

12 UWH Championship Portugal

Euro Clubmeisterschaften Coimbra, Portugal

6. - 7. May 2016

Wahoo has finally been able to put together a mens and a ladies team to enter the European Club Championship. This was the very first time since UWH was founded in Switzerland in 2007. This is an important milestone for Martin Reed, who registered us in the first place. It was also the first time we had enough girls to form Wahoo's very own ladies team!!!!

Three months before the 6th of May we trained more intensively, as much as each one's busy schedule allowed for. Extra pool sessions improved our puck work and positioning around the puck. We wanted to give our best and

be proud of ourselves. We coached ourselves and our men's team helped us a great deal. Thank you, guys! We were wary, but positive. We wanted to score some goals.....our very first goals as a team!!! It has to be said....we were up against the best teams in Europe.

Each and every individual of this spirited team contributed. Our captain, Katherine, was and is an excellent motivator. Silvania organised the beautiful swimming costumes. Janine managed extra pool sessions for us. Fanny helped us prepare psychologically. Zsusza is our silent force. Tulin trained despite her injury. Mollie was always calm! Marie joined our team last minute and played despite being feverish. I, in turn, enjoyed the opportunity to play again.



„Wa-a-a-hoo!“ before a game



Ready? Go!

14 UWH Championship Portugal

We played against 8 different teams. The games were 12 minutes long one way, in the round robin on Friday. On Saturday, we played 12 minutes a side in the final games. Yes, it is knackerin!!!! As the tournament progressed, it was remarkable to see the determination to keep possession of the puck increasing game after game. By the fifth game on Friday, I felt a healthy amount of competitiveness arising in the team. Hooray!!! Go girls go!..... We nearly scored quite a few times.....we need to play a closer game when we are up there, aim-

ing to score a goal. Some games were tougher and more physical than others. A very motivated opposing team player even put the goal in with her free hand – no goal! We had almost no penalties against us.

Coimbra, Portugal is a wonderful university town. It boasts one of the most beautiful libraries in the world and hosts a bat colony to help protect the books from insects. This time every year the final year students and the first year students have a festival. The final year stu-



Wahoo Ladies !

dents wear a black toga all week long. Coimbra becomes a party ground till way after midnight every evening.

Needless to say, we were the soul of the end-of-tournament party, which took place in an Irish Pub. We watched Zsuzsa clear the pool table in one go. A round of tequila for the Wahoo team!!! No Tequila.....so, Jameson in a tequila glass it was!!!! Cheers to all of us. Apparently I should have asked for Aquardente, a Portuguese grape based spirit...there are no cactuses in Portugal. The pink

crown of the Ice Turkey ladies team kept us entertained on the dance floor.

We all gave our best, for sure! We did not score any goals but our learning curve was very steep. Each individual had the best interest of the team at heart, what more can we ask for? More success next year!!! We are getting there!!

Johanna Boldt

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Verkauf, Miete, Schulung
und Füllstation



16 UWH Championship Portugal

Two teams, one love story

6. - 7. May 2016

Master thesis #2 submitted, 90 job applications sent off and 80% rejection letters later, Portugal was the well-deserved vacation I needed.

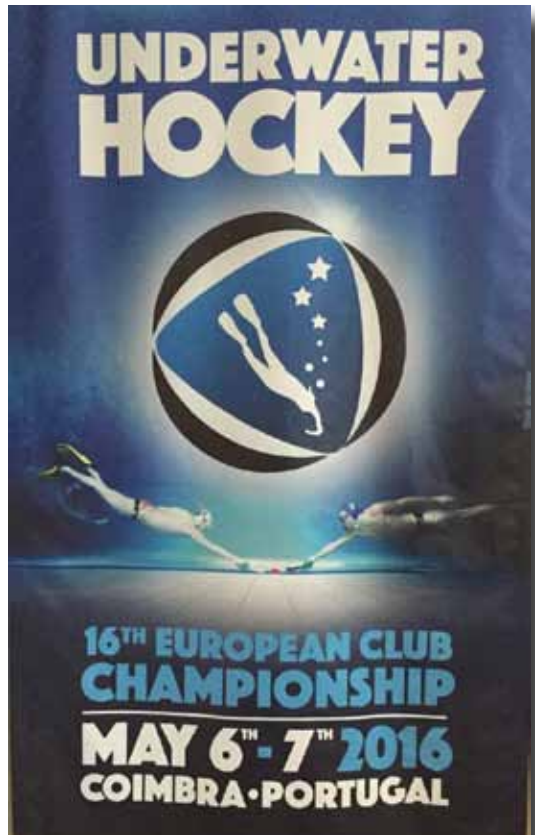
The Wahoo's put their heads and thoughts together to train and improve their fitness, non-breathing abilities and puck skills to send two teams to the 16th European Club Championships in Coimbra, Portugal. The girls once more proved to be better organized in terms of doing the little bit more to get fitter. The boys were just born ready.

Our resting ground was the NS Hostel in Coimbra, which thanks to Robin's ability to foresee the future was just across the street from the Pub where Sunday's post-tournament party would be held. The excitement and nervousness for the two-day championship was evident. Not least for Zsuzsa, whose luggage hadn't arrived until the day before the tournament. Next time fly Swiss.

After an awesome dinner at a local Italian restaurant near the Mondego river the previous night, the Wahoos left their hostel punctually on Friday morning to enter 4 cabs and get to the pool. The organizers had set up the playing areas, two flat screen TVs were plugged to underwater cameras to cover the games for non-swimmers and fans alike, digital boards showed the time and scores, while time keepers did the same on the provided iPads. Teams

from Portugal, Spain, France, the UK, Scotland, the Netherlands, Belgium, Italy, Turkey and Switzerland were setting up camp near the poolside. It was time to get the games rolling.

Robin and Richard were voted cap and vice-captain. Favio and Guillaume came



from afar to support our cause. Guillaume scored our first goal against Madrid. Then another two against U Boot 23 and our team's torpedo, Olivier, added the third. The rest of the gang consisted of Daniel, Brecht, Jeremy, Martin, Philipp, Krishu (not the hamster, but the

real one), and myself. We consistently improved our playing as the day(s) went on and even dared to experiment with different strategies. Most games were tough and the score was often nothing to a lot but this did not dampen our spirits. After a small wrinkle on day 1, Richard gave up playing to coach, support

imbrarian swimming champion, Gustavo Madureira, whose father, so I was told, introduced UWH to Portugal. We kept count of the men's final. It was a brutal battle between the Brits and French. At least four players were sent off for a few minutes at a time. In the end the Brits prevailed and won the championship.



Wahoo men

and scope the Turkish (or was it the Belgium?) girls from the sideline. In the end we lost all of our games (not because Richi was distracted), came 11th, but were proud to have competed as a team in a championship way over our heads. As a last honor before trying to win the party, the losing teams were asked to score and referee the finals. I was completely chuffed to sit next to a Co-

...the last energy reserves were spent playing embarrassingly bad snooker, drinking wine and eating yummy food, sending a voicemail message to Charly to thank him for keeping us fit with his hardcore wet trainings, dancing our feet off and falling in love...

Ivan Jivkov