*&\$r" so after a T2 were I dropped all my gels at least twice and forgot to remove anything in my pockets from the bike I wasn't particularly looking forward to this. I knew it had a few ups and downs but I didn't realise how many and how steep. A hot



wind had been picking up throughout the day and the temperature had broken 30 degrees, coming from Scotland 2 days before, where we've had the wettest summer since records began hadn't really been the best acclimatisation, so you can imagine my surprise at being asked to zip up my tri-suit by a referee "No nudity". The first 10K went well even managing to keep running up the climbs, 50 minutes, excellent so 3:30 pace – that'll show Scott!!!

Anyway, who knows best? (Turns out Scott!!). So as the heat started to take its toll the pace started to drop finishing the first lap in 1:50 but still on target for dipping under 12 hours overall

so happy enough. After the first lap I saw my Adam just finishing off his first lap, I guessed he was about 3 minutes behind (it was 8) and thought "Oh, he's flying and the catch is on in the next 3 miles". This seemed to flick a switch and instantly my pace just plummeted to a shuffle, I couldn't run the climbs and then struggled to get any pace going when it levelled out. Thoughts of sub 12 vanished and I started to wonder if I would even finish. Thoughts like "maybe Adam will stick with me and help me get to the end", "I wonder how much Adam will beat me by". Then as I reached a flatter section things started to work again and the pace lifted slightly, suddenly the km's were ticking by and Adam hadn't caught up, maybe he was finding this just as hot as I was? So with the mental collapse over I started working out the time left to dip under 12 hours – it was just about possible. So I dug deep and started to push the pace as hard as I could without blowing up. Unfortu-



nately aid stations were critical and I needed to stop and get fluids down me as well as getting a good soaking from the sponges to try and cool off, even if just a bit. I also weaved from side to side of the road to try and take advantage of any shade there was, which wasn't much. The last

section into to town is downhill and I was flying, easily running 6 minute miles and flying past those on their first laps. The support throughout the run had been fantastic but the sight of this pale sweaty Scotsman flying down the hill got them cheering even louder – they really did appreciate anyone making an effort. Onto the river path for the last stretch home and I shelter behind a guy who is running brilliantly (he ran a 3:24) and I can tell he's going for sub 12 too, maybe he can pull me along as the wheels are starting to fall off after the earlier effort. About 2k before the finish there's a sharp little climb and I can't keep on his tail, I realise that I'll not make under 12 so just cruise to the finish for a total time of 12:01:27, 54th place and first British finisher (not that there were lots of us).

Run Stats: 3:50:26 Places gained 21, physical state – totally destroyed.

Acknowledgements

Firstly to my ever patient wife Ella, who puts up with the mountains of stinking lycra, with me shuffling out of the house at silly AM to go swimming, the nights where I'm sitting in compression gear struggling to stay awake past 8pm and the general selfish lifestyle that accompanies Iron

Distance training. I don't thank you enough, I probably never can.

To my local training buddy Andy "Strath" Strath-dee who pulls me around the hills on the bike in all weather and has started joining me on the track doing endless 800m reps and puts up with my endless whinging.

My distant training partners, notably Adam "CRAB" Bardsley, Nick "Rosey" Rose and Chris "The meenan-machinan" Meenan.

Lastly to Scott "Scotty-D" DeFilippis my ever patient coach. With the exception of my immediate family I've had more contact with you than anyone else over the last year – as Batman would say "onwards and upwards".

Finally I'd like to dedicate this race report to Emma Rand who tripped with 4km to go in the marathon, fracturing her jaw in 4 places. You've nothing to prove, you had it in the bag!

Ironman Austria

Fiona Milligan



Never date a triathlete...

I suppose my journey towards the start line at Ironman Austria began when I met Karl and learned about triathlon and Ironman in particular – as far as I can recall I had never heard of Ironman until then. Karl used to make comments about “when you do your first Ironman...” which I would laugh off, but secretly I knew the challenge was there and it was something I was thinking about. I already did a fair bit of hillwalking, but started fitting triathlon training in around and instead of that. I did various sprints and a standard, and then in 2010 I concentrated mostly on duathlon, qualifying for and racing at the World Duathlon Championships in Edinburgh. I started thinking quite seriously about Ironman, and thought that maybe Austria would be a good race to aim for, given that the course was relatively undemanding and that it would be in Karl’s home country. Karl did the Double Enduroman earlier in 2010 and once that was over he and his Ironman friend Gareth started talking about 2011. I’ve always supported Karl in whatever events he’s wanted to do, but I don’t think that when he said to me “Gareth and I are talking about doing Austria in 2011,” he really expected the response “Well if you are doing Austria, I want to do it with you.” So, the day after the 2010 race, the two of us sat with our laptops ready to enter the moment entries opened – and we both duly entered.

