

June 2013

TRIBULL

et

edinburgh
triathletes



Aberfeldy Training Weekend

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Nicol Fraser Escapes
From Alcatraz...

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ET's Annual Training
Weekend at Aberfeldy

Race Reports from:

Penicuik 10K,
Troon 10K,
Tri Trails Series,
National XC Champs,
East Fife Sprint

Liz Richardson's
reflections on her bike
accident

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Newbie profiles

THE EDITOR SAYS...

Welcome to a bumper edition of TriBull bursting with race reports, articles and photos. Now that the weather has turned deliriously summery and running and biking are a pleasure rather than a rain-lashed chore, let's not forget how busy some of our members have been in the chillier months earlier this year...Read on to find out more!

Enjoy!



Dan Bradley

Aberfeldy Training Weekend

26th-28th April



Andrew
McMennigall

The task is a difficult one. How do you try to top what has gone before? Can you get a decent number of members interested in going on a training weekend? When is the best time of year to have a training weekend? And who should bunk with who? We were fortunate that we managed to plan the weekend for what is probably the optimal time of year. Everybody is either already started the season or are anticipating it starting, and the weather is likely to be a bit better. We also managed to publish the date a decent amount of time ahead of the event, giving everybody a good chance to plan ahead.

The doodle poll was open for a good six weeks and the number signed up built nicely over that period. We managed to get 27 triathletes signed up. There was a good mix in terms of males and females, experienced triathletes and newbies, and elite triathletes and social members. We had booked a number of properties in the resort called Moness. There was a mix of three, two and one bedroom cottages. The tricky task was to try to match housemates.

The Whittaker's and the Grimshaw's shared again, so that they could enjoy their usual catering arrangements. What else would one expect from the Hot Chocolate lady! I made it known that I was not to be held responsible should anyone be kept up all night by the snoring of their room-mate. The fact that nobody complained either reflected that nobody snores, or that the training was so good that sleep was not difficult to come by regardless of any noise distractions.

Of the 27 names that signed up, two were names that I did not recognise. Searching the members database did not help, as they did not appear to be members. The fact that they had not paid a deposit, nor had we heard anything from them made it unlikely that we would see them. I did allocate a space for them. I selflessly

allocated one of the, what came to become the phantom duo, to be my roommate. As it so happened his non-appearance left me all lonely!

Liz Richardson, a training weekend

veteran generously volunteered to arrange the evening catering options. On the Friday night she threw a pizza extravaganza on the house she shared with Nicola and Anna, as well as the other phantom member. What was really great to see was that all 25 of us managed to get up to the 'Pizza Hut' for the Friday night. Indeed there was a good buzz in the house. It was a great opportunity for everyone to meet, and have a few lemonades. Liz did us proud, not only producing more pizzas than I think anyone else had ever seen before, but also toiling away with Keira at the oven churning out one pizza after another. Including salad, the whole feast came in at £3 a skull, with change to spare.

Some of us managed to get up earlier in the afternoon, some made it up for 8. New and old alike everyone mingled well and the feel for the weekend was taking shape. Francesca, Anna and I decided to cycle up on the Friday, as we were keen to get some miles under our respective belts. The only issue with our plan was that we were cycling into a stiff northerly all the way up. 4200 ft of cumulative climb over 70 miles into the wind made for a decent training ride. Thankfully there were volunteers to transport our kit up, as were there sufficient volunteers to transport those that did not have their own means of transport.



What is Neal looking at...?

Jane Rahill, a new member, and a colleague of John's was looking forward to coming up with her friend. Unfortunately her friend had to call off midweek, due to illness. The extra space did not last long as she decided to bring her husband up instead. Nassim is a regular rider with ERC on a Saturday morning, but we did not hold that against him. Nassim was not only lucky enough to share a house with his wife but also two other girls.

