

RUISLIP & NORTHWOOD S.C.

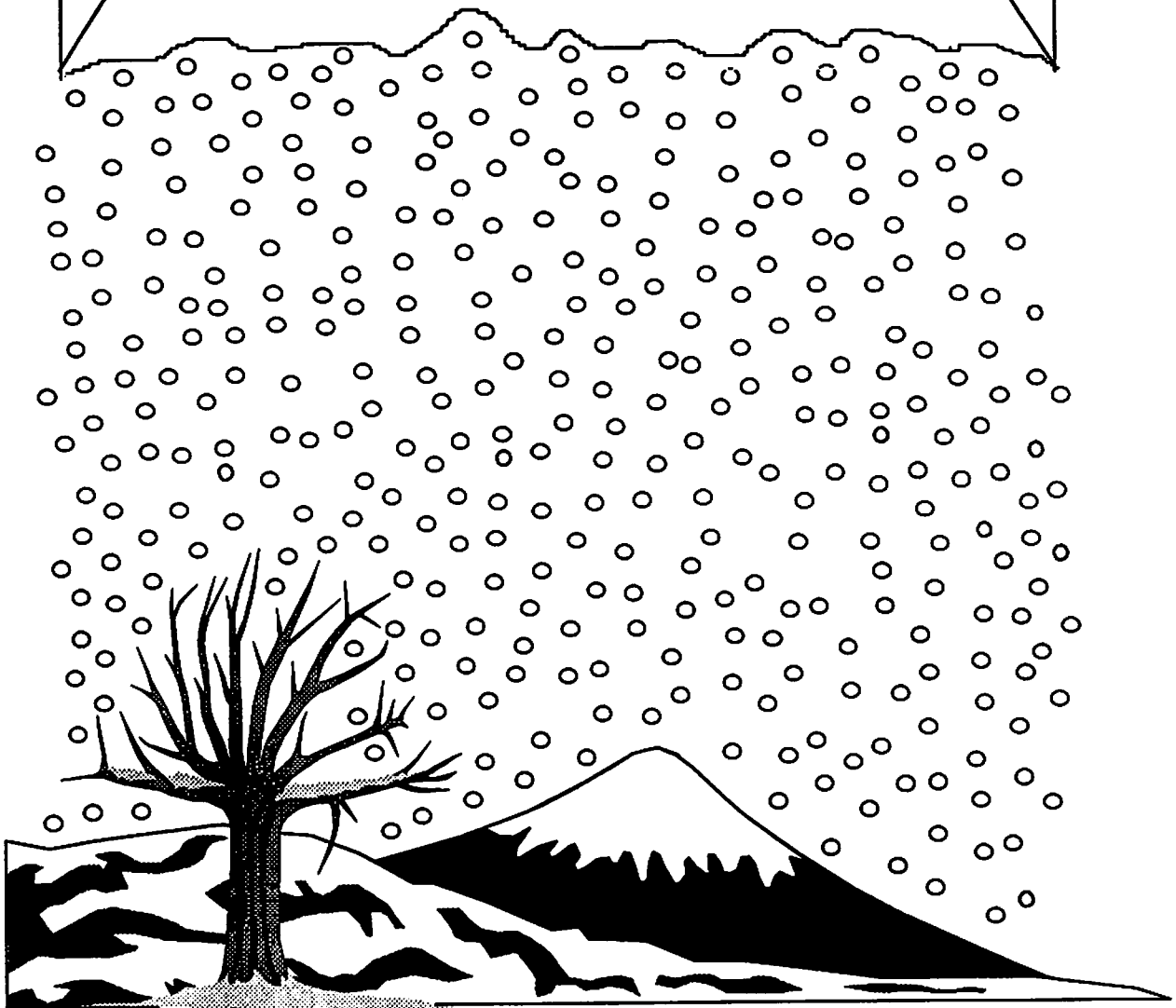
MASTERS

*Seasons Greetings
and
A Happy, Healthy and Successful 1996*

NEWSLETTER 14

Christmas '95

Editor: Liz Smart



WOT NO WORD FROM OUR CHAIRMAN????

No, I decided to give our Deryk the month off. Well, I did actually ask him for a few words but he gave me one of his doleful looks and I felt so sorry for him. He hasn't really been the same since the Club D&D and probably needed the extra rest. BUT I'm sure he would have wished to mention a few things which I can attempt to do on his behalf.

