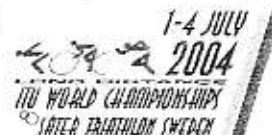


# ITU Long Distance Triathlon World Championships

Friday 2:nd of July Sättersprinten Utmaningen

Saturday 3:rd of July WC Masters

Sunday 4:th of July WC Elite



Saturday 3<sup>rd</sup> July 2004

Säter, Sweden

Swim 4000metres: Bike

120km: Run 30km

By Graham Sheward



## Race day

The coach picked us up outside the hotel at 0600h only to find that there was not enough room for us all. "That's all right there will be another one along in 30min" said the team manager "30min! You must be joking; we don't want to wait that long, it will be too much of a rush" said a very slightly agitated voice. Those of us not yet on the coach pushed until found some room.

We now had plenty of time to get marked (our race numbers are marked onto arms and age onto the back of our calves.) and set out our kit in the transition area, and talk to the other athletes.

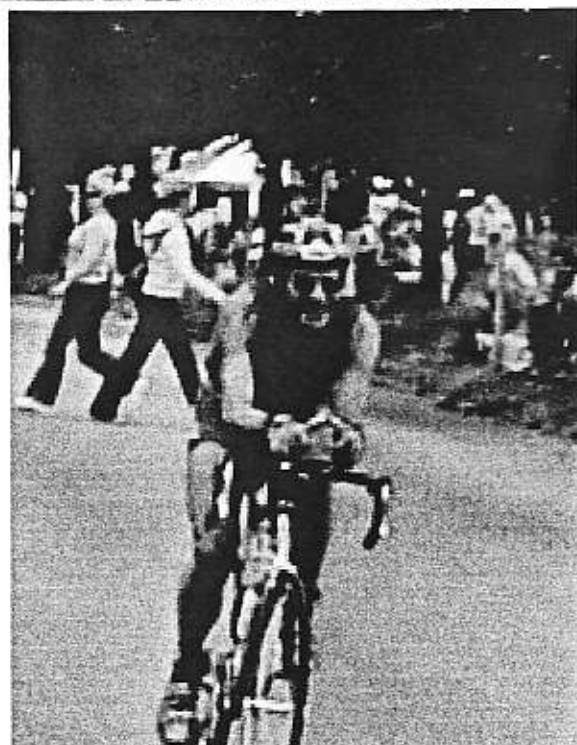
## Swim

We, the over 60's were put into a start pen, to wait the start. At 0812hours we dived in 3min behind the ladies (in red swim hats), the first leg of the swim was 1000m to the first turn buoy. It was about this time I started overtaking red hats, then when I was about half way down the second 1800m leg of swim I noticed that there was a grey hat (my age group, it seems to be their sense of humour putting grey headed old guys in grey swim hats) slip-streaming me, so when I came across a large group of red hats I swam through and across them thus loosing my trail. My swim went very well and as far as I could make out I came out in 1h 34m in second place(not so as it happened). This was 10 min longer than I had anticipated. Later on the coach going back others said how long the swim was.



## Bike

On leaving the lake; I run into the transition area giving a Anne a wave she was standing with Jill by the finish; There was one of my age group just



ahead of me, (A Canadian) I made a quick change out of wetsuit and into cycling shoes and helmet and out before the other guy. We then went off on the bike which was made up of three laps of 40km course. The route took us along quite undulating roads to a turn point then turn and back along the same road, each time going through the start/finish. Each time coming through start turn, Anne was there with Jill and some other supporters cheering us on.

At the first turn I noticed that the Canadian was now half a minute behind me, so I increased my pace a bit I also noticed where several others in my age were not too far behind him. By the half way mark it was still the same, another slight increase in pace seemed to do it. When I reached the final turn I had intended to ride at 16.5mph and I was now averaging better then 18 and a half mph. was not in my race plan. After the next turn he had dropped to 8min behind, by the final turn he had dropped down to 12min. Although the weather forecast was good for the day, it was turning out very mixed, some times warm and sunny while at others heavy showers. The showers were so local that one moment you were in the sun and dry and suddenly on wet roads and a down pore, and a moment later dry roads and in the sun. When it rained it went very cold.

I finished the bike in 4h 15m feeling very good, I thinking (wrongly) I was in was first position.

### The run



For those who have done a triathlon they will know that when you finish the bike, it is quite hard to get into running. It is even harder when you have done over four hours. (More so when old and feeble ) I started the run looking a bit like the 'The crooked old man who lived in the crooked old cottage' when I saw Anne about to take a photo; "No" I said not looking like this. She was very good and waited until I was back to normal.

