



Kat's First Triathlon: Sink or Swim?

by Kathy Wilkins

The last word that I would have used to describe myself growing up would have been "athletic". The class I dreaded most throughout school was Gym class. Team sports, no thank you. I was scared of the ball in every "ball" sport, got a bloody nose in basketball, was popped in the face in volleyball, threw like a girl in soft ball. No thanks, not for me. I'll never forget the dreaded day in P.E. that we had to run the mile. All I could think of was lungs burning, sweating, and leg pain. Again, no thanks. Not one of my priorities. Nope.

Then came my time at Macon State College where, once again, I was forced to pick two P.E. classes. I got that same irritable helpless feeling I always had about going to gym class as a kid. WHY? Although the choices of which P.E. class to take were not many, looking back, the classes I chose surprise me now. I took a running class my first semester and swimming class my second semester.

Running class was an eye opener for me. I realized I COULD run. I didn't like it so much, but I could do it! Both of my parents had been runners, so I figured if they could do it, I could too. I was 19 years old and finally realizing that running didn't hurt as bad as I thought it would, in fact ... I began to enjoy it. Then I took my swimming class. The majority of the class consisted of safety, holding your breath underwater, floating, and diving into the pool. It was easy for the most part. I THOUGHT I knew how to swim because I grew up playing in pools on Base most of my life. Then I realized in the last week or so of class that I was horrible and sloppy at a correct freestyle form. In fact, every stroke I tried was wrong! I passed both classes. With a C in both I believe. Yeah, I told you I wasn't athletic! I did keep up with the running during the swim class semester and even for a while after that. It didn't last

more than a year though.

After getting married and having a daughter in my mid-twenties I turned back to running. The evolution of my running life still amazes me. I was impressed when I started and ran 30-minute 5Ks and I'm impressed now with my ability to run even faster, log more miles than I ever imagined, and to know so many other people that share love for this sport.



Chuck and Kat after the
Rock 'n Roll Sprint Triathlon

Since becoming a runner, I know I've said to myself and possibly out loud, "I'd like to do a triathlon." I always immediately shot this down by saying, "I don't have the time to train for that." Only to learn later that there were events such as sprint distance triathlons and suddenly the thought wasn't so crazy after all.

Last year, I decided that I wanted to do one. The progression is rather interesting to me now. Chuck and I got mountain bikes first, thinking that we'd have more fun on a mountain bike and we could possibly use a mountain bike to ride about 15 miles to do a sprint tri. We got the bikes, hit the trails, and even went on a 22-mile ride on the road once. Ouch. We took to the pool a few times with intentions of swim training, only I had conveniently forgotten that I never learned how to swim correctly. I tried, but felt awkward, frustrated, and soon quit going.

Little did I know, after joining Team POD, that I would get a little over excited about my training and do too much too soon. Ending up with Achilles Tendonitis around New Year's 2010, I was forced to make a decision about how to cross train. Swimming seemed perfect as the elliptical machines at the gym bored me to tears. I swam about 2 days each week. I improved my technique and endurance a little more each session. With this forced swim training I decided that it would be the perfect scenario to begin training for the sprint tri in Macon this year. Chuck and I talked about it and agreed to sign up for the Triathlon! In February, another trip to the bike store to get road bikes was in order. We didn't want to push out 15 miles on fat tires again!

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Tracks Family

Rocks at Lake Tobesofkee

by Kerry Oedel



This year's Rock 'n Roll Triathlon was a great local event with lots of Tracksters participating. Several new triathletes were born, including Chuck, Kat, and Monika. The MTRC team of Karl's daughter Meredith on the swim, FM on the bike, and Karl on the run won first place in the team division. The team of Diane Raley on the swim, Mike Solis on the bike, and Nancy Myers on the run took 2nd. Claudia Ayerdi was 1st overall finisher (guys and gals) for the Ortho 10K. The heat and humidity made for tough conditions as always, but what good is a competition without a little adversity?

