

Each year around this time, the National touring team of Quatros Enduros (Chris Watt, Stu Crawford, Ross Ferguson and Dave de Closey) take the Mooloolaba Triathlon challenge. But the trip is much more than just doing a triathlon, this trip is about 4 mates getting together, having a great weekend, swapping stories and enjoying gastronomical delights prepared and cooked by chef de tour (Chris). This is our story.

Now us three non cooks, don't get a vote in what we are eating for the weekend, but you won't hear any complaints. What Chris surprises us in each meal has always been restaurant quality and they taste amazing. Following is the Mooloolaba weekend as seen from our bellies.

A break in tradition occurred on the road trip to Mooloolaba this year. The usual Portuguese custard tarts were replaced with pecan craisin tarts. Now these little tarts had to be something special to live up to our expectations, don't get me wrong, the pecan tarts were bloody good but to live up to the Portuguese custard tarts, they needed the wow factor!! Chris delivered once again, surprising us with these little taste sensations.

Friday night: Gai Pad Met Ma-muang Him-Ma-Parn (stir fried chicken with cashews nuts). Chris is always very careful what he serves us, delicate bellies and all that, but this baby had some kick. Whole chillies and chicken fried in chilli oil saw the Gipsie Jack Shiraz finished in record time. Thai noodles with chilli and lime paste and jasmine rice finished off the meal. You can get my drift, nothing about this meal was delicate, the flavours were outstanding. Desert, yes!! all serious triathletes eat desert. Banana splits in traditional way with ice-cream, crushes nuts and homemade caramel sauce. Yep, they tasted as good as they sound, bloody delicious.

Oh, I forgot, we always have a few beers in the afternoon, not too many of course, hydration you know.

Saturday: After a leisurely ride and a coffee stop, breakfast has always been get your own. Scrambled eggs, toast and coffee.

Lunch was hamburgers, homemade of course, with salad and soft brown rolls and few beers, Hahn Super Drys or Boags.

The afternoon before the race is always a relaxing one. Watching movies, eating nuts and drinking plenty of water, saving ourselves for the big race.

Dinner: Lasagne with salad, plenty of carbs ready to fuel our bodies. This lovely meal was accompanied by Forester Cabernet Merlot.

Lucky for us we didn't finish all the Banana splits from Friday night, two nights in a row was a real treat.

Sunday, race day: the morning is very quite in the room as each of us mentally prepares, not a lot of conversation happening.

Breakfast isn't planned and we each have our own pre race plan. Toast, coffee and maybe some cereal.

Post race jubilation, satisfaction and a lot of back slapping when we arrive back at the unit. Then we start our re-hydration plan, some beers, some more beers, re-hydrating? of course we are.

Lunch: homemade hamburgers, salad and fresh brown rolls. Then some more beers watching the elite women race. Still re-hydrating.

Still re-hydrating at the presentation at the Wharf Hotel. The walk back to the unit seemed longer than the walk down, possibly over hydrated? Dave & Rosco needed some sustenance, the smell of the bakery was too much to bear, a pie with sauce was the order. Yes I know elite athletes like us eating a good old lucky dip isn't sending the right message to the kids but they were bloody nice and we were hungry.

Dinner: 300g aged rump steaks on the BBQ, with potato bake, salad and garlic bread. Washed down of course with a few beers and Wyndham estate bin 555 Shiraz. No desert tonight as the hydrating has taken preference.

The Quatros Enduros' unit hosted the Twin Towns Tri club post race celebration. More hydrating as the room was filled with 15 eager stories to be told. As the night progressed, dip and biscuits, chocolate and the last of the tarts...all gone.

Monday: sleep in & breakfast of champions:

Another tradition with our triathlon trips is breakfast on Monday is always bacon, eggs, chipolatas, tomato and onion, toast and coffee, probably needed to soak up some of that hydration.

The drive home is a wonderful feeling of satisfaction, accomplishment and mateship. Unless you have been and conquered a distance triathlon you won't quite understand. Just like many people don't quite understand the bond between 4 great mates.