

SWIM; the swim started with the usual washing machine kicking session with me getting my toys kicked in for the first loop. thought I nearly lost sight in my right eye after some twat in front of me start breast stroking and kicked in the right eye, then at the first buoy we were all crawling over each other when some idiot grabbed my gamy left arm and nearly pulling it out of the socket. The rest of the swim was more like a single arm swim with the right arm. Jen would be proud.

T1; slow and steady, making sure to apply Tesco's cheap and nasty sun cream.

BIKE; time to pass all the swimmers. Things were going to plan until the first climb/village when the vomiting started. That just set the scenario for the rest of the race. I was reduced to water and bananas, and trying to cool down at the feed stations by throwing water over myself, which washed all the sun cream off. With sod all else that you can do I just grinned and beared it, and kept the foot down making up time on the climbs and taking the odd risk or two on the technical parts of the course.

T2; into the changing tent, got prepped and out.

RUN; my surgeon said I could start running/jogging at about the four month point after the knee op, not a problem, I just didn't tell him I was doing an ironman. Lap one, do the ironman shuffle and see how far I can get before the knee gives me any problems. About half way into the first lap the leading men started to pass me, think they were on lap three, when Chris 'macca' McCormick ran passed, took about another few steps, stopped, and buckled over with exhaustion. This is a bad sign for me! The crowd went nuts for him and he started up again. Think I managed to run about 10km, then Mr. sensible said 'job done, walk the rest.32km'. With the heat and lack of food/water due to vomiting this became 'the walk of the damned'. So at 13hrs52min I crossed the finish line completely shattered.

With the job done, medal around my neck the helpers at the finish put me on the stretcher and wheeled me of to the med tent suffering from dehydration and heatstroke. I didn't care, I have my medal and more importantly my knee didn't give me any problems. It may have been my slowest time but it has the most meaning to me after a surgeon saying to me four months ago that my knees bugged.

PAIN IS TEMPORARY, PRIDE IS FOREVER. Bryce