

ALLEZ....ALLEZ.... C'EST BON.... C'EST BON

Mont Saint Anne was a trip for me, in all senses of the word. It was definitely a trip as far as driving went. 7+ hours driving through the middle of no where. It was also a trip as far as being way cool and fun and crazy.

I quickly realized that the locals really do speak French and that I had forgotten most everything useful from High School French Class. I did remember how to say "excuse moi" which only frustrated matters as I didn't understand French and was then responding in French which was only spurring on more conversation in French.

Well, about the course and racing. The course was short and crazy technical in spots. I used to consider myself a good technical rider but must have lost some of that ability along the way. I need to find it again, and am confident that I will.

Race day was fun. There were soooo many spectators and they were yelling and had those silly foam hand pointy finger things and were just so great. The call up was even a spectacle and it was great to be rubbing elbows with such talented racers. I had good position at the start and went out hard. I battled the technical parts, sometimes coming out on top, sometimes coming out mangled wrapped around a tree. I had fun though. At points spectators were yelling my name and cheering for me. I didn't know anyone at the race so was a bit perplexed until a fellow racer informed me that our names and numbers are on the spectators programs. That is so cool.

So after battling it out for the better part of 2 hours, I crossed the line in 28th place. I didn't get lapped at my first World Cup which I was told was a great accomplishment. I still have scabby knees and elbows but am otherwise unscathed.

I am going home to compete with the roadies in a four day stage race this weekend. Should be good to mix it up a bit.

Talk to you all soon and happy trails

SARA