

Make Tiramisu!

Italian Special !

No More Blisters!

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triathletes

TRIBULL

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The Brownlees Racing Javier Gomez at Athlone

The Editor Says

Phil Parr-Burman



Continuing the theme of nations sponsoring Tribull, here is your Italian edition. With only one Italian member the onus has fallen on Marco to do all the relevant content—but we have a profile of an Italian, an Italian recipe “like mama used to make” and a race report written by an Italian. How cool is all that?

Its been a busy couple of months for ETs, with the European triathlon champs, ironman achievers in Austria and USA. This edition gives you a flavour but I’m pretty sure there’s more going on out there that I havn’t heard about.

So keep up (or start) the writing! It doesn’t have to be a major literary work (although as you can see from Joel’s piece this month, that’s OK). Just a few lines, or even one line, is great just to let us all know whats happening.

Cheers

Phil

Quote of the Month

Charley

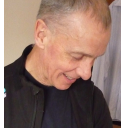


Always tell your mummy where you’re going when you go out on your bike.

(Maybe you’ve got to be born in the 60’s to understand this one—but you can check out more of Charley’s wisdom on utube).

Blisters. Ugh

Bonkers Balfour



Having a perfect fluid economic efficient and elegant running style, I never get blisters. if only.

I spend enough time in transition already without stopping in shorter races to put on socks! But I usually ruin my "fast lightweight shoes" by smearing Vaseline all round the toe box and occasionally lower past of the heel box and any funny seams. But beware - not all running shoes are suitable so if you intend to run without socks then feel round the inside of the shoe (and indeed bike shoes too) for rogue seams. When I say ruin all that happens is that the vaseline discolours the toes - but not as much as the blood that can come from bleeding blisters!!

Another trick I use is that cause I like running I have several pairs on the go at any one time - after a season of running races and using shoea new pair with socks for fast training like track, TTs and intervals, they become my sockless training tri race shoes. This ensures they are well broken in, soft and pliable but not too worn. This is easy for me as I use different run shoes for longer runs, or in the hills or steady running.

And of course the shoes have to fit correctly! And to compound matters your feet change shape depending on the temperature and the length of run - this came as a big surprise in my first trip to a hot place race! And lwhen I find a shoe that works, I buy that pair again and agin, but beware as most manufacturers improve and alter the shoe each season and I have found that the "new" model doesn't fir nor perform like my old pair.

So that all seems simple enough, but blisters still appear when I am wearing socks :0(

This is usually my fault through carelessness

when putting the socks on and then rushing feet into shoe, not doing the laces properly with even tension ensuring the shoe and sock feel snug and comfortable... despite being careful on occasion I can still get a blister when it rains and water affects the sock position in the shoe.

I prefer the thin single layer type of running sock - these retain less water when it rains or you run through puddles at feed stations. I avoid the double layered socks as I find they the layers can slide on each other. Similarly I avoid thick socks for racing. By the way, how often do I not stop to get a wee stone out my shoe in a race only to find there was no stone but a blister was forming and I could have adjusted sock/shoe to avoid it getting any worse.

Finally, while lace locks save time they do need replaced when the elastic weakens. I now use normal laces for half and full ironman distances - usually with spring loaded clips (but takes a while to judge the amount of slack needed to allow entry to shoe and minimising the loose ends when tightened - I tie the ends together so I don't pull the clip off when rushing!

Blisters are not inevitable - race in well used shoes and find out what works for you.

Peebles Triathlon

Andrew Mcmenigall



Never having done a borders series event before, I was keen to remedy that this year. I was also keener when I found out that the cost of each of the sprint events was only £20. I entered into Gala and Peebles, as these looked like fitting in with dates that would suit.

Unfortunately I fell at the first hurdle, as work commitments got in the way of the Gala event. Undeterred, I was even more determined to make it to Peebles. As ever on most events I arrived in more than enough time. I had heard that parking was limited, which it is, and even arriving as early as I did, the small car park at the Peebles swimming pool was already full up. Another early riser was the only other ET out at Peebles, Mark Munnich. Special mention should be made that this was his first, what he called 'real' triathlon. It was certainly his first as an ET member, which was good to see.

At risk of sounding a bit like a city slicker, I made first for the changing rooms, so that I could secure a locker. I tried squeezing my pound coin in the slot, only to realise that the locker cost was only 20p. What a bargain! Even though I successfully secured a locker, it did not look like there was actually any shortage. I then went to register.

The registration was a more simple than normal process, once I had remembered what time I had put down for my swim, as the names were in swim time order. I walked away from registration thinking that something was missing. I left with nothing other than a small piece of paper with my swim heat, lane number a cap colour and a black swim cap. No timing chip, no number, other than the heavily written on number on arm and calf.

What time does my swim heat begin I asked?
When ever we get through the previous heats

was the retort. Mark was off in the second swimming heat. I decided to wait with him and watch his swim. It was tough though, because the temperature on poolside was quite intolerable. I suggested to Mark that he should look to draft as much as practically possible. This is easier said than done when following somebody doing breast stroke! I was off in the fourth of six heats. The warm-up for the swim was one length swim, and then the off. The only problem was that my goggles were not quite water tight after the warm up leg and I swam with my eyes screwed up, so vision was a bit limited.

I was last off last in my lane, and indeed in the slowest lane of the wave, which was just perfect. The swimmers in front of me started off fast, or at least faster than I was willing to start off. However I managed to reel in the swimmer in front after the first ten lengths. I coasted behind her for the rest of the swim, finishing the 750 metres in just over 13 minutes 20 seconds. I was actually quite enjoying the swim and it seemed a shame when I was tapped on the head with only 2 lengths to go.

The run from the back of the pool to the bike zone covered some rough ground. I managed to pass a couple of ERC competitors here. I also ran over a stone, which I did not think much about at the time. Transition was quick for me and I set out on the 'there and back' course. The route takes you up over the bridge and then on the Cardronna road. I assumed that since the route followed the river that it would be flat. I was a little disappointed here, as it undulated more than I expected. The benefit of an out and back is that you know what to expect on the back. The turn, was just a turn around on the road, and I managed to complete the cycle in 35 minutes. I was pretty happy with that.

The run is a nice loop around the river, and is pretty flat. I was pretty chuffed to move through the second transition pretty quickly, leaving behind a number of competitors that had come in before me. The only issue with the run, was that the sole of my right foot was starting to feel quite sore where I had stood on a stone when running from the pool. At 20 minutes 33 secs for the run, I was pretty pleased, and managed to finish in

1.12.11, in 35th place. The fastest and highest position I have ever achieved. Martin Gore finished first in 1.00.21, so still room for improvement for me! Mark finished in a very creditable 64th place coming in at 1.19.07.

