

It all started on Thursday, when I went up to Silverstone for a duathlon. The traffic on the A34 was bad Thursday evening. I'm a regular traveller on this road, so I know how busy it can get around Oxford as well as the M40 slip road for Milton Keynes and Silverstone, but this was exceptional; it felt more like a Friday evening weekend exodus than a Thursday evening leaving work one. However despite the world seemingly trying to stop me getting to Silverstone, I arrived just in time to set my gear down for the start.

The course was a 2 mile run covering two laps of the Porsche driving school circuit, followed by a 3 lap 10 mile bike on the actually Silverstone course then another 2 miles back on the Porsche driving school circuit. The first run for me went well; I was in transition in just over 13 minutes, not bad going by my recent running performance. I fuffed a little in T1 but still managed to get out on the bike in just over a minute. From transition we had to ride up and over a bridge on to a slip road that took us to the main circuit. Sadly, I never got to the slip road as my rear tyre punctured on the bridge and without any spare tube or means to repair the punctured tube, my race was over! Not being particularly happy as you can imagine I went straight home.