

## Memories

My first introduction to triathlon was drunken Ryan Harry pointing at the TWA calendar and declaring we would do “that one”. It was the Rotto Long Course and I told Rhino he was crazy. We did do it that year and have done 6 now in total and I doubt I would have got there without the UWA Tri Club.

The first training sessions I attended were pretty casual and the only real competitive side was the weekly Aquathon. It was meant to be a 400m swim and 4 km run but who really knows or ever measured. It was a handicap race so everyone had a crack at the Coke.

The Monday afternoon run was a casual jog along the foreshore, the Saturday morning ride was more about drinking coffee and swimming was do as you please. Slowly as numbers grew so did our desire to improve our abilities.

More swimming sessions were added and Hamish spent his night patrolling poolside making sure that when the split was up you put your head back down and pushed off. Hamish developed a structured program and soon enough had everyone swimming like Thorpey.

The bike ride evolved to cater for all speeds and abilities. Starting off slowly the group would split at Leighton beach with one group racing to the Lighthouse and the other heading for Coffee at Cott. Once at the Lighthouse the group would turn and work together to catch the rabbits. If you dropped off the back you made your own way home. We never caught the rabbits but the culture we had developed was one where we always believed we could.

The casual foreshore run was soon taken over by Kings Park hot laps as we all tried to break the 35min mark and keep up with the likes of Ryan Harry, Matt Casey and Brad Fisher. Interval training was introduced on a Wednesday night and now the club had a full program with coaches.

The club had now grown to a point where it catered for the social plodder to potential world champs. All along no matter how competitive we became with each other the core values of a fun social club always remained. Even when we had the ability to win Club Champs but didn't no ever really cared. We all just wanted to have a good time and race with our mates.

Some of the classic memories are:

- Dave Redfern and his 40km walk around the river just to make sure he could for the Ironman
- Ryan Harry running 30km without water, hung over and in 35 degree heat
- The inaugural wind up at the Boat Shed
- Kelly Mouttett and her Kleenex
- The Wednesday Aquathon
- Ben Laurie being beaten by his much older dad Jim
- Team Kegs smashing Forbsey, Scotty Thompson and Matt Casey in the Matilda Bay Teams race and earning \$150 in the process
- The drunken parties and nudie runs after Rotto Long Course
- Me and Rhino never getting beaten by Kelly Mouttett