

# Captain's Report (*Tama Pereto-Bristowe*)

Yeeeeehhhaaaarrrrrhhhh!!! Yet another deliriously delicious dragonboat season down. Well done and hooray to all those who participated, both on and off the water. Everyone is important.... links in the chain... cogs in the wheel, rah rah rah... If there were one prophetic parable that would epitomise the EW (Rocks!) 2007 Dragon Boating escapade, it would have to be the 'The Little Red Engine That Could' Proverbs 16:21.

From a humble beginning way back in 2006, when 11 seemingly stupid souls lolled casually to the first training session, and the 427 "definitely keen on paddling this year" souls languished absently somewhere else, it would be accurate to say that Hiss, Roar and the Season were starting somewhere else this year also.

But as the season progressed through the Super 12 regattas a change was in the air (thank you Ross for buying some new underwear). Maybe it was Jimmy's relentless efforts to try and create a whirl pool in the lake with 16 paddlers and an old dunga? Maybe it was the reuniting of Red and Paul's Pixie Balls? Maybe it was the demise of Martin Keep through his debilitating imaginative broken back? Or maybe there was an unconscious mass consciousness on the exhilarating experience of ceiling surfing? Whatever the force that controls things that aren't, from the fogs of Lake Rotoroa emerged a sliver of belief.

Fed on copious amounts of alcohol (thank you Mr CEO man! heh heh heh) this sliver thrived and blossomed, until almost inadvertently we boarded a plane to Christchurch and the National Regatta, somewhat deluded with high expectations - we would not come FOURTH!!

Very proud was I in all of us. Building our way through the Nationals we bonded, minds zen'd, eyes focused, pulses low, the hooter hooted, the line sprung, the paddles plunged, reaching long, driving deep, in a thrashing orgasm of paddles we thrust forward, further, faster, breathless, oblivious..... **G O o o o o o o o o O L D !!**

And that's how the Little Red Engine that turned up, turned into the little Gold medal that shone.

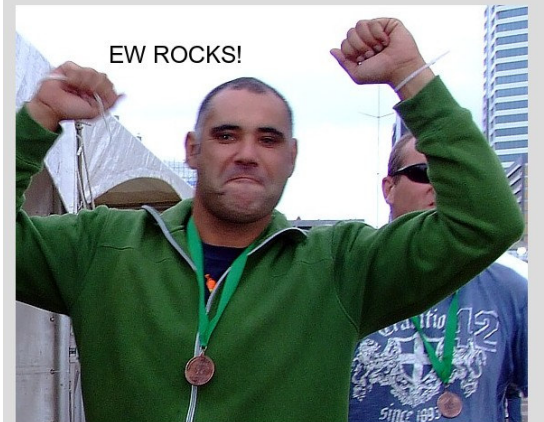
Thank you to all those who were there then, those who got us there, and those who yelled and cheered all the way along.

You're fantastic.

El sid, *Tama*



".....and if our boat should win...."



## Memorable Moments #3

Winning the Final at the Nationals in Chch.

I enjoyed watching a team of individuals keep their collective heads and consistently improve throughout the day, running our best race in the Final.

We didn't choke.

*Tama Pereto-Bristowe*



“What’s this, what’s this, I think its something new, what’s this, what’s this.....

Hmmmmmmm..... Dragonboat town”  
*Jack Skelington*