

Here's a fab face report from a WTC member after their inaugural Time Trial race:

Woke up. Early. Why am I doing this again?

Out the house like a ninja, trying not to wake the kids. Parked up. Fixed bike up. Equal mix of nerves, and adrenaline. Oh I've missed that pre race feeling.

8km ride to start line with new 'Tri-friends'. Equal chat about psi, champions league, and if any actors have starred in eastenders and coronation street. To be googled later.

As rode close to start line, looked like a millionaires bike parade. Serious Kit out there. SERIOUS kit. Aero helmets. Disc wheels. Full carbon TT bike. Full cat suits. So many middle aged men with too much money. Hang on. Is that me now? One guy on a turbo trainer on the side of the road. A TURBO TRAINER ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD!

30 sec breaks between starters. Started to think about how many I'll be able to catch.

Rolled into starting chute. Here we go. Missed this feeling. El presidente counts down from 5 seconds. Here we go!

First 5km feel good. Surely only a matter of time before I catch someone. Front tyre feels a bit flat. Is it? Nah. Carry on. Only 40km. Will have done that in a bit.

Someone over takes me. Yeah, Keep riding, I'll catch you in a bit sunshine. Didn't.

I'll definitely take over someone soon. Surely. Fair few hills in this course isn't there? Should have put my TT bars on.

Yeah, pretty sure I'm losing more air now. Have I got all my kit? How do you use one of them gas canisters again? Do you have to stop it? Can I blow up the tyre? Can I be bothered? Overtaken again. Yeah, probably should, otherwise will buckle wheel. Let's get the big hill done first. Do the hill.

There's the photographer. Good spot. Remember that for 2nd lap and get good photo.

Overtaken again. Make it to the turnaround. Feeling tired. Only 9km in. Could do with a rest. Time to change the tyre. Change Over not too bad. Will everyone think I've made this up to cover for being so slow?

Back on bike. Plenty of downs. Plenty of people over taking me. Making that stupid vrom vrom noise. Helicopters. Surely I'll over take someone soon.

Hit next turnaround. Ok. Half way. Come on. Get it done. Feeling horrible. No rhythm. Keeping changing gears. Not a good sign. No power in legs.

Finally get sight of someone. This is it. My first pass. Hang on. Is he finished and warming down? Yes he is. Nice one.

2nd half pretty uneventful. Get passed a lot by the helicopters. I remember when I used to do that. Good times.

Absolutely nothing in the legs. Struggle up the hill again. Remember that there's a photographer at the top. At least I can get a good photo for my mum. Zip up Yorkshire top. Ready for it. Here he is. Should I smile? Should I look in the zone? Should I pretend he's not there? He doesn't even take my photo. I call out. Common man? He says sorry. "Didn't think you were racing". Ultimate insult.

Onto the final leg home. 10km.

Having a friendly battle with the speed machine Malthilda. She passes me again. I gamble and shout 'Allez allez'. Turns out she's French. Well received. I eat her dust.

Why did I do this again? Ah yes. I wanted to see how unfit I was. Nice one. Wonder what I should call my ride on strava?

Struggle over the line at a crawl. Thank f%^€ that's over. Think about hanging my punctured inner tube around my neck. Just to prove to new triathlon friends what happened. Didn't. See that guy on the indoor trainer on the side of the road again. Doing his cool down. Did he actually race? Or just stay there the whole time?

Quick sausage roll and chai latte at the end.
Home. Plenty of work to do on the turbo. Fun times ahead.