

Team Swift Race Reports

August 2014

Race Reports for:

1. NCNCA District Criterium Championships
2. Patterson Pass Road Race
3. Dunnigan Hills Road Race
4. University Road Race
5. Winters Road Race
6. Giro di San Francisco
7. Red Kite Omnium Championships
8. Marin Century
9. Annadel MTB

August Top Results:

1 st Place	NCNCA Junior District Criterium	Juniors 13-14	Gianni Lamperti
1 st Place	NCNCA Junior District Criterium	Juniors 11-12	Luke Lamperti
1 st Place	NCNCA Junior District Criterium	Juniors W. 11-12	Isabella Brunner
1 st Place	Dunnigan Hills Road Race	Juniors 13-14	Isaiah Chass
1 st Place	Winters Road Race	Juniors 13-14	Luke Lamperti
1 st Place	Dunnigan Hills Road Race	Juniors 11-12	Luke Lamperti
1 st Place	Dunnigan Hills Road Race	Junior W.11-12	Isabella Brunner
1 st Place	Annadel XC MTB Race	Sport Men Open	Luke Lamperti
2 nd Place	NCNCA Junior District Criterium	Juniors 13-14	Isaiah Chass
2 nd Place	Dunnigan Hills Road Race	Juniors 17-18	Jonathan Gunning
3 rd Place	NCNCA Junior District Criterium	Juniors 17-18	Ryan Clarke
3 rd Place	Annadel XC MTB Race	Sport Men Open	Isaiah Chass
2 nd Place	Winters Road Race	Juniors 13-14	Isaiah Chass
4 th Place	NCNCA Junior District Criterium	Juniors 11-12	Colton Swinth
4 th Place	Patterson Pass Road Race	Senior Category 4	Brad Butterfield
4 th Place	Dunnigan Hills Road Race	Juniors 13-14	Gianni Lamperti
5 th Place	Dunnigan Hills Road Race	Juniors 13-14	Luke Lamperti
5 th Place	Annadel XC MTB Race	Juniors 18 & under	Gianni Lamperti
6 th Place	NCNCA Junior District Criterium	Juniors 15-16	Tomas Mitre
6 th Place	Winters Road Race	Juniors 13-14	Sawyer Taylor
6 th Place	Giro di San Francisco	Sr Category 4/5	Brad Butterfield
7 th Place	NCNCA Junior District Criterium	Juniors 13-14	William Stark
7 th Place	NCNCA Junior District Criterium	Juniors 11-12	Elliot Frankel
9 th Place	Winters Road Race	Senior Category 3	Ben Cook
9 th Place	Suisun Harbor Criterium	Sr Category 4/5	Tomas Mitre
10 th Place	NCNCA Junior District Criterium	Juniors 15-16	Ben Cook
11 th Place	Giro di San Francisco	Sr W. Category 3	Emily Abraham
13 th Place	Dunnigan Hills Road Race	Sr W. Category 3	Emily Abraham
15 th Place	Dunnigan Hills Road Race	Juniors 13-14	William Stark

17 th Place	Giro di San Francisco	Senior Category 3	Ryan Clarke
18 th Place	NCNCA Junior District Criterium	Juniors 15-16	Ethan Frankel
18 th Place	Dunnigan Hills Road Race	Senior Category 4	Brad Butterfield
19 th Place	University Road Race	Sr W. Cat 1/2/3	Emily Abraham
19 th Place	University Road Race	Sr Category 4/5	Ethan Frankel
20 th Place	Giro di San Francisco	Sr Category 4/5	Tomas Mitre
22 nd Place	Patterson Pass Road Race	Senior Category 3	Ben Cook
22 nd Place	Dunnigan Hills Road Race	Senior Category 4	Ethan Frankel
24 th Place	Winters Road Race	Senior Category 3	Ryan Clarke
24 th Place	Giro di San Francisco	Senior Category 3	Ben Cook
26 th Place	Dunnigan Hills Road Race	Senior Category 3	Ryan Clarke
38 th Place	Mt. Tam Double Century	Open	Ethan Frankel

Rider Race Reports

1. NCNCA District Criterium Championships 8/31/14 Pleasanton

Ryan Clarke

3rd Place NCNCA District Criterium Championships Juniors 17-18

Districts this year were at the Red Kite course in Pleasanton which I'd never done before so I was excited to see a new course. I picked up Ben on the way down and we drove together to the race. We had lots of time to get ready and caught Isaiah, Gianni and Luke's podiums where they got (in order of their names) Second, First and First in their age categories which was awesome! As I was getting ready, Coach Laura told me that graduates Ryan Eastman and John Piasta were there to watch us, so I rode over say hello before going to warm-up with Ben and Ethan. We did a few sprints on the road and right when I got back, I flatted my front wheel because of a cut in the sidewall that occurred at Dunnigan. Coach Laura just so happened to have a spare tire and Ben had a tube, so I changed them both just in time to have Ben's front wheel start clicking. This time I had him covered and lent him a spare front wheel I brought. Our race was a combined field, so we did roll out and lined up with around 30 guys who were mainly 15-16s. Right away, Limitless Cycling, who had 9 guys, lit up the race. I stayed patient and rode near the strongest two riders in my age group, one of whom was from Limitless. Eventually the race blew up and I made it in a group with two Limitless guys. One of the guys in my age group was up the road and I wasn't getting any help from the two teammates, so I rode tempo for a few laps to let them know I wasn't going to just pull them up there and let them attack and drop me. Eventually they started working with me and we kept rotating until two to go when we lapped the field. I was pretty gassed and knew I wouldn't be able to beat the kid in my race in a sprint so I tried attacking with half lap to go. It didn't work, but I knew I gave it my all and was happy to place third in my last Junior District championships.

-Ryan

Ben Cook

15, cat 3

7th Place NCNCA District Criterium Championships Juniors 15-16

Today was a day of attacks, mistakes, upsets, and learning. The 15-16's and 17-18's would be racing all together at the district criterium. I would get to race with my teammates, Ryan, Ethan, and a newer, yet very strong and smart rider, Tomás. We warmed up together, and chatted with Coach about the race ahead. I was glad to have Ryan Eastman and John Piasta; two Team Swift alumni come out to watch us! It is always fun to see them, and it is especially helpful to have them supporting us.

As for the race plan, our team was outnumbered. Another team showed up with an impressive nine riders of the 40 person field. Since the other teams would attack, we were to play the race smart, not waste ourselves on chasing down attacks, and go for the final sprint in the lead group, with Ryan leading me out.

As soon as the race kicked off, attacks flew from all sides. I soon found myself near the front. Only today, this was not the right place to be. With more and more riders heading up the road, I soon found myself going with the moves coming around my sides, and burning a lot of energy while doing so. At the front, I couldn't escape the field. I figured that following attacks around my sides would secure me a wheel away from the field, but I really just towed the resting field up to the attacker.

Whether I was in the draft or not, all riders in the top 5 were working hard to close gaps, and fight the wind. Staying in the front at this point in the race really took out my legs. Where was Ryan? Why was I being left to cover these moves all on my own?

I could only think about myself at this moment in the race, creating my biggest mistake. Right then, Jonathan Christensen launched from the inside of a corner with Ryan in tow. There he was. With Ryan in the break, Tomás, who had saved his legs as well, worked hard to pull a flyer and bridge up to the breakaway. The rest of the race ended up being a series of attacks from various teams, now with only me left to cover. I sprinted in with the field for 7th place.

I will admit I made a lot of mistakes in today's race. But with mistakes always comes learning: I spent lots of time up at the front of the race, covering attacks.

When in reality, that work was completely unnecessary. It was Ryan who played it smart. He waited further back in the field, and didn't panic when a rider, even from a large team, went down the road. Ryan explains his thought process like this: If I were to attack, where would I do it? I will find those places, and wait for a strong and smart rider to attack there. That way I will get a solid gap without having to fight the wind. I end up off the front with a guaranteed breakaway partner.

This thought process really cleared things up for me. There were obviously strong riders still in the field. One of them had to go at some point. Ryan was still fresh by the time these, also still fresh, riders attacked. The attacks will come when the riders at the front are most tired, and the riders attacking know that they have that extra little bit of energy to go the extra distance, and get their gap. I now know not to

spend my time at the front, and I have learned more about racing smartly and playing with the right moves. Ryan also talked with me about my jump. At the Giro Di San Francisco, our next race, Ryan will watch my jump on other riders. Am I going with the right moves? Am I saving energy and not getting tangled up with the less important race up front? Am I just a split second too slow? Or am I right on the rider in front of me? All of these aspects are things that Ryan and Coach Laura and I talked about.

