



## Race Report # 15

### Fitchburg Stage Race: June 26-29

### United States Junior National Championships: July 3-6

#### Team Swift Riders on trip #1:

##### Fitchburg Longsjo Stage Race

- Steven Cozza
- Nathan Miller
- Duke Schimmer
- Brady Harter
- Rich Weir

##### US Junior National Championships

- Steven Cozza
- Nathan Miller
- Duke Schimmer
- Brady Harter
- Rich Weir
- Ethan Weiss
- Nick Weighall
- Nathan Birmbaum

**Laura:** We are home for a couple days between our two big trips to the race series. Trip #1 started with the Fitchburg Stage Race in Massachusetts. All the categories were racing and for the juniors this was one of the events on the schedule in which they can qualify for the World Championships. The Junior field had nearly 100 riders and they actually raced really hard on the challenging courses. Steven Cozza was so close to taking the leaders jersey a number of different times and the other Swift riders did everything they could to help him take the lead. This was a good team effort and we ended up with 3<sup>rd</sup> Overall and a 3<sup>rd</sup> in the Criterium. From here we flew to Texas and

meet up with some other teammates. Following are all their reports on the events. Note: if you have missed any of the race reports this is because I am posting them directly to the website now. Please see [www.teamswift.org](http://www.teamswift.org) for all reports. The photo's should be posted soon too.

Top placings at Nationals for Team Swift members were:

3 <sup>rd</sup>	17-18 yr old Time Trial	Steven Cozza
6 <sup>th</sup>	15-16 yr old RR	Nick Weighall
11 <sup>th</sup>	17-18 yr old RR	Duke Schimmer
11 <sup>th</sup>	15-16 yr old TT	Rich Weir
21 <sup>st</sup>	13-14 yr old Time Trial	Ethan Weiss (9 <sup>th</sup> placed 13 year old)
23 <sup>rd</sup>	13-14 yr old RR	Ethan Weiss

### **Steven Cozza:**

3rd place overall in the Fitchburg Longsjo Classic  
3rd place in the Junior Nationals Time Trial in Texas

So this is how it goes. Team Swift went off on our first team road trip of the year. We where all smiles as we lifted off the runway aimed in the direction of Boston. After flying over the US to the East coast we had finally arrived to our nice and cozy Motel 6 :) I was ready to race and barely could wait the two days before the Fitchburg Longsjo Classic Stage race. The first stage came and it was an individual 7.5 mile Time Trial. My goal was to win this and win by a lot but things did not quite go as smoothly as I had wished. I ended up in 5<sup>th</sup> and was not so happy. I could not figure out why my legs did not perform as well as they had the previous month. After not reaching my standards in the Time Trial was definitely hungry going into the next day's circuit race. After about 3 laps on the 8 lap course I decided to try and break away. I attacked hard over the top of the hill and opened up a pretty good gap with 8 other riders. We stayed away the rest of the race and later I had found out that my teammates had done a great job blocking for me. (Thanks guys) After stage two I moved up into 2<sup>nd</sup> overall just 12 seconds down from 1<sup>st</sup>. The third stage was a killer road race with some awesome climbs. My goal was to make up those 12 seconds I was down by getting away on the final climb to the finish. The whole race stayed together thanks to the work of my team covering every attack that came our way. Since the team road so well I was able to conserve a lot of energy for the final climb to the finish. I ended up in 7<sup>th</sup> on this stage and gained only 4 seconds on the leader. Stage for was my last chance and it was a crit. Not such a good race to make up 8 seconds in but I sure tried to. The Crit was super

fast and I tried to get away the whole race but never manage to stick it. We new it was going to end in a filled sprint and new I needed to win to move into 1st. I was in great positioning going into the last turned but ended up getting boxed in 150 meters to the line. It was a bumper but I was glad to race as well as I did and new that I had bigger fish to fry in the up and coming weeks and months ahead of me.