I would definitely recommend this event for those that may want to try a sprint outside of the 'usual' events. It does not cost much (£20), is generally well organised, it is close to Edinburgh, and has a good spread afterwards for competitors. What more could a triathlete want?

Lochore 2010 Race Report- what a Tri !

Marco Capriglione



This was a first time for a lot of reasons; in fact The Bruce Triathlon was both my first Sprint and first Open Water race. I set off early after an unsettled night - my miss was walking the Moon-walk. Lochore is just half an hour drive but is better to get in early, as with 350 athletes competing parking can be an issue.

Registration was a breeze and after a wee chat with some club members I was ready to familiarise myself with the course and get ready. The good think about open water Tri is that this allows either mass start or few wave starts. In other word no hanging around for hours!

Initially there was a glitch with the waves order that meant that I had to rush a bit my preparation. Nonetheless shortly after 9 am I was cruising in Lochore - swimming in a busy stretch of water is a pretty daunting experience. It takes a bit of time to get used to it but eventually I settled into my rhythm. In little less than 15min I

was back on land :) a bit out of breath but feeling strong. My T1 was amazing, at least for me! comparing it with my previous experience (Cupar - folks stop laughing...). Even if I had to get rid of the wetsuit everything went really well. The cycle ride was pretty standard business - 20 (actually 24) km fairly flat. Only a couple of things to note; after about 2K my bike bottle was rolling on the tarmac (don't ask!) and yes I had to stop. The second event was a pretty gory one, about 15K into the race three fast competitors crashed - one had a very bad bruise on his back.

The rest can only be described as eventless, decent T2 and strong run really close to my PB.



The Bruce Triathlon did live up to expectations - perfect for first OW competitors but so well organised that even more experienced folks enjoy racing it year after year. After the race to speed up muscular recovery there's nothing better than dipping tired limbs in the fresh water of the loch.

Fiona and Claire set up a wee cafe on the bank of the Loch for ET people. This was by far the best way to enjoy an after race coffee and cake. Thanks guys!



Editor's note:

Marco. I completely agree with you about the quality of this race but I can't believe you didn't mention the towel! The wee tartan hand towel has to be about the best race give away ever (only just beating the Gullane waterproof bag of last year).

Stats below.....

Phil

Pos.	Name	Time	Cat Pos	Swim	T1	Cycle	T2	Run
41	David Johnson	01:15:38	18	00:11:36	00:01:07	00:42:42	00:00:30	00:19:40
46	James Gibson	01:16:21	20	00:13:31	00:00:50	00:42:31	00:00:30	00:18:57
51	Phil Parr-Burman	01:16:57	3	00:12:59	00:00:41	00:40:23	00:00:42	00:22:08
59	Adam Wright	01:17:57	24	00:14:07	00:01:14	00:41:02	00:00:47	00:20:46
60	Scott Balfour	01:18:03	1	00:15:08	00:01:27	00:41:13	00:01:03	00:19:11
63	callum hendry	01:18:24	5	00:13:08	00:01:14	00:41:30	00:01:18	00:21:12
98	Marco Capriglione	01:21:16	40	00:14:59	00:01:56	00:42:42	00:00:46	00:20:51
126	Michael Allan	01:24:20	37	00:14:36	00:01:29	00:43:07	00:02:13	00:22:52
127	Carsten Mieves	01:24:24	49	00:16:32	00:01:26	00:44:21	00:00:40	00:21:23
169	Michael Brown	01:27:53	53	00:17:43	00:03:11	00:44:48	00:01:02	00:21:07
180	Steven Law	01:28:27	56	00:16:15	00:01:41	00:46:54	00:00:50	00:22:46
188	michael carey	01:29:27	68	00:15:54	00:01:58	00:47:57	00:01:02	00:22:34
193	Andrew Fahey	01:29:59	58	00:15:16	00:01:33	00:45:42	00:00:49	00:26:36
210	Atholl Duncan	01:32:40	61	00:17:38	00:01:29	00:47:53	00:00:48	00:24:50
215	arnott kidd	01:33:25	1	00:19:09	00:01:51	00:44:24	00:00:58	00:27:01
218	Lynn Hanley	01:33:44	15	00:18:38	00:01:57	00:49:00	00:00:55	00:23:12
239	Vicki Stewart	01:40:22	34	00:17:23	00:01:41	00:52:09	00:01:11	00:27:56

Knockburn Triathlon 2010

Fiona Milligan



Oh, Lochore and Knockburn are the same weekend, which one do you want to do? After a bit of thought, I decided on Knockburn, mostly because I wanted to race a Standard distance triathlon again. Also, it meant that Karl could visit (and play golf with) his friend Gareth who lives in Aberdeen, and I got to visit a cousin who lives in the area who I have not seen for ages. So that was Saturday.

Sunday was race day. We had a very civilised start for a race day! Got up about 9am, packed 3 bikes into the car and headed out to Knockburn, where there is a loch that was dug specifically for running triathlons. Gareth and I were racing (Karl was racing the following weekend), so we registered and picked our bike racking spots in the small, informal transition area (I was very confused to start with, as I was expecting a defined spot to rack! Karl hung around and chatted to us and other people he knew for a while before heading out on a training ride. There were quite a few ETs there. Got into my wetsuit, listed to the race briefing. I hope there will be plenty of marshals – the route sounds a little confusing – I'm not even quite sure about the swim! The swim route, at least, becomes a bit clearer when we get down to the water – there are yellow buoys a couple of hundred meters to the right: we swim there and start back in the direction we've just come and swim twice round the loch. OK. Into the water, which feels a little cold but not unpleasantly so, and swim up to the buoys. The loch is quite shallow, and I find that I can stand up when I get to the start, which is good. That is enough swimming, can I get out now? I position myself well to the back. There are a few stragglers swimming up, and we can't start until they get out of the way. Come on, I'm getting cold. Finally 1 minute to go is called. 30 seconds. 5...4...3...2...1 – the hooter goes, and we're off. Now, I'm not a good swimmer, and I'm even worse in a wetsuit, but I must be getting a little bit better because for a while I get a bit of the "open-water experience" of bumping into people and being bumped into. As I pass the swim exit I think "Oh, I meant to have a gel be-

