

Perspectives from first season paddlers



It's all go go go from the start when you join. Dragon boating season could seem like a blurr, like a drunken' night when you can't remember how you got home. As Erin experienced joining the team, as drunken' events do...it all started at the pub...Erin innocently went in to the Eastie and all of a sudden found herself being charmed by Allan into trying out a paddling session (How does he manage to do that anyway?). Janie was concerned over her ever-expanding waistline and while surfing the HCC intranet (an important part of her day because that's where all the freebies are) she came upon a flyer advertising Dragonboating and joined the team after a short phone call (from good old Allan of course). All newbies had different routes in coming on board to the team. But the most likely way is to be cornered at the Eastie... and it appears Allan is a common factor too...

Training

At the first training session we'd wondered what we'd got ourselves into with the weird warm-up exercises beforehand and high fives when we got off the water. We thought oh how cool! Whatever! But we'll go along with this for now. After the Super 12 regatta serious training started, first Keith taught us correct technique (resulting in oh I get it! when the penny finally dropped) then worked us hard. When the tyre got thrown off the back of the boat we thought we were going to die and then thought it was going to get worse when Keith had one of his many "great" ideas. He wanted us to pull a water skier! As keen as Erin's sister was to be that skier that never eventuated thank goodness! To newbies, mental note: careful when you sit behind the big guys, our engine room, make sure you wear a hat and aren't too concerned about getting wet. In all their big manliness they sure can make a splash and shovel water into your lap! You can be five minutes in the boat and come out looking like you jumped in the lake itself! "Real trainings" we found out were at the Eastie, proudly our homeground, our turf, or as Cirina would call it her "sanctuary". We didn't have as many trainings there as we wanted on Wednesdays but there were still plenty of training sessions at the Eastie nonetheless. Heading over after training was common practice. Sadly, Janie missed out on this practice and putting to good use some of her old drinking games because she was bugged after training and had to head home to take up her motherly duties.