These will all help improve my racing strategies, and will help me feel fresher for when it will be important to me. I may have had a crummy day on the bike, but Ryan rode himself into a 3rd place, Tomás got a top 6, and I learned a lot more than I ever could have hoped for.

-Ben

Tomas Saldana-Mitre

6th Place NCNCA District Criterium Championships Junior 15-16

I was super excited for this race because it would be a chance to race with Ben, Ryan, and Ethan together and hopefully make a great team effort for a good result. I wanted to help Ryan and Ben because they had great results earlier in the year and I knew they had ridden together a lot before so if I could help them I would. Early on everyone attacked. Nearly every rider from every team attacked and the a group of Limitless riders and a few others attacked early in a break which was able to stay away and even lap the field late in the race. I attacked a lap or so after the winning break took off and tried to bridge. I was 3/4's of the way there when the heat really started getting to me and I was beginning to fatigue rapidly. Then I heard someone bark at me and I saw Ryan really powering behind me. I then got in front of him and tried to pull him up to the leading group. He luckily made it but I was so exhausted that I drifted back to the main group and tried to help Ben suppress some of the attacks that were coming from all directions. Then with around 5 laps to go I attacked trying to bridge the leader and was joined by a SJBC rider who was gracious enough to lend me a half full bottle. Together we held our position in between the leaders and the main group until the last lap when I attacked and was able to pass the leaders and grab 6th place. It was an overall great race even though I felt super dehydrated and tired at the end.

-Tomas

Ethan Frankel

Age 16, Senior Category 4

18th Place NCNCA District Criterium Championships Juniors 15-16

My dad, brother, and I arrived at the venue early. My brother raced in the morning, so I watched him and then waited around for a couple of hours. I warmed up and got ready for my afternoon race, including a pre-race talk with Coach. I was feeling good, and although it was a warm day, I felt fresh. After roll-out, I got into position at the line. "You are racing 45 minutes," announced the race official. "If you

have a problem, you may receive a free lap. You also get neutral wheels provided by Fanatic.”

I didn't think I would ever get to use those. The race started out quickly. I moved towards the front to stay with my teammates: Ben, Ryan, and Tomas. I felt strong and sat in to watch any major attacks that we would chase down. We finished the first lap and there were many attacks, mainly by the 17-18 field (who raced with us). Ryan got into the break, so we were excited about that. We were starting to round the last corner and I was boxed in by a few riders.

I stayed calm and looked for a hole to escape that confinement. As we hit the finish line, the rider to my left must have tried to avoid a bump in the road and swerved into me. I braked to try and avoid an inevitable crash. My front wheel got tangled up in his derailleur and I was soon sliding on the pavement. It was perfect timing to crash right at the finish. I never dreamed of doing so, but now that I think about it, it was a pretty stylish crash. I saved most of my bike, besides the wheel and handlebars, by using my body as a shield.

I quickly got up as race officials ushered me over to the medic's tent. I was quickly patched up and received support from my awesome teammates who were watching. Coach Laura asked if I could continue racing and I answered with a firm "Yes." I suppose the adrenaline hadn't yet worn off and I wasn't yet in any pain. The field came through before I had a chance to get up, so I was allowed another free lap. I got to use a Fanatic carbon wheel. I was stoked; it had magenta rims and a magenta hub! I hopped on my bike and prepared to jump back onto the back of the field. They passed the line and I jumped onto the back. My torn skinsuit was flapping in the wind, but I ignored it and stayed near the back in case something happened to my body or bike. The next 15 minutes were just hanging on the back and waiting. I saw a few attacks go, but I was too tired and in pain to try anything fancy. With 8 laps to go, I felt a jolt of pain. I dropped back and rested for a bit and tried to coax my injuries into feeling better. I called that the "pain lap". I decided to continue. With 7 to go, two breakaways lapped me. Then with 6 to go, the field lapped me, but I jumped right on the back. We weren't moving too quickly, so it wasn't difficult to stay in contact, but I was still hurting. I rode on the back all the way to an 18th place "sprint while staying in my saddle".

I was obviously disappointed that I had crashed, but that's bike racing. I was happy that I was able to get up and continue with the race. I was feeling good before the crash and was prepared for the race, but anything can happen. This race was my second-to-last of the season, and it was a fun yet challenging one. I will certainly be coming back next year to give it another go.

-Ethan F.

Gianni Lamperti

1st Place NCNCA District Criterium Championships Juniors 13-14

During warm-up I felt horrible at the beginning but as always if I push really hard in the warm up I feel great afterwards. When I was done I rolled up to the start

line and did roll out. After this I went and rolled a lap of the course with my teammate Isaiah. When we came back the race started in ten seconds so we got in our starting gears and all of the sudden we were off. Our tactic was that Isaiah was going to go from the gun and we would keep countering. It took about three laps until Isaiah got away and nobody chased at all. There was a Limitless rider who was telling a Yackle Brothers racing rider that he was just throwing the race away by letting Isaiah ride off the front. I waited until he was probably 15 or 20 seconds out before I jumped when they were still trying to decide who was going to pull. I jumped hard and everyone was almost on me. I barely got clear but they were still chasing hard. I made it up to Isaiah and they were about five seconds us. I told Isaiah to pin it so I could sit on and rest for one second while still keeping the gap. We kept rotating and taking about 20 second pulls for a lap or so. We were slowly getting caught so I said I would take the headwind if he took the tailwind. The gap kept getting closer, and then it would stretch out again for a few laps. Then we could not see them anymore but we still kept going hard just in case anyone flattened. We were now inside of five to go and I was counting down the lap cards every lap. Right after the headwind on the last lap we decided I would take the win because I would get to wear the Championship Jersey in this category next year because I am at the bottom and he is at the top of the 13-14 age range. It was a great day of racing with my team and I defiantly look forward to next year!

Thanks,
Gianni

Isaiah Chass

2nd Place NCNCA District Criterium Championships Juniors 13-14

This morning I woke up I was super excited so I got right up, put my gear together, and got into the car. Then, I ate some food and waited until we got there. When we arrived, I walked to registration and got my number. Then I went back to the car and pinned my number on. After watching some of the earlier races I rode a lap of the course, and then went back to where the trainers were set up, where Coach talked strategy with us. Then I started getting ready and got on the trainer. After completing my warm-up, I took my bike off the trainer and rode to the start where I did rollout, and rode a lap. When I got back to the start line I waited until the start. Then, when the whistle blew, I got clipped in and made an attack. A rider followed my wheel and we made a little gap, but he would not pull so I sat up. Then my teammate Gianni made an attack and a rider jumped on his wheel. I got on, but a gap didn't open so the pace slowed up. After a few tries, I finally got off the front solo. I kept trying to go a little harder to keep the gap open but it was painful. Shortly after, I saw Gianni coming across the gap solo, so I eased up a little when he got close. When he got on my wheel I knew we had to drill it because the other riders where not too far back, so I pulled hard and then Gianni pulled through. After normal pulls Gianni said that he would pull the headwind section and I would pull the tailwind section. We kept pulling hard knowing that they weren't that far back. Another rider was by himself trying to bridge the gap, but eventually he got pulled back. Gianni and I were still off the front and we

had about 5 laps to go. We made good pulls the next 4 ½ and we were still off the front so when we had about ¼ lap to go we eased up a little to decide who was going to take the win. I said I would lead him out, so as we came out of the last corner, Gianni sprinted around me for the win.

-Isaiah

Luke Lamperti

1st Place NCNCA District Criterium Championships Juniors 11-12

The morning of the race we did not have to leave as early because my race wasn't until 11:00 in the morning. I ate something and then we left the house. After the drive when we got there, I went to registration and got my number. Then I hopped on my bike quick and rode a lap on the course in between races. When I got back from ridding a lap I put on my kit and put my bike on trainer. Then my mom put my number on my jersey. From there I started my warm-up spin for 15 minutes [rest for 2' then 5' minutes of zone 3, with one last 1 minute pyramid]. When I finished my warm-up I had 12 minutes until the start so I went to the line. When I got there I did roll out. Then everybody lined up. GO! Said the official and we were off. I made an attack off the line. I was brought back by another rider. I then pulled off and he pulled through. I jumped on the third wheel then when the front guy pulled off I jumped again. I was off the front with one other rider. We both took turns for a lap then I made an attack off his wheel. I was now off the front all by myself. I kept a steady pace for the rest of the race. I came out with the win. I was supper exited to be the Crit State Champion.

