

Quick Transitions

Topics of Interest

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Next Meeting

Thurs, March 16th, 7pm
Tom's Pro Bike Shop
3687 Walden Avenue

Come out with your appetite and bicycle questions!



What are the Odds?

(Totally unscientific and not intended for gambling in Vegas)

- 2-7 Nikki White will once again prove that she is indeed crazy and will enter (and win) another ultramarathon
- 2-1 Ironman Arizona will have the coldest water temperature of any Ironman race in North America in 2006 (true in 2005)
- 15-1 Any BTC member will get a slot for Ironman Hawaii at the upcoming Ironman Arizona on April 9th after spending all winter on a trainer inside...

The Making of an Ironman

The Adventure Begins... All Over - Karl Kozlowski

Reprinted from October 2001 QT

I started by trying to get in shape in order to get in shape. If this doesn't make any sense to you, then you have never spent a couple of months avoiding all possible semblance of a workout. For the past two months I was unmotivated to remove myself from the couch in my free time. I blamed work, I blamed family, I blamed my cat, I would have even blamed President Bush if I could have. I thought, "Hey I already am an Ironman...just look at me, shaped like a perfect iron, pointed top down to a nice full bottom." Any excuse I could use to get out of exercise was tried. Truth is, I had a rough time with a race in Muskoka and didn't want to see the water, my bike, or my pair of Nikes. These three prized possessions had betrayed me and left me to fight the day. So I start again.

My first day back was September 1st. I had looked outside and for the first time in weeks decided that it was a great day for a run. Eagerly I ran around

my house. "Where the heck are those shorts? Man, I don't remember them being this small."

I found my running shoes under my bed. I mean FAR under my bed. Far enough where you are actually afraid to reach for fear of what is living there. I slip them on and feel a sudden surge go through my body. A surge so powerful that I begin to "Footloose" through my room. (See even in triathlon you can't avoid the seven steps of Kevin Bacon.)

As I set out on the road this wonderful day I am reminded of why I call myself a triathlete. The bonds of friendship created with each group workout. The feeling of cleaning my lungs, my veins, my mind of all the impurities from the day, week, month, or year. Finally, I have to admit it, I kind of like it when I tell people I race triathlons and that stare they give as if to say, "You crazy S.O.B., you do what!?"

The first half-mile flies by. I hardly notice my increasing

respiration, my heart rate steadily climbing into a zone that is vaguely familiar. "Am I really back? Man, this feels great, I can't believe that I actually stopped doing this!"

The second half mile changes things. "Now I remember why I hate runners... \$%^& **%#@ %@#%\$^& *^& %\$##!" (Fill in your own favorite phrase here.) My lungs burn with the fire of Dante himself, nostrils flaring with each inhalation. My light steps grow heavy as a coal miner's wheelbarrow, broken wheel and all. Yet I pound on, forging a path down the road of the couch potato. I remember the words of John Bingham, "The amazing thing isn't that I finished, it's that I started."

I run for 26 minutes. This may not seem like much to the Ironman veterans reading this, but on this day it was an absolute eternity. I hurt. I ache. I think I lost my legs at the 10 minute mark. Yet I feel a sense of peace. This 26 minutes, as bad as it was, this was the foundation I will put forth for Ironman USA 2002.

A Big Thank You to Kara Klaasesz and Karen Michaels for their time and effort to set up the 24 Hour Spinathon at Gold's Gym on February 4th and 5th. The Spinathon raised over \$10,000 this year for the American Cancer Society, over \$2000 more than last year. Thank you to all the volunteers who helped throughout the event. They are Melissa Hanson, Kim Giordano, Jean Tocha, Tracey Bernardoni, Mary Bartlett, Anna Caci, Prudence Meads & Son Chandler, Carolyn Young, Joe Niezgoda, Joelle Mann, Joanne York-Rappl, Judy, Brenda, Danielle, and Margaret

Making of an Ironman - Weighting Around - Karl Kozlowski

Reprinted from November 2001's QT

My first month is near completion, and yes I'm still alive, and yes I'm still going to do an Ironman. My swims are going well, my runs as well as they can, and as for the bike, I hate my trainer already. The time spent training has started to pile up and Coach Nancy Gworek's program has me on the right track. However I'd like to take this opportunity to talk a little about the dungeon known as "The Weight Room".