For the next 12 months I trained. Karl put together my training plan and I (mostly) did what he told me. He provides online coaching as part of his business (www.dzfitness.co.uk). I did a lot of swimming over the winter. I got a second hand time trial bike (I had planned to just put clip-ons on my road bike). I spent time on the turbo. After a fairly minor injury problem over Christmas and New Year I cautiously got back into running, and practiced run-walk strategies. We eventually got the TT bike set up and I started to get used to it – in retrospect I wish I’d got onto it much sooner. I became a stranger to my hillwalking friends and didn’t go up a hill for months and months. Instead I did various long cycles including one of over 180km. I’d never

actually done a middle distance triathlon, so the plan was to do Bala Middle 3 weeks before Austria as a dry run/confidence builder, with a tryout for nutrition, run/walk, etc. Unfortunately I DNFed after the swim due to the cold, and the following week I spend several days in bed with some sort of virus. Not totally ideal, but by the time it was time to fly out to Austria I was pretty much recovered (apart from a runny nose).

We got to our very nice apartment in Krumpendorf on the Wednesday before the race, which gave us plenty of time to register, go for a practice swim or two, sort the bikes out, sit around, rack the bikes and sort out our transition bags, go to the pasta party, and so on. So on race day we got up bright and early, drove down to Klagenfurt where Karl dropped me off before having issues parking the car... I got my tires pumped up and my nutrition attached to my bike before finding Karl, so he got the track pump and got himself sorted and we got into our wet suits and dropped off our street wear bags and then we walked down to the start together. Standing on the beach I was suddenly overcome with the emotion of it all and nearly started crying, somewhat to Karl’s bemusement. Anyway I got my head together and as they counted us down to the start we waded out together. The starting hooter sounded and I assumed I wouldn’t see Karl again for several hours.

Swim.

I loved the swim. It was enormous fun to swim out into a beautiful warm lake, surrounded by hundreds of others, with boats following and hot air balloons going up. In fact, when we got to the first turn buoy, I stopped and breast stroked for a moment just so I could look around and take everything in! The canal was a bit more crowded, but I managed to move around or away from any people who were bumping me, and eventually I got to the end of the swim and was hauled out onto the beach. I thought I might feel dizzy or something, but I assume the fact I’d taken it so steadily helped with that. I walked and then jogged through the crowds to transition, got my bag – and then spotted Karl! I was delighted to see that he had made it through the swim, but I knew he would be disappointed with a swim time that was similar to mine. I followed him and said hello. “What are you doing here?” he asked. “Annoying you,” I replied... we shared a quick kiss and then got on with our own transi-

tions. I had contact lenses to put in (another pre-race worry that went fine) and got sunscreen onto as much of me as I could reach. Karl headed out, and this time I knew he would leave me behind. When I was ready I headed out myself.

Swim time 1:24:10, T1 11:09

Bike

I had a heart rate target, which I stuck to very carefully (except on the hills). I was determined to ride my own race. People went flying past me. There were patches of support on that first stretch along the lakeside, and more as we came up through Rosegg, but that didn't prepare me for the first hill. This was several people deep, all making a noise. The sound was incredible – you couldn't hear yourself think. It was extraordinary. I'm just some woman who works in an office, and here were all these people out cheering me on. I was doing OK at this point, but by the half way point I could have quite happily got off the bike. I hurt in various places (partly due to my saddle not being at quite the right angle, I think), I was tired – and I still had to do another lap! I realised that I was somewhat under 3.5 hours, so, with 7 hours being my target for the bike, I eased off and relaxed during the run down into Klagenfurt. I also took some ibuprofen, which got rid of the pain-in-unmentionable-places, and things looked a bit better. I think I saw the eventual winner Marino Vanhoenacker coming in to finish his bike leg just as I headed out for my second lap! After a bit I took a pee stop, and then it was off for another lap. This was a much quieter affair than the first one, especially on the 1st climb, but there were still a lot of people out there! A special mention for the group somewhere on the high plateau after the second climb who were playing Austrian brass band folk music! Eventually I rolled back into T2 – this time I put in a bit of an effort coming down the hill to see if I could get under 7 hours – in the end I didn't quite manage it, but that didn't matter. I racked my bike, and headed for the changing tent, where I got a very nice helper who sorted me out and stopped me before I headed out on the run course still in my cycling gloves!

