

No Exclusives!

Thinnest Tribull
Ever!

Kyle selling stuff!

et
edinburgh
triathletes

TRibull

April 2012



Keira kos for kold and keira kets the kold !

The Editor Says

Phil Parr-Burman



Well I did say we were short of articles didn't I. On top of which I failed to ask any of you to do a profile. Must try harder.

That leaves plenty of space for me to gripe about being disqualified at the Stirling Duathlon. After 12 years of racing my first ever penalty of any kind, and for drafting! All I can say is it was a bum rap. I always wondered how the motorbike draftbusters remember numbers of people they spot drafting. Now I know - they don't remember. They see people drafting, they take a photo.

Whoever is in the photo was therefore drafting. I happened to be passing. I was busted.

One point of advice. Don't do what I did (pull out at the last second, within a wheels diameter) - make sure that when you pass anyone you leave a wide berth from a long way back.

More articles please !

Kyle's Classifieds

Sales Bikes....

Full carbon, Raleigh SP race, white, 60cm, new/unridden, Ultegra gear train and brakes, FSA crank set, Shimano RS20 wheelset, Suit someone 5'10" ish or over, £1250

Raleigh Airlite 400, 51cm, white/green, 105 geartrain, FSA crankset, CXR 330 wheelset, carbon fork, alloy frame, Michelin tyres, ex-display, fit someone with a 70 to 90 cm inside leg (approx) price includes fitting service. £525

Raleigh Airlite 100, 51cm, ex-demo/display, Black/white, Shimano and FSA geartrain, Michelin tyres, Nova wheels, Alloy frame, Fit someone with roughly a 70 - 90 cm inside leg, price includes fitting service. £325

Women's specific road bike, Raleigh Aura, 43cm, Sora, new/unridden, 2011, £365

Summer bikes bits...

Tri Bars, RTB250, £40

Michelin Pro 3 tyres, 700 x 23c, £60 pair, fitted.

Dry chain oil, Muck off dry, £3

Track pump, SKS Renkompressor, £42

Computer, Sigma BCS1609 STS + CAD, wireless (inc cadence) £60

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Rock and Roll Half Marathon

Lynn Hanley



Reasons for doing a race in your home town:

You know you can get a bus home if it all goes pear shaped!

Your pals turn out to cheer you on round the route.

You know where all the public loo's are on the way round!

Lots of your pals are running too so there's someone to chat to in the loo queue before the race and then go for tea and cakes after.

No hotel bills.

It's a few years since I did a Half marathon but this one was good timing for our bid to do the Beaver (Yes we've heard it all before....pnaar pnaar!)

The sun came out for us and the course was good if a tad hilly but you are in Edinburgh for goodness sake!

Picking up our numbers on Saturday we were a bit annoyed to see you could still get a number for under £30! (I paid £38 as an early bird some

folk more than that!)

The start was well organised into pens that were set off in waves so we were straight into our stride from the word go.

My hope was to get home in 2 hours or just under after struggling with niggles in any run over an hour. I managed 1 hour 52 and felt quite strong at the finish if a bit sore! So Beaver training working.

One thing I really enjoyed was that we were only running!! No kit problems there!! I cycled to the start (another good thing about a race at home) so no worries about parking.

So well done to all my friends who all seemed to have a good race and a special mention for Steve's band playing at the Meadows. Fantastic the best band on the route (and I'm not just saying that!) Steve said they played for 2 hours, surely as hard as running the race?!

Now where is that large glass of wine I promised myself?

Club Wetsuits and Bike Boxes

Phil Parr-Burman



Some of you newer members might not realise that the club has a few wetsuits and bike boxes available for use by members. The wetsuits are loaned out for you to try before you commit to open water racing (there's nothing better by the way). The bike boxes are for transporting your

racing machine safely to a place where you can race in the sun. We charge £25 for that, since they're pretty good boxes and aren't cheap.

Well its been decided that the person who looks after both things is me, and I shall henceforth be known, when wearing this hat, as Keeper of The Stuff That's Useful for Races. See my contact details on the back page.

Tranent Sprint Tri

Andrew McMenigall



When all the dates are published in the middle of winter, and events become open, I tend not to give much thought to the events once I have entered them. I have entered Tranent the past two years, and was quite aware of how early in the calendar it is. Well this year it was actually earlier than ever. The immediate concern was that it would be too cold in its slot of early March rather than the usual late March. Worry not on that one, as the sun shone on us once more.