This was my 3rd year doing the sprint triathlon. My 13-year-old, Liam, was doing the race for the 4th time and this year his older brother, Theron, joined in the fun and completed his first triathlon. Dave did the race, too, so the 4 of us had quite the fun time talking race strategy and making plans. The boys didn't do a whole lot of training, but made up in youth what they lacked in preparation.

The boys started first, then Dave in the next wave, and then it was the ladies' turn. I had thought with another year of swim training under my belt, that I could improve my swim time this year, but when the gun went off, chaos reigned and all my skills went out the window. I ended up breast-stroking to the first buoy and once again was at the back of the pack. We



were not allowed to use wet-suits this year, so that didn't help. I felt better when I saw Elizabeth Vane nearby, since I know she's a strong swimmer. I finally got a rhythm going about the time we headed to the finish. Thank goodness they shortened the swim to just 500 meters this year!

I ran up the hill to transition and saw Anne Wright just ahead. She was doing the half ironman and smoking competitors half her age as usual. I tried to T1 quickly, but, oh dang, I forgot to loosen my shoe straps ahead of time, putting socks onto wet sandy feet isn't easy, and how are you supposed to run and push your bike with big cleats on the bottom of your shoes anyway?

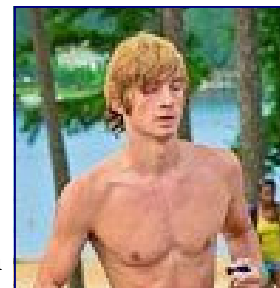
Things got better once I got out onto the bike course. I had trained a good bit for the bike this year, having started last winter going on mountain bike training rides with Andi and then when it got warmer Claudia and Elizabeth Jones were very nice to let me tag along

with them on their easy rides. I decided with all that bike training under my belt, hey, I could handle riding in the BIG chain ring up front. I went to shift gears, and off popped my chain. I pulled over and got it back on as fast as I could while all the people I'd just passed blew by. Thankfully the rest of the ride was free of mechanical challenges, though I did wonder if wiping my nose with my now grease-covered fingers was making me look like a chimney sweep.

I caught up with my son Liam about 9 miles into the bike. He had forgotten to put his water bottle on his bike and wanted me to give him mine, but I didn't think I could manage that without stopping and I had just passed a woman in my age group and was sure she was right behind me. So I told him, "It's only 6 more miles to the finish, you can make it!" Then I felt mom-guilt, and then I thought, gosh I can't even do a race without one of my kids saying, "Mom, I'm thirsty!" Luckily there was an aid station with water just ahead so I didn't have to feel guilty for too long. I caught up with Theron at about the 14-mile mark and cheered him on. I felt really good on the bike after all my training. I passed lots of people and was pleased when I quickly checked my odometer after hopping off the bike that my average speed was 17.2 mph. I know that might not be impressive to the real bikers, but for me it was a big improvement!

T2 went pretty well, but then came the agonizing attempt to run on legs that wanted to pedal, not stride. I realized that I really should have done more than one brick workout. The heat and uphill course started to really get to me. I finally gave in and started walking, hoping to get my heart rate back down. I got some water and a cold towel at the aid station. Then Monika caught up with me at the turn around and seeing a friendly face gave me a boost.

The downhill back wasn't so bad. I made a note to self to never so much as think about attempting a half ironman! I kept it together to run past all the spectators toward the finish. Dave yelled at me to pass the woman ahead of me. I put on the jets (ouch!) only to realize she wasn't even in my age group (unlike road races, in triathlons your age is written in black magic marker on the back of your calf for all to see). I made it to the finish – no smile for the camera this time, not enough energy left. I sat down on the pavement to let my head stop spinning and catch my breath. Thank you, Mike Willson



and FM for administering first aid to this athlete-in-need.

Whew! Now it was time to enjoy hanging out. The boys were pleased with their performance (Theron was happy that he beat Liam and Karl's daughter Meredith was happy that she beat Theron on the swim). Thanks to Meredith kindly babysitting 6-year-old Sophie, Sophie was able to be a part of the festivities. She's hoping to do a kids triathlon soon.