-Luke

2. Patterson Pass Road Race

8/3/14` Tracy

Ben Cook

22nd Place Patterson Pass Road Race Senior Category 3

Patterson Pass was a last minute decision for me. I didn't have a ride there, I wasn't pre-reg'd and I didn't know the course. However, I did know one thing for certain. It was the hardest race on the calendar.

I headed to Patterson Pass with a school friend of mine, Kelsey. Kelsey and her mother race mountain bikes for Whole Athlete, and you could say that they're quite accomplished. Kelsey and her mother earned a total of 4 national medals this year in the masters and juniors categories. It would be Kelsey's first road race, so I got to give her some good advice on the way up, which actually helped me have a better race. We got to talk lots about how frustrating racing can be, and ways to have a better race.

Kelsey and I have both had a rough last few weeks of training and racing, so it was

good to get to talk about it, realize our mistakes, and dedicate to a good race at Patterson.

Once arrived, we went to registration, pinned numbers, and got warming up. I just went for a spin to warm up, as I got an excellent pre-race ride in the day prior. I also didn't want to do a full pyramid with such a brutal race ahead. I headed to the start line, and actually found myself towards the back. It has been my goal for the season to win a cat 3 race, as I have come very close in races prior. In the last few weeks I've let this goal distract me from my racing, so today I just found my place at the back, chatted with friends, and set out to have a fun day.

We were off with the whistle, and soon began climbing. The pace never truly lifted on the first of three laps, but it stayed at a hard set pace. Up the first climb, there was a touch of morning fog remaining in the air, and the crosswinds were blowing strong. With a close shoulder on the right side of road and crosswinds blowing from the left, it made it a real struggle to stay upright on the long ascent. Looking at the field ahead, every rider in sight was leaned slightly to the left in an attempt to fight the wind. They looked like corn stalks blowing in the wind as we headed up to the summit of the first long climb. "Big ring today, Ryan?" I asked to my friend, who climbed all of Mount Hamilton in the big chainring this year. Ryan had refused to succumb to the steep slopes of Patterson Pass, and was still riding in the big ring. "Yea buddy! I'm really feeling it today!" "Why do you do that?" "You know, I realized that I could ride very well, but not race super well. I could ride 120 miles, but would get dropped at mile 40 of a race. So I started treating every race as a ride, just for fun. I ride in the big ring, so I race in the big ring. When it comes time to race, you start racing like the riders around you. The guy next to you is climbing at 100rpm? You start doing it too, because you think it will help you. You really just need to find your own form and use that." "Wow, thank you! I'll try it. I felt excellent on my ride yesterday, but I was alone. I guess I'll try that out and just think of what I know is the most efficient cadence and riding style for me. And you're also winning races, so I guess I can trust you!" With some valuable information, I was soon remembered my great climbing style from yesterday's ride, and put it into the race. And let me tell you, it really worked. I was able to stay in the top 10 for all of the climbing and hard rolling sections of the first lap comfortably. But it was on a long roller on the back side of the course that I thought I could big ring it, but I ended up needing to shift down to keep cadence. I ended up shifting under too much pressure, and completely dropping my chain, something I don't ever usually have problems with. I stopped, placed the chain back on the bike, and remounted about 10-15 seconds later. I was very happy that I could stay calm, fix the problem, and chase back on quickly and efficiently. I found myself in the back of the group, and slowly moved myself up to the front again.

After crossing the freeway, there was a long descent down to the bottom of the course. I found myself in good position for the long and straight downhill, but it was on the false flats where I got into trouble. Turning our backs to the wind, a 2-4% grade, 6 mile downhill approached around the next corner. Sitting in 10th wheel, the leaders of the group took off down the road, trying to cause a split. I was fortunate enough to read the race, and make the split, but it wasn't long before I was spun out. I pushed

as hard as I could in my 52x14, but it was tough to hang onto the wheel in front of me.

However, I've noticed that most other riders in a Cat 3 field will coast anytime they are over 35 or so miles per hour. They really don't prefer to get over 120rpm. I looked down at my Garmin as I spun faster than ever before. I was spinning 140rpm, and the field was still splintering ahead of me. But it wasn't long before I was at the front, and the field had shattered behind me. The downhill was not steep enough to coast, so I had to pedal. I marked this as the most dangerous part of the course. Spinning comfortably, I came up alongside Kelsey's teammate, Sean Bennett. Sean is fresh off winning cross country mountain bike national championships with the 17-18's. Sean was obviously a strong rider, and was racing very smart. He was at the front when the big players were driving the pace, and was at the back when the main contenders had settled down and went to the back. That was my way to keep myself in check throughout the race as well. I had noticed Sean and I were never more than 2-3 riders away from each other at any point during the first lap.

Coming into the second lap, the pace was at a solid tempo over the first set of climbs. I made it over within the top 10 riders, and felt great for the whole second lap. Feeling great still means being put in pain, but I felt up to the task. I ate another pack of Clif blocks on Flynn road, the final climb before the long downhill stretch. Feeling great still, and very happy with my current race, I marked a move by Sean on one of the steeper sections of the descent. I think we had the same idea: breakaway on the descent. Nobody could pedal, but due to the fact that we can spin up to 160 rpm when necessary, our gearing almost gave us the advantage. Just remember that it ALMOST gave us the advantage. There were, of course, riders using 11's, who were willing to use them to their full potential. The field began to split into small groups behind us, and Sean and I tucked in for a few seconds gap, but the road was too open to get anywhere. Hitting nearly 50 miles per hour, we tried our best to get a gap, but it wasn't going anywhere. Back in the field, we did our best to make every split as we lead into the last lap.

A group of 30 or so riders was basically all together for the final climb. It sure was a strong field today, with such a hard pace on the 2nd lap, I would have expected less riders to have stayed on the group. With 5 harsh and steep miles to climb ahead, I sat in about 15th wheel as the field strung into rows of 2 or 3. Attacks flew from all sides at the front. I knew I just had to hold position out of the wind, suffer through the short and steep sections, and I would end in good position. I did just that. Leading into the final steep climb, we had already lost about 10 riders. There was a strong wind blowing, and it was painfully hot out. Dark overcast clouds overhead kept the heat and wind right on us. Putting everything down, I moved myself up into the top 10 for the last 1k then farther, and farther, and farther up into the field. An unexpected swing from the rider ahead of me sent me straight into the brutal headwind. But I found my position, and suffered over the top of the climb in the top 5; right alongside Sean.

At this point in time, I had exceeded my goal for the day. There was definitely a time during the spring when I used to dictate the NCNCA cat 3 races. I came very close to wins on a few occasions, and always felt confident I could pull out a result. I have grown much stronger and more mature as a rider since then, but this field was

something else. It was the same top 40 riders from the San Rafael Twilight Criterium, which turned into an incredibly hard race, with a blistering pace just like today's was. It was interesting to see the pacemaking set down by the same exact riders as at San Rafael. So on that note, making it over the final climb in the top 5 was more than enough for me. I really couldn't believe that I had made it this far, after almost 3 hours, and that I had made it over in such a good position.

Happy with my success on the climb, I held my position down the descent, which just so happened to be brutal as well. Entering the tight right turn onto Flynn Road, I made sure to find my position once again. Right from the turn, the leaders took off, but I was right with them. With a small gap, 6 or 7 of us looked promising. The strongest riders in the group had made it, but it was really only a matter seconds before the field closed the gap. There was no way to split this race apart. I stayed in the top 5, right next to Sean over the first climb on Flynn road, but I began to cramp slightly. I suffered over the next roller, and the cramps had stopped. Coming onto the final 1k of climbing I was towards the back from my previous signs of cramping and fatigue. I had lost a lot of position surprisingly quickly, and the field was only accelerating away from me. I got into a comfortable position, and really began to put the hammer down. It was all I could do to hang onto the wheel in front of me, but I was still sliding backwards. I was actually amazed at how all of my energy had just left. I had made it 3 hours already over the worst and hardest parts of the course, but this small kicker ended up deciding my race. I've always known that the race is decided somewhere in the middle, but I didn't think it would be here. This was the final elite selection of the race. I dug as deep as possible over the flats following the climb. I could almost reach out and touch the back of group ahead, but everything I had was not enough. I didn't quit chasing as hard as possible until we hit descent 3k after I had been dropped. I passed other riders on the way, but the group ahead was too far. I kept up a tempo on the long downhill, but eventually my body just couldn't handle 150+rpm anymore. The group was well out of sight, and I sat up.