The Next adventure that lied ahead of us was the Junior Nationals in Texas. We arrived in Texas and boy was it Hot Hot Hot. We had arrived three days before the first race so we made sure to pre ride all three courses, the Time Trial, Road race and the Criterium. All three courses were so flat and not so exciting but we held our heads high. The team plan for the 90 mile road race was to make sure we were in every move and for the last 30 miles to keep the race together so Duke could win the field sprint. I worked really hard the first 60 miles of the race making sure to keep us in winning position. With 20 miles to go a break of 8 broke away and I missed it. I was pretty mad but I new it was because I killed myself too soon. Live and learn what can you say that's what racing as a Junior is all about. I decided to put the road race behind me and focus on the Time Trial. The day came and the legs felt all right. I made sure to get a super good warm up before my start in the 24 kilometer Time Trial. The count down began and I was off with a bang going full speed ahead. The whole TT I was there physically but mentally I was not so strong. There are some reasons for that but I am getting really fired up even as I write this for my next big race in Wisconsin. Team Swift did really well this month and we are definitely ready for the three races in Wisconsin and the 8 day stage race in Canada. I am already excited for the victories to come. Until next time Peace in the Middle East. Steven Cozza

### **Duke Schimmer:**

Fitchburg:

Stage 4: 3rd place in the Criterium

Junior National Championships:

Road Race:11th

The year has reached its peak and the team is finally going off to the big races that we have been looking forward to all year. Time really flies. It seems like just yesterday that I was training in the winter. Where does all the time go....?

Going into Fitchburg the team goal was simple. Win. It started out with a TT in which our team leader, Steve placed himself into 5th. For me the TT was just a way to help jump-start my legs as TT has never been my specialty. The second stage was a circuit

race with the finish on a very challenging hill of about 500 meters. The race started nervously with attacks going from the gun. Unfortunately our second man on GC, Nathan, was crashed on the second lap and wasn't able to make it back to the group. Mid race a break went with Steven in it so the team rallied to make it stick. Stick it did and we assumed an even more commanding spot on the GC. Another interesting result of the circuit race was that I climbed into the person with the second highest ranking on the GC in the team. For me this was a strange thing and the team thought it was really funny. The next day though was the stage which would really sort out the GC contenders. It was a 30 mile road race finishing on a steep climb. The team rode a great race to bring Steve into second overall. Personally I just road in support of Steve by making a few attacks to make the other teams chase and use up their reserves. One funny note about the race was the way that Brady and I rejoined the group on the last lap. We had both been dropped earlier and were planning on riding in to the finish easy. With half a lap to go we were cruising along when we see a field in front of us. We just assumed that it was the cat 4 field as they were on the course at the same time as us. As we neared the group it became obvious that our assumption was wrong. It turns out that the Junior field had been neutralized and stopped to prevent mixing with the Cat 4s. As a result Brady and I were able to rejoin the group. The last day was the Crit. During the race we were hoping we could get Steve up the road for the win. If won the crit then the time bonuses would give him the overall win. And other than going for the overall win we were going to go for the stage win in a field sprint. Instead everything changed. It was crazy. For me the crit was a disappointment. I got crashed on about the 5th lap and broke my brand new wheel as well as almost breaking my shoulder. After my free lap I got back in with a lot of pain and then suddenly flatted. The tire came off of the rim so I was forced to run it back out the pits. I got back in the group for good this time. Going into the sprint I wasn't able to jump as hard as usual because my shoulder was killing me. However I was able to take 3rd place. If only I hadn't crashed I may have been able to take the stage. Oh well, life goes on. Then the rider previously in 3<sup>rd</sup> overall won the crit and the bonuses put him in first place. Later in the day I took a trip to the local hospital where they confirmed that it wasn't broken just badly bruised.

Next were Nationals and the hardest race I have ever done. It wasn't that it was very hilly or super fast, but it was the fact that it was 90 miles in 100+ degree heat. The feeds were positioned very badly and as a result you could only take on two bottles every 30 miles or so. This killed everybody and made the race pretty lethargic. On the last lap a break went and nobody had the energy to case it so I had to settle for winning the field sprint for 11th. It was a real disappointment for me as this was one of my major goals for the season. <On a side note I would like to say that the race was the stupidest I have ever done. Not only was the distance over the legal UCI limit the feed zones were

positioned badly so it made it difficult, if not impossible, to get enough water. The USCF is lucky that somebody wasn't seriously injured due the race.>

**Ethan Weiss:**

Race Reports from Junior Cycling National Championships in College Station, TX:

Junior 13-14 Time Trial- 21<sup>st</sup> place-9<sup>th</sup> placed 13 year old

Junior 13-14 Road Race- 23<sup>rd</sup> place (of 67)

This past June 30, I got on the plane to fly to the most undesirable place for a bike race, let alone the National Championships. College Station, Texas was the destination of our trip, home of the Texas A&M Aggies, which the residents of the town will constantly remind you of. This was my first National Championships, and afterwards, I felt that I succeeded in what I wanted to accomplish, and that I'd come back next year in search of a top ten placing in each race. When we got to each race venue, each one was a hive of nervous activity. When I came to one of these for the first time- and in the younger half of my category- you can't help but get the butterflies. It was nice to have the time trial on the first day so that I could become accustomed to the racing atmosphere without the pressure of riding riders I had never ridden against before.