I was surprised and pleased to learn during the awards ceremony that I won my age group, the first time I was able to bring home a trophy from that race. The best part, though, was being there with family and friends. Dave and I are planning to do the Ocmulgee Adventure Race on August 7th with the boys. Hope to see y'all there!

Captain Awesome and the Two Underdogs

by F.M. Barron

This year the Rock 'n Roll Triathlon series offered a Sprint option, including relay teams. Karl Christianson and his daughter Meredith wanted to enter but needed a cyclist and asked me to join them. We needed a team name and Meredith suggested "Captain Awesome and the Two Underdogs". She seemed to believe that the two old guys on the team were underdogs. As the event approached, Karl kept yelling encouragement to me every group run or track workout saying, "You have to ride fast!" I had no idea how true that would be.

We each trained hard for the event with Karl aiming to complete the 5K run in less than 20 minutes and my goal was 50 minutes for the cycling portion. An added challenge for us was that immediately after the event we would all leave for a week of cycling on the Bike Ride Across Georgia.

On the morning of the triathlon, Meredith recognized an outstanding swimmer, Niki Johnston, who was on a team of all teenagers. Niki's ability as well as the youth of the team had us worried. The rules of the event prohibited removal of the bikes from the transition, so Karl and I both had to warm up by running. As the event kicked off, we saw that Niki completed the swim portion in under eight minutes. Meredith finished in a great time of less than 11 minutes, but there was still three minutes to make up. The bike course has two very steep hills at the beginning that can cause a rider trouble not easily recovered from, so it was important

to be smart at the start. The course is a difficult mix of long and short hills with flat areas mixed in to offer a challenge to everyone. Unfortunately, our position at the end of the transition area meant that I had to run the entire length of the transition area in cycling shoes to get to the mounting line. The transition area was crowded with many riders from the different events and of different abilities so there was a lot of traffic to avoid. After completing the first two difficult hills, the course has a long uphill section where you can finally get into a smooth cadence and just climb steadily. At this point, the riders were spaced out enough that you could ride for power without having to avoid other cyclists. Once the course moved to US 80, it was less hilly and was a test of the riders' top-end speed. The later sections were rolling hills where you might reach speeds of 30+ on the downhills followed by a hard sprint up the next hill. Throughout the entire course, I could remember Karl screaming, "Ride fast!" At the end, I was pleasantly surprised to beat my goal time by over three minutes.

Karl greeted me in the transition area yelling, "Run fast, run fast!" He did not know how wobbly my legs were and how hard it was to move. We made the chip exchange and he took off for the difficult closing event. The course goes downhill out of the park and then steadily climbs until the turnaround point. Karl caught the runner for the teenage team in the first mile and pushed him to a 6 minute pace. The intense first mile caused the collapse of that team member allowing Karl to make up the remaining time that we needed to take the lead by running a sub-20 minute 5K.



Awarded 1st place for a team! Photo by Tom Adrien

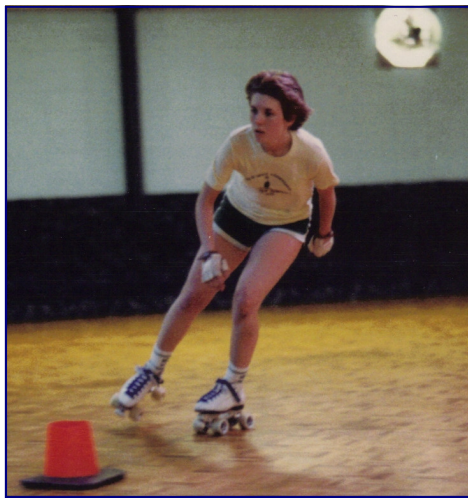
This was my first relay team for a triathlon and it left me wanting to plan another. For those who may be weak in a particular area, this is a great way to participate in a multi-sport event. Each person can compete and gets to focus on their favorite discipline. Thanks to Karl and Meredith for letting me join a great team!