for the start, oh well, it is a bit late now". After a bit the swimmers string out into a longer line and I settle into more of a rhythm, seeing the same people around me – a tall-looking man who appeared to be having problems with his goggles as he stood up 2 or 3 times to sort them, and a woman (women have white swim hats so I know she's female). Round the little island – I keep quite close to the shore (shorter distance) and can smell the mud in the water. Onto the second lap and I'm doing fine. My goggles are not steaming up and I can sight just fine (unlike my only previous Standard, where I had to keep stopping to breaststroke in order to clear my goggles so I could see where I was going!). In places the lake is so shallow that the weeds growing on the bottom are tangling with my arms! As I get near to the exit, I realise that I've got a bit of weed on my head. Well, I'm about to get out, I'll sort it then. That canoeist is watching me very carefully – surely I'm not last, am I? I get to the swim exit, accept the offer of a hand up, get onto my feet and promptly trip and fall down! I'm OK, pick myself up, carry on. Up into transition, out of my wetsuit. Others are coming out of the water, I'm not last. Helmet, shoes, get my contact lenses in, sunglasses, bike, off we go. (The mention of putting my contact lenses in in transition may give one or two people out there heart failure but I've been wearing contact lenses for over 20 years and so am pretty efficient at it, the lenses I have cost £200 for the pair so losing one is not something I want to happen (and no, I can't wear daily disposables, or similar, because of the nature of my eye problem) and anyway I can get a lot faster by improving my swimming, cycling and running before I need to worry about the extra minute in T1.) There's a woman in a pink trisuit just in front of me – I'm not sure how fast she's going to go, so I take a gel and get a drink. However I decide she doesn't seem to be going that fast, so I put in a spurt and pass her. The road runs away downhill; hmm, we're going to have to cycle back up this at the end... Down to a junction, turn right, into the village of Strachan. I pass someone, and then a cyclist flew past me "They seem very fast for a rubbish swimmer," I think, "Or am I in the circuit already?" Then another cyclist shot past, with DALE printed across the back of his trisuit. Ah, that's Craig, I must be in the circuit and I've just been lapped. You go three times round the loop and then go back the way you've come. I pass a man wearing number

84 and then sit behind another wearing number 1 for a while, trying to remember what 7 meters looks like. After a bit I pass him as well. The road starts climbing – one short steep section comes as a bit of a shock - and then we go left at a junction and head downhill and number 84 passes me again. Then a steep descent which I take very cautiously and then I'm down and passing the start of the loop. After a bit number 1 passes me as well and I stay back. We pass a woman in a blue and yellow trisuit. A bit further on, heading downhill, muddling with gears, there's a clunk and I realise my chain has come off. ****. I stop, unclip, blue and yellow trisuit woman flies past, I spin the pedals and the chain drops back on again, sorted, off we do. I pass blue and yellow woman again, but numbers 1 and 84 have vanished. On both the second and third laps I manage to pass someone on the steep ascent - on the third loop someone coming cycling the other way calls out "Well done! Good climbing!" Finally the third lap is nearly over and I think I've got 1 and 84 in my sights again, which is pleasing. I pass a couple of people on the hill back up to transition, including a woman just as I get there. Dismount, run in and there's Karl taking photos. I've already decided to put on socks, mostly so that I don't get blisters the will stop me doing the run training that I know I've got coming up. I have a bit of an argument with the socks, and there's a guy just down from me telling his mate how he's doing and the mate tells him that the winner has already finished, I finally get my socks on and head out of transition: then I remember that I was going to take another gel... I keep going round to the water station and it turns out that they have gels, phew, so I neck one. The family manning the

water station confuse me by yelling "Come on Fiona!" – I realise that the woman I passed on my way into transition is just behind me and conclude that she much be called Fiona as well. I leave her behind, and head off along a land-rover track. A man comes past me, and we both pass another one, and a couple of lads on mountain bikes come the other way. I wonder what they make of us. Onto a road and a long, steady grind up hill. Finally I come to the other water station, and walk through it while drinking some energy drink. Here I meet Carsten come thing the other way. Now onto a path through a wood, the broom bushes all in flower; I'd noticed them and their smell on the bike, too. Up to another marshal who is pointing the way up a very narrow path. "What?" Yes, up there. Up I go, picking my way rather nervously around gorse and heather reaching out for my ankles. The path soon widens and I spot someone else up ahead. After a bit I realise he's struggling, stopping to walk and stretch, "Carry on" he says, so I do, still going up. Finally there's another marshal, who says the welcome words "downhill all the way from here!" I think him and head down. As I pass through the water station again, I see the women in the pink trisuit who I'd passed just as I left T1 coming up the hill. As I start down the road, I hear footsteps behind me. I pick up the pace, expecting to be passed anyway. Bui the person stays behind and I push on down the hill, enjoying the descent: in fact I've pulled away from the other runner. Can I hold him off? Back to the entrance to the lake, and the ground flattens out. Without gravity to help, I slow, and the runner behind comes past as we head for the finish, There's Karl, waiting.

Pos	Name	Time	Categ Pos	Swim	T1	Cycle	T2	Run
5	Martin Gore	02:11:40	5	00:22:40	00:00:45	01:11:04	00:00:24	00:36:45
11	Andy Strathdee	02:16:46	3	00:26:44	00:01:00	01:09:19	00:00:30	00:39:11
38	Paul Chowdhry	02:32:58	8	00:30:10	00:01:02	01:15:43	00:00:28	00:45:32
40	Kirsten Sinclair	02:33:30	6	00:27:35	00:00:47	01:20:13	00:00:31	00:44:22
44	Peter Ness	02:34:25	11	00:27:29	00:00:39	01:18:08	00:00:31	00:47:35
59	Carsten Mieves	02:40:08	24	00:29:06	00:02:18	01:18:15	00:01:23	00:49:03
60	David Lorimer	02:40:45	25	00:27:42	00:01:16	01:23:50	00:00:38	00:47:17
82	Fiona Milligan	02:52:03	13	00:34:56	00:01:55	01:26:00	00:01:11	00:47:58

Edinburgh Women's Triathlon

Vicki Stewart



My first triathlon was the Edinburgh Women's Triathlon in 2009 so I wanted to do the 2010 Women's Triathlon as a sort of marker on my triathlon journey.

Gathering by the poolside at Dalkeith on 27 June we watched the last heat of the kids' aquathon. (They were pretty fast and you could hear a few mutterings of fear and awe among the ladies present.) I had been placed in the third heat along with fellow Sprint2Standard member, Fee Gilfillan. The first (and possibly last) time that we will ever be placed in the fastest heat! We could not help but comment on how "pro" everyone looked. There were tri-suits galore! When it came to heat three, it was more than just a little disconcerting to find our own super-speedy Laura Carbonell in my lane. Hm. Ok, so 400m = 16 lengths. There was the obligatory 5, 4, 3, 2, 1 and we were off. It was great to have length counters Anne and Sarah shouting at me to keep going. Very motivational; thanks girls. Slightly less motivational was being lapped by Laura around length 8! Well, it had to happen!!