Firstly a very big **THANK YOU** to **COLIN** for arranging and organising the Club D&D on Saturday 2nd December. Many people have asked me to convey their thanks and appreciation to him for all the hard work he put in to get it off the ground. Thanks also from the many ladies for their table gifts which were a lovely idea. Alan also enjoyed spilling the contents of the boxes over various ladies' heads, but *that* is another story!!

Secondly another very big **THANK YOU** - this time to our **COACHES - RON, REG and TONY**. The time you give up and the hard work you put in never goes unappreciated but sometimes we just don't have the energy to tell you when we are poolside. (Mind you, you could always make the sessions a little easier.....just an ideal!!) We wish a very Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year to yourselves and your families. And please be kind to us when we return in the New Year.!

And talking of the New Year, just in case you have not yet seen the *two* notices, the last training session of this year will be on **FRIDAY 22nd DECEMBER** and the first of the new year will be on **TUESDAY 4th JANUARY**. God willing!! (and please take note Dave!) Hopefully we won't have to contend with a foaming pool when we return after the Xmas break this time!!?

And finally, some of you may have already heard about my little drama in the deep end one Friday night. Well, I just wanted to confirm that all those present (Deryk, Tony, Lesley & Roy) passed the test with flying colours and have my congratulations for hauling my 68 kilos out of the pool without doing their backs in. I have since learnt my lesson that :- a) you don't have to do everything the coach tells you and b) if your body tells you it wants to breathe, then let it (!)

ANOTHER PB IN THE POOL?

by Tony Robjant

I feel a little reluctant to tell this tale, in that I remember my own reaction to such tales in the past, but have been persuaded, by Mrs. 200%, to do so.

You may have heard that my absence from training has been down to two things. A new contract, requiring long working days, that keeps me riveted to the armchair on arrival back at chez nous each night! And two, a red-hot poker that was somehow transplanted into my shoulder before the summer.

Using the old noggin' I thought that at least if I was to miss training because of work knackerings, my shoulder would be slowly getting better for a glorious winter return!

So I was reasonably content about having to take it easy.

However, as we all know, with no swimming the body festers. But for me, more importantly, the old brain and psyche start to complain and I find that my 'SCAP' tolerance factor (Suffering Crap At Work) rapidly falls!

So I found a local Daytime Pool. The Hart Leisure Centre, Fleet. An 8-lane competition pool, middle of nowhere, hardly any swimmers, always lane swimming available - un-bloody-believable!!

The first time I went, I think I lasted all of twenty minutes. It's true what all the coaching books tell you about fitness degradation AND there was that poker still in my shoulder and just as bad. The second time I went, I maybe lasted a further five minutes, but the shoulder was really bad and I had to stop.

The following week I was giving it one last chance, before resigning myself to a spring or summer comeback instead (!), and sure enough five or six lengths later it wasn't worth going on. This time another swimmer in the lane stopped, saw me 'feeling' my shoulder and asked what was wrong. I told him that I was a really keen swimmer, had damaged it in training some months ago, was trying to get back for competitions in '96, but that it wasn't up to it. He muttered something which I didn't quite catch - he was American by the way, with a broad southern accent - but what sounded like he was a "Recky(?) healer" and he would have a go if I would like.

All I heard really was the 'healer' bit, so said yes. Still standing in the shallow end he stood behind me and put both hands around my shoulder. He told me to just totally relax. (I'm particularly good at that) and fell silent. A good minute passed and nothing seemed to be happening so I looked round. There he was with his eyes closed, breathing VERY heavily and totally GONE, i.e. MISSING, VACANT. After another half minute or so he commented that the shoulder was really 'hot' and that I needed to help by telling my shoulder that 'it was all right for it to heal', that 'it was part of my whole body and that my whole body was going to help it heal', that I should keep 'saying' this to my shoulder, to myself - not out loud, for a little while and 'imagine that there was a cube of vivid blue ice held deep inside my shoulder'.

At this point the lifeguards were beginning to notice and wonder what was going on I think, but didn't do anything. I was very much thinking 'in for a penny, in for a deutchmark - what the hell' and did what he said. After about two minutes he told me that I was really helping now and that just a little longer would be enough.