On Eight Wheels

It's fun to take a drive down Memory Lane and I often find myself thinking of the days of my roller speed skating. There were no in-line skates then nor ice speed skating. It was 8 wheels on the rink floor and zooming.

by *Donna Segelken*

I started in the mid to late 70s as a North Little Rock speed skater. My dad did some work on the rink's duct work and other things and my sister and I skated at practice three times a week. You could also find us at the skating sessions on the weekends. We would go all over



15-year-old Donna you didn't know

Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, and surrounding states for speed meets. Regional meets were held in Texas and Nationals often in Nebraska. There were age groups for all, from the wee ones barely able to walk, to the more mature skaters. Masters was 40+ which is funny now that I'm over that.

We would skate as individuals, on two-person relays (same sex and mixed), as well as four-person relays (same/mixed). We would travel to the meet, get so excited about finding out which heats we were in and who of our known rivals were in our heats. The fresh smell of plastic on the floor, the shine from the plastic, and the buzz of all your friends from other states getting to see each other were just the tip of the iceberg of excitement for the meets. Sometimes, we would even pack 15-20 people in a RV and head off. It was like a mobile camping trip.

I do believe that my racing days then put me in the distance I like now in my running/walking events. Back when I was speed skating, I wasn't a fast sprinter. Off the starting line, I wasn't fast at all, but give me 30 plus laps and I'd be in there! I could settle in the back, slowly work my way up, and be in the place needed to pass to the next heat or final. I loved the challenge of starting from the back of the pack and making it all the way up to the front three contenders.

In my running I find I enjoy 10Ks and beyond; my favorites are the half marathons. They give you time to settle in, enjoy the view of the race, relax your body

and mind, and work on getting closer to where you'd like to finish.

It's always enjoyable meeting new friends at the running events and recently, due to Facebook, I've found many of those I used to roller speed skate with, which is very nice! We are hoping to get a reunion going sometime soon, to get those out there in one area and meet up, visit and talk about old times.

Time sure changes us and the sports we're in, and sports evolve over the years. Roller speed skating went by the wayside when the speed skating boards tried to get our sport into the Olympics back in the 80s. They rejected our sport because they didn't wish to have another judged sport, and if they took roller speed skating, they would have to also take roller art skating (like ice figure skating only on roller skates) and they didn't want to take them.

So many who came into the sport later were brought into the in-line skating scene and then those that were willing went to learn speed skating on ice. That is how many of the Olympians you know now actually started in roller skating.

After all these years, I still have my indoor and outdoor speed skates and long for a rink that is kept up properly to enjoy them once more. But until then, I have the sport of running and my roller speed skating memories.

Laurel Highlands, Pennsylvania, 50K

The main event at the Laurel Highlands race is a 70-mile race and it is one of the oldest ultra-marathons in the country. This year, though, it was a 77-mile race due to a pedestrian bridge being worked on. I wasn't up for running anything, but peer pressure caused me to register for the shorter 31 mile/50K event. Both races were point-to-point with early morning bus rides to the start. At 1:45 a.m. my friend's alarm clock sounded like a horn of doom. I lay in bed awhile longer because my bus left later than theirs. Using my excellent sense of navigation, I followed the website's prominently posted directions to the start at Ohiopyle, PA, and so missed the bus from the 50K finish. "Oh, well," I thought and hoped that I could find a ride back, that was if I managed to finish.

The starting line was at a whitewater rafting place. I stood there with 82 other runners and looked around at the fog-covered mountains, thought about the hot, 83° F, stormy forecast, and mused on whether I could

finish; I seriously doubted it. My training mostly consisted of two 1.5 mile runs each day from Mercer to Body Evolutions gym, and those were at a 13 minute pace. How much can jogging at traffic intersections do for you?

I hadn't run anything over six miles since my last 50K in December. "What am I doing here?" was already in my head. The race had no aid stations for the first 11 miles, and had only three aid stations in all. I had a two liter camel back on stuffed with energy bars and snacks; I used a lot of Vaseline under the shoulder straps and hope it wouldn't chafe too badly.