I rolled in with a friend who had been dropped as well from the pace. You know the field was strong when the KOM and 4th place rider at Mount Hamilton Road Race comes in off the back with you. We shook hands to a good try and rolled across the finish line. The good news was that I still finished at just about the top half.

In the end of the day, I may have gotten dropped, but I had an absolutely fantastic race. I stayed smart in the field, only went with the big moves, and came over the final climb in more than an excellent position, right next to a suffering 17-18's national champion! I learned lots as well at Patterson Pass. I got to learn more about positioning, and how sometimes in an extremely hilly race, the most important part may just be on the flats. I also got to go out and prove that I had the self control today to sit and chat in the back of the field when I needed to do so, and that I could be positioned at the front when it was truly crucial. So today, I made it one climb farther than I ever did before in a race like this. What's the next goal? Hang in for one more climb. That will be the same goal for the next few races, and eventually, I'll run out of climbs, and make it all the way to the finish; in first!

~Ben C

3. Dunnigan Hills Road Race

8/8/14

Yolo

Emily Abraham

13th Place

Dunnigan Hills Road Race

Senior Women Category 3

It was another early morning for the start of Dunnigan Hills. I hadn't done a road race since Nationals which was over a month before so I was concerned I didn't have enough miles in my legs of this race. I ate a nutritious breakfast before trying to get some sleep on the way to the race. When we arrived, I received my number from registration then put on my kit to begin warming up. It was chilly when I got on my trainer but I knew it would warm up quickly. I was feeling pretty good as I was spinning my legs but I was unsure of how I would be able to perform for a forty-two mile race. When I arrived at the start line and saw two other junior girls in my race, I told myself to just have fun and stay with the pack. When the whistle blew the race of about seventeen women began however it was neutral for a small section. Once we made the first left hand turn which was about a mile into the race, then the pace started to pick up. I was mid-pack kind of just hanging out and thinking about how I should approach this race. We started to get a pace line going and suddenly I found myself at the back with my friend Kristen, who is another junior. I hadn't seen her for a while so she starting asking me about Nationals and how the racing was going. The pace was still going pretty strong and I was nervous that they would take off while I was back there talking to Kristen but I didn't want to just ignore her. So I talked to her and paid attention to the race. After about two minutes, one woman attacked the field. Everyone sped up and I maneuvered my way towards the front. Suddenly I was fourth or fifth wheel when just a second before I had been at the very tail end. I decided I would stay there for as long as I could. We approached a few rollers and continued a paceline; I was fifth wheel and tried my best to hold my line because I knew another woman would quickly come around me to steal the wheel in front of me. At this point I looked down at my Garmin and saw that we had only gone about five or six miles. Wow I thought this is going to be one long race. Then we made a right hand turn to come on to the section that goes parallel with the highway. This part was windy and suddenly no one wanted to pull. We slowed down to fifteen miles an hour and just cruised along for that entire flat section which was at least three to four miles. As soon as we approached an overpass where we turned left, a woman from Metromint attacked. It was a slight descent that she attacked on and it totally caught me off guard. I should have known someone was going to attack but we had been going so slowly for so long that I wasn't ready when someone finally made the move. I pushed myself to hold on to a wheel but I was spinning out and couldn't stay with them. I watched as the peloton slowly moved away from me while I continued to try to make myself hold on. In a split second I was by myself, it's amazing how quickly that can happen. I continued most of the race on my own, time trialing it to try and catch up to someone. But eventually I got pretty discouraged and just wanted the race to be over. When I had

about ten miles to go two women, who had also been dropped, caught up to me. We worked together and paced lined to the finish. It was nice to have them to work with because those last ten miles seemed like forever. We sprinted to the line once we finally got there and one of them just barely beat me. Overall I'm glad I did this race, it was my first road race with the category 3 women so I still need more experience racing with them.

-Emily

Luke Lamperti

1st Place Dunnigan Hills Road Race- Districts Juniors 11-12

When I woke up the morning of Dunnigan Hills, I was ready to go. After eating we got in the car and left. It was about an hour and 15 minute drive. When we got there I put on my kit and put my bike on the trainer. After warm-up I took my bike off trainer and rolled to the start line and did roll out. The whistle went off and we were under way. I ended up on the front so I took a pull and went to the side and flicked my elbow. Nobody pulled through. So I looked back and everybody was there but they were not pulling so, bang I made a big attack. Now me and one other rider where off the front. We kept taking turns pulling until there was a little hill. At the crest I made an attack and was now all by myself with 6 miles to go. I was thinking of pedaling smooth and keeping a good hard pace that I could hold the whole time. I held and kept going until I saw the 1k to go mark then I picked up the pace a little bit and came to the line strong. I was supper excited to be the 2014 District Road Race Champion.

Luke

Isaiah Chass

1st Place Dunnigan Hills Road Race Juniors 15-16

When I arrived at the race I got registered and then drove over to parking. I saw my teammates Gianni and Luke and then set up my trainer with them. I pinned my number on and watched Luke's start. Then, I got on the trainer and warmed-up. After finishing my warm-up, I rode to the start and rode around a little and lined up. When the race started I got towards the front and waited for an attack. After going over the first overpass someone attacked so I got on a wheel that was pulling back the attack. I stayed towards the front because attacks kept being made. After about 10 miles a small group got off the front. When I knew that they weren't going to be brought back, I attacked and bridged up to them. I was in a group of about 7 and we were working pretty well together. When we came up to the feed zone I grabbed a bottle because I had lost one earlier. We were off the front for a few more miles, but then a group of 3 caught us. After they caught us, attacks started being made. I made an attack to try to drop some riders to get the group smaller again. The group stayed the same for the next few miles with 9 riders. A few more attacks were made but everyone was getting right on. With about 10 miles to go, I made an attack and got off the front, but I wasn't able to stay off for long. At this point we decided to leave it until the field sprint. I sat in

and waited until we went over the last overpass. I got on Luke's wheel and waited until the 1km sign. I stayed behind him until the 200 meter to go sign, where we were able to use the whole road. I sprinted around the left side, but I wasn't able to get passed the lead rider yet, so I got on his wheel, waited a few seconds, and then sprinted around him for the win.

Isaiah

Gianni Lamperti

4th Place Dunnigan Hills Road Race Juniors 15-16

Before the start we went to get our numbers then went to park. Then we got ready to go. I spun for about 15 minutes before I did a zone 3 and then a pyramid. I spun around the start line until about 5 min until the start. For the first few miles Tieno Duro attacked then kept countering. About the eighth attack we let one of the Tieno Duro kids stay off the front for about 20 minutes. The gap kept going from 10 to 30 seconds the whole time. When we caught him the pace slowed and there was a bunch of little attacks that did not stick. My stomach started to hurt and it was hard to stand because my bladder was so full. I then asked my teammate Luke and Isaiah to block well I pulled over for a second and went to the bathroom. I then jumped back in and rode as hard as I could to catch the group again. Once I got there I rested for a minute then jumped just to speed things up. They caught me. It was somewhat slow until about 8km to go and I then got a rear flat. I was able to change the wheel and caught back up with probably 3 kilometers to go. When I got back I was pretty tired from chasing back up to the group two times already. I was third wheel going into the sprint so I just sprinted hard and got 4th. I learned to not drink so much before a race so that you have to go to the bathroom. Overall it was a fun race and I will for sure do it again next year.

