



Training Times:

- Monday
Swim – Porty
7pm
- Tuesday
Run – Meadows 7pm

Swim – Dalry 8.30pm
- Wednesday
Swim – Drumbrae
8pm
- Thursday
Run – Meadows 7pm
**Edinburgh Athletics
Club Session**
- Friday
Swim – Porty
7pm Uncoached
- Saturday
Cycle – RCP 9.30am

parkrun – 9.30am
Cramond (5km
timed run – public
event)
- Cycle – Inch Park
2pm (juniors)
- Sunday
Cycle – Gilmerton x-
roads 9.20am

Circuits – Napier
University Sighthill
4pm

New Circuits Session

Our fantastic coaching team have started a new training session on Sundays. There is now a circuits class from 4pm to 5pm at Napier University Sighthill. Cost is £3 per session.

Autumn Training Weekend by Jo Tennant

Here follow three - variously altered versions - of the Autumn Triathlon Training Weekend in Callander all from the point of view of Jo Tennant, an ERC member of 3 months who has completed her first two triathlons this year. Please select at your leisure.

Version 1: THE ABBREVIATED VERSION FOR THE BUSY: *It happened and was awesome: sign up for the next one.*

Version 2: THE JOLLY PLAN AND HOW IT MATERIALISED: Organised by the good Mr Chris Godfree, the planning was meticulous, with Berit and Mitch recruited as chefs. Post work Friday, we scooted up to Callander's finest example of a swimming pool with an hour's swim sets provided by Martin. Back to the Bunkhouse - complete with miniature bat eared dog - via the chip shop for well-earned refuel. Beers were uncapped and so began what felt like the beginning of a self-help retreat (and perhaps it was?) as we all took it in turns around the table to introduce ourselves and speak about our various triathlon addictions. Snorting laughter, camaraderie and more beer, wine and whisky; I do like triathletes.

Perfect weather at dawn - that unique Scottish, soggy, damp grey and not a breeze in the trees. Like all good Scots, breakfast was hearty and porridge was on the stove. All but Chris and I set off for the morning's run along the Rob Roy Way - they claimed variously to have managed a nice half marathon out and back following a disused railway route. Chris and I set off in pursuit of the off-road bicycling adventure exploring tracks and trails around Loch Verachar, me on my carthorse of a mountain bike compared with his shiny, slinky cyclocross machine. Some beautiful well-maintained routes in the autumn hills - definitely worth exploring more and even more worth taking (and consulting) a map. If struggling to chat in these situations, I find the trick is to ask your Ironman companion very open ended questions and let them talk whilst you breathe.

All were back and damp but Berit and Mitch excelled themselves with make your own sandwiches for lunch. Routes and groups for the afternoon's cycle were discussed over pastrami, pepper and houmous stuffed bread. There were to be two routes: one 60k and one 40k, both taking in Dukes Pass. As the new kid on the triathlon block, I was in the 40k group - which Berit kindly led with Oonagh: the matriarchs for another three inexperienced group riders.

Beautiful rolling countryside and quiet roads led us along the way, flattering us into a false sense of security until there it was: Duke's Pass - a seemingly sheer wall of granite populated by rock climbing trees. Dr Inkster pulled us over and gave us a swift "man the f*ck up" pep talk- this was every woman for themselves. And off we set... and that was the last we saw of Berit as she yomped her way up to the top with speed - and I'm sure style- though I can't say I saw her for longer than five seconds. As it was, I was mightily pleased to see, and keep, a flash of Oonagh's yellow jacket at each switchback without it ever disappearing- a mighty achievement for me! At the top, looking out along the Forth Valley with Edinburgh sitting at the other end, we regrouped and took jolly team photos of laughter and brokenness.

Now for the best bit where, for all the swearing and gasping on the way up, the way down was just spectacular roller coaster of views and exhilaration which went on for miles. An excellent route with similar feedback from the others too.

That evening Chef Berit, ably assisted by Sous Chef Mitch served us a balanced, delicious diet of carbs in two forms; mac'n'cheese and spag bol eaten to the point of bursting, washed down with beer, wine and whisky. I'm pretty sure there were seconds and thirds of all of the above.

