



Torremolinos 2013



Thanet Swim Club were flying to Torremolinos in Spain,
The biggest wish from all, is that we don't see any rain.

The swimmers were buzzing, in huge anticipation,
David made plans, for aquatic participation.

Twenty hours pool time, is what he had planned,
'The fun will all start, as soon as we land'.
But, oh no, someone must have set a trap,
Laura has just worn her juice in her lap !!!

The facilities were superb, so spotlessly clean,
Though at the top of a hill ? That seems a bit mean .
Everyone changed, with an air of euphoria,
'But first' says our coach, 'I've been told to see Gloria'.

So, into the water, for the first of their swims,
Nothing too taxing, just to loosen their limbs.
For many fifty metres, seemed so very far,
'You'll have to get used to it, we'll be raising the bar !'.

Oh dear, a problem has arisen. It's back to your room,
To pack away contents that have found their way strewn.
Then back to the lobby, where their sides start to burst
As Dave admits calmly, 'It's April the 1st ! '.

A quiz was on the agenda, to keep them amused.

However, the scoring left Karen a little bemused !

But she needn't have worried as the coaches had the edge,

On the Dingbats, the pictures and general knowledge.

By day three there were, some tired little faces.

But give them their due, they went through their paces.

Tired or confused, it was difficult to call,

As Harry 'Striked' bottles like a Mega Bowl ball !

So time for some chill out, in their rooms or the pool.

Ben and Alex donned their shades, 'Hey girls, are we cool ?'

The younger girls chose bikinis, and some older ones rooms,

Maybe a sensible option, as another session looms.

Then back to the pool, for another killer set,

Some kick and some sprints, are a pretty sure bet.

Made all the more pleasant, when the sun is out shining,

Except in their backstroke, it can be quite blinding.

Rounders on the field, was competitive fun,

As a 'GIRLS' game, who would've expected the boys to have won ?

The lads were away, on their first winning spree,

Maybe aided by Erin's 'Don't throw it to me !'

When the weather was fab, factor 30 was a must,

But as the rain started, we were more likely to rust.

Was not the weather we had ordered. Was rubbish! Was toot!

The coaches developed a case, of deadly trench-foot !

From some we are learning, just a little bit more,
Like Maisie who finds, staying on her feet such a chore.
And when Mikyle declared, ' Oh Josh, you have sinned'
 'I'm sorry, I can't help it. I suffer from wind ! '

A challenge had been set, to plan some syncro,
 Their artistic juices, were soon in full flow.
The 'girlie' routine, had left nothing to chance,
The macho boys team, more like a tribal war dance !

After Stackers and Pictionary, their points were all in,
It soon became clear, that the Girls claimed the win.
 Sammy took the Smurf, for the nearest PB – Girls,
Omar such a proud winner, under those shocking black curls.

The final Spanish session, left some wanting more.
 Still we bid adios, to Senior Salvadore.
Our last meal we had, some with records to beat,
Where do they put it ?, they must have hollow feet.

We are all so very proud of them, not a session was missed.
Of hard working training, they are getting the gist.
 So many things gained, by more than a few,
But there is one thing, that is so very true.....

.....Dedication, motivation, relaxation,
 That's what you need.

If you want to beat the rest, then you have to train the best ,
 Ohhhhh, dedication's what you need,
If you want to be a Thanet Swim-mer.....