Sure enough he let go soon after and suggested that it should be a little easier. I had felt nothing. Not embarrassed and still absolutely relaxed (I am really good at that!) I thanked him and with NO expectations started an easy 50m as he suggested. To my complete and utter stupefaction, my 'poker' had TOTALLY GONE! I did not believe it - still don't really. I started to put a bit of real effort in going into the turn - still nothing - absolutely NOTHING! I started going as fast as fitness then allowed back up to him. NOTHING! Only 10-12 metres left now and I'm thinking what the hell am I going to say to this guy?

I get back astonished. He can see it! I tell him it's not a little easier - it's totally GONE!! I thank him profusely. He suggests I do some more and to keep up 'the treatment'. I'm already too scared to try anymore - quit while ahead - and get out. I go back to work thinking 'Have I got a story to tell them all back in the office'. I get there and chicken out remembering my previous reactions to such tales.

Next day I get half an hour mid afternoon free and decide to go swimming again. Feeling actually very nervous about even getting into the pool, I eventually get in and do a little work. It's GONE, TOTALLY GONE. Still a bit weak and sore in other places generally, as it always is on a 'comeback', but the poker has GONE.

Think of all this what you will, but it's not back yet! I'm sure that there is an explanation and I'm sure I'm personally involved, but there you go!!

CLUB D&D

by Llz Smart

We had the DISCO DANCERS in one corner. Most people took part in this group activity at at least one point in the evening. In another corner we had the BAR PROPER-UPPERS. This group seemed dominated by police people but apparently they were keeping an eye on the bar men and making sure the drinks they served were suitable etc. (!) And then we had the TABLE-TALKERS who managed to glean lots of different bits of gossip from spouses to use as ammunition at a later date. The main thing was that everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. But then something happened to Deryk. One minute he was disco-dancing or talking and the next he was mildly incoherent!! Oh well, everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. Roll on next year!!

THE BARNET 1,500M

by Teresa Skilton

This is the second year that I have entered the 1,500 metre swim at Barnet Copthall. The event is held over two weekends to enable all swimmers to compete in individual lanes. I had elected to swim on 27 November and duly turned up at 1500 hours to swim my heat at 1830 hours. I had not been too well during the weekend and had to drop out on length 40. Ian Woollard (Barnet coach & organiser), however, agreed to let me try again the next weekend.

Two days off work on sick leave, three nights of hard swimming training (which luckily were distance sessions) and I felt more confident about the event. It was assisted by a work related Christmas function on the Saturday night. Jerry decided not to watch the swim this time as he had got so bored at the three and a half hour wait on the 27th. On my second attempt the swim felt comfortable (well, as comfortable as 60 lengths can ever feel!)

I managed to knock 3 seconds off my PB of last year with a time of 20.16.47. I was second overall in the female competition and second in my age group to Caroline Horden who achieved an outstanding 18.34.57. The event was very friendly with many of the usual faces from the local area turning up. There were also swimmers from as far away as Launceston in Cornwall. Overall 3 European records, 4 British records and one Australian record were claimed at the event.

For those of you who might like to give the event a go next year it is due to be held on 24 November and 7 December 1996!!

[Editorial note: Mark that one in your diary Laraine! An ideal event for you - just pull your hat over your goggles or even start in the water and you'll be away!! A chance for many of you to launch yourself onto the 1996 Smiley Face Table!??]

SMILEY FACES

by Liz Smart

And talking about PBs, I was most impressed by the number of people who told me that I had missed off their smiley faces from the Maidenhead gala. Not impressed with my omissions, mind you, only that at least some of you had been reading and paying attention to the detail!! An up-to-date Smiley Face Table will be printed in the next newsletter!!

A WORD FROM YOUR COMP SEC

by Karen O'Dea

I received a call from Mr. Smart at approx 11.30 am Sunday morning asking me if I could throw a few lines together for the Xmas edition of the newsletter and have it ready for that evening, as the Smart partnership were going to be working overtime to have this newsletter ready within a week. It seemed that I would now be spending my whole afternoon preparing some sort of article. Rather intrigued to know why Graham had phoned me and not Liz it was soon revealed that Liz had lost her voice and was doing sign language in the background. I think this loss of voice may have been due to all the talking and laughing which was done on Thursday evening when a few of us girls got together after the swimming session and hit Pizza Express, where some very interesting conversations took place!!!!