Early Saturday morning saw us start our training in earnest. A pre-breakfast jog was the first event. 24 of us assembled. Half went cross country and half set off for a less muddy run. I dare not say who was the one that did not go running. After having our coco pops we were ready for our cycle. Three separate groups were planned. One to cycle through Weem, Fortingall and up Glen Lyon to the Bridge of Balge tea room and back again. A 40 miler with a cake stop in middle. Suprisingly that was not the most popular option. The second option was a 50 miler going up and over Schiehlion round Loch Rannoch and back up over. The third option was an extended route of the second option, cycling down to Kenmore first rather than going via Weem. Well that was the plan. The first group went the planned route funnily enough. The second group missed out the Loch Rannoch loop and the third group, the largest, missed the turn at Kenmore and ended up along the north Loch Tay road, going up and over the Ben Lawers road, coming back through Glen Lyon.

As it happened everybody got a longer ride than they would normally have had, in better scenery and with the sun on our backs. Well it wasn't wall to wall sunshine, but at least it was dry, and not too windy. There were no incidents and everybody came back safely. Neal,

Francesca and John did a good job of managing their groups. The slightly shortened routes meant that everyone was back and refreshed for the afternoon events. First up was a most interesting talk by John's friend Rae on acupuncture. Most of us thought that it would be about conventional acupuncture that one might experience at the end of a sports massage. It was more exotic than that however. Rae was practiced in the art of Chinese acupuncture and did a good job of showing us how the Chinese viewed the body and how different organs in the body were related. He talked to a lot of the pressure points that one could use. Most noted down where one should pressure to alleviate hangovers. It seemed a shame that his talk was squeezed into a relatively short hour and a quarter, but at least everyone got a flavour for what Chinese acupuncture of was about, and the holistic nature of its approach.

We spirited away from the acupuncture talk to the final training event of the day which was the swim. We had the whole pool to ourselves, with about 5 or 6 per lane. Whilst the emphasis was advertised beforehand to be on technique and fun, we also did not want the swimmers to leave the pool feeling that they had not had their money's worth. For the last 20 minutes everybody came together for relays. Some of the usual favourites were swam as well as some new variations. The final relay involved a format where the lead swimmer picked up a team member after each 25, and each team member once 'picked-up' had to stay in physical contact with at least one of the team that was swimming. My abiding memory is of Francesca Chris swimming on the final leg arm in arm. Ahh!

Liz not only excelled herself on the organisation of the pizza night, but also organised the catering for the Saturday night. As luck would have it we were just down the hill at the Black Watch. Not only did they manage to accommodate all of us, but we pretty much had the place to ourselves. The food was good, especially compared to some of the meals we have had to endure on previous trips to Aberfeldy. I have to say, the majority called it a day after the meal, but you would be disappointed I am sure if some had not gone on for a few beers.

(Continued over...)



Francesca's
Team

We discussed the Sunday morning schedule and it is agreed that we would check out of our accommodation ahead of the 8am morning swim. Usually when it comes to swimming on the Sunday morning of a training weekend there are a few that fail to make it. I am delighted to say that everybody other than those that could not swim were ready for the off at 8am. We were restricted just to the three lanes, which was ideal for shorter sharper swims. We finished the session with 50 metre sprints, just enough to get most of us out of our comfort zone.

One of the reasons that we had agreed to check out of our accommodation before the swim, was so that we could transition to the cycle as soon as practicably possible after the swim. As it happened we were just about ready for the off about 30 minutes after the end of the swim set. I think there was a bit of a queue for the hairdryers! The cycle was to be over the 12 mile Aberfeldy sprint triathlon bike route. It was set up in a pursuit format with teams of 4 or 5, with the fastest group heading out last. The idea is for everybody to finish about the same time. Choosing the groups and determining the timing gap was not very scientific, but I was heartened that all the groups finished within a 2 minute spread. As it happened the last group to set off (Neal, Gavin, Doug McDonald and Keira) came in home first, just ahead of the next team, who they overtook right near the end of the cycle.

This was a competitive event. Doug, in the final group came off his bike just before Weem, as he did not anticipate a tractor breaking. This did not however stop his team from winning, although he was a bit sore at the end. It was good to see Jennifer, the most recent ET joiner enjoy the cut and thrust of competitive action. Let's hope all of us can do so, despite some of the cancellations that have beset our schedule.

For the sake of completeness the vast majority parked bikes and headed off on a 5k group run. At this point, Anna and I headed off to cycle back down to Edinburgh. Although the wind direction had changed from the Friday's northerly to a westerly, it made a pleasant change, and we were back down the road in an hour less than the time it took us to cycle to Aberfeldy. Let's hope that we can carry forward a lot of the good feel that the weekend generated, and make 2013 a purple year!