When we (me, Duke, Brady, Steve, Nathan, Rich, and Laura) got to the airport in Houston on the first day, we had barely enough room to fit us all, plus seven bike bags and a couple wheel boxes, into two vans. And after the hour and forty-five minute drive to nowhere-near-anything-land, it made it even more relaxing to lie down in the tiny, but air-conditioned room.

Each day (Monday through Wednesday) we would usually wake up, get dressed, eat breakfast, ride, eat lunch, sleep, watch TV, go on a short spin, eat dinner, watch TV, then go to sleep. As I'm sure you can tell, we didn't put much effort into spending time exploring "Aggieland."

From here on, I will just describe the major events and days leading up to-and during-National Championships.

**Wednesday, July 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2003**

This day was pretty boring...

After riding for an hour-and-a-half in the morning, we all packed into one van and took the hour drive to the 17-18/Espoir road race course to check it out. We saw it, and while stopping at a gas station on the way back in, I was sitting in the van alone, with the side door open, I saw between two pipes the most massive (besides a tarantula) and freaky looking spider I have ever seen in my life. Probably three inches

in diameter, and with white and yellow stripes, I was now definitely not planning on taking trips onto hiking trails this trip...oooooooooh no!

### **Thursday, July 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2003**

Another boring one but Rich and I rode to prepare for the time trial the next day while the older guys were out suffering for 93 miles.

### **Friday, July 4<sup>th</sup>, 2003**

Today was the time trial, on a dead flat course only with a couple longer, gentle rollers. I felt good the entire morning while warming up and things went off without a hitch. From the start house I felt great, passing two people and nearly a third on the finish line, and not getting passed. I guess I would have had to pass about ten to keep up with the winner, who beat me by about two-and-a-half minutes. I don't care; he was a big 14 year old...

My mom and I then went to see my road race course. It was pretty flat but with probably 100 rollers, and a longer roller at the finish. Not quite my course, but when will it ever not be a sprint finish at Nationals?

FOURTH OF JULY!!! You can't even imagine what kinds of fireworks were on sale! Their weakest was probably illegal in California. I'm not going to go into the story of setting them off...But don't worry, no one was hurt!

### **Saturday, July 5<sup>th</sup>, 2003**

Today was the road race! Finally! When I got to the start line, I found myself to be one of the later ones, and until the marshall told us that we were allowed to start the race using the whole road, I was in trouble! But, after the scramble to get up front on the left side of the road, we were off, all 67 of us.

That day I still felt great. Every roller I was with the front of the pack, and was able to move around with no problems. Every attack and acceleration I did not lose ground. We took two laps of a 12 mile course that day, and it went by quick!

I made one mistake that cost me a top 10 or 15<sup>th</sup> placing. It happened with just under a mile to go. I was not in the position that I wanted, and instead of being in the top ten places, I was about 20-25<sup>th</sup>. When the attacks came, I found myself too far back to be able to react fast enough. The pack split, and I was at the back of the first group, and from there, I couldn't get by people and couldn't move up.

So, it was a disappointing day, but now that I have made that mistake, I'll never make it again, especially on a stage like that!

### **Sunday, July 6<sup>th</sup>, 2003**

Today was the criterium, the lap race which I definitely did not have my heart set on doing well in. That's a good thing, because on the first lap in the first corner,

there was a near crash that set me back a bit, and in the second corner, as we were going 30mph, there was a crash that pushed me off the back of the pack a bit, and my legs were feeling like lead that day, so I called it quits after riding three laps. I'm not disappointed.

I have to say, I was happy that we left that day...