Jumping (or more, accurately, rolling) out of the pool, it was time for the jog round to transition. Having learnt my lesson at the Lochore Sprint the previous week, I had counted the number of stands so I was able to go to the right place to pick up my bike. Fee and I exchanged a few words of encouragement as we swapped our swimming caps for cycling helmets. My exit from transaction was dire. In a rush of adrenaline, my feet kept sliding off my pedals and neither would clip in. All I could think was "please don't let John be watching"!! The start of the cycle is my least favourite part of a triathlon as I don't think that I have ever got through the first 5k without asking myself what I am doing. The cycle was generally good as there was only one 10k circuit so unlike the Midlothian Sprint, we only had to do the climb out of Dalkeith once. Hooray! On the long stretch down the hill before the left turn into Whitecraig I remembered to keep low on the bike and also keep pedalling and (drum roll please) I was actually overtaking people! Woop! Ok, so as soon as we hit the slight incline into Whitecraig, they went past me

again, but hey, I still overtook people!

The run was the 5k TT route and as I set out, I saw Laura again, a few hundred metres from the finish line. I loved the messages of encouragement written on the ground along the route. And there was Anne Moore's husband Dave at the turning point with his camera. By this point it was actually pretty hot. There was a lovely man with a bag of water bottles who had set up an impromptu water stop just after the turn and he was my favourite person on the day. Water was definitely needed by that point. I was also impressed by the woman who had done the whole race in her swimsuit.

There was quite a crowd at the finish line. And as per last year, there was a huge spread on in the canteen. Delicious!

What amazed me was the number of members of different clubs who were doing the race and how much quicker the results were this year from last year. In 2009 only 10 people completed the course in less than 1 hour. In 2010 there were 25! It was a great day and I had a lot of fun. I know a few other non-ETs who did it and had a good time and also commented on how well organised it was, which is all down to Mandy Whittaker and the rest of the team. I have even seen the ET swim caps being sported by members of three other clubs when I've been at the pool or with friends doing OW. What advertising! It was my positive experience in 2009 that led to me joining ET and I hope that the race in 2010 encourages other new members in the same way. I won't be taking part in the race next year but it was fun to do a straight comparison of what being a member of ET has done for my race results. And as for that marker, I was 17 minutes quicker over the same course after 9 months. Now.... to keep that rate of improvement up....!

A Day in the Lakes

Karl Zeiner



27/06/2010

The 'A Day in the Lakes' Triathlon is a middle distance triathlon held near Pooley Bridge with the swim being in Ullswater, the bike leg taking you over Kirkstone Pass and Shap Fell and the run was a fell run with two very steep climbs in it. Transition is in a camping field and you can basically camp right next to transition. I got to the campsite around 4pm registered and pitched my tent. Met up with some others before nipping into the water for about a 10 min Swim without a wetsuit and it felt like getting into pool, very pleasant. We were told at registration that wetsuits were optional. I did think - this is the UK? Right?

It was very hot when I had arrived at the campsite, not far off 30 degrees and it was clear it was going to be a scorching race. The temperature during that race didn't disappoint.

Race morning

I was up at 5:30am for my breakfast which consisted of coffee, 2 maple pecan things (whatever those are called) and 2 rolls with honey plus an electrolyte drink. Then I fuffed with my bike for a few minutes before walking the 20 metres from tent to transition.

I had a caffeine gel around 20 min before race start and then when the briefing had finished made my way down to and into the water to get myself warmed up and ready to set off with the first wave. It was bit choppy in the water but if you are used to swimming in the Sea at Portobello then this wasn't particularly bad.

Swim

The hooter went off and I made sure I stayed out of any trouble as I have had a number of issues with panic attacks in OW races in the past couple of years. Once I got round the first buoy I noticed how much stronger my swim now is as I was working well against the chop. Round the second buoy and the waves and current were

from behind and it was fun surfing along. As I still feel that I am a BOP swimmer it was nice to see a lot of swimmers around me. I exited the water feeling strong and knowing that I had a good swim. I didn't have a watch on nor was there a race clock but when I ran into T1 I noticed that there were a lot of bike there and thought: Transition doesn't usually look like this when I arrive. Admittedly the 2nd wave was yet to come out of the water but nonetheless it made me feel good. Official results later showed that I swam 34:51 (incl run to T1) which is a 4 min improvement of my previous 1900m PB.

Bike:

T1 was uneventful and I got out on the bike quickly. For those who don't know the bike course goes along the side of Ullswater to the foot of Kirkstone Pass, then up and over Kirkstone pass, turning East picking up the A6 which then takes you over Shap Fell and back to T2. Going along the lake I overtook quite a lot of people and made sure I didn't get caught up in any packs. A set of temporary traffic lights half way round the lake were luckily on green when I got there. Kirkstone Pass was harder than I had anticipated and although I climbed well and overtook some riders I also got overtaken by some which bothered me somewhat. On the descent off Kirkstone I was in a pack with 4 others and we all got stuck behind 5 cars who were stuck behind some slower descenders which was rather frustrating. After the Kirkstone descent there were some undulations and some good time trialling opportunities where I gradually caught more and more riders. The climb up Shap Fell kind of starts gradually. We had the wind behind us here and I felt I was climbing OK but was surprised to be passed by a number of riders again. Once over Shap it was time trial time and the A6 was fantastic to fly along. I picked up a fair few riders here. The last 8-9km were rather undulating and in parts into a headwind so were quite unpleasant to finish the ride off with. I finished the ride in 3:03 hours and my Garmin clocked the route at 92.3km. I was actually a bit disappointed with that as I was hoping to go sub 3 hours (maybe 2:55).

Run

I spent a bit longer in T2 as I decided to put socks on and had to tie my trail shoes. Nonethe-

less out of T2 in about 2 min and off onto the run course. The first 2 thirds of the run are on single track trails and the final third goes along the road back to the finish. There are two major climbs with respectively 2 major descents which on this kind of surface can bring their own difficulties, not that mine issues in the end were in any way surface related

I tend to be quite a good trail runner so I was looking forward to the run and once the first ascent started I was overtaking runners quite quickly and I passed one of the guys who had caught me towards the end of the bike soon as well. I was going well and was over the first climb in no time and started onto the first descent. I stopped for a pee half way down and carried on quite quickly but suddenly I was getting stomach cramps - on a downhill !! They didn't ease off very quickly either so I walked a bit and massaged the area. I definitely did that for longer than I would have liked to, a good 2-3 minutes. I continued walking during this time though. Finally I managed to return to running and started overtaking a number of people who had passed me in the meantime. Got to the feed station had some water and ran on. I was feeling good again now and overtook lots of people on the big ascent. This ascent gets steep enough at one point that you do have to powerwalk it. I got over the top and started descending and guess what: Stomach cramps again! I am rather puzzled by these. Never had them before and nutrition wise I don't think they make sense. I had my last gel nearly 1 hour before the 1st cramp. Anyway so I walked some of the 2nd descent again but massaged the area and tried to run while massaging which worked a bit even though I couldn't run as fast. Once I was down it was a small hump to get over to get back to the feed station and then back to the finish along the road. Once I hit the road I picked up the pace and powered home. I finished my run in 1:51 hours.

