

Now you might think that was the end of the story, well not quite. Sunday morning I had planned to do a 100 mile TT north of Swindon. Thanks to an afternoon of rest and an early night, I now had full mobility in my ankle, most of the swelling had gone down and apart from being a little stiff was pretty much pain free, so decided to do the race (is that our resident physio; Sam I hear shouting in disapproval and disbelief?). My start time was just after 6am, though I left Andover just before 4am. The course was a four lap affair mainly on the A419 between Cricklade and Daglingworth (just north of Cirencester), with a small section of each lap on a quiet side road that went through a village called Latton.

Unusually for a TT, the race organisers had organised a drink station where helpers handled out your drinks (given to the organisers before the race start) as you went by. For me, this almost gave it a long distance triathlon feel about it. The drink station as you can imagine was on the quiet side road, not the dual carriageway!

For the first lap, the ankle felt a bit stiff, but wasn't impeding my ride, in fact by the second lap the ankle felt quite flexible with no signs of pain. If anything my backside was doing its usual complaining. But by the third lap, the ankle began to hurt and it was a straight fight between backside and ankle as to which was more in pain. By the last lap though, the ankle was clearly the area in more pain and I was slowing considerably; how much I don't know as the bike computer packed up near the end of lap one, but the fact that another rider who I had overtaken on lap 2 had caught me up was confirmation if I needed it. However despite being in real pain I did manage keep ahead of the other rider that included a mad dash for the finish line (Sam still shouting in disapproval and disbelief?).

I was glad it was over, but actually it wasn't, since I had to get back to the race HQ, which was a good mile or so away in Aston Keynes. For most of that journey, I freewheeled as any movement of the ankle was now really painful, though interestingly putting weight on it was ok. It was also the first time I got to see my ankle properly since starting the race, and I was a bit concerned that it had ballooned even more in size since yesterday.

I eventually made it back to the HQ, where I was able to rest my poor ankle as well as enjoy some refreshments and await the finishing times. My time was 4:49:36, only about 10 minutes slower than on the same course last year.

I managed to drive home with only some discomfort and was able to put an ice pack on my ankle and rest it for remainder of the day. As at Monday morning I can report that most of the swelling has gone along with the pain leaving only some stiffness and aching.

I hate to think what could have happened had I compete on Friday the 13th as well! Though the real moral of this story is cross-country running is bad for you. So long live asphalt!