The winning
pursuit team



National Cross Country Championships

23rd Feb



Phil Parr-Burman

So it came to pass that I decided I would no longer accept that my running is crap. It was no longer OK to take solace that gains had been made in cycling, and no decline had occurred in swimming. Something Must Be Done.

So it was that over the winter I took up Keira's suggestion and joined Lasswade Athletic Club and did a few cross country races, for the purposes of a bit of General Toughening Up. It ended with the Nationals in Falkirk on a sunny day in February, 12k, 3 laps of hills and mud in glorious Callander Country Park. First the younger age groups and the ladies did their races (only two laps for the ladies, it seems that the IAAF has the same view as the UCI - that the female frame is not sturdy enough to race as far as men). Then 500 grizzled, and some not so grizzled, guys assembled, some of the best in Scotland, and we were off. My main aim was not to be lapped, but I was keen to use The Balfour Method, let the field sprint off at an unsustainable pace, with their red mist, then pick them off as they struggle. Would it work with such an experienced field? Surely those guys know about controlling the pace and that the way to run a fast race is to

run even paced, or even negative split? And do you need to be a good runner, like Mr Balfour, for it to apply. Well it seems they don't all know about pace judgement, and even a crappy runner can do it. The Balfour Method worked, after the first half km I was picking people off, and wasn't passed by anyone for the rest of the race. It was so much more enjoyable as well.

So to the stats. I finished 398th out of 496. Lap times were 18:48, 18:45, 18:15 (maybe took it a little too easy on the first two?).

I fully recommend cross country. Athletic club membership is necessary for some races, including the Nationals, but that, and the races, cost buttons compared with triathlon (not to mention those BUPA races) and it really does help your running as well.



Tri-Trail Series

In its first year, this is a fun but relatively challenging series of races organised by the Tri Centre with the routes planned by our very own John Whittaker. If you are getting bored of pounding the pavements around town then this is definitely for you.

The test event back in January was a 14 mile run from Threipmuir to Carlops and back. It was billed as a brisk winter run in sunny but cold conditions, however a serious snow fall 30 mins before the start turned it into wintery run in near white out conditions. Still great fun though! If race 1 was conducted in white out conditions then race 2 could definitely be described as "black out" conditions. This was an evening event requiring a decent head torch and the incessant rain turned Dalkeith Country Park into a bit of a mud bath so an equally robust pair of off roaders was required.

For race 3 we were still in Dalkeith and the weather was a lot better. The turn out was a bit lower as it was the same day as the Stirling duathlon which is where I'm guessing most of the quality

athletes went as I posted my first top 10 finish for several years ("top 10 finish" aka "came in 10th")

The remaining races cover a variety of distances and terrains around Foxlake and the Pentlands before the final event (an off road 53k event) takes place in the Lammermuirs.

I would definitely recommend the race series for a variety of reasons. They cater for the full spectrum of running ability. Some people at my run club have used it as a way of getting into trail running, whilst at the other end of the spectrum you'll see the usual array of fast guys in club vests competing for points in the league table. The other selling point for me is my growing preference for grass routes events. The Tri Trails events are cheap to enter, and while you don't get a medal, t shirt or bag of useless freebies, they are well organised (with chip timing) and those in the know will tell you the post race cake is amazing!



David Forrester



Painting the World Purple!

ET kit in exotic locations.

Phil modelling the new ET cycle jacket at the Col de Petit St Bernard on the French/Italian Border



If you have photos showing off your unmistakable ET kit in far flung or iconic locations, send them to tribull@edinburghtri.org.

For more information on ET's range of kit contact Phil at kit@edinburghti.org.

ESCAPE FROM ALCATRAZ

3rd March

This was a race that had grabbed my attention ever since I had visited Alcatraz when travelling in 1992. Woody (Iain Wood) and I had put our names in the ballot the previous year but had not been selected. We were pretty surprised when selected this year, especially Woody, whose wife, Christine had entered him in the race without telling him!