Stats

Swim 34:51 (OA 107th of 265; Cat 58th of 117);
Bike 3:03:08 (OA 48th; Cat 26th); Run 1:51:24
(OA 25th; Cat 12th); Finish: 5:33:07 (OA 33rd;
Cat 16th).

Analysis: I am very pleased with my swim. I got the nutrition right on the bike with two finished bottles of Infinit drink and 5 gels. I didn't feel I climbed well enough on the day but on the other hand I time trialled very well. I am pleased with the run. I ran well within myself and don't think I could have done much about the stomach cramps. I will have to see that they don't happen

again. Without those I could have got close to 1:45 which would be a top end run result for that race

I would love to come back to do that race again - maybe in a couple of years time as I am planning on IMA for next year and this would be too close on the calendar.

RATS

Joel Sylvester



Desert Race Across The Sand - Kokopelli Trail, Loma CO to Moab UT. 148 mile running stage race. (some time in June—ed)

I've taken a bit of a break from triathlon the last couple of years, venturing into the wacky world of ultra running. There's a certain simplicity about it that is refreshing after 15 years of packing for three sports. Just pull on your trail shoes and run

Back in June I flew out to Colorado for the Desert RATS event, a 148 mile foot race in five stages through Colorado and Utah.

Day one : 19 miles, approx 500m ascent, 4hrs40

The bus was due to leave around 10am, so I had the novel prospect of a lie in on race day, which of course didn't amount to much as jet lag forced me wide awake at about 4am. A leisurely bus ride took us from Moab up I70 to Loma, near Grand Junction. Along the way we had brief views of the terrain the race would take us over opened up to the east. The scale was hard to take in, with the dry desert air lending a clarity to the views that made it seem unreal, coming from a claggy maritime climate.

It didn't seem like a race. There was little pre-race tension apparent on the bus, people chatted and got to know each other, asking questions about where I trained, the sort of running we do here in Scotland, the kind of races we had, and told me about where they came from and background. They seemed like a good bunch of people. Certainly it was the first race I've done where the previous years winner was busy chatting, giving tips on the route and showing how he'd managed to keep his kit to a minimum weight.

We pulled off I70 on to the Kokopelli Trailhead. The course followed the Kokopelli Trail, developed by Colorado and Utah mountain bikers for most of 140 miles, with some additional distance added to take us to campsites and to make the final days distance up to a full marathon. The trail for the most part was easy running on a well

graded dirt surface. There were sections of sand, slickrock and superheated tarmac, but not much. Tarmac probably amounting to only 10% of the course but on the two long days the tarmac was the killer

Ten minutes after getting off the bus we gathered for some group photos and then we were off. Twenty five runners and 5 mountain bikers. The temperature felt reasonable, there was a slight breeze, the pace seemed OK and the week was underway. Up a slight hill, around a corner and the first of a weeks worth of stunning views swung into place.

The first 10 miles pretty much followed the rim of the mesa, high above the Colorado River looking down over yellow sandstone cliffs, carved by wind, rain and the river into beautiful organic shapes. We probably only covered around ten miles as the vulture flies (saw plenty of those), but the path wound its way around the canyon rim so for much of the time we could look across to those ahead of us, or back to those behind. The running was excellent, nice and technical in places.

After about 12 miles it dropped down a steep descent, crossed a railway line, then climbed steeply back up and headed away from the river. The next 8 miles were less interesting under foot, but the views remained excellent. I managed to correctly navigate a turn that had caught a few people out the previous year, a short climb and then a long gradual descent to the camp at the end of day one. I was joined by Kurt for the last half mile. Kurt was recovering from breaking his collar bone a month earlier doing a cycle criterium event, but had returned to do RATS a second time. I'm not sure I was associating with normal people.

The last turn of the day brought the La Sal mountain range into view, still over 100 miles and three days away.

Camp life

I'll digress to talk about the camp since the social aspect of the race was such a huge part of the week. At the end of each stage we'd arrive at the camp. Several big dome tents would have been put up by Gemini Adventures, the race organisers, for those competitors who didn't bring a tent with them. Many camp chairs would be arrayed, with tables providing snacks, drinking water and ice, and later plenty of good, fresh



food. I took my own small tent with me since I'm an antisocial sort, and have good experience of how much sleep can be lost due to others snoring. Each day I'd finish, drink and eat, then get cleaned up (the red sandstone dust got everywhere). I'd then mend and tape my feet. That left lots of time to chat with others and make some good friends as the sun went down over the mountains. The organisers couldn't do enough for you, they were so helpful.

That first evening I discussed my day with others more experienced of the conditions than me. A theme developed - I was not taking on enough salt and getting bloated as a result. For the second day I'd stop using the Nuun drink tablets, and start on the hard core salt tablets, two an hour, every hour. By the end of the week I was crunching them between my teeth. Yum.

Day Two 38 miles, around 600m ascent, 10hrs17

The old hands had warned us - this was a tough day. The profile didn't look too bad, but there were some long, long stretches of desolate trail.



There was one section that was like seemed to go on forever, running alongside a railway line, parallel lines converging somewhere beyond the

horizon. Elsewhere there were seemingly interminable sections of tarmac which cooked my feet.

On the plus side, I was getting my salt and water intake tuned. The extra salt stopped me getting bloated, which in turn allowed me to drink more. I was peeing clear and regularly and I'd got into a good habit of drinking about 1 litre an hour. Any other time this would have seemed excessive, but I was probably sweating about 0.5 to 0.75 litres an hour. Thank goodness for the low humidity. The race rules stated that we had to leave the aid stations with at least 2.5 litres of water. On the longer stretches I was carrying 4 litres of water. Add our emergency kit (waterproof, 1st aid kit, knife, torch, 1000 kcal of food, strobe beacon etc) and I was usually running with 4 or 5 kg on my back.

Oh, and I have a couple of bottles of salt tablets left over. If anyone is racing an endurance event in a hot place, I can let you have a bunch of the tablets. They are quite hard to get hold of in the UK, but are worth experimenting with, they can make a huge difference.

The day started at a fast walk as I wanted to ease into it slowly. I soon picked up the pace, but after about 5 miles my IT band started complaining. It soon flared up into intense pain from my left hip down to my knee. Its an old injury I had managed to avoid for a year or more, but I guess 48 hours of travelling and not anticipating the effects by properly stretching was asking for trouble. The next 35 miles proved as tough as I was told they would be.