-Gianni

Ryan Clarke

Racing Age 18
Senior Category 3

26th Place Dunnigan Hills Road Race Senior Category 3

I've raced Dunnigan a few times in the Junior categories so this was my first time doing two laps with the senior category for a grand total of 86 miles. My teammate Ben came out to race so we decided early on to take turns going with attacks and try and ride into the break. Right off the start, I attacked to try and get an early group off the front, but the field wouldn't let anyone bridge up to me, so I sat up after a couple minutes. A couple half hearted attacks went and were covered easily by the field until Ben attacked and stayed off the front of the race for a solid 30 minutes solo. People kept trying to bridge, but the field wouldn't let them go. After we caught the chasers, the field would sit up and leave Ben out front. Finally he came back after what I knew

was an extremely hard effort just in time for the "hills" part of the course. Luckily it stayed relaxed and wasn't very hard at all. Starting the second lap a few guys attacked solo and one of them ended up the road while the rest came back. I started feeling sort of bad at this point, so I ate some more Clif bars and a couple gels and hoped that I would feel better before the hilly part again. Unfortunately, I didn't feel better, but the field just cruised through. We came out of the hills and two more guys attacked solo and still nobody wanted to chase. At this point, I was starting to feel a little better and Ben and I decided to ride the sprint finish for fourth place. We decided that because I ride better position in the sprint that he would sweep me and if I felt like I didn't have enough energy to win the sprint, we could quickly switch it to me leading out Ben. The field started to pick up the pace on the long straight toward the finish and about 10 miles from the finish a guy crashed in front of me and almost took me out with his bike. The field split a little bit, but nobody wanted to drill it so everyone caught back on. I was looking around for Ben trying to find him, but figured he was stuck near the back trying to move up. Little did I know, he had crashed, but luckily wasn't hurt so I set myself up for the sprint. I was too close to the front in the wind, so I slid back a couple spots and found a massive sprinter guy to ride behind and hopefully use him for a lead out. With three miles left, someone crashed in front of him causing him to go down in front of me and sending me somersaulting into a ditch on the side of the road. I miraculously landed on my feet with very minor scrapes on my elbow and a tire burn on my leg. I made sure the guy who went down in front of me was okay and we rode to the finish together. Definitely not the race Ben and I were hoping for, but we are so much better at communicating on the bike and riding in good position near each other than before and I'm definitely looking forward to racing with him some more.

-Ryan

Ben Cook

15, cat 3

DNF, Dunnigan Hills Road Race, Category 3

I got to race Dunnigan hills with my teammate and friend, Ryan Clarke. We had a very long race ahead, a total of 86 miles, and it was unfortunately all flat. The plan was to get one of us into the main break of the day. If the break had more than 5 people, we were both to be represented. If the break was not successful, then we would come back to the field for the field sprint. Ryan and I got registered, and headed back to the cars to get ready. I was in sort of a goofy mood that day, and decided to wear a skinsuit. Yes, I wore a skinsuit for 90 miles! Lucky for me Squadra makes a pocket in their long sleeve skinsuit, which is big enough for 4 hours of food, and even a little extra! I figured we were in Yolo County, where it was all flat anyways.

Once warmed up, we headed over to the start line. The official gave us the race instructions. Basically, it was all flat and there was a center line rule. There was not much else to this race! We were off with the whistle, and rolled over the first neutral bridge. Once across, the race was on. Ryan decided to pull the first move. He gained a solid gap as I waited in the field. However, after about 10 minutes, nobody had

decided to join Ryan, and he was caught. I had remembered at this point the rules of junior breakaways: 1. No junior can start a breakaway since nobody wants to chase a junior. 2. Juniors are encouraged to join the breakaway, and will often be given kudos because of his/her age and strength. 3. Juniors in breakaways are highly competitive, and will often get a result. 4. Two riders down the road are never dangerous. It is when the 3rd rider launches his attack that it is worth it to latch on. These are the noticeable points of juniors racing with adults that I have learned over the season. These will all typically stand to be true. Or at least, they remain true in my case.

With Ryan in the field, I gave him the rules. We decided to only join breaks. Near the front, we remained alert for launching attacks. It wasn't much longer before riders started heading down the road. Two riders up the road and two juniors in the field. The rider ahead of me launched his attack, and I jumped right on. Unfortunately, the riders down the road were already folding, and we blasted past them, putting me in a dangerous situation. However, within 5 minutes, my current breakmate spontaneously folded. He even told me so. "Sorry bud, I've got to go! Good luck!" As if he had a hot date to catch, my breakmate left me. With a fairly large gap, there was no reason to fold. I was about to break all of my rules. Fast forward 32 miles, an hour and 15 minutes, and a long time solo. Not one rider reached me! Strava revealed that I ended up getting almost a 3 minute gap all on my own :) Back in field, I got a few congratulations for my attempt. Ryan had me sit in and recover. We rested for about the next 35 miles, and eventually attacks started coming again. I joined a break of 4 for about 10 minutes, but we only hovered over the field before returning. Still 20 miles from the finish, moves would not stop going. Ryan had me go with as much as possible. Unfortunately, I ended up nowhere. 15 miles out, Ryan and I set up our lead-out. He would jump slightly early, leading me out. If he had the better legs, I would be set up perfectly to sweep for him. If not, he would be giving me the lead-out anyways, and I could jump around him for a result. 10 miles to go, we were both feeling fresh, and rode as a unit through the field. However, it wasn't long before I heard the clatter of bikes and screeching of tires before me. I braced for impact and hoped for the best. A pile of riders and bikes lay on the ground, and I hit it dead on. I was sent over the bars, but don't worry though; I landed on a "sprinter" built rider to cushion my fall! He was fine as well, thankfully. Stoked to be unscathed, I ran to pick up my bike and jump back in the race and catch up with Ryan. However, I took one look at my bike, and knew my race was over. With a rear flat, and a cracked rear wheel, I was stranded. No follow vehicle to support me, I waited on the side of the road for a VERY long time for a wheel. However, before heading to the side of the road, something else caught my eye. My friend from Squadra SF, Sean Henderson, was not getting up off the ground. Luckily, we had crashed right in front of the paramedics (What are the odds of THAT!?) and they were there to help him. Sean was rushed to the hospital. His bike left on the side of the road, the USAC moto ref allowed me to take Sean's undamaged wheel and ride it back, while Sean's bike and my wheel were sent back with the sag vehicle. I later found out that Sean broke his clavicle, and would be out for the remainder of the season.

Later I also found out that Ryan was involved in another harsh crash, taking him out of the race as well. Disappointed, I packed up my things and searched for my dad's car. Pulling up from the dirt parking lot came my father. I told him about our crashes, and made sure he knew we were all right. "Ok, glad you're not hurt. Wait here, I have to go take my podium shot!" Said my dad with a smile. My dad has been racing with the masters cat 4's, and WON his race today! That's right! So the day wasn't all that bad! In the end of the day, I had lots of fun, and learned a lot. Ryan and my lead-out looked very strong as well, so that was a plus. I was glad I could make it for most of the race, even if an hour and a half of that were minutes away from the field solo! My regards go out to Sean Henderson and the rest of the Squadra SF team, wishing him a quick recovery! I can't wait to be back racing with him next season.

~Ben C

Ethan Frankel

Age 16, Senior Category 4

22ND Place Dunnigan Hills Road Race Senior Category 4

It was a warm morning in Yolo County. I was a little worried about staying with the field on this very flat, 86-mile race. However, my teammate Ben Cook reassured me that it was easy to stay with the field because as a smaller but less powerful rider, you can just tuck into the middle and conserve energy. I was now confident that I could do well. I received my bib and prepared for the start. "Watch the nasty potholes," the race official announced seriously. Apparently there were some man-eating potholes. In no time, we were off.

The race started out mellow, and there were no attacks. I quickly went towards the front of the field, wanting to be ready for any attack. The race was 86 miles long and very flat, so I knew that if a break formed, then there wouldn't be a chase for a long while. I stayed near the front-middle, dodging the countless man-eating potholes and conserving energy. We went over some early rolling hills and 5 miles into the race, an attack came from just behind me. I hopped on and soon, a three-rider attack was established, we worked together to drive a furious pace and hold a five-second gap on the field, but we only lasted for a few minutes. Another rolling hill came up and we were swallowed back into the peloton. The next 35 miles were fairly uneventful. I stayed near the middle and no more attacks went.

