

This is my second time to write an article where I'm coming back from a week abroad, and trying very hard to remember what happened before the holiday. My memory loss is not the result of copious amounts of 'Vin Chaud' but rather of numerous probable cases of concussion as I teased Jeremy Beadle with some of his greatest never caught on camera moments on the slopes of Chamonix, France. Once again I find myself artfully dancing around the question of long distance training while away.

I can now reveal it was all a cover for the newest part of my training regime - high altitude training. It's all the go seemingly. The idea is that you train in an oxygen poor climate so that your body learns to be more efficient at uploading oxygen into the blood for use by muscles. Then when you return to regular altitudes, in this case Wexford, theoretically you should be able to go for longer, better faster etc. I tested the theory a day after coming home and my findings are astounding...it doesn't work at all! I felt like I was back to square one.

How could I be so bad after a week of at times strenuous activity? It wasn't because of being tired from travel or because the focus was solely on core strength while you ski. It's because it has been a week and a half since my last long run, father, and these are my sins. I ate-est of the finest white bread known to man, on the hour and probably every hour. I did partake in après ski with great dedication and developed a love of Vin Chaud. Also I did allow myself down the most slippery slope of wild abandon without a thought of sacrifice or long running. For this I was very sorry on Sunday evening, when I did shuffle on the prom most hideously for 30 minutes only.

Back to the present and what are the objectives? I'm swapping the slippery slope of distraction in order to snowplough into training, starting with the Duncannon 10k this Sunday. It's not going to be pretty but I'm going to do it - run it, walk it, crawl it but definitely finish it. You must after all pay for your sins.

I'm going back to beloved fartlek at collective camogie training with the club. Tough but good for a morale boost, camaraderie and old fashioned obligation! Also back to being nice to the digestive system. Bye bye carbs, hello fruit and veg, conas atá tú lean protein. Bonjour water. And of course Au revoir Vin Chaud!

Some highlights from training before concussion-gate en France. A lovely hour long run on the beach with the dogs. Coby and Bobby are the best pals to run with, they never judge! A run out the Browneswood road with my cuz JF alongside our beautiful Slaney. And finally completing Gerrys fartlek run to perfection. It was a killer but a great sense of achievement. Hope everyone is having fun and enjoying the activity. Well done to all the people I've met who have said they are out doing a bit of training and are going to run, jog, skip or in Liam Sharkeys case 'Jalk' the Hope and Dream 10 mile. De réir a chéile a thógtar na caisleáin - Little by little castles are built.