Anyhow moving on I'd like to say thank you to all those who have returned their completed Amersham forms to me. I must say I was completely gobsmacked to receive a certain person's form, complete with cheque attached, almost within a week of giving it to him - you know who you are Simon - congratulations.

I know I said that 19th December was the deadline but I really would like all the forms back asap so that Ron can sort out the relay teams. Thanks.

Just another little reminder - GUERNSEY - don't forget I need your booking forms along with £40 deposit very soon.

Well, that's it from me - hope you all have a fantastic Christmas!!

AMAZING BUT TRUE - OR IS IT?

(Yes, Graham's off againEd.)

- Alan Taylor was recently seen in Dorothy Perkins getting fitted for a Lycra neck to ankle body stocking. Reg has apparently said to Alan "...if you won't tumble, you can gain two tenths each turn using the body stocking. Research with the US Olympic team has shown that Lycra creates less drag through water than the human body..."

- Bernie has accepted a part in a new West End show of Walt Disney's 'Jungle Book', due to hit the streets in the New Year. Bernie is to play King Louie. Bernie's recent absence from the pool was due to rigorous casting sessions swinging from ceiling rings with a 30 lbs weight tied to his feet. Bernie's enormous upper body strength finally won the day. Congratulations Bern - how about some freebie tickets?

- Apparently Simon and Michael (the O'Dea family one) are rivalling each other for the tag 'the most handsome guy in the pool'. Michael is currently working out with Michelle using dumb bells and other assorted body toners. Simon is relying on his natural 'manly look' and testing various body creams. So come on girls, have a good look over the coming months and watch those curves take shape!

- In an effort to keep up with Teresa during 200m reps Keith is threatening to shave off his chest hair. Keith was heard to say in the showers "...it's so unfair, I can feel the drag. Lesley and Teresa don't suffer with drag....". Well.....there you go! (Don't forget about the armpits Keith - these girls are cunning things).

- Rumour has it that after the Christmas Dinner and Dance Lyn drove Deryk home for a night of passion - but Deryk fell asleep in the car! I don't believe it - not Deryk.

-Following Reg's younger days at Cambridge it was rumoured he was involved with mysterious messages to Moscow. He never made a fortune, but now we know where he got his sessions from! And they work - have you seen Keith's shoulders lately?

-This guy Lloyd who has recently frequented lanes 4 & 3, who is he? Well, a certain well respected county swimmer who is known to favour a Guinness or two after training with son-in-law Mike has revealed all. Apparently Lloyd used to swim for R&N in his younger days but had to leave for a period of solitude and celibacy. Renowned for his good looks and tarzanian physic his performance deteriorated due to female swimmers drifting into his lane. Mobbed and abused, it was not long before drink took its course. Advice from a fatherly figure resulted in a year away from the limelight and a diet of choccy bars and lager(!).

READERS' LETTERS

This month we are publishing a series of letters sent in over the last few months. The editor retains the right to amend, alter or completely make up contributions.

Dear Graham,

I took your advice and converted an old swimsuit into a lovely indoor hanging basket. Friends and relatives have been amazed how good it looks.

Julia

Dear Graham,

I have converted an old pair of Speedo goggles into a miniature aquarium. I filled each eye piece with warm water and carefully inserted a number of baby fish bought at my local tropical fish centre. Then I cut out two pieces of plastic and super-glued them onto the back of each eye piece. The hardest bit was to drill two small holes (I used a 0.5mm drill) in the top of each eye piece for air circulation. Once completed the goggles can be put on the side or hung from a hook in the ceiling. People are amazed when they see fish swimming around in the goggles! It's great. You can put the goggles in your pocket and take them around with you. Please pass this onto the rest of the club. They are so easy to make and would make excellent Christmas presents.

Reg.

Dear Graham,

What a great idea of yours to use hand paddles for other things like chopping earth. I recently bought a new pair and I have been using them to scrape the ice off my car windscreen. I have found that laying face down on the bonnet with hubby holding the feet is really effective with a vigorous 'fly' action. A neighbour questioned the reasoning behind my bottom going up and down in rhythm with my arms - I explained that the movement gave me enough leverage to free up the windscreen wipers.

Christine

Dear Graham,

I have been abroad recently and picked up an amazing use for nose clips. In this cold weather they are just the thing to stop this flu-like virus. Pop down to your local chemist and purchase a tub of Vic Vapour Rub. First thing in the morning give yourself (or a partner) a good rub on the chest with a liberal quantity of Vic, followed by two healthy dabs (applied with a sterile instrument) up each nostril. Now for the clever bit - apply a nose clip giving an air tight fit.