Bike 7:02:12. T2 7:45

Run

I'd trained for a 9:1 run:walk, but I also knew that I was going to walk the feed stations, and I wasn't sure how the two things would fit together. In the end I mostly just timed a 1 minute walk through each feed station, and also took a cou-

ple of other walk breaks when I needed them. I felt fine as I set off, and jogged along quite happily. After a bit I saw Gareth's girlfriend, and then not much further on I saw my parents, which was great! So I stopped to talk to them, and then headed out towards Krumpendorf. I spotted Gareth and kept looking for Karl. In Krumpendorf I saw Karl's parents – they were on the return side of the route, so it wasn't till I was going back that I got to talk to them and ask how Karl was doing – I was glad to hear that he was out on the run course, and not long after that I saw him coming the other way on his second lap. I went through the first 10km in about 1h05 – 1h10, and 20km in about 2h20. Back through the start/finish area and I didn't see my parents, which was a bit disappointing – I assumed they'd just been away from the course at the wrong moment, and headed to central Klagenfurt. I'd had a bit of a sore gut coming off the bike, but this settled ok, much to my relief, and I moved on from just water at the feed stations to energy drink and gels, bits of banana, once a huge bit of



watermelon (nice and juicy but I'm not sure how much nutrition there is in watermelon...) Back to

the midpoint, still no sign of my parents, where had they got to? However Karl's parents had now appeared in this area – I waved at his Dad, caught my toe on something, and went sprawling onto the ground! No real harm done, except that I took a load of skin off my elbow. I wasn't too sure what to do about this, as it was bleeding quite a bit, but fortunately I came across a couple of first aiders and got them to put a bandage on it. This was where things started to go a little bit wrong, as I still felt good and I started to push the pace on a little bit – or maybe I was working harder to maintain the same pace. Back through Krumpendorf, and there were my parents! It was good to see them again, but I realised that they were not going to come back to the finish (maybe I should have told them that they had to be there...was a long day for them too though). At about 30 km I realised I had been going a bit too hard, everything started to hurt and there seemed to be a long way still to go. I took more ibuprofen, and just kept pushing along. On the first lap the course was really busy with all the faster athletes on their second lap – now it was just us slow people slogging it out. I was pleased to see that I was one of the few still running – though it was a proper Ironman shuffle by now. Back to the turn point in Klagenfurt and I knew I was nearly there. This gave me new energy, and I legged it most of the way back to the finish (stopping only for my second pee of the run leg – for the first I'd had to use a revolting portaloos which had obviously been previously occupied

by someone with “gut issues”. You men don't know how lucky you are...) The support on the run leg was great throughout. So to the finish chute, gave Karl a kiss on the way, and enjoyed the “You are an Ironman” moment – in fact I spent so long enjoying myself that someone I'd passed on the approach caught me up again!

Run 4:41:44

Got my medal, met up with Karl, and headed for the athletes' tent. I got some horribly salty pizza, and some ice-creams which were nice but by then it was getting a bit chilly, so not ideal. As well as lots of nice food, Karl had promised me a hot tub full of fit, naked men, but this seemed to have been discontinued too and replaced by cold showers – I didn't bother. After a bit we got our bikes and so on, got them into the car and headed for Krumpendorf and bed.

Total time 13:27:00. I had no expectations for time, all I wanted to do was finish, and I did that. What I hadn't expected was how much I enjoyed it! I had thought that it would all be really hard work, and it wasn't like that at all. In spite of this, I have no immediate plans to enter another one. I've lots of other things I want to do, and I just don't have time to do everything. I'm not saying “never again”, though, just “not right now”...

Coast 2 Coast: The Scenic Route

Kyle Strachan



I believe they say if you want something done then ask a busy man. It's been a busy year for me and somehow I managed to throw in a couple of fun races to maintain the variety in life. That kinda makes it sound like the year is done, but the Cx season is just starting!! Majik!

So... start with the usual endless kit explosion... everything laid out all over the house, stacked up in transition piles, all checked and double checked, checked again then wrapped up in

plastic as the weather was expected to be grim and the few seconds of dry kit would bring a welcome comfort I guessed! The hardest pile as ever was the food pile, I'm no fan of energy bars and it was due to be a long day so some interesting as well as energy giving snacks were required. I eat “a lot” on any normal day so for this day the pile was big!

With all the piles and one of the bikes stuffed into the now bursting car, padded out with camping kit and some extra food, we strapped on another bike and a boat, then headed North up the A9, stopping on route as ever in the Mountain Cafe in Aviemore for some more food!

