

It was a tough race. The swim was indeed non-wetsuit. The water was bathtub warm at about 86. I found the swim tough, in part because we had not seen the course before race morning and everyone was promising that we would only have to swim about 750M into the current before turning. It turned out to be more like 1500M. The water was ugly in parts, especially under the bridges, the smell of diesel fumes and god knows what made me and most other swimmers nauseated. I had been fighting a cold all week and this did not help. The swim took a lot out of me, but I did not have stomach issues which was great.

My transition was long in part due to me wanting to make sure my stomach had settled. The bike went good for about 30 miles, but then I began to slow and people just kept flying by. I was working with both watts and HR and both were in the right zones, but my speed seemed slow and I was working harder than most on the up-hills. I had no idea why until the next morning! The next morning I recovered my bike off Sid who had kindly recovered it for me the night before. Sid "the handyman" spotted some play in my rear wheel. Upon further inspection we found my almost new Michelin worn on the side wall. Turned out the rear bearings were loose causing the rear wheel to drag on the frame!! I fixed it today in about 5 minutes...dam

I saw the family and Judy in La Grange on the second loop which was nice (about mile 68). Anyhow, the ride got worse as I went on. In the last 10 miles I was seriously thinking I would DNF as I was sooooo tired and had been out there for seven hours and 50 minutes or so was getting dehydrated. I think I drank at least 16 bottles of e-load/water. I expected to be out no more than 7 hours. I took 2 and sometimes 3 bottles at the aid stations but would be "dry" long before some stations came round. I think now that it was just because I was so darn slow! My average speed turned out to be about 23kmph, yet all my training rides were 26 to 27kmph+. It was demoralizing to see almost everyone pass me.

I saw the support crew in the bike dismount area and got lots of encouragement which I needed! I took my time walking down the shoot. My T2 was over 16 minutes. I spend a lot of time hydrating and getting dressed in a bit of a fog. I got sun screen applied and headed out for what I was sure would be a 26 mile walk. I had a chat with the family as I walked by and gave them a 11:00pm finished time as my best guess. I walked with a nice lady from Atlanta for the first 2 miles, she planned to start running when it cooled off :) (and she was from Atlanta). Did we mention it was hot....

I lost her at the second aid station and I kept walking. Came across the family at about 2 1/2 miles. They said they would walk with me towards the hotel. I actually was starting to feel better, so I said I planned to start running, which I did. I had a few bad spots but generally when I was running I was going by so many people both walking and running that it kept me motivated. I just kept re-fuelling at every aid station, trying to recover from the bike. My marathon was slow but on the up-side (there's always an upside) I had a negative split and did the last two miles or so in a little over 8 minute miles.

I finished, running and feeling good that I had beat my Wisconsin time by more than an hour. I was a bit out of it after the race and did sleep on the floor of the food hall for about 45 minutes (so the family tell me) It was all a bit of a blur!

It was great to have the family, the support crew and some great friends to share the week with and to celebrate with afterwards. Lake Placid here we come :))