

## 1/23/2010 12 Hours of Temecula Ride Report

I pulled the Land Rover into the equipment drop off zone, turned off the engine and sat. I thought "Ok this is it; I am going to do this silly 12 hour race because I am here, and I paid the \$100.00 entry fee." I was happy it wasn't raining but when I stepped outside the cold air felt like a slap in the face. It was 7:00 am and everyone looked like smoke breathing dragons in the soft morning light. The grass was a little mushy from the rain but not crazy sloppy. Because I was early, I found a great spot right on the side of the course. I set up my awning, table, cooler, chair and bike stand. Everything was in place for me to only need to stop briefly to pick up a new water bottle and gel during the race. I even had enough space to share my spot with another single speeder named Bret from Wheel World in L.A.



I went through my usual Temecula pre-race routine which included going to the bathroom, handing in my waiver for my number plate and swag bag, readying the bike on the stand and getting into my race kit. I lucked out with plate number "123". Because it was cold, I wore leg warmers, a vest, and a cap under my helmet. I lined up a behind Tinker and, unfortunately, I could see that the rumor about him not wearing a shami with his shorts was true. The horn blew and we were off the start.

The parade lap pace was decent so I had to spin pretty fast on my single speed to keep up with the main group. Some guy pulled next to me and said "Now I see why you didn't shift". I just smiled knowing that things would change on the dirt. When we hit the dirt, things slowed down a little. Most of the course was sticky more than anything else. There were a few wet spots and mud puddles that made things fun. The "Stairs" climb on the first lap was a little slow because of the rabbits who decided to sprint during the first mile and then immediately slow down in the hills. When I started my second lap my legs were finally warm, and I felt good. I cleaned all the climbs and had

fun on the ridge. My favorite part of the course was the "Tunnel of Love". It felt like a bike roller coaster. It trends down but has occasional dips and berms at the right places. After my fourth lap, I started to feel tired. I couldn't clean all the switchbacks on the "Stairs". I also got lapped by Tinker who rode past on his Cannondale Flash. I surged to get on his wheel, but I could only keep up with him for 25 yards before I felt at redline. I stopped at my tarp for long enough to eat some fruit and a date bar. I was numb during lap six and I felt like garbage on lap seven.

Before I started on my eighth lap, lights became mandatory. I switched to my night helmet which already had my Minewt light attached. I then mounted my Cygolight to my bar and started another lap in the dark. When I started lap nine, it was completely dark and I felt like I had very little power in my legs. The muscles between my shoulder blades felt like they were on fire, my arms ached from pulling on the bars all day, and my knees felt like someone had hit them with a lead bar. I finished my ninth lap at 7:45 pm (ten hours and forty five minutes of riding). I thought about going for a tenth lap but I was too gassed to give what was needed to make the lap count. I turned it in satisfied with a good effort for a January race.

Out of 15 single speeders, I took seventh place which was no bad considering that it was an open class with a lot of hammer heads.