

Nyad's arguments condensed from her two letters to Brent Rutemiller

Good Guys vs. Bad Guys

Since my crew consists of good people — reputable professionals, many of them highly lauded in their fields, who would never jeopardize their reputations by engaging in fraud, and the skeptics — all three of them, for whom I have no respect and about whom I don't care a whit — are vitriolic, unsportsmanlike, petty, hostile, character-assassinating haters who make entirely illogical charges against the legitimacy of my courageous swim, who relentlessly but unsuccessfully attempt to sully my good name, whose malicious and unfounded accusations cast aspersions upon my highly esteemed crew members and threaten to turn decent but naïve people against me,

Legal Threats

and if I ever took this to court, I could prove the legitimacy of my swim quickly and unequivocally, and a former Hall of Fame executive slandered me (probably due to his friendship with Jack Nelson), and I cannot allow him to make such preposterously untrue statements, (and since we're speaking of Jack Nelson, he abused others besides me, so the Hall needs to deal with that),

Misdirection

and you were respectful to me when we spoke about the Olympic trials, I'm willing to concede that I misspoke about the qualification process — even though John Naber, for example, says the error I made was meaningless,

Stuff That's Relevant To The Potential Ratification Of Nyad's Swim

and people could always see me from close range, including two completely independent observers, and those two observers took notes and submitted their logs to account for every single minute, and marathon swims get ratified despite sometimes having a single family member as observer, and more people observed and verified my swim than any other swim ever, and we followed the fair and accepted rules of the sport,

More Misdirection

and a couple of the haters are fixated on the seven hours I supposedly went without liquids, and that did not happen, and the haters' main accusation is that I rested on the boat both nights — with the majority of my 44 crew members too far away to see me — and that two or three people on the escort boat collaborated with me and have lied about it ever since,

Irrelevance

and John Bartlett convinced all but one person that I swam shore-to-shore, fair and square, and one of the people he convinced is a very famous marathon swimmer,

Appeals to Pity (i.e., poor me) and to the Wisdom of My Admirers

and we deserved to triumph because we suffered so much through all the lonely, grueling training hours and through all the failures, and the accusations of a cover-up are false and absurd, and and I am an honorable, fair, and noble person whom many admire,

you therefore must conclude that I completed a legitimate swim from Cuba to Florida, and you should recognize it as such.