The race started and the surface was rocky, muddy in places but not shoe-sucking deep. The single-track trail meant everyone had to run single-file. The steep ascents early on meant there was a long line of runners walking up the mountains. Soon the faster runners took off and everyone had more room. The first three miles were up some serious climbs. The elevation charts show it being around a 1000 feet. Just hiking up these hills made my heart race and sweat pour. The oppressive, hot and humid weather made one wish it would go ahead and storm. On the long climb up I stopped to catch my breath at one of the scenic views of the river below. The race has permanent stone mile markers. It felt good to see them although they were some of the longest miles I could remember. About mile seven I began to slurp the last drops from my camel-back. The water in it was foul, hotel-bath-faucet-water blended with plastic. The water crossings had bridges so one needn't get wet. As I crossed them I contemplated drinking the stream water, but fortunately mile 11.6 finally arrived and I was able to refill. I asked the barkeep there for extra Bisphenol and he replied admiringly, "You like it strong?" Like a veteran, I gave a laconic, "Yeah." I inquired about the je ne se qua flavor and he whispered proudly, "fire retardant."

No one was around on the trail and the serious climbing had subsided to scenic if not easily runnable sections. I thought it would be safe to dance without risk of anyone observing my lack of rhythm. I flipped up the volume on my mp3 player to some internet radio recordings from Belarus. I think I was grooving to a commercial but it sounded good because I didn't know the language. Down I went, not just a trip or stumble like the 20 toe-jams I'd already had but completely down on all fours. My right knee was cut, but

other than that it was the pride that was smarting. After a few miles I wasn't alone but passed and was soon passed by the photographer of this article, Sharon Seslar. We eventually queued up with another experienced trail runner Tom Glaeser who was following Art Moore. Art was our leader. He had countless stories and we kept prodding him for more to make the miles go by. Art had run most every 100 mile race we could ask him about. He walked every step at a brisk pace at age 73. Most impressive was that he had once run the 70 mile event out & back for a 140 mile race. On one occasion Tom and I ran ahead as we were feeling strong. We came to yet another mountain to climb and while we were out of breath walking it up, there came Art and Sharon striding up past us. Art didn't stop at this scenic overlook but the other three of us paused to look and capture some photos. We had to run a lot at our fastest pace to catch up with Art.



Kevin and Tom Glaeser near mile 22
Photo by Sharon Seslar

By mile 26 everyone had passed Sharon and me. After another climb we were at a man-made lake atop the Seven Springs ski lodge. We went by a truck with several children in it. I thought they might be heckling but they were poking their heads out of the sunroof and generously clapping at our walk-pace. The smallest spectator asked his father with disbelief, "From Oooohioooopyyyle???" Afterwards I couldn't keep up with Sharon as my feet were killing me. With each squishy foot-fall I was thinking it would be easier to remove the few portions of blister-free flesh and just start over.

Pulling through one last climb to the finish I managed a jog around a tiny parking lot loop to complete the 50K with 20 minutes to spare. It was my slowest 50K ever. I asked for a ride back to the start and Sharon mentioned it to her crew: her husband and a 75-pound passenger named Annie. On the ride back to Ohiopyle, I found Annie to be the large, beautiful, solid-gray show-dog I'd seen at the start and the aid stations. She was friendly, but obviously used to being petted and not too thrilled about my 10-hour-race smell. Sharon offered me some potato chips and I took a couple. Annie immediately placed a large gray paw on my thigh and I understood we now were on more intimate terms. The drive was long and I appreciated the lift very much. But before returning me to the start, Sharon and her husband did the town a favor and directed me to a public shower meant for the whitewater rafters.

(Continued from page 1 "Kat's First Tri")

I got back on my feet that month, literally running again. I gradually increased my miles this time. We got on the bikes whenever possible and I swam once or twice a week. In April it was real, we signed up for the event. That sealed the deal. We were really going to take this on.

