

ASHLEY'S STORY

Hyannis Triathlon
By:
Ashley Morgenstern

On June 8, my dad and I did the Hyannis sprint triathlon at Cape Cod. I was a little afraid to be competing with several hundred people since this was only my second triathlon after trying the Gate City Strider triathlon last August.

The morning of the race was really cold and the ocean temperature was only 58 degrees. Almost everyone else that was racing had on a wetsuit to stay warm. Neither my dad or I had a wetsuit, but my dad was able to buy one before the start of the race. So he left me to freeze.

On the beach, people were in the water, warming up and trying to get used to the cold. I wasn't going to go into the water, before I had to. I sat on the sand trying to get rid of my goose bumps. One lady came up to me and asked why I wasn't wearing a wetsuit. I told her the story and she said I was brave to swim without one and that I should get a few minutes deducted off my time.

There were nine waves of swimmers for the start and I was in the first one. We had waded in for the start and after only standing there for a short time, my toes were frozen and I was turning blue. The siren sounded and everyone started swimming. I was in the wave with the elites and master athletes and there were so many people trying to swim, I got

ran over in the water. Eventually, I got to where I could actually swim.

After getting out of the water, I got my bike gear on and ran to where we could start riding. I started pedaling, but wasn't going anywhere because my chain was



Ashley

ing cold water, but I could feel my feet freezing. I was glad when the bike was over because I think about 50 people passed me and I had passed no one. Running is my favorite part of the whole race and I felt strong. The only thing was, that during the bike ride cold air was coming in my shoes and onto my wet, unsocked feet. I had no feeling in them and running was really painful. Every step I took, hurt. For a while, I was trying to run on my heels, but that didn't work too well. I just ended up running with the pain. It was a good thing that I did run normally, because that got my blood moving again and after about a mile and a half they didn't hurt anymore. I felt good so I picked up my pace a little bit with about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile to go. We had to finish on the beach and it was really hard going from a sprint on the road, to a desperate sprint on the sand. I wasn't going that fast across the finish line.

I'm not a bike expert so I was nervous I wouldn't be able to get it back on. I did, and happy with myself started riding again. Well I rode about another meter when it fell off again. There were two ladies who saw me and my chain trouble and stopped cheering on who they knew to tell me "It's okay, little girl! You can do it! Keep going!" Luckily a volunteer helped me and I had no further problems with my chain.

When I was cycling I felt pretty warm after being in freez-

I placed 277th out of 792 finishers in this triathlon. I also placed first place in my age group, which was 15 and under. I ranked 132nd in the swim, 480th in the bike and 121st in the run. We're signed up for the Hyannis sprint II triathlon in September. Maybe if it's warmer and my bike chain stays on, I'll be able to beat my dad!

DAD'S STORY

Hyannis Sprint Triathlon

By:

Kurt Morgenstern

The Hyannis Sprint triathlon was only my second adventure into this form of masochism. Ashley and I were two of 792 athletes that stood on the beach in the chilly morning air on June 8th, trying to keep our muscles stretched and warm. I can't say it was exactly a morale booster to be looking at water that was so cold it was painful to step in. The thought of submerging our entire bodies in the icy water had Ashley and I looking at each other in disbelief. We saw a booth hanging out wetsuits and ran over to see what sizes they had in stock. I asked about a wetsuit for Ashley but was told that a wetsuit for her would probably need to be custom made. Ashley, being the good sport and tough kid she is, took the bad news well. They had one wetsuit that was my size, but I was reluctant to buy it because Ashley didn't have one. Carolyn, Ashley and Steffan convinced me to buy it saying that it was my Father's Day gift. The wet suit will be remembered as the best Fathers Day gift ever!

The staff called for the athletes to line-up in their assigned heats. I was in heat 8 out of 9, which was waiting near the finishing area of the swim. The race was then delayed for about 20-30 minutes because several elite athletes had called in to report that they were stuck in traffic. Standing in the cold sand literally froze my feet to the point that it hurt to move around. Finally, the race began

and everyone cheered. I, like the other athletes, cheered because I really needed to move and generate some body heat. The elite and young athletes swam in heat 1 so that they would separate quickly. I cheered as Ashley ran by surrounded by elite brutes. I watched Ashley grab her bike and as she disappeared from sight I stopped worrying about her and began to focus on my race.

Soon after I plunged into the ocean, I felt an unexpected blow to my already cold numb head. My temper spiked and I swam over the guy in front of me and accelerated my stroke. After the first 300 yards or so the field began to



Dad

spread out and I began to really to enjoy the swim. The wet suit was awesome!

The transition on to the bike went smoothly. I started by spinning in high rpms to warm up my legs and then picked up my pace by gradually shifting into harder gears. My temples were throbbing

from the cold water and being kicked in the head. The cold air whisking through my wet hair chilled me more and seemed to make it harder to focus at the start of the biking. By mile two, I felt warm again and started pushing harder. The bike segment finished on a long shallow downhill. At the bottom, the road was being resurfaced so it was dangerously congested because some cyclists were slowing down while others hit the pavement transition at high speed. I survived...

Transitioning into the run was the hardest for me. The first mile I focused on stretching by gradually running with a longer and longer stride. The second mile, I worked on picking up my pace. The last mile I felt really good and managed to pass 3 people yards before the run turned from pavement to sand. As soon as I finished, I felt like I could have gone harder and I probably held too much back in anticipation of the next stages.

I finished 115th in the swim, 149th in the bike and died in the run with an overall placement of 214th out of 792 athletes. I was surprised to learn that I missed being awarded national triathlon points in my age group by one place. Next time!!