Now as many of you know, I do not look like the sleek, frail triathletes pictured in most magazines. Me, I look like the Hot Dog Vendor standing on they corner as they sweep by in all their fury. Yes as much as my body composition reminds people of a small, chubby, football linebacker...well, O.K., you're right, it should. (See the Hutch-Tech Engineers Football, during the deplorable years.) However, even through these years of collision sport I never once lifted a weight in a training fashion. Coach Nancy now said it was time to start. Pictures of Mr. Olympia and the world strong man competition floated in my head. Yeah, I was going to be "ripped", "shredded", "cut"! (Keep these terms in mind for the near future). How hard could it be, after all I could race for 4 hours straight. I quickly threw on my shorts and tee and went to the gym.

Upon arrival I realized just how puny I looked. Men with amazing physiques stood clenching their teeth and lifting and grunting, lifting and grunting, lifting and grunting. My how Tim Taylor would have been proud. I will tell you this, I was severely intimidated.

I did manage to get right to work hitting the "bench" working my "pecs". Every so often I would glance in the mirror (because they are everywhere!) and give a little flex to the fans in the back row. The only problem at this point was if most of you were to see the measly amount I was lifting you would have fallen down laughing. (And worse yet, the 110 lb. women among you would have even been able to chuckle at my expense too!) I won't go into details, let's just say that as a Clydesdale, I've eaten more pounds of food in a given sitting than I was lifting at the time.

Other than that minor detail, the lift went off without a hitch. It wasn't until two days later the real problems came to light.

I had often heard of a problem called DOMS. That stands for Delayed Onset Muscle Soreness. DOMS is when 24 to 48 hours after strenuous exercises the muscle

of the body react in a way that causes inflammation and pain. The real physiological cause is really unknown although there are several prevalent theories. All I can tell you is that I felt like my body was on fire and I was in too much pain to run.

DOMS hit me and it hit me hard. I felt like I was hit by a truck full of cinder blocks.

Muscles I didn't even know I had hurt. I couldn't move my limbs in any way without groaning in agony. I couldn't sleep, cough, laugh, wipe my nose, touch my toes, even breathing was tough. My triceps locked, my abs tingled, my legs shook while standing still. Nothing made it better. Believe me, I tried heat, cold, medicine, massage, stretching, incantations, hexes and spells, prayers and promises. Nothing.

Now, 72 hours later I woke up (which the day earlier had left me crying for anyone to help me) and I felt AWESOME! Honest to goodness my problems dissipated just as they had arisen. I could move my arms freely, my legs flailed about (OK my Abs still screamed but you can't have it all) My DOMS was gone! Oh Happy Day!

Well, I headed back to the dungeon...err... weight room and went progressively through my exercises again and with much reluctance. However this time, no problems! Happily I lifted my bar and poor example of weight and was on my merry way. To tell you the truth I now look forward to my lift! There is something about feeling a muscle get stronger, look at it, study it, feel it, as it moves through its range. Powerful and sleek. Like a well-used piston. Just be careful of the DOMS monster...I'm telling you it's waiting there for you!



Karl "The Cheetah" Kozlowski

QT Editor Wanted - Has This Been Mentioned Yet?

Have you ever wanted to help the Buffalo Triathlon Club spread it's message of personal achievement through athletics?

Now is your chance as we are looking for a new editor for the club's monthly newsletter, Quick Transitions.

We will provide the training and software, you provide the enthusiasm and time to put together the monthly newsletter

for publication. If interested, please contact any of the club's executives for more details.

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Keep It Simple, Stupid!

- Submitted by Joe Meyer

Reprinted from QT June 2002

I love that piece of advice. I can't remember who offered me that piece of wisdom first, but whoever did, thanks. It may have been a teacher telling me that I was thinking too much on a math problem or a coach in high school or college who was pissed at me while I was trying to do too much with the ball during a practice or a game. It could have been one of my parents (they probably didn't add the stupid, they are too nice for that) or it could have been one of siblings (they would have added the "stupid"). But whoever first said it to me was really smart.

It's a little bit of knowledge that works in all aspects of life. Throughout one's life it is best to keep it simple. Do whatever it is that will make you happy, surround yourself with people you get along with, and keep things in perspective. Simple, right?