A Dane triathlete who I passed in the transition caught me on the run and we ran together for some of the way. He caught me up and put his hand on my shoulder and suggested. "*We will run into first place together, you and me*" he was such a nice guy like so many that I meet in these events, however he was going just a touch too fast for me so I said "*You are just too fast for me you go on.*" Of course I had hoped that I might catch him later. Some young feller as he passed me said (*If I'm still doing this when I am 65 you have permission to shoot me*) I am still trying to work out what he meant??

For the next three laps of the 7.5km I was just behind him, when going through the start/finish for the last time (I was still on track for my target time of 9hours.) I heard that the first 65year had just finished, I was amazed as far as the Dane and I were aware, we were

in the lead, then just a little later we heard that the second 65year had finished, there had in fact been two athletes ahead of us. This put me in 4<sup>th</sup> place in 9hours 30min.

Although I had not made the first three as I had hoped I was still well pleased to be in the top 10 in the world. More important my wife Anne and myself had had a wonderful time in this beautiful country, and fine sport. We had met new friends and enjoyed the company of old acquaintances

We with many others then went to the car park to get on the coach and load the bikes onto the truck to take them back to hotel. When we got to the hotel we were surprised to find the bikes already there. The only problem was mine was amongst them, what a lot of agro just when I wanted to go and relax with Anne and our friends. After a shower I had a phone call to say the bike had turned up, so I could now be happy.

We then went out for a splendid meal at the hotel and drunk much wine with our new friends, a fine end to a super day. Although the race numbers were quite easily washed off, I could not get the age number off my calf for a couple of days so had to wear long trousers that evening.

I  
Strange facts:- The man that won only entered the day before the race.  
If I had entered in the 60-64 age group I would have been second.

### The British Triathlon Team Long Course 2004



# Cambridge Triathlon 2004

By Graham

Sunday 15<sup>th</sup> August 2004

My alarm was set at 0540h but I was in fact up at five thirty all ready to go, I took breakfast up to Anne who was just a little reluctant to start the day. We had got ready to go the day before as it was such an early start.

An easy journey on empty roads under a clear sky to Ely near Cambridge got us to the start venue at 0710h giving enough time to register, I found that was in the first start wave with the other over 50year men and all the ladies. There was not too much

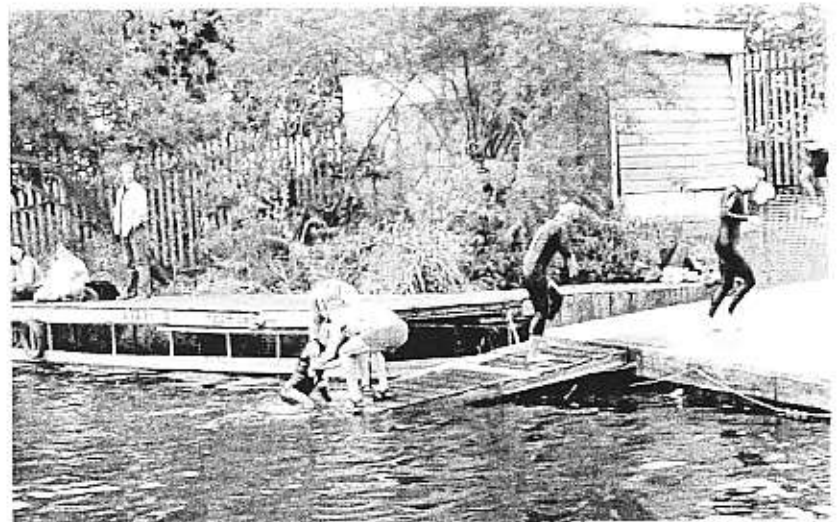
time so we went straight off to set up bike and kit in the transition area, not too much time for chat although my friend from the G.B. team was there, last time seeing him in Madeira at the Worlds. We went to the water edge for the briefing, the swim course was slightly changed from earlier years. (Vernon and I with several others missed the start of the briefing so I was unaware of the new swim route) **Swim** This was in a small clean lake; about 50 of us all entered the water, it was just a bit crowded, Vernon and I asked where the route was. The race was started, and it was manic with so many in such a tight space. I had intended to follow Vernon but I was



Michelle and Fin in red swim hats

faster than him so found myself in amongst all the ladies (The ladies are so aggressive and it was about 50m of fists and feet. May I suggest that you never get yourselves into a swim with the gentler swim and very pleasant it was with the water clear and sweet. Some where amongst this group was Michelle but I did not see her until later on (30min). The swim exit was at a wooden jetty, when as I put my hands on it to climb out; two strong guys lifted me out wholesale dropping me about two meters along the jetty giving me a push to start me on my way to the transition; removing my wet suit as I went, a quick change into cycling shoes and helmet, then run to the road and the start line(2min 20sec).