I resorted to a strategy of walking until my ITB eased off, stretching it, then running until it be-

came too painful, walking and so on. I ran with Vicky, who had her own problems and as we alternately went through peaks and troughs we took it in turns to pick a landmark to run to. The worry gnawed away at me, last time my ITB had been this bad it had taken two months of disrupted running to shake off, and here I was just 30 miles or so into a 150 miles week. This was not looking good.

A steep climb brought some respite (really - it eased my ITB right off). Soon after an aid station raised the prospect of an easy way out, and I wouldn't have been the first, but I made myself busy with drink and food and forced the evil thoughts to the back of my mind. I headed out onto a stretch of road with Vicky, walking, running and convincing myself I was enjoying the heat as I was baked from all directions. It was a long day, but eventually we made the turn off onto the last four miles of road. Way too much tarmac for my liking, but we'd had plenty of stunning trail already that day.

We caught and passed my friend Mike who was suffering with cramp and had run out of water. I gave him a bottle, and we left him behind. Nothing like seeing someone hurting more than you to put a spring in your step. Ultra running can be grim.

Camp was in a shady glade down by the river. I stood waist deep in the fast flowing Colorado River, icy cold, and then submitted myself to Inga, a massage therapist who joined us for the remainder of the week. I was concerned that massage could easily make my ITB worse, but had nothing to lose so I explained the problem and let Inga do her thing. I'm pretty sure she saved my race, not only easing off the ITB but also the surrounding and opposing muscles. Only after that was I was able to properly stretch. I figured with an easy day to come and another massage booked things were looking up.

The evening was pleasant, sharing stories from the day. My feet seemed in good nick, my foot tape job was working well with just a couple of hot spots to deal with for the following day. The food that evening was extra special, steak sandwiches, buffalo burgers and ice cream floats.

Day Three 9 miles, 180m ascent, 2hrs22

The short day. I stretched well before we set off, and again several times during the day. I ran with Tom and Chris Ripley, a couple in their sixties who had raced everywhere, done everything. They had some interesting thoughts on the relative difficulties of different races, rating

this race, which they had done the previous year, at or above more famous events such as the Marathon des Sables. This was harder running they said, with more climbing and tougher cut offs. RATS was also about a fraction of the price. Tougher than MdS eh? I'll take their word for it, I can't imagine a race 100x the size could ever be as friendly as this.

I saw my first snake, a harmless Gopher Snake which Tom unhelpfully tried to chase towards me as I tried to photograph it. Some chance. I have a great picture of its tail. I was a lot more successful with the numerous lizards that darted across the path. Where there were trees by the river there were plenty of small birds, and above us there was usually a vulture or two, circling

My ITB band was still painful, but I seemed to be able to loosen it off much more easily than the previous day. After a couple of easy hours I reached the finish line for the day.

We were driven to the camp by Dewey Bridge, nestled between red sandstone walls and the river. The next day we would be heading away from the river and deep into the canyons. After several sessions standing in the cold water, a good wash, another excellent massage and more stretching, things were looking up. Sunshine always makes things better.

Day Four 52 miles, about 3000m ascent, 16hrs30.

The big day. Too big to think of in its entirety so mentally I broke it down into ten or fifteen mile sections between aid stations and water drops.

The first section was a loop through the hills starting from back up the road at the previous days end point. I nice steady climb took us across areas of slick rock (exposed sheets of sandstone) then sandy trails back down to Dewey Bridge. I picked up my super lightweight trekking poles which I'd managed to leave behind and started up the next big climb of the day.

The next few sections were the most isolated of the journey. I walked a long climb past sandstone cliffs, my old rock climbing instincts picking out line after line, probably unclimbed. My mates Kurt and Mike caught me at the second aid station, the last for a while as we entered the Cottonwood Canyon area. One of the competitors was lying under a tree looking pretty exhausted - he later dropped out.

.The trail then descended and climbed through some extraordinary canyons. I'd not have been at all surprised to find a dinosaur around the next corner. At this point we were miles from any

road in real wilderness. I was slowing now, and Kurt and Mike caught me on a sandy climb. The heat from the rock walls radiated down on us. My zip thermometer was reading 95F/38C, but it felt hotter. Think pizza oven.

We descended a rocky gully, something I'd normally enjoy running but by now my feet were feeling battered and bruised. Waiting for Kurt and Mike at the bottom I drank the last of my water, despite carrying 4.5 litres from the previous aid station. Over the next pass we hit a water drop where I drank my fill and took on more. As Kurt reminded me (this was his 2nd RATS), it was essential I was properly hydrated by the next aid station since we were going to be weighed.

Refreshed, I caught and started to pull away from Kurt and Mike managing to run at a reasonable pace. We regrouped at the 27 mile aid station a few miles down the track. My weight measured OK, my feet seemed to be holding out. I was in good spirits and felt in control of the situation. I applied more sun block, ate, drank and then headed off again.

One competitor, Jeff, had to wait at the aid station for two hours while he took on fluid before he was allowed to carry on. Actually, he recov-



ered really well and passed me at speed later in the day. One tough dude.

Looking back, I was probably in denial about how far we still had to go. Leaving the aid station and turning up Thomson Canyon we were just over half way. However I could see the mountain side we had to climb over from the aid station, and it didn't seem too far away. Of course the route took the long way around.

The next leg was about 14 miles to a water drop, and it pretty much climbed all the way. My legs still felt good, my feet were hurting but I struck up a good rhythm with my poles and headed up hill. Once or twice I saw glimpses of Mike and Kurt behind me, and about 10 miles in the Reid the RD cycled past me, but other than that it was just me and the mountain. Just how I like it. Oh, at one point I came across an old guy in a pickup truck absolutely reeking of alcohol. Maybe he was fed up of Nuun. As the sun dipped, the areas of shade grew and I finally started to feel comfortable as the temperature dropped.

The water drop at 41 miles was very welcome. I was approaching 9000ft ASL now, and the forest was building up around me. It was delightful open woodland, cool in the early evening and I'd have been very happy just pitching a tent and staying there. My legs still felt OK and as the trail peaked and headed down towards the 44 mile aid station I even started running again. It was getting dark as I reached the final aid station and the breeze was picking up so I donned extra clothing, tied a glow stick to my rucksack, discussed peanut butter sandwiches with the crew (it seemed I was inviting instant deportation from the USA by not liking them) and then walked off into the night.

The trail headed up hill again for a couple of miles. At the time I wished it would start going down again soon, something I'd soon change my mind about. It changed to tarmac. And I discovered a whole new world of pain in my feet.

I was aware that my little toes were now badly blistered, indeed I'd been preventative taping them for the last two days. I'd also put on a larger pair of shoes for this stage. Sadly a half size bigger just wasn't sufficient to cope with my swollen feet. As the road turned and headed down hill my heels screamed, and my toes yelled. The fatigue started to hit, my gait fell apart and in the darkness, with no reference other than the spot of light from my head torch, I started to weave and wobble. At one point I stumbled and felt the skin separate around both

my little toes - weirdly the pain acted to make my heels hurt less and I ran for a few metres. Then it was back to tapping time with my poles and breathing in time to try and keep my pace up. Wrapped in hurt I couldn't even distract myself with the brilliantly clear night sky. So many stars.