The pleasing thing was that there were a few more of us taking part this year than in the last few years. Maybe a function of how busy the races have become, or maybe a function of general eagerness to put some of the hard training into practice. The bike route had reverted back to its original route from the previous years alternative route. In addition the run route was been tackled this year in the opposite direction from previous years.

I met Mike Brown in registration, who had been causing some confusion. He was proudly sporting a number 19 on arm and leg, which would have had him swimming in the last and fastest swim wave. This only came to light when Kiera Murray mentioned that some had already taken her number. Mike should have taken number 90, and not 19. Thankfully no harm done, other than the additional markings on Mike's arm and leg. I shall refrain from saying anything about senior moments!

I saw Sarah Bryson at the briefing, and met her two sisters that were also competing. They were busy giving each other helpful advice, as only sisters can! Phil was also looking his relaxed self, as he was due off in the last wave, so plenty of time between briefing and kick off for him. I did not see Gavin at the briefing, and despite having seen him earlier in the week, and him being really up for it, I thought that for some reason he had not made it. I should not have worried as he had managed to register early and then steel away and catch some of his daughter's hockey in nearby Haddington.

It was also good to see some other of our GB representatives competing. Arnott Kidd was

appearing for the first time since his star appearance in Triathlon 220. Which if you have not read is worthwhile getting a copy. As usual he turned up on spec and managed to get a slot. In addition Francesca and Neal were in attendance as cheerleaders for Barbara, who looked resplendent in his GB outfit. She did however incur the ire of the officials at the swim. She put down 20 minutes for her predicted swim time, and found herself in the first wave, swimming with two breaststrokers. The good news was that she was fast enough to overtake during a length, which she happened to do a number of times. Thankfully her indiscretion was not punished, but she might not be so fortunate in the future.

As a consequence she was out of the pool by some way ahead of anybody else from her wave. The potential loneliness of her cycle I have to believe would have been alleviated by the presence of her mobile fan club, as both Francesca and Neal looked ready to jump on their bikes. Wave Two was Mike Brown's wave. He looked good for the first four lengths, but seemed to slow towards the end of the swim.

The penultimate wave was the one I was in. I was pleased to see that I had managed to find myself as the slowest person in the wave. Given that I believe that my swim is my weakest discipline, I was looking forward to chasing targets out on the bike and the run route. Unfortunately it did not quite work out like that, but more on that later. Sarah was one of the fastest in the wave was well out of the pool before I eventually emerged.

Isn't funny how no matter how well you prepare, there is always the propensity for something unexpected to occur. I was looking forward to trying to latch onto the swimmer in front of me who, in my mind, was going to pull me along. Well much to my disappointment, he went off like an Olympic sprinter, bugger! Next thing my, never leaked before goggles, leaked, and I lost the contact lens in my left eye. So far so good! I know it is only 30 lengths, but I had hoped to get some drafting in. I caught up with the guy that had started off first in the lane after he had been overtaken by everyone else, about the half way point. I thought 'bingo', but after only 2 lengths of drafting he invited me through. Which was probably fair, but then he proceeded, to draft behind me for the rest of the way. Bugger, bugger bugger!

I had made the decision to wear a jacket, and pinned my number onto it, rather than using my race belt. Reasoning that it was only mid March, and I was cold when setting up in transition. Well when I came out from the pool it was not quite so cold, and most others seemed to be jacket-less. I have to admit that I was not the quickest in transition, but despite breathing a bit heavier than normal set off on the bike with confidence. I managed to pick off some from the wave, including Sarah, but about a quarter of the way through the cycle I realised that my breathing was not slowing down. I had been suffering from some form of chest infection of the previous few weeks, and had not made up my mind as to whether I was going to compete at Tranent until literally that day.

I found myself having to pull back and try to get my breathing more comfortable. This was just at the stage that I had about the fourth target in my sights about a quarter of the way around. The rest of the cycle was quite uneventful other than having to follow a wide wheeled tractor at snails pace through Ormiston. But by that stage a PB was the last thing I was thinking about. I was in two minds as to whether to do the run, but I had come this far.