A side effect is that in really cold weather the nose turns blue and one finds oneself constantly dribbling and unable to hold a coherent conversation. On a positive note people are most sympathetic and help one with things like carrying shopping to the car. I have been trying the method recently on the Metropolitan line and have found that not only have I not caught the virus, I always have a carriage to myself!

Geoff

Dear Graham,

I don't know whether you can help me but something must be done about the erotic fantasies played out in lane three. I thought one was supposed to leave 5 secs between each swimmer. It's getting to the stage where the swimmer behind is crawling up your trunks half way up the lane! My wife is starting to complain too. I now go home with bruises all up the inside of my thigh.

Name and address supplied.

Dear Graham

As instructed I tried my best to 'knobble' your wife, so you can do more sessions, but I'm afraid I failed. Deryk even swam across to Liz as slowly as he could. I must admit I felt a bit bad about poor old Liz, especially when we dragged her out of the pool. People have started dropping out of my Friday night sessions in fear that I might mis-use their bodies. You will have to go back to boot polish in the cake, gold fish water in the tea, letting the cat lick the butter and making her sleep out at night. (Are you sure she believes sleeping outside will toughen her up?).

Tony

MORE WORDS FROM THE GLOBE TROTTER

by Jennifer Jones

Indonesia was the third leg of my trip. I couldn't get a direct flight from Hong Kong to Sumatra so I had to spend a night in Malaysia. There had been severe flooding and the train driver said that the previous day the airport had been cut off - so I'd only just missed that natural disaster.

I arrived safely in Sumatra the next day and took the bus to a place called Buliit Lewavy where there is an orang-utan rehabilitation centre. 'Taking the bus' in Sumatra is not quite the same as taking the 183 to Pinner. For starters they strap your luggage on the top of the bus and when there really isn't any room inside anymore, people sit on top too. The busses are really brightly coloured. I felt like I was somewhere between Jamaica and South America. We got to our destination with our luggage still on the roof which was quite a relief.

The village with the guest houses was on two banks of the river in the jungle. I found a place to stay near the river crossing to the orang-utans. I went to see them early the next morning for their first feed of the day. This involved crossing the river on a tiny boat first, then trekking into the jungle. A platform had been set up where the helper sat with the food and the orang-utans who had been looked after at the reserve came through the jungle for their food. They do this until they start to look after themselves and then they stop showing up for meals. The orang-utans were real posers. It was like they knew people were taking photos of them. They also seem so human.

In the afternoon I went down the river on an inflatable rubber tube - it was the closest I'd come to swimming in ages. It was really good fun, except when you got stuck on rocks. That night I heard scuttling noises from, I thought, outside the room. I'd heard them the previous night also and convinced myself that it was monkeys outside the room. Imagine my surprise when I leaned over the bed to check the mosquito coil was still burning and a little brown furry animal went racing across. It then went racing back across the room and dived through a hole in the bathroom, (I use the term loosely), door. I went to switch the light on - no electricity, just my luck. So I sat and shone the torch at the hole 'it' had disappeared into. It poked its nose back through and looked at me and thought 'you're a human', I looked at it and thought 'You're a rat!' So far I'd shared my rooms with spiders, lizards, cockroaches, ants. I drew the line at rats. I spent the next one and half hours until daybreak, (the longest hour of my life), sitting on the bed shining the torch at the hole, putting the mosquito coil right by the door and making noise everytime I heard the slightest sound. Looking back it's quite funny but at the time it wasn't. I was jumping at my own shadow for a couple of days. Since then I've always checked the walls in places next to the ceilings and the floors. I've met many other people with rat stories to tell as well.

One thing I found strange in the village was that the kids kept singing "Ging gong goolie goolie" - I thought a whole battalion of girl guides had been there before me. It wasn't until I reached a larger town and heard the song in a record shop that I realised it had been made into a pop song. What there had been here before me were cockneys who took great pleasure in teaching the Indonesians some expressions such as "Lovely jubbly" and how to say water without a 't'.