Now I don't want to pretend that somehow my feet were particularly bad, looking around camp some had much, much worse blisters than me, blackened toes and raw skin. I'd managed to avoid blistering on the sole of my foot, it was just completely bruised. But I've experienced race pain, and those final five miles took me further beyond my pain threshold than I'd ever been. Damn it hurt. I walked down the hill, breathing like I'd learned at antenatal classes and tap tap tapping time. But hey, at least my ITB had been fine all day! Some consolation. I growled. I shouted. I moaned. There was no one to hear me. I kept moving forward.

But eventually I turned off the road and followed the glow sticks into the camp. I finished on the stroke of midnight. I was helped to a seat, fed and watered. Eventually I crawled into my sleeping bag and slept. How on earth was I going to do a marathon in 36 hrs time? I wasn't sure, but after putting myself through that I was damned if I wasn't going to try.

Day Five - rest day, trip to the beach!

There were a lot of sore feet walking gingerly around camp the next day, and I was being very careful with my own. I cut away the tape on my toes and left it at that for the time being. My poor little toes were just one big blister from the base all around.

We all piled into a very dodgy looking VW vans, and headed for the beach. Since we were probably a good 1000 miles from any ocean, a sandy bay on the Colorado River sufficed. We must have presented a sight, 20 people standing waist deep in the river for as long as we could stand, then eating and drinking in the shade, before repeating the cycle. The cold water worked wonders reducing the swelling and generally making my legs feel better. Another massage also helped, in the open air, under a shady tree, with the river flowing past below high rock walls. Bliss. Too soon it was time to return to camp.

I cleaned my feet up, drained my little toes, put fresh socks on (Injinji toe socks, daft looking but comfortable), and later applied the final tape job of the week.

Then the highlight of the day - the slide show. The RDs brother, Glen, is a professional photographer and a handy ultra runner, and he had been following us around all week. Now we saw the results, and they were very impressive. There's something about pictures taken by pros that sets them apart, and its not just the expensive cameras and lenses. All beautifully composed, even the one of Kurt's backside which was perfectly exposed.

Day Six 26.2 miles, 890m ascent, 5hrs 59.

Saturday dawned, and you know what, I did feel like running after all. Who'd have thought it. Six miles uphill, then down hill to the finish. Easy, and actually my feet weren't too bad after all. The swelling had reduced and though uncomfortable I was able to run.

I made good time on the climb figuring I had nothing to loose now, I didn't have to leave anything in the tank for the next day I could just go for it. Looking back down the road the field was strung out and I was well ahead of many people who were above me in the standings.

The six mile aid station was at the top, and for the next four miles I stretched out my legs and ran, properly ran, for the first time all week. It felt good, and though I guessed I'd pay for it later it was fun just having to work and breath hard. The trail wound its way through low forest until it hit the dirt road, with Moab visible in the distance. We were closing in on civilisation, with day trip cyclists and off-roaders appearing.

The dirt road became a bit of a bore, especially as it seemed that just as the dust had settled from one vehicle driving past, another came by. Partially I think I was annoyed with people, non race people, interfering with my wonderfully quiet week away from the world. I trotted down the track, and reached the 14 mile aid station.

From here, I had a 6 mile out and back loop along the Porcupine Rim to do. Uphill out, downhill back. I was walking again now as my feet started yelling at me and the heat started to rise. Back into the pizza oven. As before, going uphill my feet weren't too bad, but after hitting the turn around, picking up my numbered pebble (proof I'd done the distance), the pain returned. Returning to the aid station I had 6 miles downhill to go to the finish.

Now I really started to feel the heat. My thermometer touched 40C, and a combination of the rocks radiating at me, and overcooking it earlier in the day hit me hard. Probably I'd run a fluid deficit all day by pushing the pace. Whatever,

within a few seconds of starting to run I'd over heat and it took many minutes to stop panting and get myself under control once more. In the end I gave up running at all and just walked.

With a couple of miles to go Mike caught me, I tried to stay with him but couldn't hold on. I walked and counted steps to the next mile marker. One more mile to go. As I hit the final corner I could see the finish 200m ahead. I tied the Saltire I'd been carrying all day to my trekking pole and waved it above my head as I ran to the finish. The music played, people cheered and I crossed the line just inside 6 hours, flag flying proudly in the strong breeze. My slowest marathon ever. Definitely the most rewarding though.

The aftermath

Sitting in the shade at the finish, drinking ginger ale, eating water melon and cheering on the later finishers. Kurt ran in looking like Quasimodo, his bust collar bone causing him to hunch right over. One hard bastard. All but one had finished as the 3pm cut off approached. Where was Lisa? A few people went back up the road

to find her, and with ten minutes to go the group appeared around the corner with Lisa walking. It was damn emotional as she crossed the line with minutes to spare, with tears welling up all around, and a very relieved RD who was saved the decision of whether to enforce the cut off.

Then it was a trip back to the hotel, a dip in the pool, a long, long shower (unfortunately for the pool filtration system it was in that order), then food, presentations and sleep.

What a week. A great bunch of people, stunning scenery and a whole lot of hard effort. A perfect mix. Oh, and somewhere way way ahead of me down the trail there was a race, won by Sean Meissner in 23:42. Somehow my 39:48 seemed irrelevant against the experience I took away from the race.



Lewa Safaricom Marathon – Kenya 26 June 2010

William Low



Why do we participate in sporting challenges? When I have answered this question in the past, it has been a fairly typical mix of ageing denial, competitive streak and a suitable excuse to indulge in alcohol and food without an endless guilty conscience. However, having undertaken a range of running, cycling and triathlon challenges, to the chagrin of my children, who to a tee have become critical about someone of "my age" wearing lycra, I was ready for something new. An email from a colleague scouting for willing team members to run in a notoriously tough race, at altitude in a game reserve and to raise notable funds for a very deserving charity, proved to be the ideal solution.

punishing hills, Kenyan temperatures and the prospect of meeting wildlife that has not been spooked by the helicopters, rangers and runners, the challenge is far from typical.

What makes this event special is how you are surrounded by the very community who benefit from the fund raising efforts that are an integral part of the race experience. The oxygen challenged practice run from our tented camp was watched in amusement by the steady stream of uniformed children trudging home from school. Their smiling faces showed no dismay at the length of their daily walk to school, which for some can be up to 10 miles each way, and instead an undisguised pleasure that their comfortable jog easily matched the gasping efforts of the visitors.