I definitely felt like I was running on porridge. I set off to try to go at my normal pace, but it just was not happening, I felt tight chested, so settled into a pace that did not put too much pressure on myself, and that I thought I could sustain. I was pleased when I had completed the uphill section and was back on the flat on the first of the two loops. I thought that I would just do only the one lap, but when I had completed the one lap, I noticed that Gavin was just coming in from the bike, and so decided to see if I stay in front of him for my second and his first lap. I managed to do so until the top of the hill, then he just breezed past me. I vainly tried to up my pace to stay in touch, but it just was not happening.

So not the most glorious of races for me, but as always with the benefit of time one can usually put things in perspective. To be just 3 minutes slower than my PB on the course, given how much slower I felt was not that bad. The weather was glorious, the event was well organised, and there was a healthy splattering of ET's in attendance. There were a few other ET's in attendance, and apologies if I have not mentioned you. I have not had the pleasure of meeting with some of the ET's that were racing before. If you are racing at Midlothian, why not come up and say hello, you will not be able to miss me, I am the good looking tall ginger haired, ET! Roll on

Midlothian, by which time I hope that I am fit to give it a good go.



Spot the difference! Above: someone in pain, below, someone still fresh!



European Championships Eilat

Keira Murray



After a good first standard distance triathlon at Strathclyde I qualified for the European Age-group Championships which this year weren't quite in Europe but in Eilat in Israel. Being the indecisive person that I am, it took me a while to make the final decision to go and race but I thought this is an experience that I can't let pass me by (even if it will cost a lot of money!).

I was really nervous before I went out. A missile landing in Eilat the week before I went, a protest at Tel Aviv the day before I was heading out, and issues over transporting our bikes didn't help but we got there ok. Each of our 3 flights were delayed, airport security was intense, my bike didn't make it on my flight but we were allowed into the country and my bike made it by the afternoon. Now it was just the race I had to worry about!

I got a chance to recce a bit of the bike course and the run course, and tested out the water. Wetsuits were optional, and it was stressing me out trying to decide what to do, and was the talk of the team as to whether or not to wear a wetsuit. I tried both, but when I ran up towards transition in the wetsuit and stopped to take it off the seam split so the decision was made for me! One less thing to think about anyway! The team brief filled me with nerves, especially when they started talking about boxes for transition and the rules around them, and helmet numbers,... but neither materialised when we got to transition. The organisation wasn't that slick but the officials were friendly and there was a good atmosphere. One thing they were energetic about was body marking – each arm and leg, the length of your limb, and your actual age on your calf. I thought I was going to be 308 forever more!

On race day I got up at 4.50am, had some food and headed to transition. I was nervous but felt ready to race. I got set-up in transition and felt a bit out of my depth, especially amongst a lot of very nice bikes. Then I headed to the beach and prepared for the swim. It was one big lap – 700m out, 100m across, then back in. The buoys looked a long way out. I was a bit scared about

the distance out to sea and worried about getting cold but tried to relax and just enjoy the race.

The swim went ok, I made it back to shore even with the current pushing you away. Next the 450m run to transition! This triathlon definitely had a 4th part to it! Must have covered about 150m pushing my bike too. Oh well, more running suits me!

The first 400m or so on the bike was good, then turned the corner and hit the wind and I almost stopped moving. It was a 20km struggle into the wind along a dual carriageway that seemed to just be heading into the desert. There were dusty mountains on either side but not much else. Not a very scenic ride, but I suppose I wasn't there to admire the scenery. Then I finally reached the turn point, having been overtaken by most of the women (but overtaking a few old men!) and then we flew back to town (especially those with tri-bars and nice bikes!). By this point I thought I'd lost, especially as some women from the later wave came flying past, but I kept my head down and headed back as fast as I could.

As always I was glad to rack my bike and put on my trainers! The run was 4 laps round a bit of wasteland, half on a road and half on a dusty track. My legs felt pretty good, and I got into a rhythm and just went for it. It was flat but really windy in parts, but the main issue was the heat. By the 3rd lap I was totally overheating and started throwing water over me which seemed to give me a new lease of life for a while. When I could finally turn into the finishing straight I was happy to be finished. I had no idea how I'd got on but knew I wasn't last in my age group so I was pleased. A few people said that they thought I might have won but I didn't believe them, and I still didn't believe I'd won until I had the gold medal round my neck about 8 hours later!

I'm so glad I went and raced. It was an amazing experience. Thanks Phil for persuading me to put myself forward to qualify. I never would have believed I could do it. And a nice few days in the sun was a bonus too!





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