We arrived in San Francisco on Thursday prior to the Sunday race to acclimatise. We decided to keep in UK time which suited an early race start on Sunday so the days prior to the race, got up at 3am and headed to bed around 8pm. The early starts allowed warm up runs and cycles on empty streets. Woody was particularly nervous seeing the sun bathing Sea Lions during a stroll on Pier 39! On the Saturday we cycled up to the Golden Gate bridge to take some photos prior to the race briefing and check in. The weather on Saturday was sunny with calm seas - it looked good for the race the next day. The competitors biggest concern at the race briefing had been the water temperature of 10 degrees. Having donned our wetsuits to have a brief warm up swim in the open water Aquatic Park, it had not felt too bad - warmer than St Mary's Loch! The Americans who were used to swimming in California were obviously all soft!

On race day we got up at around 2.30am following the usual broken nights sleep prior to a big race. After breakfast at a 24 hour Denny's diner we cycled down to Marina Green in the dark to drop our bikes at transition. It was ominously windy. Transition was a large area to accommodate the bikes of 2000 competitors and was a hive of activity. We then boarded a bus which drove us to Pier 3 where the San Francisco Belle was to depart for Alcatraz. We left our warm clothes at the dock, put on our wetsuits and boarded the ship for the one way journey to Alcatraz. The excitement and nerves were building.

As competitors, just missing the age 30 cut off (OK - by quite a bit), we were guided to the second floor with the elites and under 30s on the bottom deck. All triathletes sat on the floor of the ship and chatted to those around them. The Belle left the dock at 6.30am, made a trip round the island and positioned for the 7.30 start. It seemed quite a long wait which was made longer by a cruise ship that came past late delaying the start by 5 mins. The wind had really got up and there were white horses and a six to ten foot swell. The day before it had been flat calm! Nerves meant two or three toilet stops which is more tricky with a Tri suit and wetsuit on!

(Continued over...)



Nicol Fraser

ESCAPE FROM ALCATRAZ

We all stood for the American national anthem and then competitors started to unload starting with the elites and seniors. We started to file down to the bottom deck. Most competitors were queuing on the left hand side of the ship but Woody and I took a left at the bottom of the stairs to the right hand side of the boat. There was no queue. We crossed the timing mat, picked a spot below and jumped in for the 1.5 mile swim. The 2000 competitors were off loaded in 6 minutes.

There had been a lot of chatter before hand about how cold the water was. This did not register when I hit the water but the swell and choppiness did! I had a fairly clear path away from the boat but keeping any kind of swimming form felt impossible as you were being thrown about in the water. It was head down and swim time. I used the sighting marks but tended to drift right with the current. Occasionally you would bump into another swimmer going a different way and swim on top of each other. After about half an hour it felt the shore was not getting closer quickly enough and I was in danger of drifting right of the landing beach. I quickened my stroke rate and really pushed for the shore. I just caught the right hand of the beach and was delighted to get through this iconic swim in a time of 42 minutes and 5 seconds. I ran up to the mini transition found my bag and stripped off my wetsuit. This took a bit of time as my hands were cold and my legs were cramping a bit.

I put on my training shoes and ran the half mile to the main transition area. When I got there someone had turned my bike round and knocked my helmet, gloves, glasses and race belt off my bike. I left transition on the bike and headed out on the 18 mile course to "ride it like i stole it" as had been advised at the race briefing. However, my legs felt heavy and I found later the back brakes were jamming a bit. About two miles in I suddenly realised I didn't have a helmet on (basics, I know) - an automatic DQ. As I had come to finish the race rather than win it, I was disappointed but was not going to let it spoil the race for me. I was pulled in by a race official after about five miles, told him what had happened and cracked on. The bike course was a hilly and picturesque 18 miles and seemed to be over quickly. After a quick T2 transition, it was out for the 8 mile darun. As I was just heading out, race winner and London Olympic silver medallist, Xavier Gomez was running down the final chute to the finish to win the men's race in 2 hours 4 mins and 27 seconds. I passed a number of runners along the flat first mile and started the climb up to Golden Gate Bridge.