My next stop was Lake Toba which is a lake in an ancient volcano crater. On the lake is a small island where all the travellers stay. Here I got a chance for some real rest and relaxation. I resisted the temptation to swim across the lake, I did go in for one quick dip though. While at the lake we heard on a news bulletin one night that there had been earthquakes in Sumatra. We asked each other the inevitable questions of "Did the earth move for you?!", but it hadn't been felt by anyone.

I then went on to Bulittingi which is in an area where all possessions and inheritance are passed down the female line. It seemed to work really well - all the men were quite happy with the arrangement too. I visited a bull fight, which is nothing like in Spain. They get two water buffaloes who lock horns and push against each other until one turns and runs away through the crowd of onlookers and is chased by the other bull until the owners manage to catch them. From the view point of the 'safe' tourist stand it was hilarious.

I also ventured on a canyon trek. This was very interesting as the guide pointed out all the things that were poisonous and the hot springs which were warm rather than 'hot'. We also went to see wild dolphins in the sea early one morning. We had to get on boats which were like canoes with poles of bamboo either side to stop them tipping over and a motor at the back to power them. We saw two schools of dolphins, but they always disappeared when we got too close.

I think the highlight for both Pete and me was climbing Mt. Batur to see the sunrise. I'd managed to convince Pete that the volcano was fairly dormant, however the guide let slip that he'd nearly been killed in an explosion last year - it was still too dark to see Pete's face! We both found the going pretty tough and were sliding all over the place even though we had boots on - at some parts I was literally dragged up the slope by the guide. During one of many of our rest stops we were overtaken by a Balinese woman in her forties wearing flip flops and balancing a bucket on her head. Pete and I just stared at each other in utter disbelief. Is this what they call altitude training? We did manage to reach the top before sunrise and it was a spectacular sight, well worth the climb. We met another couple from Harrow, (small world), at the top and they were amazed when we offered them some cup-a-soup and proceeded to pull cups, spoons and a flask of hot water out of the rucksack. The lady who'd overtaken us was there to sell food and thought we were muscling in on her business. Pete gave her a pot noodle to placate her!!

Another incident which stood out was when the police stopped us to check driving licences. After seeing that everything was in order the policeman casually said "Have you got anything for me?" Pete and I looked at each other. I offered him some water and Pete pulled the car stereo out and offered him that. The policeman backed away laughing nervously and went to the next car!

The only drawback with Bali is the amount you get hassled by locals to buy something or take transport etc. Our feelings were aptly summed up by a T-shirt Pete bought just before leaving which said "No, I don't want a f****ng watch, massage, hair plaited, T-shirt, sarong" But I must admit I did have a massage and I did get my hair plaited in Bali.

After Pete left I went to Lombok to an area known as the Gili Islands. Here there is some of the best snorkelling in the world. It's absolutely fantastic. You feel like you're swimming in a huge aquarium, the variety of fish is stunning. Unfortunately I got rather sunburnt on my back. Coupled with the cold Pete had left me my poor body, I didn't know whether to cool down or heat up.

I did one final tour in Lombok where I got to try some traditional weaving. I wasn't any good - I decided to stick to my day job of travelling. So Asia is drawing to a close and tomorrow I fly to Australia to complete the last bit of my trip. Their summer has just started so I'm really looking forward to it.

A Message from Graham

A quick word of thanks to all the people I have 'written' about this year. Especially to those where at times I have been a bit unkind. It's nice to know that you are a good crowd and read it for what it is (somebody please tell me).

I hope my ramblings cause some amusement, but it would be better if there were some other contributors - we certainly have not read the best from Tony yet (he too busy making his first million).

Yes there are times when Liz and I would like some fresh ideas, and it is very welcome to receive a few words from other people. Thanks to Deryk for his regular piece and others for their input.

Liz is telling me to get off the computer and as I do not wear the trousers you know the rest. My last words are: "...Will somebody please tell me how to do breaststroke legs!...."

MASTER PROFILE

GEOFF DUSHEIKO

Can you remember how old you were when you learnt to swim? Who taught you?

I can't remember who first taught me to swim, but I learned to swim at about the age of six and was probably taught with a group of nursery school children

What is your earliest swimming memory?

Swimming in a 'dam' on a farm in Pietersburg - a country town in South Africa where I grew up

Did you swim competitively as a youngster?

To a limited extent. I swam at school, but could not be considered a seriously competitive swimmer

What were your greatest achievements?

Probably finishing an individual medley at school - an event I should not have entered in the first place. The only medals I have won (bronze and silver) have been in Masters' competition in the UK

How did you first hear about the RNSC Masters Section?