Before I knew it the race was right in my face. I got an email from Nobuko and Monika B. asking Chuck and me if we'd like to do a mock tri the Saturday before the race. We met them out at the lake and hopped in the water and ... WAIT a minute. Did I forget to tell you something? I had yet to do any swim practice in the open water. I had never been swimming in a lake before. Once we got in the water and swam a few short meters I stopped to see if I could touch the bottom and I couldn't! Panic set in. I freaked out. I had heard others were a little freaked out by the open water swim but I thought, no, not me. Wrong. I did a pitiful excuse of a swim that Saturday then we rode the 15 mile race course and ran most of the 5K run course. Chuck had to drive home a deflated little Kat. I was quite upset, wondering how I would get over this fear in one week.

Nobuko and Monika invited us to the lake again on Memorial Day. I figured I had to give it another try and conquer this thing. Let me start by telling you I didn't feel good all day Sunday, and was feeling even worse that Monday morning. I tried to swim out in the lake, but was still not comfortable at all. I left the lake again feeling miserable and unsure of my ability to do this event. Monday I slept all day, part of me was probably upset but I had really come down with the crud. Tuesday through Friday I had quite a few talks with myself. I did some research online about how to get over fear of open water. I e-mailed Raquel at least 10 times a day probably just wanting her to tell me that I would be able to do this. I decided I would just breast stroke through the swim and I would relax and not even TRY to touch the bottom. Trying to touch the bottom and feeling nothing but cold water was what seemed to trigger the panic attack.

Friday evening was packet pickup at the lake. I got off work a little early and Chuck and I headed out there. Once we got there I was immediately excited. So many people were there, all athletic and serious with their neat colorful tri bikes, tight clothes and gadgets. I thought to myself, "I'm part of this?" Wow. We got our packet, our arm band, and a few goodies in our bag. I met up with Nobuko and Monika to get in one more swim in the lake before race morning. I got in the water, very focused, started the breast stroke and just went. I got out probably 75 meters, got on my

back and relaxed for a second, then turned around and returned to shore. I did it three times. I was thrilled. I didn't freak out, panic, nothing. I was having FUN. Chuck had to make me get out of the water; I wanted to keep swimming.

Saturday morning I was up at 3:45 AM, and luckily I was feeling much better after the cold I'd had all week. We left the house by 5AM and headed to Lake Tobo. There were tons of cars already there and event staff was busy parking the incoming cars. We got our gear unpacked and bikes out then met up with Raquel and her friend Gary at the chip timing pick up. Gary was having a few bike issues so Chuck & I went on to the transition area to set up our bikes.

Here I am, in the transition area of a triathlon I am about to compete in. I can hardly believe it. My nerves are oddly calm for the most part. We get all set up, say hi to our friends. Then we finally head down to the water start area. I'm nervous, but I'm not? It's weird. Finally it's time for our wave to start... I walk in the water and start breast stroking. I nearly panic once, when I start to feel a little tired and realize how far away the kayak is. But I got on my back for a second just to relax and quickly got back to the breast stroke. I do fine to the first buoy, make it to the second, then I can see the swim finish area. I even mixed in some freestyle at this point to finish the swim!

I didn't drown; I finished the swim and transitioned to the bike. Got out on the open road and enjoyed every mile of the course. It was the first time I'd done a bike race of any sort and I loved it. It was over before I knew it. At transition again, it was time to put up the bike and on to the run. The 5K was rather uneventful. I didn't run any spectacular speed but I completed the out and back course, struggling with a few leg cramps in the last mile. I must say that seeing that finish line was beautiful.

Almost everyone I talked to after the race asked me the same question. "So, are you going to do another one?" My response every time was a definite "YES!"

At some point during the last seven years of running, I began to consider myself a runner. That title doesn't make me think I'm better than anyone who is not a runner. I have been proud of this distinction and will talk about running with anyone who will listen. Now that I have this accomplishment under my belt, can I begin to think of myself as "athletic"? Probably. What I love most about running and this whole new sport of triathlons is that no matter what level you are on or who you are, the possibilities are limitless and the competition with yourself never ends.