Although Nationals were held in Texas, I still had a lot of fun spending the week on my first "bike racing trip." Next year I definitely want to be on the podium in at least one event, maybe even get one of those red, white, and blue jersey things. ☺Ethan

### **Nathan Miller:**

Fitchburg

#### Time Trial-

For the last month or two I have been trying to throw together a time trial bike with all of the money that I had; zero dollars! I used the old Giant frame that I rode two years ago. It actually works great as a TT bike because it is very small and relatively aero. The only problem is that it is too small! I have the seat post about 1 1/2 - 2 inches past the limit line... probably not something you should do with a composite aero post. Oh well. The handlebars are made from an old pair of normal road bars. I cut the drops off of each side and then flipped the bar upside down to achieve a "not so nice" bullhorn setup. The standard Shimano STI shifters/levers were then placed on the ends. I originally wanted to order two pieces of Aluminum 6061 - T6 tubing and bend them into aero bars to weld onto the bars, but the only place I could find to order them from (an airplane parts supplier) didn't have any in stock and it wouldn't be there in time. So, it was time for drastic measures! I decided to take my old clip-on aero bars, which fit an oversize handlebar, and find some way to attach them to the new handlebar. Welding was ruled out because of the materials, the lack of contact points, space, and time. I decided to fill in the gap left from attaching an oversized clamp to a standard size bar with epoxy. Then I drilled four holes through the clamp and bar and inserted pop rivets. There is no way those two bars are coming apart now, but there is still the chance of the bars breaking due to the four holes that have been drilled in a circle around the bar! I already had a disc that I had bought a while ago; (Steve's old one) so I threw that on there and then borrowed a Rev-X front wheel (also from Steve). The end result was something of a Monet. From far away it looks like a completely normal TT bike that you might see a low budget pro team riding in a semi-important race. Up close though, it is a too small, too old, epoxy and riveted together hunk of aluminum and composites!

I rode it to a second place in the District Time Trial Championships three weeks ago

though, (I only lost by 5 seconds) so it obviously worked alright and better than a standard road bike. So, I went into the opening stage TT at Fitchburg ready to improve on my previous performance and set myself up to finish in the top ten in GC. I got a good warm-up and got to the line on time and with no problems to speak of. I stepped onto the ramp, climbed upon my t/rusty steed, and took off; instantly setting my sights on my thirty-second man. I caught him after probably about thirty seconds even though I don't think that is possible. I went on to catch four more riders after that. The last two that I passed rode side by side up most of the finishing hill and blocked me from passing for about 30 seconds. They cost me at least a few seconds and me passing the sixth rider who was right ahead of them. Oh well, I still finished only 1 minute off of the lead and 15 seconds away from ninth place. The hill climb could change everything...

#### Circuit Race-

I expected this race to be pretty uneventful as far as changes to the GC, but I was very wrong. Here's where things went wrong: After the hill on the second lap, riders started to catch back up to the field. One of those riders decided to not slow down when he caught back on and shot straight through to the front of the field. When he reached the front, he then cut all the way across the rode and clipped the rider's wheel in front of him. He went straight to the ground and sprawled right in front of me. I don't know what this guy was thinking. Nobody came near him and it was in such a stupid way that it seemed like you would have to try to crash yourself in the way he did. I saw him shoot up, across, and go down and just knew that I was going with him. I had the brakes on even before he went down. Still I couldn't stop in time and ended up flipping right over the top of him at only about ten mph. The only damage caused was my chain coming off. It fell off to the outside though and knotted in the process. It took about thirty seconds for me to undo the loop in the chain and finally get it back on. I chased flat out the whole rest of the race but had no chance of catching back on. I was so mad. I finished around 4 minutes after the field and rode straight back to the hotel by myself. I went from having a definite top ten spot to 50th place and almost 6 minutes back. I am usually a pretty calm guy and don't ever get really upset about things, so this was probably the most angry I have ever been. There are very few races each year that cater to my talents and this was the biggest of them all. I was in the best shape of my life and into the race 100% mentally as well as physically and planning to rip the field apart on the hill the next day. I couldn't believe that someone would do such a stupid thing and cost me so many years of work, the best shape that I would be in all year, and a much needed good result. I still don't even want to think about it...