In the middle of the 43-mile lap, something that I had never experienced before happened. A rider came from the back and started telling everyone that we were going to have a pee break. So at the top of the next hill, we had a coordinated break to do our business on the side of the road. No one was so unethical that they attacked, so the group stayed together. I had a CLIF Shot and some water. As the other riders were finishing their business, I started to roll slowly, along with a few others. I stayed in the front, holding around third place. We went over some short rolling hills, and we were still going at a fairly easy pace. We made a final right turn onto a 10-mile flat road that took us back to the start of the second lap. We picked up the pace a bit, and there were a few unnecessary surges, but we were still going easy. I dropped to near the

back of the field to get some rest. A Cat 2 racer had been dropped from his race, so he was hanging back with our field. I chatted with him and he gave a few pointers about how to accelerate more efficiently: keeping a high cadence and slowly accelerating to stay with the wheel in front, instead of surging like many of the Cat 4 riders do. I took his advice and worked on keeping my leg speed high, and I immediately found that I was conserving my energy much more. As we neared the end of the lap, he dropped off and I thanked him.

Then, we started the second lap with only 43 more miles to go. The pace immediately picked up, and we were again dodging potholes and bumps in the road. A mile into the lap, a car drove by and intentionally dropped a beverage directly in front of the field; a completely evil thing to do. Our race official chased after him on the motorbike, and thankfully no one crashed or was injured.

To get back to racing, the pace started to pick up steadily. We passed the first neutral feed zone a few miles into the lap, and I looked forward to receiving another bottle of water. I was running pretty low, and sadly, the rider in front of me took the very last bottle. I would have to wait 20 miles for the next one. For the next miles, the field stayed together pretty well, however there were many random surges that occurred when less experienced riders pulled through to take their turn at the front, and those surges dropped a few riders. I stayed near the middle to stay in contact with the field. A few minutes later, an attack went. The whole field chased and brought him back. We had a few more attacks but none got very far. We passed the next neutral feed zone and I finally got a water bottle. I had been constantly eating, but just after the feed zone, I ran out of food. After two CLIF bars, three Shots, and a packet of Bloks, I had run out. Okay, not good, but we only had a few more miles to go, so I thought that I could hold on and go for the sprint. Another attack went after the feed zone and this time a three-man break formed. They got a half-minute gap, but with 12 miles to go, we reeled them back. A few minutes later, we made the 90-degree turn onto the long straightaway. The pace suddenly picked up as more riders attacked. I raced to the front of the group, and we only had 8 miles to race. A break was quickly established, so a few front riders and I led the chase. They had a ten-second gap that was holding steady. I felt my legs burning and I was definitely losing steam. I tried to bridge the gap with an attack off the front of the main field, but they were quickly on my tail. I pushed for a few more seconds, but then I quickly dropped back. I took a one-second break, and I was suddenly in the middle of the twenty-strong field. I worked as hard as I could to stay with the field, but my energy was declining with only 5 miles to go. I was suddenly barely hanging on to the back. A few seconds later, I dropped off, maxed out.

Another rider who had been dropped caught me and we worked together for the next three miles. The field was dangling on the edge of my vision, just a minute or so ahead. We made the very last, sweeping right-hand turn with 1 km to go. I attacked the rider on the short climb over the overpass. I got away and stayed away. 500M to go and I was flying. I used my last reserves of energy and didn't look back to see how far behind the other rider was. 200M to go. I was out of my saddle and sprinting since

there was a possibility that he got back on. I sprinted to the finish a minute behind the field in 22nd position.

The race was very fun and challenging, and I felt that I was more aggressive than usual. I was hoping to stay with the group to finish in the bunch sprint, but didn't have the energy to hang on. I learned a lot during this race, about myself and strategy without a team. I was glad to have gotten some advice from a Cat 2 rider, and I also found my limits in terms of attacking. I had attacked in the last miles, but that ate up all of my energy. I could have finished in the bunch sprint if I had been more conservative and not done the work chasing down the break. I don't yet have enough power to hold on for a long time, but that will certainly come as I grow more. I also underestimated the amount of energy I would be using during this long but flat race. I should have brought some more food, but I now have more experience with a longer race.

-Ethan F.

4. Winters Road Race

8/23/14

Winters

Ryan Clarke

24th Place Winters Road Race Senior Category 3

Winters was a very fun race for me this year. I woke up bright and early at 4am, smiled, fist pumped, and thought to myself "YES! I get to race my bike today!!" I knew the short climb would be tough, but I was very optimistic about how I'd do. Ben and I were racing together again and we started near each other as we rolled out of the start. Ben had to take a leak within 5 min of starting the race. He couldn't figure out how to pee off his bike, so we stopped for 30 seconds and then chased back to the field without any problem. The race was pretty dull for the first half as far as tactics went. A couple small gaps on the descent left 8 guys and Ben off the front the first two laps, but they were brought back both times without any real scare. Starting the third lap, we passed and kept passing one of the other fields around 5 times before a moto made it to us and started to sort things out. He was right about to neutralize our field when someone attacked and left us unable to chase. A few minutes later we were able to race again, so I attacked hoping that once my field responded that the moto wouldn't let them pass the other field ahead giving me a gap to get over the climb and hopefully catch the other guy and out sprint him. I committed to the move 100% and unfortunately it didn't work out at all. I ended up getting caught at the base of the climb and had to chase down a 30 second gap on the flats before the finish. Another guy and I drilled it in the last few miles and caught the field around 1k from the line. I was gassed and there was no way I was going to help Ben sprint, so I stayed safe and crossed the line with the back end of the group.

-Ryan

Ben Cook

15, cat 3

9th Place Winters Road Race Senior Category 3

Winters road race is one of my favorite events on the calendar. I did it last year in the category 4's, and we did the same length as the 3's which was 72 miles. Last year, this was a huge test for me. I ended having a great time, placed well, and made it through the whole 72 miles feeling great. This year I was feeling very confident about the race ahead.

I lined up at the start with my teammate Ryan. Ryan and I have raced together for the last month or so, and were excited to come into Winters. Ryan is not the best climber, so for him the main goal would be to make it over the top of the climb intact, then give me a lead-out for the final sprint. We started off with about 65 riders. Once started off, Ryan and I stayed at the back of the pack, laughing and joking to keep the mood light. I would also get to race with my two friends, Jason and Brian. Jason and Brian raced for MuscleMilk/Specialized, and Jason was leading the category 3's California Cup points series. He was extremely strong, making a great team with Brian along his side. Jason and Brian lingered in the field until the base of the climb. The road began to wind and twist, with a slight downhill to the base of the climb. This created an ideal spot to get swarmed, so I made my way to the front early with Ryan. Jason and Brian were already on the front, as usual. Those two are so strong that they have the ability to stay on the front of a race, setting out their own comfortable pace, and still win in the field sprint. Brian did most of the pacemaking for Jason. Once climbing, the power climbers began to move around me, as typical. However, Cantelow Hill was a fairly long climb, and had a good few minute steep section on it. It was on the steeper sections that the heavier power climbers slid back, and I moved forward alongside Jason and Brian. I stuck right to Jason's wheel on the steep and twisty descent. There was a small split in the field over the top of the climb, and we held it onto the flats. I hung onto Jason as riders began to chase us. With about 5 riders off the front, we soon got into peline and began to hold our gap. However, with no riders from Limitless cycling represented, they got to the front of the field and pulled our group back.

I waited and rested in the field for another lap, and then repeated my strategy on the climb. Up at the front I knew Ryan was waiting back in the field. There was another big split on the descent. This time, we had a solid ten riders off the front! Soon in rotation, we had a solid gap. We actually ended up sticking all the way to the end of the lap, so for about 25 minutes. However, Limitless was obviously going for the field sprint, and their team brought us back again. They really were a strong squad to be able to bring a group like that back. Jason and Brian had tried for these moves as well, but we soon realized that obviously we weren't getting anywhere.

Over the course of the race, I had realized something important about Jason and Brian. They were always at the front, setting whatever pace was good for them. Fortunately, they were strong enough that it would create a fast pace for the rest of the riders in the race. I figured I would try to jump on in with them. Up the climb, I was one of the strongest climbers in the field, so I was able to stay in the front row and set

out my own pace! Those two really had a good idea there, and it helped me make all the splits and kept me feeling fresh. Once on the final flat to the finish, there were only about 20 riders left in our group. I began to find my position for the sprint with about 3k to go. I noticed that Limitless had a big lead-out train setting up on the side of the field. I recognized their sprinter, sweeper, lead-out man and pace-setter. I decided to make myself known, and bumped their sweeper off their sprinters wheel! From there I knew I was set for the sprint. Coming in to the final 1k, with the field swarming, Limitless and I were having a hard time getting to the front. I don't blame them; it was a very confusing sprint with a lot of riders stronger than us. However, I knew that staying put would be more beneficial to me than trying to freelance my position. I stayed on the Limitless train, holding my position on their sprinters wheel. Coming into the final 200m, riders started launching. I narrowly made it around the Limitless sprinter and came in for 9th place. Not on my goal of the podium, but I did land back into the top 10 once again.