The same rule applies in these ridiculously stupid endeavors called triathlons. KEEP IT SIMPLE. We have to swim, ride a bike, and run around. That's it. In duathlons it's even easier: just run and ride a bike. But

whichever multi-sport you want to participate in, remember, these are simple activities. So simple that millions of kids do triathlons everyday. Have you ever had to baby sit kids (Note to the Speller and Eggers family, this is not an offer to baby sit.), work at a summer camp, or just watched kids playing at a park during the summertime? Just about every single six year-old knows how to swim, ride a bike, and run around. They love to do it and usually can do it all day long. And as grown-ups we get nervous before we are about to swim for a little while, ride our bikes, and then run around, how ridiculous is that? Despite what all the engineers may say about aerodynamics on a bike or what all the "science experts" say about technique and mechanics, this stuff is not rocket science. These races entail simple tasks that kids do everyday. We just have to swim, bike and run.

So to those who are thinking of doing their first race and are unsure how to prepare, keep it simple. You will need to swim, bike, and run in the race, so in order to train for that race, just start swimming, biking, and running. To those who worry too much

if they are training correctly or not training enough, keep it simple. In order to get ready for a triathlon go outside and play around like a kid. If you are worried about doing a longer race than you have ever attempted, keep it simple. The goal in every race is to finish. So go your own pace and enjoy the day, and you'll probably accomplish that goal.

There is one more very important thing to learn from kids. The next time you see kids running around, biking through the streets or swimming in a pool, look. They smile. While kids partake in their daily "triathlons," they laugh and enjoy themselves. They couldn't be happier as they swim, ride and run around in the warm sun. Take a note and try it the next time you are in a race. Try and ignore any pain, take off the serious race face scowl and smile. You may actually enjoy running biking, and swimming a little more.

Multi-sport races really aren't difficult. Kids do them everyday. So remember, smile and keep it simple, stupid!

This Is The Second To Last Quick Transitions

The BTC needs volunteer(s) to be the QT Editor(s)

That's right. The Quick Transitions is in need of someone to take over as editor of the monthly newsletter.

As everyone in the BTC knows, the organization does not run all by itself. Volunteers are needed to make this club function properly.

The newsletter is no different. This is the 87th edition of the newsletter (over 8 years of monthly articles, tips, etc...). We would hate to see this vital function of the BTC end just because nobody wants to volunteer / everybody is too busy / etc... Please

consider giving back to the BTC by volunteering for this position. We will provide the training and software and you provide the enthusiasm! To volunteer or if you have questions, please call Chris at 773.6018 or write to newsletter@buffalotriathlonclub.com.

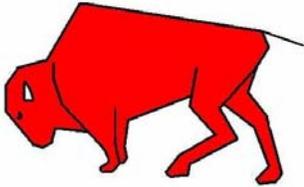
**Buffalo Triathlon Club—
Buffalo's Premier Multisport Club**

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**The BTC - helping you
reach goals you didn't
even know you had!**

We are on the Web!
www.buffalotriathlonclub.com



Your 2006 Memberships to the BTC were due in January. The form is at www.buffalotriathlonclub.com/documents/2006application.pdf or you can register online at www.active.com.

We Need Your Newsletter Articles. Help make this newsletter yours by contributing articles on your recent races, different training techniques, ambitions, etc... Send them to newsletter@buffalotriathlonclub.com.

BTC Birthdays for March

March: 2 Will Fisher; 4 Tracey Bernardoni; 6 Anthony Cantera; 7 Warren Elvers; 7 Karen Michaels; 7 John Vorrasi; 10 Quinn Ankrum; 13 Greg Drumm; 15 Rich Clark; 21 Jennifer Hale; 30 Scott Wilbur; 31 David Malinowski; 31 Kara Klaasesz



Wanted / Needed: Suggestions from the members on how the BTC can improve, help you reach your goals, get more people involved in multisport, etc... We sincerely want to make this Your club and to do that we need your interaction. Send your ideas to newsletter@buffalotriathlonclub.com.

Other items to think about are how do we get more members to participate in BTC activities, ways to make membership more appealing, and how to get more media coverage.



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