From a friend, who swam the first evening, but has never swum again.

How long have you been swimming with them?

Since 1988

What do you enjoy most about the club?

I enjoy the opportunity of keeping fit all year round and the diversion that swimming with the club provides. The group effort and the coaching are invaluable.

Have you ever competed for the Masters section? If so, which was the most enjoyable competition/gala?

I don't always have the time for masters' competition but enjoyed the first Middlesex championship I competed in, and the novelty of winning some medals at the first event (Reading)

What is your greatest achievement in the swimming pool - the one you feel happiest about?!

Diving in to rescue someone at a 21st birthday party, who was drunk and might possibly have drowned.

And your favourite stroke is?

Backstroke

And your least favourite stroke.....?

Definitely breaststroke (the kick)

Do any other members of your family enjoy swimming? (If so, are they over 25 and when can they join?)

My wife, Pam, has recently started swimming more. Both sons had the potential to be better than average swimmers, but lost a few years by not swimming when we first arrived.

What are your other interests? (presuming you have any free time!)

I wish I had more free time to develop these, but reading is one of them.

A YULETIDE NONSENSE (to be sung)

by Tony Robjant

(On a theme given by Alan, Keith and Liz one Saturday morning after training)

On the first day of Xmas my true love gave to me
A 100m Medley pbl

On the second day of Xmas my true love gave to me
Two lengths NO BREATHING
And a 100m Medley PB!

On the third day of Xmas my true love gave to me
3 100s on 90
Two lengths NO BREATHING
And a 100m Medley PB!

On the fourth day of Xmas my true love gave to me
4 Fly drills
3 100s on 90
Two lengths NO BREATHING
And a 100m Medley PB!

On the fifth day of Xmas my true love gave to me
5 A-C-C-E-L-E-R-A-T-I-O-N-S
4 Fly drills
3 100s on 90
Two lengths NO BREATHING
And a 100m Medley PB!

On the sixth day of Xmas my true love gave to me
6 Breaststroke turns
5 A-C-C-E-L-E-R-A-T-I-O-N-S
4 Fly drills
3 100s on 90
Two lengths NO BREATHING
And a 100m Medley PB!

On the seventh day of Xmas my true love gave to me
7 Jesse James'es (who doesn't come on Fridays then?)
6 Breaststroke turns
5 A-C-C-E-L-E-R-A-T-I-O-N-S
4 Fly drills
3 100s on 90
Two lengths NO BREATHING
And a 100m Medley PB!

On the eighth day of Xmas my true love gave to me

8 3-5-7'es

7 Jesse James'es

6 Breaststroke turns

5 A-C-C-E-L-E-R-A-T-I-O-N-S

4 Fly drills

3 100s on 90

Two lengths NO BREATHING

And a 100m Medley PB!

On the ninth day of Xmas my true love gave to me

9 Split Medleys

8 3-5-7'es

7 Jesse James'es

6 Breaststroke turns

5 A-C-C-E-L-E-R-A-T-I-O-N-S

4 Fly drills

3 100s on 90

Two lengths NO BREATHING

And a 100m Medley PB!

On the tenth day of Xmas my true love gave to me

10 Blue Meanies (especially for you Friday people)

9 Split Medleys

8 3-5-7'es

7 Jesse James'es

6 Breaststroke turns

5 A-C-C-E-L-E-R-A-T-I-O-N-S

4 Fly drills

3 100s on 90

Two lengths NO BREATHING

And a 100m Medley PB!

On the eleventh day of Xmas my true love gave to me

11 lengths of kicking

10 Blue Meanies

9 Split Medleys

8 3-5-7'es

7 Jesse James'es

6 Breaststroke turns

5 A-C-C-E-L-E-R-A-T-I-O-N-S

4 Fly drills

3 100s on 90

Two lengths NO BREATHING

And a 100m Medley PB!

On the twelfth day of Xmas my true love gave to me

12 Well earned kisses!

11 lengths of kicking

10 Blue Meanies

9 Split Medleys

8 3-5-7'es

7 Jesse James'es

6 Breaststroke turns

5 A-C-C-E-L-E-R-A-T-I-O-N-S

4 Fly drills

3 100s on 90

Two lengths NO BREATHING

AND A 100 METRE MEDLEY PB!