

Every so often, life throws something at you and says, "Here you go. Deal with that". At that moment you either say "Ok, bring it on!" or "Nope, couldn't be bothered". Or there's the third one: "Why bother?".

When I was approached about doing the 10 mile run/walk (I'll be honest, I was sure I heard 10km when asked!!), all of the above went through my head. In fact, they have all popped into my mind on different occasions over the past few weeks. The evenings where you have no other ambition than to stick in the earphones and hit the road. The evenings where you want to do nothing else but sit in and watch whatever is on TV (even if it is re-runs of Dallas!) and then there are the evenings where you get out to train, and halfway through, it is not going according to plan, and self doubt kicks in, leading to "Why bother?". I'll tell you why I have kept bothering a little later.

So what weird and wonderful things have happened since the last report? There are three to be precise. No. 1: Liam goes for a sports massage. In my mind, a massage is relaxing, with soothing music and candles. So I thought, that's exactly what I need right now. I went to Ger Dempsey's Injury clinic. He had the sleeves rolled up. There were no candles. There was no music. There was Ger, ready for business. In the next 85 minutes, I experienced pain like I have never felt before, Apparently, I have calves like bullocks! He said it'll be worth it. At the time I wondered how! But, he was dead right, definitely worth it.

And I've learned the my right leg is longer than my left. Ahem. No. 2: The Psychological Effect. I'll keep this one short because I'm running out of space. The moment when you are walking by the Easter Egg section in the supermarket and you are thinking of nothing else except Weight Watchers and training...but you are convinced the chocolate Easter chicks are following you around like ducklings following the mother duck! (I hope counselling will be provided at the end of this!) And finally No. 3: The moment when I woke up on Saturday March 3rd and decided to take on the race route to see if all of this training was in vain and if I could actually do it. Can I do this for the charities? 1 hour and 35 minutes and minus 1300 calories later and I was the happiest man in the county! That answers "Why Bother"?

So to wrap up my final pre-race diary, thanks to everyone for the support and I'll see you at the finish line. (or in Wexford Hospital!)