

"YOU CAN'T GET HERE FROM THERE!"

I think this should be the slogan for Snowshoe West Virginia.

A fellow racer and I piled our stuff into the truck and set off for West Virginia. While traveling through the mountains I kept thinking, "It doesn't look too wet out here, maybe this race will be rideable." Boy was I mistaken.

After 13ish hours, we made it to Snowshoe. I was glad to meet up with my new teammates who generously provided me clothing and equipment. I got ready for a pre-ride of the course and was delayed only by the 30 minutes it took me to squeeze my legs into Dara's small shorts. After a quick call to David, I was assured that mediums were on the way!

On Friday, I participated in the Women's Ride put on by the Team. I was a bit stressed out about crashing all over the course. The stress was quickly replaced by laughter. After completing a fantastic super woman fly over the bars and landing on my face I jumped up laughing. (with a mouth full of mud). The women in the clinic were great. They were laughing and crashing too and were so relieved that even the pros crashed some times. They were so eager to ride and learn, and I was reminded why I love mountain biking so much.

Saturday was race day. The gun went off and we raced for the single track. I let a few women weasel their way in front of me and I realized I needed to get a bit more aggressive. It was tough to ride a lot of the course, especially with bodies and bikes flying around in front of you, behind you and hopefully not on top of you. I finished the day in 17th and ready to do better in the short track on Sunday.

To energize my legs, I was talked into taking an ice bath on Saturday night. I don't know if it helped, but I did it. Now that I am reflecting back on it, I am wondering if it was a team hazing ritual.

Maybe it worked because the short track went pretty well. After a long warm up, I was ready to go. The beginning of the race was a bit rough. I got hit by a handlebar at the start and got bogged down in the 180-degree turn at the bottom. I felt good though and began the process of picking people off. As the race went on, I kept passing people until I finished 10th on the day. I was pretty happy with a top ten finish. The race was fun and I especially like getting air off of a jump on the way down. I may have had a bit too much fun.

Thanks again to everyone involved in getting me set up on the team. I am ready to race fast next weekend and do you proud.

Happy trails,

SARA