

Scott Weymouth Race Report

Right where shall I start? The little bike ride the four of us did the afternoon before, nearly getting blown off by crosswinds (no Pedro that's not a woman) or coming to a stand still trying to pedal into head winds, or sitting in Bella Italia having a pre race meal all of us thinking they'll never let us do the swim in that sea, whilst watching the rain lashing down. No I'll start at 4.45am when the alarm woke me, I looked out from behind the curtains fearing the worst but was faced with lovely calm conditions and the sun was putting in a long overdue appearance. After my first of many visits to the toilet to drop the kids off at the pool I went for breakfast, after breakfast back to the toilet, woke Lisa and Harley took all my kit outside to meet the others then back to the toilet. At this point Nick informed me he had been 4 times already not to be out done I held a little back! We then walked round to transition to set up. Lou and Lucy were due to start at 7.00 and Nick and I at 7.15, at about 6.50 that little bit I held back, well it was ready to put in an appearance, luckily Nicks mate lived opposite transition so after passing pleasantries I parked the rest of my breakfast. The swim, I thought I'll walk in slowly and let the fast ones go first, I think 100 other people had the same idea as I found myself quite near the front. I got into a nice rhythm very quickly and onto someone's toes, it certainly helps draughting off someone but I bet he was fed up of me tickling his toes. I knew I was doing well in the swim as not many passed me at all, and the salt water certainly keeps you afloat. Out of the sea and a run to transition (a mental note to myself I really must prepare for transition properly) wetsuit off quick as a flash, cycling shorts on, need to protect my nether regions, shoes on, next time leave them open, helmet, glasses, garmin, quick gel, bike lets go. BRRRR, what's that, race belt caught in front wheel, bike down, belt on, off I go. Like to thank Gary at Mammoth for the loan of the bike, mine was poorly. Intension was to take the bike nice and easy, #*\$£ it I'm gonna go for it, tough hill out of Weymouth, then a great rolling course on good surfaced roads. Saw Lucy before the first turn round point coming opposite way, shouted encouragement, saw Nick not far behind again shouted encouragement. At the turn around I thought im going well here not that far behind will my legs hold out. Then got into a personal battle with a guy and a girl one at a time over taking each other for the next 5 or so miles, but not wanting to be done for draughting

I waited for a good hill and attacked at last I lost them both. Had the wind behind me now to the next turn around so head down and went for it again, saw Lucy "come on" saw Nick "come on" at the turn around could see I had gained a fair distance on my rivals, and I started to take people who had previously taken me. Not far to go now bit of a head wind but I knew there was a long descent into Weymouth as we had reced the course yesterday. Arriving back started to see the first runners leaving, saw Lucy leading the women, "come on Lucy" not far behind saw Nick "come on Nick", then saw Lou "come on Lou". On getting into transition I noticed there wasn't that many bikes back, thought to myself im doing alright here.

The run, only a matter of 13 miles to go my quads felt like they were going to burst as did my bladder, saw a gap in the hedge dived in, ahh relief. Previously on Saturday night I had heard stories of people weeing on the bike and not being behind someone on a descent when its happening, infact a certain member of our club took great pride before the start showing me the yellow fluid seeping from the leg of HIS wetsuit!! The run is 2 laps the first half of each is pretty much up hill (mental note to myself no way am I gonna be able to do this in Roth infact I cant believe its double this or that ive entered) The first lap was hard, but the second seemed to get easier although my hamstrings were starting to tighten, at the half way point Lisa, Harley and Greg were cheering me on, thanks guys. You start to feel better on the second lap because you start to pass people on their first and whatever pain your feeling you know they are too. The last mile I had a guy in my sights ive got to beat him he's only 10 metres ahead, half a mile to go I pass him and its killing me if he takes me again he can go ive had it. I hear his footsteps behind me constantly, 300m to go can I hold him off, go for it and it becomes a three way sprint for the line and I win!!!. Ive done it my first half ironman, all the pain has gone it was brilliant, Nick, Lucy, Lou, Lisa and Harley all come over to congratulate me, Nick tells me ive broken 5 hrs and I can believe it at the start I would have been happy with 6. My god this isn't a report it's a novel if only my English teacher was around to see it.

BRING ON ROTH