Games Master Emma then invited us to retire to the next room for the evening's entertainment to begin. Split into three teams and the real competitive spirits came out over a course of engaging, random and obtuse questions and competitions, hula hoops and climbing on the furniture. I think the evening may have continued onward but my eyelids were heavy and bed called me.

ERC Tri Squad Newsletter



What better Sunday morning activity than an 8am coached swim session? Geoff had very kindly made his way up north and got us working hard. Then we ducked into the steam room and sauna for a pep up pre-breakfast. That morning the group was split: Chris and Tom had gone to settle scores over manly hills on their bikes; JF was being passionately French at the TV as the All Blacks stripped victory from his nation; Berit led a little team in a hill scrambling run, from which Oonagh returned valiantly muddled, and the others were split between hill reps and the sofa, drinking tea in an exhausted daze. Lunch and any afternoon's cycle plans drifted away as everyone seemed done and ready to head back home, a little bit broken. So, laden with food, that's what we did. What a fantastic weekend. Thank you to all involved in the, no doubt, hard work of organising - and totally recommended to everyone to take part in one- even if you're a timid new member like me!

Version 3: THE INTERNAL MONOLOGUE OF A NEW TRIATHLETE

Something that is rarely mentioned in ERC (probably because you're all seasoned professionals) is that First Day of School feeling that you get when you're doing something longer/harder/faster than you've done before: I had it when I pitched up to my first Monday night swim session shaking (I couldn't swim more than 150 meters); on my first triathlon (a shaky bottom lip before the deep water start); and now *-what the heck was I thinking?-* I had signed up for the Autumn Training Weekend - a sustained period of time with lithe, over-achieving machines disguised as humans. Like all things, it seemed like a great idea when it was far, far off in the distance. However as the weekend loomed, it seemed like a beastly idea. Why the hell would I put myself through the humiliation of spending a protracted period of time with a bunch of ultra multi-sport athletes? Rather than even being "All the Gear and No Idea" I was firmly in the camp of "No gear and no idea". My swimming costume beginning to go see-through, my road bike borrowed (and it had flat pedals and flat bars- the humiliation), and my hip flexor so aggravated that I was unable to run in my greying trainers. It really was a re-creation of Going To A New School And Being The Odd Creature In The Corner. I'm not sure if you rummage into the archives of your mind, you can remember this feeling, but it certainly is there for me every time I push out and do something new.

But go I did: I've learned that though the fear is there, there isn't usually much validity to it. Bags packed on Thursday night (why does no one ever tell you how much kit you need? It looked much like I was moving house)... I shot up the road to Callander's finest swimming pool for a drill hour with toys (oh, wait, I didn't have any. When I say no gear...)

And you'll never guess what I found out. That it didn't matter. We swam... and I took on water. But it was ok. Good even. The weekend got better, my fear vanished and well, I'll sign up for the next one - you aren't nearly as frightening as you all initially seem. What's next to terrorise me?



ERC Tri section meeting

The observant among you will have noticed that we did not hold our general meeting on 1st December.

We have decided to hold this meeting in January instead - date TBC. Everyone welcome.

If you have any issues you would like to put on the agenda, please contact Peter Ness, or let a member of the committee know.

Monthly Saturday training sessions

Like last year we are planning on running club training sessions on the first Saturday of the month from November to March. We are just going to work on 2 different areas, 1) brick session & 2) long run in the Pentlands.

The next session is a brick session on 7th January. Please contact Martin Gore, for further details and to book your place.

Events Organising

We host a number of races throughout the year, and are looking to expand the race organising group in order to improve on the successes of these events in recent years.

If you would like to get involved in producing these great events, please get in touch with Jim Leach: Jim.Leach@selexgalileo.com

Keep in touch

Sign up to the yahoo groups list by sending an e-mail to erctrissquad-subscribe@yahoogroups.com

Keep an eye on the website at: <http://www.edinburghrc.co.uk/triathlon>.

Also, see the Facebook page: <http://www.facebook.com/erctrissquad>

If you have any ideas for the tri-squad or this newsletter then please drop Berit an e-mail on binkster@doctors.org.uk.