**The bike** The sky had now clouded over and there was quite a strong wind getting up. It being only 0830h so the roads were still quite, we only had a couple of miles to go on the main road then we turned off on the back roads where they were almost traffic free. The wind was getting quite strong now, all the way round I

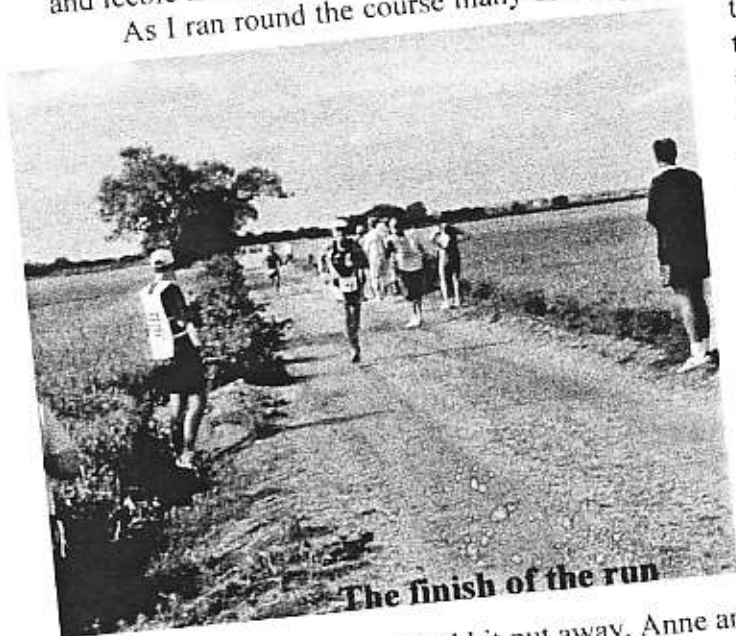


Being hoisted out by two strong men

was passing ladies giving them a word of encouragement or a joke. At about the half way Vernon caught me trying as I may have been unable to keep up with him, (well he is only just 60) while passing one lady with a backless one piece-suit I commented {*You look as if you should be on the beach with that suit*} Vernon was the only 50+ man to overtake me but the younger men of the second start wave were passing me in the last part of the bike, but I was going well, up to the dismount line (69min) run up to transition change, park bike, helmet off change shoes (1min 35sec)

**The Run** was over fields, although feeling good in myself I realised that I was not going very fast. Since my injury to right hamstring in April I have not been going very fast also training for the Long Course Triathlon did not help, and this day was no exception, good I was feeling but fast not. As I reached about the first mile the happy voice of Michelle said "hello" as she passed me and slowly drifted into the distance. So out with the old and feeble and in with the young and strong.

As I ran round the course many of the girls that I had overtaken on the bike part of the course, many of them returned the compliment of speak to me as they passed me. The one girl with the bare back spoke as she passed and I said "Arr the lady with the lovely back" When I finished she came and thanked me for speaking to her and making her laugh on the first triathlon when she had been feeling so nervous.



**The finish of the run**

This was a great day of sport in this well run and popular event, it is always a good idea to book early as Cambridge is a very strong area for triathlon.

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After the race was over and kit put away, Anne and I met with friends had some food and a chat. We had intended to go to a pub but instead stayed at the centre while waiting for the results and prize giving. We left before the results knowing that I had not got a place as Vernon had beaten me, but a good days sport.

By Graham

## Ibiza Quadrathlon 3<sup>rd</sup> October 2004

The first we hear of this new event was a phone call from Ibiza sports organiser Pep, we had known him over several years. "Sorry we have done so much this year already" I said. Pep persisted we will put you both up in a good hotel. I phoned him next day and said we would come.

A whole lot of things cropped up just as we set off, also along the way we were held up by a tractor, on the way to Jane's etc etc, so got to the airport a little tight on time. We went to the drop off point only to find it was closed, we were directed the short term car park only to find that it did not have any trolleys. We decided to go straight to the long stay car park, after parking the car we caught the Pink Elephant bus to the airport. By the time we had arrive at security, we were just a touch late, of course going through I had to have a complete search (it must be the hat); they put my mobile to go through scanner (it just must have looked suspicious). In the rush I forgot to pick up mobile with all my phone numbers on. (good job Anne had taken a note of Pep's phone number), he is the guy that had asked us to go to Ibiza and he was meeting us to take us to the hotel that he had arranged.