From there it turned to more of a trail run and then down on to the beach, a left turn, round a marker then back along the beach and up the 400 step sand ladder. 50 more metres of climb and then pretty much down hill from the Golden Gate Bridge. I passed Woody running out with a mile to go and was relieved he had made the swim. My speed picked up in the last couple of miles and I passed a number of runners and suddenly the finish was in sight. It was an emotional feeling to cross the line and my time - 3 hours 5 minutes and 54 seconds.

Woody soon came through in his tartan shorts in a time of 4 hours 5 minutes and 13 seconds. Happy days.

Over lunch in the North Beach Italian quarter we were saddened to hear that a 46 year old man had died of a heart attack at the start of the swim, the first ever race fatality, but not overly surprised that 170 triathletes had either been lifted out the water in the swim or repositioned in the rough waters. The race was brilliantly organised, an amazing event and a real life experience. We would recommend it to all.

An amazing day and life experience never to be forgotten.



Nicol Fraser and Iain Wood

10K Double Header

Troon, Wed 8th May and Penicuik Sat 11th May

Troon 10K

I'd never done this race, despite my parents living in Troon and the race route going up their street. A mid-week evening race through West always seemed too far from Edinburgh even with the prospect of free accommodation and food on offer. With no work to complicate things, this seemed like a good year to enter, but it wouldn't be plain sailing. Taking part at all presented a significant challenge given the limited training opportunities that come with two small children, one of whom at 5 months old still enjoys his evening feeding sessions with mum. I wasn't sure an evening race was feasible at all, particularly if both parents raced, but at least it wasn't a long journey to the start so our time out of the house would be limited. Many thanks to my parents who made our exciting race date possible in agreeing to look after a boisterous 3 year old and a small baby for the evening.

Heavy rain was forecast which thankfully didn't arrive. The weather was cool with the usual coastal wind, so conditions

fairly good. There would be plenty of room to find shelter in a field of almost 1000 runners. It was all very exciting at the start, with a kid's race going off first to add to the friendly atmosphere. Large crowds of spectators and a pipe band were there at the start and off we went rampaging along the prom like a herd of stampeding buffalo. It felt really good to be part of a big event in my home town and proud to be supporting Troon's race. There was a bit of diving for gaps when the prom narrowed, inevitable in a field that size, but free running was possible again once out onto the road.

The route is varied and pretty flat with plenty of support from locals along the way which adds to the fun and lifts the spirit. My parents and the children were out cheering when we turned into our street, very exciting, it's not often you get to run up your own street in a race. That gave me a boost at about the half-way point. Not that I felt in need of it, in fact the whole race went really smoothly with no bad patches and it was all really enjoyable.

Julia
Cunningham



Knowing the route so well meant there were no nasty surprises and all the local support was really fantastic. Special mention to the kids along the seafront in the final kilometre, their enthusiasm was amazing and they certainly made me go a bit faster. Mike, (already finished in 35.59, 14th place), was there to cheer me through the final hundred metres or so, inspiring me to a rare sprint finish. This was the most enjoyable race I've done for ages, perhaps because it's the first I've done in a while and it was so good to be out there again I really did savour every step. There was a huge sense of satisfaction in doing a race so soon after having a baby and I was truly amazed by my time of 46.59. It's a well organised event, plenty of marshals and police support on the course and great value for an event this size including chipped timing, technical souvenir T-shirt, and best of all, a Tunnock's caramel wafer at the finish line.

Penicuik 10K

I hadn't originally planned to do Penicuik as well as Troon. A friend lives on the course (a theme is developing here) so visiting them during the race seemed sensible. So, I had the mad idea of doing a second race in 4 days, something I'd rarely have contemplated when young and fit, yet alone now. I'd done Penicuik a couple of years ago in a brief return to racing between babies. I hadn't particularly enjoyed the course then so why was I doing it again now, older, less fit and with Wednesday's race still in the legs? Because I thought I could. This Saturday afternoon race would present fewer childcare problems, as Mike was looking after both littlies at our friend's house while I raced, so I only had myself to worry about. Weather was wet before the start but dried up, staying cold and windy however. This time there would be very little shelter from the wind with a much smaller field (couple hundred) and the course high up and exposed. It's also pretty hilly so that plus the wind made for tough going.

It wasn't as enjoyable as Troon but it was satisfying doing the two so close together. It was better than my last experience here, particularly the far end of the course between 5k and 8k where I had really struggled. This time I had a running pal for part of this section which really helped, until he left me on the hill up to 7k, but by then I knew it was only 1k till the downhill part and route back to civilisation.