At the end of the day, I had a lot of fun at Winters road race. I felt very strong, climbing at the front of the group and raced smart in the finish as well. I also learned about how to set my own pace when not feeling well, and how sometimes that can be beneficial. Winters road race remains to be one of my favorite races on the calendar, and I am looking forward to coming back next year.

Ben

Luke Lamperti

1st Place Winters Road Race Juniors 13-14

Go! And the race had started I made an attack got caught and then my teammate made a counter attack that got caught. My teammates and I sat in for a little while and then started attacking again. Finally, we had Isaiah off the front. Then I made an attack to bridge back to him. We took pulls once we had all 3 riders from our team off the front. Gianni had a bent derailleur from a rider hitting it. He could not shift suddenly, and then his whole derailleur fell off. There was nothing we or he could do so we kept ridding. We were at the bottom of the main climb when his derailleur snapped off so we kept going and ended up taking good enough pulls to stay off the front for the whole race. I took the win thanks to Isaiah for helping us stay off the front.

-Luke

Gianni Lamperti

DNF Winters Road Race Juniors 13-14

At the start I was excited because I knew that the race was going to be fun but yet hard. The course was my kind of course with some flats, power hills and some climbing. We started out neutral for the first mile or so until the race was on. Right from the go my brother attacked and got caught. It was followed by a counter attack from my teammate Isaiah, then from me. We all got caught but we figured out who was strong and who was not. My brother went again, but got away this time. I waited

until he was about 20 seconds up before I jumped and bridged the gap by myself. We stayed at about 20 seconds until Isaiah got drug up by a Tieno Duro rider. There were four of us and we were staying steady and all taking short pulls. We took a right turn and I looked back and saw my teammate and another rider behind him about 20 feet behind us. Behind him was a Moto ref that just had gotten there. About 15 seconds after he got there I drifted to the back planning to attack, however my brother made an attack. When I went to jump to get on the chase group, one of my teammates drifted into me and unfortunately, he went down. I was able to say up, but the inside of my derailleur cage snapped in half. I then had to just change from big to little ring in the front and my hardest four gears in the back. It split back up and it was my brother Luke, Isaiah and I. We had a good gap and they were not going to catch us. We turned right at the bottom of the main climb and I was going hard and not thinking, I went into an easier gear in the back and my derailleur got tangled in my spokes. I was pretty disappointed, but it's all part of racing. I hope I do a lot better next year.

-Gianni

Isaiah Chass

2nd Place Winters Road Race Juniors 13-14

When I showed up to the race, I got registered, and then started getting ready. I went out and warmed up on the road. When it was time, I rode to the start where I rolled out and then lined up. When the race official started us off no one went hard from the beginning because we had a neutral start. When we got to where the race "started" we had to wait for a few groups to go by before we could get onto the course. When we got on course Gianni made an attack but some riders got on his wheel. A few more attacks were made but didn't get off. After a few miles, I made an attack and got off the front. Then, Gianni got off the front and came up to me. We took turns pulling hard, and then another rider caught us. We all took turns pulling, and then Luke bridged up to us. There were now four of us. We all rotated pulling but after about a mile we got caught. The group stayed together for a while, until the roller section where Luke made an attack over the roller and got off the front. On the next roller I attacked and bridged up to Luke. We took a few pulls and then Gianni bridged to us. I was hurting but I managed to jump on Gianni as he came by. We pulled hard to open up the gap. We were able to get off, but as we came to the climb, Gianni's derailleur broke off. Now it was just Luke and I. Luke started to open up a little gap on me, so I worked hard to stay not too far behind. When we came to the feed station I was really hot, so I grabbed a bottle and poured some on my back. On the second part of the climb I couldn't see the group behind us. We rode hard over the top of the climb and after the descent I got on Luke's wheel. We were about 5 miles out now. Luke and I kept rotating taking turns pulling. We kept going hard and then we saw the 1km sign. I pulled through and made a hard pull and then Luke pulled through. Luke pulled to the finish and then took the win.

-Isaiah

Esteban Ramirez

DNP Winters Road Race

Juniors 13-14

At first I didn't know what to think about the Winters road race because I have never done one before and I was worried that I might run out of energy within a few miles. When I got there I was feeling nervous, but soon after I got my head in the game... kinda. I had just consumed three Shot Bloks and I felt like I had enough energy to keep up with the leading peloton, but the hard part was keeping up with them when they all started to breakaway and I had to use quite a bit of energy getting back to them only to do it again and again but I wasn't complaining... But I got really confused when Isaiah broke away and I was going slightly faster than the peloton and then Luke told me not go any further or something like that then Gianni went after him and I didn't know what to do so I just kept my speed gradual getting faster bit by bit trying yet to conserve as much energy as possible. I eventually fought up to them again, but this time when they all speed up it didn't go so swell. When Gianni attacked or something of sorts I tried to keep up of course; and then Gianni and I got to close and we both were teetering back and forth when my front wheel's spokes chopped off his rear derailleur and I lost control and ate the asphalt... So I crashed... Everyone does it at some point right? I was very disappointed in myself not because I lost the race, but because of all the damage I did to my bike and Gianni's. So I got into the chase car and rode in there until my parents picked me up. I was still kinda glad to have raced the race because if I didn't, I would've never found of what I need to work on the most now; making clean attacks and watching my space for potential crash obstacles.
- Esteban

5. University Road Race

8/18/14

Santa Cruz

Ethan Frankel

Age 16, Senior Category 4

19th Place University Road Race

Senior Category 4/5

After a well spent Saturday in Palo Alto, my family drove to the UC Santa Cruz campus for the University Road Race on a hot, sunny Sunday. I would be racing the Category 4/5's, a 45-mile race, consisting of 15 three-mile laps, with a hill then a descent. We arrived at the venue 1 ½ hours before the race, so I had plenty of time to relax before warming up. After registration and warm-ups, I was ready to race. I lined up at the front with a couple of other juniors that were also racing.

The race started quickly. From the gun, there were attacks off the front. I stayed at the front to watch and be well-positioned for any attacks. I was in third position out of 50-ish racers going over the top of the 500-foot hill and stayed in seventh on the descent. On the climb, I dropped back to the middle of the pack, and I could see that 10 or 15 had already dropped off of the pace. We finished the 3-mile loop quickly and kept ascending the hill. I stayed in around 20th position, but the pace was fast and there were many racers that kept dropping off. Near the top of the hill, I had dropped

to the back, around 25th position. I crested in pain, but managed to latch onto the wheel in front and ride it for the winding descent. I stayed in that position up the hill, but halfway up, I cracked and dropped back. I was in around 28th after I was dropped. I descended on my own, but I didn't gain a lot of speed due to a headwind and tired legs.

The next 7 laps were painful and tiring. A few riders passed me on the descents, but I made up the lost ground on the climbs. There was a neutral feed zone halfway up the climb, and I was grateful for the seven or so water bottles that I took to rehydrate and cool myself down. With 9 laps to go, the three leaders lapped me. I hung on to every wheel that passed me, and I tried to gain as much of an advantage from the much bigger riders that were descending past me.

With 5 laps left, I was dead tired and low on energy. After having some food, I felt better but was still struggling. Four laps to go. A rider passed me on the climb, just a hundred meters from the top of the hill. I latched on and stayed with him until the base of the climb, and then I attacked. It worked and I had the legs to completely drop him. I was in around 22nd place at that point with 3 laps to go. The leaders lapped me once again on the climb, and I was starting to melt in the heat. I dodged some potholes and tried to focus on each individual pedal stroke. A different rider passed me on the descent. I latched onto his wheel and attacked from the base of the climb, nearly finished with my third-to-last-lap. I shifted to my low gear and BAM! I was suddenly standing over my frame fixing my dropped chain. I stayed calm as the rider I had attacked passed me. In a few seconds I was back on my bike. Shoot, my shoes won't clip in. I tried forcing my cleats into the pedals, but no matter how hard I pushed, I couldn't get them to clip in. I was climbing with one leg at this point, trying to make up lost ground. Eventually, I violently shook my shoe with my foot and saw something drop out of the cleat. I clipped in and realized that the bolt had fallen out so the cleat was pivoting. I may as well have been riding with one shoe, because I couldn't pull up without my cleat sliding off the shoe.