On getting to Ibiza I found that my racing (Kayak) paddles had been broken on the flight "*Oh no, I do not believe it!*" was my first reaction. The hotel was super, right on the sea front, and on the ground floor. Most of Tuesday after a morning run before breakfast, we spent trying to get a new pair of racing paddles, no joy. Back to hotel, a nice swim in the clear warm Mediterranean Sea then a good meal and a bottle of wine. Wednesday time for plan 'B' to try and repair paddles, after breakfast Anne went to town to buy some wood, while I worked removing broken part of paddle, by coffee time we had repaired the paddles well enough although they were 4" shorter they would do. The rest of the week was super, but by Saturday evening when the race briefing started I still had not got a kayak,

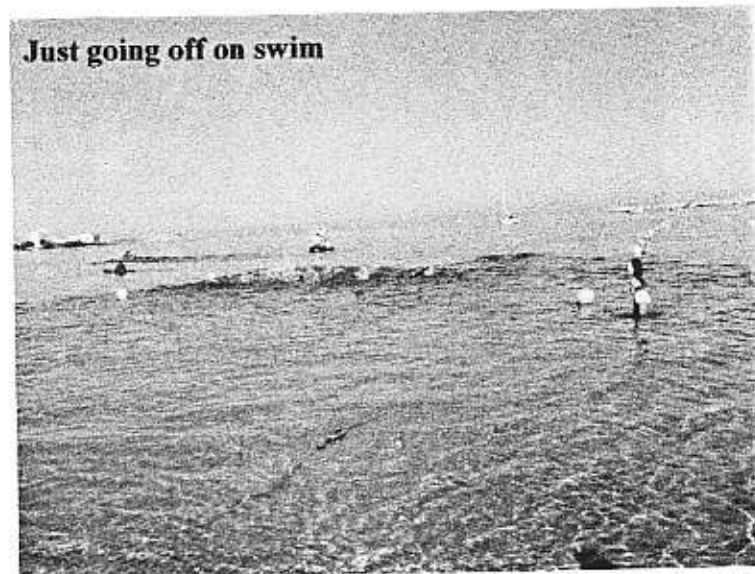


**Anne on early morning Run**

at the briefing we met a German girl who also had not a kayak. A word with Pep, "Go and get some from the Club Nautilus" He said, no sooner said than done; Anne ran us to get our paddles and then to the club. No one was there so we helped ourselves and went off across the bay in the falling light, very romantic paddling across the moon lit bay to the hotel. Met up with Anne and off for dinner and an early night ready for the Quadrathlon race next day.

### The Race

The morning as with the rest of the week was perfect, warm cloudless and without any wind, after breakfast (the German girl Silke had moved into our hotel) Silke and I collected the kayaks and took them to the start with the rest of our race kit, Anne soon



**Just going off on swim**

joined us while we got ready for a 9-30am start. This being part of Spain, was late and laid back, which makes competing there such fun and enjoyable. When they were ready at about 9-50am we were lined up for the start of the swim. Some of the young guys were warming up by running into the sea and swimming. They seemed to be able to run in the sea faster than I was able to run on the land. Awesome! We all dived into the clear warm sea and started on our 1500mt swim it was wonderful, I exited not quite last but first in my age.

### Canoe

This was three laps round the beautiful St. Antonio Bay 7km the water was almost flat and the canoes sped through the water, both Silke and I had slow 'ish canoes but in spite we both overtook quite a few other canoes, I could see Silke just ahead and gained a little ground but not much. The day was now warm again without a cloud in the sky just perfect for a canoeing. After the canoe it was of on the bikes the course went straight out of town up the hill to St. Josep's. It was not my pleasure that quite a lot of cyclists passed me most of them girls, pretty ones at that. I must be getting old, alas;

then onto the pleasant seaside village of Cubellss; Turn then back again, good roads with great view's a super course then back to St. Antoni.

### The run

Three laps making ten km along the sea front with lots of spectators cheering us along. Lots of Brits realised that I was running and gave me lots of support. One couple (who Anne had been talking to) shouted "*Shame spending the kid's inheritance on enjoying yourselves*". All too soon this excellent event was finished. I walked down with Anne to the water and sat waist deep in the sea until it was prize giving. After that we went back to our room at the hotel where we had a bottle of Champagne to finish off what had been a great event.