A bit of a surprise came at registration in Nairn

when I was told only 17 people were in my category, which was half of last years number. I was expecting closer to 100!

A bit of food, followed by a bike drop off then a quick scan of the start point. Rumor had it that we started with our feet in the sea, which I didn't fancy, favoring dry feet wherever possible. As it turned out neither were the case!

What felt like a few minutes (actually around 7 sleepless hours) later I was back on the start line, all 15 of us (2 down already!) Keeping my positive head on I was thankful it wasn't snowing. Every other word in the dictionary of weather was in play though! Dry feet lasted till just after I stepped out the car! Pouring with jungle style rain! Bring it on!

A quick bit of confusion from the organisers (often known as a briefing) and some baffled "experts" ran off into the dark, leaving some even more baffled support crews to kick in and perform to their highest possible standards! It was wet and slippery 7ish miles to our bikes. The route was on a riverside single track. We'd have been drier running in the river, but it was a giggle!!

In and out of transition, dry now but a bit dull and cold, still early though. A good bike route on the backroads running parallel to Loch Ness, then a quick turn to the North and a major descent to the Lochside for T2. This first bike section was cold as it was into the wind and we were soaked. Bit lonely as well, as there was no one else around till very near the end. The headwind would be a feature of the whole day, but that was as expected.

T2 was a bit of a blur, but I do remember dipping a croissant into some warm mushroom soup, followed by an avocado and cream cheese croissant, followed by another! Then before I knew it my fave paddling socks had been put on me and I was being pushed off to look for Nessie on the way to Fort Augustus, 12 miles away. Turn-body, not-arms, reach-forward, head-up, loose-shoulders, splash-splash was the timing chant most of the way. If only I'd kept it in my head and not out loud. I'm no paddler and the couple of guys who passed me, chanting away (while I wasn't stopped for a picnic!) must have thought I was losing the plot, but you have to have lost it to get a place!

A good few hours of speaking to myself later came one of the hardest parts of the day... getting out of my boat! Having warmed up nicely on the first run, I went straight out on the bike to keep a steady 30kmph for a while, only to sit my

lower half down for a few hours. I do use my legs when I'm paddling, but not enough to stop them stiffening up beyond belief. There was a marshall at the Lochside in Fort Augustus to beep us in. Once beeped I held up my hand to ask for a wee pull, he promptly got shouted at for helping me and was getting a row as I stripped of beside him to start the sprint (aye right!) to my waiting cross bike with croissant!

Fed and back on a bike I was a happy man, the paddle was good but I was glad it was behind me. The sun was now high in the sky and things were going well. The towpath made for rapid progress and I made good time. This was defo the right choice of bike for this section and I was loving it. It has a habit of reminding your that "this is not a mountain bike" on single track, but on canal paths its full speed ahead! I like!

Off the canal path and onto the Great Glen Way, single track, walking trail and forestry roads. I had one very TDF moment when a photographer got in the way so I politely-ish encouraged him to relocate. Also had one high speed but mild reminder that "this is not a mountain bike" on a wide and rapid loose corner. Managed to stay on somehow, my chamois was mud caked anyway so no one would notice ;-)

Out of the woods and into aero position to Claggan, Fort William. Tarmac now so up to cruise speed in the sun, amazing views of the North Face of the Ben, lots of memories there for me which widened my smile. Actually got a bit warm on this bit!

Got stopped at the canal/road crossing barrier as a sail boat was passing the swing bridge. There was a couple of heavily laden tour bikes sitting at the line. "you look like you're in a hurry" one said. It was nice to eat something without having to really try not to inhale it, so I savored the moment despite some slight frustration.

Into transition, I'd lost count by then, for a feed (no prizes for guessing...) first pee of the day and off on foot up the Ben path, bit stiff but going well, mid afternoon on a Saturday I shared in the millions of people who were no doubt asking themselves "what shall I wear?" at the very moment in time, I was probably one of the few who opted for a tri suit, buffalo and fell shoes!

Just over 14 miles later after a long "wade" in sections and a very deep, muddy descent, I was back at the waterside, being pushed off yet again, though this time there was no croissant hanging out of my mouth (shame) I could hear the PA and crowd at the finish which was a big motivator. After a bit of a de-tour I was stripping

off my boat kit for the final run over the line, 600 loooooong meters, which flew by as I could sense someone close behind (sensing is good when you can't muster the energy to actually look!)

