

Round Rarotonga Road Race (October 2004)

Five thirty am. Dark and humid. No time to think though as the trumpet sounds and we are off. A question from the dark; 'Done this one?' My reply, 'No.' 'Heat management,' came the words of experience.

I settled into a steady pace. Past the airport, the sea wall, the golf course, then the Edgewater Resort. 6 km – getting serious. Roosters crowed and the smell of burning foliage filled the air. Then out came the sun. Welcome to the new day.

A group at the 17 km drinks stop called out, 'Kia Orana. May you live long.' Somehow I doubted that as the sun beat down. A car of younger people rumbled past, 'Go Kiwi,' they shouted. Or was it 'Mad Kiwi'? Two crabs scuttled across the road. Was this the Sahara Desert or what? Bikes roared past. Helmetless riders smiled and waved. I was very tempted to jog along the beach with the couple I noticed. But the lagoon beckoned. The young couple from Wanganui succumbed to a cup of coffee. She had blisters. Now my teeth were grinding. Must not stop. Victory at last, but not before I had passed the finish line. (Twit).

Round Raro Road Race. Been there. Done that. 2006 – here I come!

Geoff Smith