

I'll start this race report with a short profile.

# 1, I am not an athlete. I didn't compete in high school or college in the swim or on the cross country track team. My swim experience was playing "king of the dock" at Lake Murray. I was usually the first thrown in the water. My running experience was even less than my swimming. The only sport that I was involved in was motorcycle racing. My son and I actually both competed on the amateur national level for several years. But multiple injuries and surgeries put an end to that for both of us 2 years ago or my wife would have put an end to our marriage. It's tough to sit there for hours and wait to see if and how your only son will come out of surgery.

While at Daytona bike week in 1999, I watch the Jacksonville Bridge 15K. It was drizzling rain that morning so we did not ride. I put on my running shoes and went for a short run. The 3 cases of beer and multiple hamburgers I already had that week prevented me from going 1 mile. After all, I was 205 lbs. and only 5'7". When I got home I started running and actually lost 40 lbs. 2 marathons and several half marathons later I was ready for triathlons. I thought. In 2000 I signed up for a couple of the Charleston Tris. Thinking there were not many people tougher than motocross racers I did very little training. Didn't take long to find out different. Remember the guy standing on the bank halfway through the swim? Yep that was me. Thank god my high dollar Huffy had a flat before the bike. I recovered and did Kiawah that year in the Hurricane whipped seas in 3 hours. Not as good as Tim DeBoom but not bad for me.

Greenwood:

Talking and planning for Greenwood was fun. My parents had their annual camping club meeting there that w/e so I had that added pressure. My mother has never seen me compete in anything. Surely not motorcycle racing. So I was pretty excited about having her there. I didn't want to embarrass myself. How did that go you ask? Not too good.

The swim:

My pre-dawn morning was spent with several other nervous swimmers following the referee around with the thermometer checking for wetsuit legal temps. She checked 3 areas on the course and came up with an average of 78.5. She agreed to do 1 last check, but she did it at top of the boat launching ramp where the kids a day earlier were riding their bikes in the water and probably peeing. Anyway, it was not wetsuit legal. Some wore them anyway. We had about 120 people in my wave which made for a frantic start. I actually did pretty good in the swim. 44 min. About mid-pack in my age group.

The bike:

Coming out of the water I was stoked. It went downhill from there. Jannette Finch gave me some hints on eating on the bike. I was getting passed so frequently I decided to hammer for about an hour then chill and try to eat. The first bite of that honey and PB sandwich was the first of many pukes. I didn't even feel bad. I was still strong but couldn't hold anything on my stomach. Eat a little- throw up. Finished in a pitiful 3:06.

The run:

I remembered in Gregg Cromer's report about changing socks between the bike and the run. Good thing I brought an extra pair. The pair I wore on the bike had PB throw up on them. The run started out ok. At the first water stop I thought maybe a good cold coke would help settle my stomach. Wrong. It was hot coke. That stayed down until I passed the dead deer in the middle of the road. Now this deer had to be dead at least 2 weeks. That poor Bambi was as flat as a pancake. I started walking real early. I had told myself that I probably had to walk some but not on the first 5 miles. Started to run, puked, started walking again. I still was not tired. Run some. Puke. See that deer. Puke. Finally jogged some on the last home stretch heading into the park, when a man on a brand new Harley Davidson Heritage Softail just like mine with that potato, potato, potato sound. He looked right at me as to say, get ya one of these boy and quit killing yourself. But you know, he was about 5'7" tall and at least 40 lbs. overweight. I wouldn't have it any other way. I can't wait till next year.

I finished in an embarrassing 7:07. My mom still loved me and she actually enjoyed the well organized event. The organizer told my wife they are trying to hold a full I/M there in 3 years. I sure hope they remove that deer.