

Traduction de l'article du Maire de Londres (Boris Johnson) « Britain shines as a beacon of enlightenment in the world » publié sur son blog du Telegraph le 10 septembre 2012, où celui-ci révèle que le quadruple médaillé aux paralympiques David Weir a consommé du jus de betteraves :

«Vous avez fait quoi?» Ai-je dit à David Weir, quelques instants après sa victoire dans le marathon. Je ne pouvais pas en croire mes oreilles. David Weir, le « loup Weir » était dans la tente des cérémonies dans le centre commercial, peu de temps avant de sortir pour recevoir une médaille d'or et les acclamations de la foule. Il venait de me dire le secret de son succès dans la course de 26 miles - et cela m'a étonné autant que cela va vous surprendre...

David Weir n'est pas seulement l'un des plus grands athlètes paralympiques. Il doit sûrement se classer comme l'un des plus grands sportifs que ce pays ait jamais connu. Dans les derniers jours, il a remporté l'or dans le 800m, le 1500m, le 5000m et le marathon aujourd'hui.

« Les cinq premiers miles (du marathon) ont été difficiles », m'a-t-il dit, alors que nous attendions dans la tente, et que la foule a fait à l'extérieur des hurlements de loup-garou en guise de soutien (ndlr David Weir est surnommé « The Weirwolf », « le loup Weir »). «J'étais vraiment apathique. Et puis j'ai eu un coup de fouet. »

"Un coup de fouet?" dis-je.

"Oui", m'a répondu l'homme le plus rapide sur trois roues, en me faisant un clin d'oeil. «J'ai bénéficié d'un coup de pouce." Je n'étais pas sûr de ce que je voulais entendre à ce sujet, mais la curiosité a prévalu.

J'ai regardé autour de la tente pour voir si nous étions entendus. "Quelle sorte de boost ? " Je pensais en même temps à certains sérums galvanisant pour revigorer des chevaux à demi-morts ou des patients en proie à un arrêt cardiaque:

l'adrénaline, la kétamine, une pinte d'eau de vie, peut-être... «J'ai eu un coup de fouet dû au jus de betterave", a-t-il dit, "et ça a fait toute la différence. Je n'étais pas sûr d'avoir bien entendu, mais il m'a assuré qu'il était sérieux. "Regardez un peu," dit le Loup Weir. «la Betterave. C'est beaucoup mieux que la caféine »

Texte original en anglais ci-après avec les passages en question en gras

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Britain shines as a beacon of enlightenment in the world

No degree of cynicism can undo the good achieved during the extraordinary summer, says Boris Johnson.



The closing ceremony of the Paralympic Games brings an end to a summer like no other. Photo: GETTY IMAGES



By [Boris Johnson](#)

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'You what?' I said to David Weir, moments after his victory in the Marathon. I couldn't believe my ears. The Weir Wolf was in the ceremonies tent in the Mall, shortly before going out to receive a gold medal and the acclaim of the crowd. He had just told me the secret of his success in the 26-mile race – and it stunned me as it will stun you.

David Weir is not just one of the greatest Paralympic athletes. He must surely rank as one of the greatest competitors this country has ever fielded. In the past few days he has won gold in the 800m, the 1,500m, the 5,000m and now the Marathon. His raking arms and powerful shoulders were still covered with grime from the road, and a scab had been freshly dislodged from his hand. He had just spent the past hour and a half pummelling his dragster wheelchair round London with all the grace and velocity of a human greyhound.

He went so fast that there are probably parts of Islington where he would have been done for speeding – and the effort had been phenomenal. The sun was equatorial. He had 63 tricky corners to negotiate. He had to beat off a determined challenge from the Swiss Marcel Hug and the reigning champion, the Australian Kurt Fearnley – and as he came into the final stretch he was in the lead, but only by a few feet; a couple of axe handles between them, and after 26 miles.

We stood in the Mall, with our noses and cheeks getting pinker, and first we saw the motorbike outriders; then the cars; and then we saw the trio of leaders pelting towards us. And then some lynx-eyed expert saw that the man in front had the red helmet of the British team. It was Weir, the 33-year-old from Wallington, and as the roaring grew louder his forearms started to flail his inward-sloping wheels like a jockey coming into the final furlong; and then he was past us and on to the finish, unstoppable, uncatchable, as the crowd thumped the purple hoardings and the lovely leaves of the plane trees seemed to vibrate with the noise.

Britain had won the Men's Marathon – one of the very last events of the summer of 2012 – and according to the victor it might easily have been otherwise. **"The first five miles were tough," he said, as we waited in the tent, and the crowd did werewolf noises of support outside. "I was really sluggish. And then I had a shot."**

"A shot?" I said.

"Yes," said the fastest man on three wheels, giving me a wink. "I had a boost." I wasn't sure that I wanted to hear about this, but curiosity prevailed.

I looked around the tent to see if we were being overheard. "What sort of boost?" I had visions of some galvanic serum for reviving half-dead horses or patients in the throes of cardiac arrest: adrenalin, ketamine, a pint of brandy, perhaps. "I had a shot of beetroot juice," he said, "and that made all the difference." As I say, I boggled at him. I wasn't sure that I had heard correctly, but he assured me that he was serious. "Look it up," said the Weir Wolf. "Beetroot. It's much better than caffeine."

Well, ladies and gentlemen, there you have it. There have been many wonderful things about this summer. Think about the messages we have been sending round the world. Think about it from an investor's point of view. The Queen's Diamond Jubilee showed a nation that was profoundly politically stable, with a huge and unexpected reservoir of support for the constitutional settlement. The Olympics showed that we can carry out the most difficult logistical operation demanded of any country in peacetime, and do it with efficiency and style. The Paralympics have shown that Britain remains a beacon of enlightenment.

Oh, yes, I know that from tomorrow evening the cynicism will return. As soon as the victory parade is over the critics will be back, and they will be sniffing about the "legacy", and wondering whether it was all value for money. There were Olympo-sceptics who were caught out by the euphoria that swept the country. They have been nursing their intellectual defeat, and they will want to mount what criticisms they can. So I say respectfully to any of them tempted to return to their gloomy themes: you were wrong about the Games, and the summer of 2012, and you will be proved wrong about the legacy as well.

Look at what has been done so far: the regeneration of a huge chunk of east London, complete with a vast new shopping centre, thousands of new homes, tens of thousands of new jobs, a superb transport hub at Stratford, and massive improvements to the transport infrastructure of the city. The Games have triggered the biggest explosion of volunteering and general public-spiritedness we have ever seen, with tens of thousands of people now committed to serving their communities. More people are now taking up sport, of all kinds, as a direct result of the Games. All summer long, London has been at the centre of global attention, and billions of households around the world have seen images of a place that looks fantastic and performs well in receiving foreign visitors.

More than anything I can remember, the Games have moved us and brought us together. Total strangers have been talking to each other on the Tube. It is as though the city has been crop-dusted with serotonin.

The Olympics and Paralympics have somehow engendered the very thing all politics is meant to aim for – general happiness and a sense of well-being. We have been united in our admiration for superhuman performances by athletes – British athletes, who have won against the best in the world, and who have been powered by no stimulant more sinister than beetroot juice. The Games have changed not only much of London; they have changed the world's attitude to Britain, and our own view of this country and what it can do.

Of course, there is a huge job now to secure the legacy – but it is already just about the best £9.3 billion that a government has ever spent.