And then it was over! Just like that! I had to stop, sit down even! Be still for a moment! But I had a medal round my neck and a smile-ish on my face. I was a bit frazzled but happy to have nailed it given the training regime I'd not completed, or started.

Now I've had time to think about it, it was majik, the view of the Ben was amazing and even the paddle was enjoyable. There was a big rainbow to greet us at the highest point of the second run which made the day. The croissants were simply fab! I'm very aware that none of them or any of this wouldn't have happened without my amazing support crew, THANKS CLAIRE!!! x x

Portobello Aquathlon

Phil Parr-Burman



The last proper event of the season is traditionally the Porty Aquathlon. A last ditch, blow it all before the end, event. Short, fast and furious, and often attended by some of the local elites, this year it was Kirsty Lang.

The water was flat, the sun was shining. Six ETs were there. The results were:

Pictures opposite were taken by Mandy, my wife, who considers triathlon too boring to watch,

but agreed to be team photographer. That's how it turned out anyway, since despite not knowing any of the team she somehow managed to get photos of almost all of us. Just not Barbara, and not Seonaid, who retired hurt part way through the swim when a swimmer decided to do a breaststroke kick and kicked her in the teeth. Not nice.

Keira got a free wetsuit, as the first local lady home. Some of us got some bling, particularly Barbara who is Scottish Champion again.

Pos	Name	Category	Time	CategPos	Swim	Run
14	Tony Rose	Veteran	00:32:00	2	00:12:31	00:19:29
16	Keira Murray	Senior	00:32:04	4	00:14:48	00:17:15
36	Phil Parr-Burman	Super Veteran	00:36:44	2	00:15:56	00:20:48
47	David Forrester	Senior	00:39:48	11	00:16:09	00:23:38
70	Barbara Davis	Vintage	00:48:27	1	00:22:37	00:25:50



Profile: Alexandra Tucker

Describe yourself in 10 words

I think I am quiet but friendly, sporty and adventurous

What age group are you in?

28

What's your day job?

Professional student! I'm currently doing a post grad nursing degree. I also work for Go ape! in the summer and as a ski instructor in the winter

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

I joined in August 2011 and like that everyone is very friendly and of all abilities

What are your ambitions in triathlon?

I have never done a triathlon so next year, once I'm hopefully a bit fitter, I would like to have a go

What is your favourite club session?

I enjoy the Wednesday session because I enjoy running in a group- I'm so lazy when I run on my own!

Did you come to triathlon from another sport?

I did modern pentathlon until 2005

What's your favourite piece of kit?

Trainers, finding a pair that fit and don't cause pain or blisters is a big bonus!

What one thing would improve your performance?

More training! I have only just started doing any form of real exercise again this summer since 2005!

What has been your best racing or training moment?

In 2003/4 I qualified for the world-class potential programme as a junior in modern pentathlon

What has been your worst racing or training moment?

In 2004 I had 1 fence down in the showjumping phase of an international junior tetrathlon, I would have won the event if the fence had stayed up.

What is your favourite post-race treat?

Any food that is filled with calories and unhealthy- I feel I deserve it after a race!

Who or what inspires you?

I love watching the Olympics, watching the worlds best in any sport is inspirational

If you could replace one triathlon discipline with something else, what would it be?

I would replace the bike with a horse to give my legs a little rest before the run!



Profile: Natasha Moir

Describe yourself in 10 words

motivated, driven, clumsy, studious, friendly, organised, smiley, busy, currently unfit and a TV-series addict...

What age group are you in?

25-29

What's your day job?

Junior doctor

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

I just joined in August, I like that everyone is really friendly but also work really hard

What are your ambitions in triathlon?

I'd like to podium at a British age group championships in the age-group I'm in just now...

What is your favourite club session?

I'd have to say swimming as they are the only sessions I've managed to make so far!

Did you come to triathlon from another sport?

Running... and ultimate frisbee!

What's your favourite piece of kit?

My IM timex watch, the first one I ever had that did splits

What one thing would improve your performance?

Being about a stone lighter!

What has been your best racing or training moment?

The first race I ever did - I came second in a local sprint – and I knew I wanted to keep training for and racing triathlons

What has been your worst racing or training moment?

Crying and howling with pain as feet and hands defrost after wintery cycles

What is your favourite post-race treat?

A burger, some chocolate and some milkshake

Who or what inspires you?

Books by/about real people who have achieved great things, both in sports/their own lives/politics etc

Name three songs you would recommend for a

training session.

Fans by Kings of Leon, sweet disposition by the temper trap, such great heights by the postal service





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