I had my support crew to look out for at 1k and 9k and they were great as always.

The last 1k of this race is horrible, after a kilometre of downhill you come back into town, cross a bridge and the ground slopes upwards again and the legs just refuse to work after all that freewheeling. There are a couple of nasty short steep hills in this last part too and the finish feels like it'll never arrive. However I managed a second sprint finish as I held off someone who tried to overtake me and finished in a very respectable 48.54, only 90 seconds slower than last time over this route when I'd had the advantage of "proper" training and only one child demanding all my free time. Again it's a well organised and supported race with plenty marshals on the course and police traffic control assistance. Good value too, entry available on the day, and plenty of goodies afterwards. Results out the same evening, very speedy.

Unsurprisingly I really felt it after this race, Troon had seemed easy, but this was hard, really hard. It was worth it as I thought I'd achieved something special and really had something to smile about. The kilometre walk to our friend's house and my support crew was very slow but gave me the chance to cheer on those still running and encourage them up the final hills. I was practically staggering by the time I reached the front door, but salvation was waiting in the form of happy supporters, a shower and cake.

East Fife Sprint

14th April 2013



Steve Law

On the plus side the race was actually on and it wasn't snowing. On the downside, while crossing the Forth bridge I spotted Noah building another ark at Rosyth dockyards. My slightly lengthened journey to Cupar (missed the turn off) did take me through some quaint little villages. Oh how I laughed at the very early morning dog walkers, dressed in multiple layers of rain wear, heads down, forcing themselves forward into the driving rain and gale force winds. Why on earth would you be out walking a dog in this weather ? Then it occurred to me that they would be back in a warm house within 15 minutes frying up their bacon and drinking coffee. This is when I looked in the rear view mirror and started laughing at myself.

I eventually got there slightly later than planned and joined the long 'moving very, very slowly' queue at registration. I'm not going to moan about it as the volunteers were probably up earlier than me.

Next up was transition. It would have been sensible to practice specialist transitioning in advance. This would have consisted of taking some scaffolding up to Threipmuir, constructing it 10 feet into the water, leaving my stuff beside it then practicing trying to get my bike shoes on as they sailed off. Well, that was what we thought it was going to be like by the time we came out the pool.

The show was running 30 minutes late by the start but the organisers were sure they could make up time. Yeah right ! First off was Liz who was modelling the new ET tri kit. Who said chivalry was dead ? A rather bulky gentleman stopped after a bit and played the 'ladies first' card. He then proceeded to draft Liz for the remainder of the swim, rather closely in my opinion !

It was me next. There must been a problem with their sauna room door as clearly it had been left open for the last week. Hot doesn't cover it ! Stepping outside into T1 was going to be one hell of an experience. My swim went exceptionally well. The guy in front went off like a steam train only to run out of coal after 6 lengths at which point he let me past. I then caught up with the front swimmer and drafted her for the remainder of the race. Who said chivalry is dead ? ... I do. To be fair she was gaining about 5 mtrs on me at the start of every length by tumble turning and I would then catch her by the end of the length. It worked out very well. [note to self: must learn to tumble turn at some point]. In some far off distant future heats were Mike Allan and Keira.

(Continued over...)

We were all a bit gob smacked to find the rain had disappeared by the time we exited the pool. Hooray for the 30 minute delay. We all played it safe though and put on some outer wear. This year's bike route was different and longer (25km). They sent us off to the right after the long slog up the hill and then we had an anti-clockwise loop x 2. Did I mention the wind ? Knee pads would have been helpful at times as we leaned into it. I am a fan of the new route even though it takes you along the A92 for 5km. It's much smoother. The A92 stretch (twice) was torture though as this is where we turned into a 25mph head wind. Oh how I laughed at how I had laughed at the dog walkers all those hours ago.