#### Road Race-

Being out of GC contention meant that I had to ride this race to help out Steve,



currently 2nd, as much as I could. If I had simply been by myself, then I would have definitely attacked every time up the hill and gotten a breakaway formed. Instead I ended up sitting on every break that went on the hill and trying to shut it down. This worked well and nobody was able to get away. On the last lap, Steve wanted me to attack on the small climb before the big finishing climb so that other teams would be forced to chase. I did and got away without a Hot Tubes rider marking me. It didn't take more than a minute or two for me to get caught though, and then Jessie from Hot Tubes counter attacked. I tried to chase him down but was too tired after my own attack and only got to within 15-20 meters of him before he began to pull away again and I had to pull off. At that point, one rider bridged across to him and helped pull. I knew that this was trouble, because nobody in the field would help pull. (For some reason people think that you don't ever have to pull at the front or actually really race unless you are wearing a Team Swift or Hottubes Jersey; strange) Just before the start of the finishing climb I felt that I was rested enough to resume the chase. I pulled 1/2K before the hill and then really let loose on the hill. It didn't take long at that point for me to nail down the two riders who had about 15 seconds. I caught them just before the really steep section of the climb and as soon as I did the field which now contained only about two riders took off. Steve was up in the mix there and I knew that there was really nothing else I could possibly do at that point in the race to help him. I had done way, way too much throughout the course of the race to be there to pace him all the way to the very end. All I could do was hope that he would be able to pick up twelve seconds on the leader.

#### criterium-

The courses here just never cease to amaze you. All four courses were absolutely awesome. (Except for the tons of cars that weren't supposed to be driving on the course) The criterium had a slight rise on the start/finish straightaway that ended with a sweeping 180 degree turn around the center island and back down the other side. The race was really fast right from the gun. The race was too close for anyone to be allowed to get away, so the Hottubes riders had to basically team time trial at the front for the whole race. Everyone else seemed to want to keep things together too, because no break would get more than 15 feet up the road without thirty guys jumping on it. I didn't have the top speed needed to do much of anything in this race and was left to spectate from 15 riders back the whole race. I finished the race in 32nd in the final GC. The result was pretty disappointing, but the way that I rode and felt was better than ever before. I'm hoping that I can race like this again (without the bad luck) in Canada and the again during the California Cup.

Nathan Miller

**Rich Weir:**Fitchburg Stage Race in the Junior field of 15-18 year olds

Stage 1 46th

Stage 2 53rd

Stage 3 27th

Stage 4 36th

Overall 34<sup>th</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> man on the Team Swift Overall G.C.Nationals in the 15-16 year old category

Time trial 11th

Road Race 50th

The trip started with a long flight to Boston, Massachusetts. After some how cramming all of our gear into a 15 seater van we drove about an hour and a half to Leominster. The Motel 6 we stayed at was questionable but Saturn and Prime Alliance were staying there so we figured it must be all right. Unfortunately we assumed wrong. The soggy floors from the constantly running air conditioners left a pretty musty smell. Oh well, that's traveling.

The second day in Leominster we rode to Fitchburg, where the race headquarters was located, and pre-rode the Time Trial course. I didn't have my TT bike with me because I wasn't really worried about my overall result at the Longsjö Classic. I was there to help my teammates and learn as much as I could from them about how to race. The next day it was very hot and our start times were mid-day which as you can imagine did not help the situation. I rode the TT conservatively wanting to save some energy for the coming stages. I ended up 46th which is respectable but not great. The next day the heat again returned to haunt us. We were all confident that we would have a good shot at getting the jersey on Steve's shoulders by that afternoon, however, that plan started to fall apart quickly. Because of the heat the organizers shortened everyone's race by one lap. The circuit was about three miles long and very fast with a sizable hill and long gradual descents. After two laps Nathan crashed through no fault of his own and was able to make a return to the main field. Soon after I found out that Steve was in a break up the road. Duke asked me to go to the front and slow down the pace so that Steve could gain more time on his rivals that still remained in the peleton. I did all I could and then dropped of the back on the last lap not wanting to give all I had and be empty for the most important day. Unfortunately Steve didn't get the jersey that day although he moved up to 3<sup>rd</sup> overall and Nathan had lost his 14th place from his crash. The next day looked promising with a hard road race. It was 50 miles. The tough four laps ended on a road that lead up to the top of a mountain at a ski resort. The race started on a fast descent and everyone felt good right from the start. The whole of the