What Is Carb Loading, Really?

by Rachel May

If you're like me, you may be thinking about that fall marathon and already mapping out dates for long runs, speed work, and weekly mileage for the months between now and (hopefully) that cooler weather race. As you start to organize your training, now is a great time to think about using food to enhance that training and your performance on race day.

Carb loading is what we pay \$10 for to wait in endless lines of smelly runners for access to all-we-can-eat soggy pasta, garlic bread, and cookies at the race expo the night before the race, right? Well, not really.

First, some background. Glycogen is the stored form of glucose in animals and occurs primarily in the liver and muscles. During prolonged aerobic activity (running, swimming, biking, skiing) in bouts of 1-2 hours, the body relies predominantly on carbohydrate as its fuel source. That's where the glycogen comes in. But the problem is that with prolonged exercise, glycogen stores are depleted and fat becomes the primary energy source. Even with nearly limitless amounts of fat, the muscles begin to fatigue and power output decreases due to the slower rate of fat mobilization compared with carbohydrate. This is where the term "hitting the wall" or "bonking" comes from – the point where performance suffers as you reach the limit of available carbohydrate and fuel switches to fat.

This is where carbohydrate loading comes in. It is possible to "super load" the muscles with glycogen in the days prior to a long distance event to delay hitting the wall and keep your fuel tank full on race day. While many people think that just eating pasta and bread the night before a race is the definition of a carb load, it's a bit more involved than that. Below you will find a three-stage, seven day "how to" manual on how best to maximize glycogen storage.

Stage 1 (Depletion)

- Day 1: Exhausting exercise session to deplete muscle glycogen (15-20 mile run, 90 minute bike ride or swim).
- Days 2, 3, 4: Low-carbohydrate food intake (60 – 100 grams/day) focus on high fat/high protein foods and normal training.

Stage 2 (Carbohydrate Loading)

- Days 5, 6, 7: High carbohydrate food intake (60 - 70% of calories from carbohydrate or 400 – 700 grams/day) while still maintaining normal protein intake and normal training.

Stage 3 (Race Day)

- Pre-competition meal of high carb/moderate protein at least 90 minutes before the race.

Keep in mind that one week prior to race day is a bad time to try carb loading for the first time. It is advisable to try a modified load at least one or two times during training. Following a long run (or long swim, cycle, etc) do a one day depletion and one day load to see how your body reacts. There are negatives to carb loading to consider. The addition of 2.7 grams of water per gram of glycogen can leave you feeling "heavy" and uncomfortable. For runners or others competing in weight-bearing sports, the benefits of additional carbohydrate on race day may not outweigh the negatives of feeling heavy on race day. Also, the days of carbohydrate depletion may lead to poor training, fatigue and irritability but these feelings typically subside quickly once normal carbohydrate consumption is resumed.

No one likes to hit the wall, and with a proper carb loading procedure, you can be running, swimming, or cycling as strong in the last miles as you were in the first. Now, pass the pasta and cookies!

*Whether you're a new member or have been a member for years, we want to hear from you!
Please submit profiles, stories, race recaps,
or other running-related articles to macontracks@cox.net*

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Macon Tracks Powered by Mass Mutual team

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We had lots of fun competing with eight

teams and will surely do it again.

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2010 Macon Tracks Piedmont Sports Medicine Series Races:

- Jim Herrin Memorial 5K & 10K - Aug. 14th**
- Feed the Bears 5K - Aug. 20th**
- Macon Labor Day Road Race - Sept. 6th**
- Race for Camp Little Shot 5K - Sept. 11th**
- City of Gordon's Fall Line Fest. 5K - Oct. 2nd**
- Take Back the Night 5K & 10K - Oct. 9th**
- Jay's Hope 5K - Oct. 30th**

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Thanks to Tommy Chambers, Warner Robins section of MTRC Tuesday Track Workouts has its own Running Coach! Tommy's advice is usually "Shut up and run!" Photo by Donna Segelken