T2 went okay (I thought it went okay anyway ... more on that shortly). It was the same old 3 lap run with quite a lot of mud. After my heart rate settled I felt in good shape. Towards the end of the second lap I got caught by someone I'd met and spoken to quite a bit before the race. We said our hellos and then he passed me at which point I did the only sensible thing ... sat 5 yards behind him until 300mtrs to go then "sprinted" past him to take the glory. Unfortunately the ladies at the finish line were having a bit of a gossip and missed my Chariots of Fire finale so I ended up crossing my own personal finish line and not the official one which was somewhere to my left. Eventually they noticed me leaning on my knees and breathing rather heavily and invited me to cross their finish line but not before my run draft partner sauntered over the line just ahead of me.

Was I hacked off ? No, because shortly after that I realised that while taking my sealskin socks off at T2, my timing strap had stuck to them and also come off. Serves me right for being a total wimp and putting socks on I hear you say.

Liz and I had a good moan about the wind and then cheered Mike round the run. When Mike finished we had a good old fashioned functional man to man chat.

<Start> **Steve:** "Well done Mike, how did it go ?" **Mike:** "Rubbish" **Steve:** "Oh well" <End>.

I then spotted Keira in T2 feeling generous as she initially decided to give her competitors a bit of a chance by running with her cycle helmet on but changed her mind after a few seconds and went back to take it off :-). She then whizzed past me at a speed I can only dream of and disappeared into the distance at a great rate of knots.

The post race soup was awesome. I should also mention that my race was powered by Sharon Grimshaw cupcakes, made with only the finest ingredients from hotchocolates.com [Sharon, the cheque has not arrived yet !].

Provisional results (all PBs due to new 25km bike route) :-

| | |
|-------|-------------------|
| Keira | 1hr 20 |
| Mike | 1hr 24 |
| Liz | 2hrs 00 |
| Steve | 1hr 01 [1] |

[1] Estimated time based on Steve's fantasy.

'Why on earth would you be out walking a dog in this weather ? Then it occurred to me that they would be back in a warm house within 15 minutes frying up their bacon and drinking coffee. This is when I looked in the rear view mirror and started laughing at myself...'

LESSONS FROM AN ACCIDENT...

by Liz
Richardson

I had a bike accident whilst training in April (yeah, yeah, yeah, doesn't she go on?). In short a driver pulled out of a junction without seeing me so I hit her at speed, with the end result that my bike sheared into three pieces at the handlebars and forks, but I was fortunately just left with mild whiplash. If you're interested in the full story it's on my blog here: <http://goingthemiddledistance.wordpress.com/2013/04/21/week-one-abrupt-ending/>, but I just wanted to write a few notes about things I've learnt from the experience, in case this is helpful for others.

Accidents happen, and there's little we can do to avoid them sometimes. I'm a cautious, defensive cyclist but there was no way I could've pre-empted this one. Police reporting in Scotland is not as thorough as you might expect. I wasn't expecting the CSI-treatment, but had hoped the police had collected some evidence to ascertain who was at fault. I was surprised to find that photos aren't usually taken at the scene, and there wasn't any record of how the car and myself were positioned on the road, or whether there were any parked cars around to explain why the driver might have taken the line she did. Knowing this, if I'm ever in a similar situation and am able I will make sure to take some photos or ask someone to do so. Whilst I was lying on the road waiting for the ambulance that had been called this was not something I thought I needed to be occupying myself with. I was 'fortunate' that the driver admitted 100% responsibility, but I think this is unusual. Insurance claims can be much more tricky when it's difficult to prove who was at fault.

Don't underestimate the psychological effects of an accident, and give yourself time to recover. I didn't take any time off work, but my concentration was shot to pieces and the week after the accident was desperately unproductive. In hindsight I would've taken a few days off to get sorted. The shock didn't fully hit me until four days after the accident.

Related to that, if you're due a personal injury pay-out don't forget to include any psychological repercussions. I hadn't realised that things like lack of concentration at work, disturbed sleep, and loss of confidence on the road can be included. They're difficult to prove, and I had no evidence that these things had occurred, but that didn't seem to matter. I was keen not to abuse the system, but did want compensation for what I'd been through.

'Don't underestimate the psychological effects of an accident, and give yourself time to recover.'

If I'm hit by a driver again I hope they're (a) insured and (b) insured with DirectLine. DirectLine effected the transfer to cover the cost of my bike, helmet and clothing a mere three days after the accident. They also sorted out some physio appointments very quickly and offered what even a personal injury/ambulance chasing lawyer advised me was a reasonable amount to cover physical and psychological effects.