team rode at the front of the main field. As we had predicted Hot Tubes would start attacking as soon as the rollers began. I was near the front and covered all the attacks that I could. The next time around the circuit it was the same story although this time I was dropped when we hit the feed zone hill. I chased all the way to the bottom and about a kilometer more. I then went right back to the front and resumed covering everything that I could. The same thing happened on the next lap as well as the final lap. I wasn't able to catch the field before they hit the climb up to the finish so I sat up and just rode at my own pace to the finish. I ended up being 27th. When I got to the top I learned that we had lost our best chance to nab the lead. We went to the final stage motivated. The criterium suited Duke and we were ready to do what we could to get him to the line ahead of everyone else. We also had Steve in 2nd place 8-seconds off the lead. Duke ended up crashing and then a lap or two later he flatted. With a bruised shoulder Duke still muscled his way to third in the sprint. Unfortunately the guy two seconds behind Steve and the race leader got the win and a ten second time bonus. Steve got bumped to third. We were disappointed with how things had gone that day but we were happy that we had done well in the overall. From Massachusetts we flew to Texas where we picked up Ethan and drove to College Station. The weather was all over the map. One minute its sunny and the next its pouring rain. I had till Thursday before the TT and I was getting my TT bike on Wednesday. We rode the TT course several times and it seemed to suit me well. On Thursday the skies were dark for the 23.6 km TT. I started with the black clouds at my heels. I quickly caught my minute man before the first of three turnarounds. I turned around to see a wall of water and my two minute man waiting for me. I quickly found both. Fortunately only the rain could keep up. The rain continued for the remainder of the TT and I came to the line with nothing left. I ended up eleventh which is fine considering I have done all of five time trials. The next day it was overcast and warm at the road race course. The race unfortunately didn't suit me because it was flat and a feeble 35 miles. It didn't help that my legs felt terrible. I wasn't able to do anything. In the end I finished in the back of the field not caring about the field sprint, which, did not suit me at all. After my performance at the road race I decided to not participate in the criterium. I was diffidently ready to go home. I learned an incredible amount about racing from my teammates and my coach Laura Charameda. I am excited for next year so I can ride for the win at all these races. I am sure that all that I learned from this trip will help me succeed in cycling as well as life. I would just like to say thanks to the sponsors of our team, my parents and my coach for making all of this possible. Well I look forward to next time and until then... Thank you and Good night!

**Brady Harter:**

Fitchburg

When starting this race we all felt very excited because we were back on the road doing what we love. Fitchburg is a four day stage race; first day was a tough 8 mile time trial over rolling hills. Next was a circuit race which finished on top of a steep climb. Ouch! Every time up the climb my legs would be hurting to say the least. The next day was the road race which I was less than excited about, it finished with a 3 mile climb to the top of a ski resort. Our job was to get Steve to the bottom of the final climb being as fresh as possible. The mission was accomplished. Final day was a crit which I was really looking forward too. This is the first day out of all the days I felt really good. I worked at the front trying to support Steve as much as possible. Hot tubes, the team with the leader in GC, would not let anything get away. SO it came down to a field sprint. Where Duke, who was earlier involved in a crash was still able to take 3rd in the field sprint. Not to shabby for someone who couldn't even lift his arm because his shoulder hurt so much. When we were not racing we all had a lot of fun.

We went out to a few nice restaurants, like this one called 'The Ponderosa' (ok I am kidding this was the worst meal I ever tasted. This was Laura's recommendation so we had to give her a hard time for a while. Then another disgusting story was the smell of Steve and my room. Early in the week Steve and I bought a styrofoam ice chest which leaked water on the carpet, with the 100 degree heat outside and the water on the carpet it turned to mold. Let's just say we had no problem keeping people out of our room including the maids who by the end of the week wouldn't even come.

Then off to Houston for Nationals where the bad luck for me began. One lap into our 150 km road race while riding in a breakaway of eight very strong riders, while accelerating through a corner I found myself in a dilemma. I felt my foot slip out and as I look down I see my foot still attached to the pedal but my pedal not attached to the bike. When the neutral car came out behind me to try and help me fix it I noticed that the threads from my crank were still on my pedal. This is not good. So that ended my road race prematurely. Then off to the time trial where about 5 km into the race my rear disk flatted. Ok so now I had the crit to prove myself in Nationals. I was very motivated and was planning to race as hard as I can for the duration of the race. Then about 20 minutes into the race the rider in front of me slides out in the corner which leaves me no place to go but ride

over his bike. Which then sent me over my handle bars on the ground wondering what the heck just happened. I got up went to the pit where I got my free lap. Because of the crash the field split in two. Since I was in the front half of the race, the officials should have put me in the front split but decided to put me in the back. At this point my race was done and I was less than pleased. I was unable to finish any of my National Championship races. Which left me disappointed but hungry to race next week in Milwaukee. Hopefully my next report will end on a happier note.