Even more enlightening are the visits arranged by the inspiring team at TUSK to the variety of projects that are funded by this charity as a result of the efforts of our team and the many other participants in the race. In the schools, the barren and crowded classrooms are enlivened by the smiling and singing faces and the plain truth is that attendance is primarily defined by the fact that free meals are on offer to those who attend. The supply of water, the ability to grow fresh vegetables and facilities to help prepare meals, are all remarkably simple and affordable, but equally dramatic in their effect of making the education system function. Listening to about 30 children in a tiny room with mud floors, seamlessly and in unison recite over 20 verses of a famous Kenyan song was a fitting memory to draw on at the start line the following morning.



The race in question, the Safaricom marathon, takes place in the Lewa Wildlife Conservancy and is run through some of Kenya's most beautiful scenery. Mount Kenya lies to the south and there are breath-taking views north towards Samburu and Mount Lolokwe. The heavily protected 65,000 acre wildlife sanctuary is home to over 100 rhino, herds of elephant and a vast assortment of plains game including zebra, giraffe, buffalo and much more. The race was first run in 2000 and since then has gained a reputation as one of the toughest marathons in the world. The purpose of the race is to raise funds for both the game conservancy and TUSK Trust, and attracts over a 1000 runners each year to the humbling experience of running at 5500 feet. With incredible scenery, dirt roads,



Race day starts with reasonably cool temperatures, and with a notable presence of exceptionally lean local runners, I accept my modest position in the athletic hierarchy and set off with several of my colleagues from Blackrock.

I quickly lose them however in the throng, as the first stretch sees runners of all abilities fighting for some precious free space. Before long though I'm comfortably running along side Ben Fogel, who is documenting the race for Sky TV on behalf of a group war-wounded runners from the UK Forces, and the first 10k is a joy...until Ben drops me and the hills start.



The remainder of the half-marathon however is a humbling experience, as the hills and temperatures rise and it quickly becomes clear that getting enough oxygen in is a big challenge. Before long I'm walking up the steepest sections, having never walked in a running race before and the last 5k is an embarrassing intermittent mix of walking and running, as the heat becomes bru-

area, there is a great throng of locals, for whom this is a great event, with the post race live music and entertainment being a highlight. It was amongst this crowd that I congregated with my fellow runners and it was whilst perusing my post race goody bag that we were approached by a young Kenyan boy who recognised us from our visit to his school the previous day. His interest in our race achievements was completely eclipsed by the prospect of being given my free energy bar, which was difficult to refuse given that a no school day was more than likely a no food day!



As a foreign visitor, this event is also an excellent excuse to undertake some game safaris in the Lewa reserve, and appreciate the raw wild-



tal. Practising running slowly now seems an obvious omission from my training plan, but the simple pleasure of ending the anaerobic hell is masked by the clock in the finishing straight just ticking past the 2 hour mark. This is not a course for PB's! If my time was not humbling enough, I later find out that the second finisher in the full marathon, Titus Kariuki in a time of 2:22:04, was only beaten because he turned the wrong way at the start of his second lap and had an extra detour to the finish line before being prompted to turn back the way he had come. This was not down to poor signage, just his inability to read...

life that is such a draw for tourists to this corner if the world and its surrounding communities as a result. It is on these game drives, and in the friendly atmosphere around the campfire in our tented (and protected from wildlife) camp that a great bonhomie is developed with both team mates and fellow runners from all corners of the world - something that does not prevail in most mass participation sporting events. For those looking for a serious sporting challenge, a fantastic venue, an excuse to safari and most im-

Post race there is the usual melee of exhausted runners sharing excuses and attempting to get their faculties back in order. Out with the race

portantly the altruistic benefits of seeing and understanding how much of a difference well targeted fund raising programs can make, this is the event for you.

Will Low participated in the Lewa Safaricom race along with various colleagues from Blackrock, one of the most successful fund raisers for this event and the TUSK charity. TUSK is a charity registered in the UK, USA and Australia and has HRH Prince William of Wales as its royal patron.



Tiramisu –My Nonna’s Recipe

Marco Capriglione

serves 6-8 people

Ingredients:

3 eggs

3 tbs of sugar

250gr of mascarpone cheese

a bowl of coffee

1 packet of ladyfinger biscuits

cocoa powder

Separate the yolk from the white. In a medium bowl beat the yolk with 3 tbs of sugar. Once you have well mixed add the mascarpone, continue whisking till you obtained a smooth cream. Put the bowl in the fridge and with an electric hand whisk on high speed beat the eggs white for about 3 minutes. Once you have obtained a firm mixture incorporate it to the mascarpone cream, with a wooden spoon. In the meantime dunk the ladyfingers into the coffee and lay the biscuits in a tin. Cover them with half of the cream then lay another layer of biscuits and cover with the rest of the cream. Dust the top with cocoa powder.

Profile: Marco Capriglione

Please give an answer to all these six questions:

Describe yourself in 10 words

Funny, Chatty, Handsome = Modest J Just jocking: a grounded fellow, honest

What age group are you in?

30-40

What's your day job?

IT Consultant for the council

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

I joined the club February this year and I have no doubt saying that ET is the best club around. Great guys and incredible training/race support.

What are your ambitions in triathlon?

It is hard to say since I've just joined but maybe completing an IM within 3 years. Aiming too high eh?

What is your favourite club session?

I'm really fond of the Wed run and the Sat ride.

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

Bike riding for Horse riding, let's think about the transition area how messy would that be?

Women with six packs: yum, yuk or indifferent?

Indifferent – as long as there's a smile on their face.

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

What's your favourite piece of kit?

I am a bit of a geek (see what I do for living) and I love my gadgets. So my Garmin FR60 with HR monitor, foot and bike pod are my inseparable tech allies.

What one thing would improve your performance?

Swim faster, mostly in a swimsuit. Swimming wrapped into a layer of neoprene is not ideal.

What has been your best racing or training moment?

Lochore was my highlight so far, gorgeous day of sun and a decent performance made it special.

Who or what inspires you?

My inspiration comes equally from myself and you guys. There's nothing like crossing the finishing line and seeing many purple-black dress folks cheering you up.



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Club Clothing	Mandy Whittaker	whittaker667@btinternet.com	0131 454 0900
Club wetsuits	Jim McGoldrick	jimpmcgoldrick@aol.com	0131 660 5098
Race Organisers			
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Women's Triathlon	Mandy Whittaker	whittaker667@btinternet.com	0131 454 0900
Junior Aquathlon	Greg McDowall	greg.mcdowall@hotmail.com	07779 302153

Looking for coaching advice?

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Doug Steele dougsteele@blueyonder.co.uk

Email group: to join send a blank email to edintri-subscribe@yahoogroups.com

Any problems please email membership@edinburghtri.org

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