Tighten the straps on your helmet more regularly. Strangely enough I tightened mine that morning, but it had been a while. Another stroke of luck.

All-in-all, this experience could have been much, much more serious, and the insurance wranglings could have been much more stressful. I hope that no-one ever has to go through a bike accident, and that these pointers are therefore useless, but in case it happens to you I hope this advice is of use.

MEMBER PROFILES

Describe yourself in 10 words

Adventurous, beer-loving, cat-owning, day-dreaming, expressive, Francophone, greedy.

Age group

Senior

What's your day job?

Political Reporter at Holyrood



Jenny
McKiernan

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

Since New Year. Everyone is very friendly and supportive and has pushed me to go further than I would on my own.

What are your triathlon ambitions?

Complete and open water standard - looking at Knockburn.

What is your favourite club session?

Commie pool on a Monday.

Did you come to triathlon from another sport?

I've always enjoyed cross-country running and swimming and re-connected with my bike living in the Netherlands, where bikes are as necessary as shoes.

What's your favourite piece of kit?

I haven't really got anything worth showing off but I've just bought a club tri suit.

What one thing would improve your performance?

My fitness - I need to stay motivated and put in the hours.

What has been your best/worst racing or training moment?

The worst was feeling like I was being strangled by my wetsuit and panicking in the last Knockburn open water triathlon I attempted a couple of years ago. The best was my swim in the New Year's Day Triathlon, which went really well and gave me the confidence to put my name down for the club.

What's your favourite post-race treat?

Chocolate milk and a banana at the finish, followed by a pub lunch and a pint.

Who or what inspires you?

Other Edinburgh Triathletes.

Jane Rahil



Age group

I am in the 0 - 50 age group (er - just!)

What's your day job?

Architect and Project Manager

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

1 year. The people are very helpful and friendly and the swim coaching is excellent.

What are your triathlon ambitions?

I really enjoyed the women's tri-a-tri at Dalkeith last year. I now want to compete in a sprint triathlon with an open water swim.

What is your favourite club session?

Saturday morning (and I loved the Aberfeldy weekend!)

Did you come to triathlon from another sport?

I competed in 5 and 10k runs for a few years and did a bit of cycling. I also enjoy skiing and hill walking,

What's your favourite piece of kit?

My lovely Scott road bike.....

What one thing would improve your performance?

When I started last year, front crawl was new to me and involved a lot of thrashing around and swallowing water, so I've got a long way to go with the swimming...

What has been your best/worst racing or training moment?

Best was the cycle up Glen Lyon (it involved cake). Worst was falling off my bike because I forgot my feet were clipped in - twice.

What's your favourite post-race treat?

A banana that's all mushed up from being in the bottom of my bag - yum!

Who or what inspires you?

I know a 90 year old champion veteran tennis player who is still a competitive ski racer.

Notices

Target Races 2013

Although tempestuous weather led to the disappointing cancellation of a few recent races, there is still plenty of opportunity to fly the club colours this summer:

- Lochore 16 June
- Knockburn 4 August
- Aberfeldy 17 August
- Haddington 8 September
- Portobello Aquathlon 29 September

Message from The Keeper of the Kit, Phil Parr-Burman

Club kit

Hi all. I'm taking orders for club kit again. Just go to edintri.org and click on "club kit" to see what's available and how to put your order in. When I've got enough orders I'll pass it on to Carvalho to get them made.

Club wetsuits

You may not be aware but the club has a number of wetsuits for free loan. This might be worthwhile to anyone who wants to try out open water swimming before getting their own suit. Just email me to get yourself sorted.

Bike bags

The club has a couple of bike bags for hire (£25) to club members who want to transport their Loved One to somewhere with half a chance of some good racing weather. These are not your cheap bags, but reinforced ones from Evoc that cosset your bike really well but are not so rigid that the baggage handlers chuck them about. Everyone who had used them has given them 5 stars (or would have done if we had a star rating system). Just email me at the address on the contact page to book one.

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To join: Send a blank email to edintri-subscribe@yahoogroups.com

Any problems, please email membership@edinburghtri.org