I took a deep breath and focused on the last two laps. I took a bottle from the feed zone, took a few sips, dumped some water on my head, and tossed the bottle. I caught and passed the rider who had passed me on the earlier slopes of the climb, and I attacked the last meters to the top. He got onto my wheel and started to pass on the descent. I got onto his wheel for the benefit. I attacked at the base of the climb and got away easily. I was now in 21st position.

I passed another rider midway up the climb, then another near the top. He also took my wheel and we started the descent together. A few of the Pro women passed us, but my fellow Cat 4 rider used his bulk and momentum to carry us past them to the base of the final climb. I attacked and got away. I could see three or four riders just a hundred meters ahead of me, but they were just a hundred meters from the uphill finish. I accelerated for the last 200 meters and was just a second away from catching them, but I came in just behind in 19th overall and 11th of the Cat 4s, although I only did 13 laps.

University was an interesting race that was more of a circuit than road race. I was feeling good mentally, but my muscles were tired. I couldn't hold on to the front

group for more than a few laps, but as I grow and increase in speed, that will become easier. My racing was a little jumpy: I would sometimes slow down on one lap and race faster on the next lap. I noticed that I had much faster lap times with a competitor racing with me, instead of soloing where I had a much slower time. By staying with someone, I was able to improve my speed, and that was mainly my mental abilities. I am excited to race some more circuit-like races next year and to see how I can improve my speed.

-Ethan F.

Emily Abraham

10th Place University Road Race

Women P1/2/3

When I saw this race on the NCNCA webpage, I decided to race this one instead of the red kite criterium which was the same day. Based on my race at Dunnigan Hills road race the weekend before this one, I had a feeling I would be struggling to hold on with the rest of the pack. However I was still excited to race in this one because my start time wasn't until past noon, I would be racing with the pro women, and the course was through the campus of UC Santa Cruz.

I got to sleep in a little on the morning of the race then we headed to the course around eight am. The drive was only a little over two hours so it wasn't too bad. It was turning out to be a beautiful day when we arrived, nice and sunny with a view of the ocean. This was a bit of a different road race because the course was only about three miles long which made it like a circuit race but we were supposed to do fourteen laps. About ten minutes to our start, the nine other women and I lined up for our start. We were going along at a good pace when the race began, not too hard but still pushing it up the hill. The course was a gradual uphill then a small steep section, a long descent, then another gradual uphill to the start/finish. On the first lap I was feeling good, but when we started our second lap, that first gradual uphill was already hurting. I knew I could easily be dropped on the descent if I didn't tuck into the right position. I grabbed a wheel and managed to stay on with the other ladies. The next lap was rough but I push my way up the climb and was able to keep up. The hard part about this course is that it's constantly either up or down, no flats. Coming up on our fourth lap I couldn't hold on any longer, I thought I was the only one. But suddenly I saw the entire pack (of only ten girls) spread out. So thankfully I wasn't by myself. I ended up with three other girls and we pushed ourselves to finish the race. It was clear that the other three women were feeling great but wow I was hurting. But I forced myself to not drop off; the last thing I wanted was to be out there suffering by myself. Eventually we lost track of how many laps we had done, and the officials totally messed up the lap cards. Suddenly we only had one lap to go when we were only at thirty miles; we were supposed to have done forty two miles so we definitely weren't on our last lap. Since the other categories had already finished, the officials made us finish as well. I was disappointed that the officials didn't allow us to do the whole race but I sure was happy to be done.

-Emily

6. Suisun Harbor Criterium

8/10/14

Suisun City

Tomas Saldana-Mitre

9th Place

Suisun Harbor Crit

Elite 4/5

This was a race that I was looking forward too because I had been building up to it and working on my sprinting because I knew it was a very short course. I wanted to use this to my advantage so I planned to attack on the backside of the course which was notoriously windy and decreased riding speed drastically. I attacked early to move up in the group and also to feel out the attitude of the peloton. The race was pretty smooth from then on, no one crashed, and overall everyone was comfortable with everyone else. Then with about 6 to go Squadra decided to use it's overwhelming presence to attack and they sent rider after rider after rider off the front to break up to group until only those who chased or who were able to hold on were left. I then attacked with around 4 to go and had a Squadra rider bridge to me at which point I realized he was just there to slow me down so I stayed on his wheel until to the pack was on my wheel and I attacked again. Finally I was caught with 2 to go and I was able to avoid a crash on the last corner and consolidate a 9th place.

-Tomas

6. Giro di San Francisco

9/1/14

San Francisco

Tomas Saldana-Mitre

20th Place

Giro di San Francisco

Senior Category 4/5

This was home turf, and I was ready to fight for it. I knew the course was rough but included a short climb that I knew I could use to attack with, so I attacked on it. From the start the pace was high, nerves were uneasy, and the course was riddled with cracked road and sinking pothole covers. To make it even worse, people who felt they were dropped on the climb made crazy attacks on the descent which endangered many people because the turn at the bottom was sharp and also a pretty rough turn. I attacked and tried to break away but it was a fast field and I really had to work to even get a few seconds on the peloton. Finally on a prime lap I found myself on the wheel of two Mikes Bikes riders who were determined to win the prime. I was able to hold the wheel until the last 100 feet when I jumped on the right and shot my bike forward and luckily stole the prime with less than a foot between us. After that the race was crazy fast and Brad Butterfield was able to sneak into the lead of the peloton on the last few laps and place 6th. On the last lap 2 crashes occurred and almost took me out but I was able to hold on to the back of the leading group and grab 20th place and mostly a great race which proved climbs split groups and I also saw how strategic climbs can be.

-Tomas

Emily Abraham

11th Place Giro di San Francisco

Senior Women Category 3

I think the Giro is one of my favorite races of the season. It's usually the last race that rounds up my season and it's always a blast. I was really excited for this race because I had no pressure, just have fun! I had already started running for the cross country season so I was ready to bring my cycling season to a close. It ended up being a beautiful and hot day in the city which is unusual for the Bay Area. My start time was at nine thirty so it wasn't too hot yet but it wasn't cold either. I felt excited as I was getting ready for my race but also a bit sad that I wouldn't get to feel the anxiety and adrenaline of a bike race for another five months. After pinning on my number and kitting up, I hopped on the trainer for a decent warm up. My legs were tired but after doing some spin-outs and pyramids, they were feeling much better. At nine fifteen, I headed over to my start. It was a pretty good turn-out for a women's category 3 race with about seventeen of us. As soon as the race began, I felt out of place. I hadn't raced a criterium since the end of July so it took me a few laps to realize what I was supposed to be doing. This course is a lot of fun, with a small incline and fast section on the backside of the course. Although the roads are rather bumpy, it's still a ton of fun. I remember not being very confident on cornering when I did this race last year, but this time I was able to go through most of them without breaking. I definitely learned how to corner better from the San Rafael Twilight Criterium back in July. Before the race, I told myself to just sit in and have fun but if I feel good enough to go for a prime. About half way through the race, I did decide to move up to the front. I pulled for a lap then attempted to sprint for a prime but I wasn't quite in the right position. With three laps to go, I knew I needed to move up. I was surprised by how good I felt and I actually thought I had a chance in placing. Although I was very unsure of how my legs would do in the final sprint. I wasn't quite placed where I wanted to be on two laps to go. I was fourth wheel instead of second but I was still happy that I was closer to the front. On the last lap, I was right up there at second wheel until those last two turns where everyone bunches up. Coming into the last corner, before the straight away to the finish, I was still second or third wheel but then people cut the corner instead of holding their line in order to get a better position for the sprint. By then my legs were toast, I stood up to sprint but the other women already had too much of a gap on me. I'm not disappointed with this race at all, other than the fact that I think I could have raced smarter. There were quite a few sketchy moves that occurred throughout the race but I'm happy everyone was able to finish up-right. I had a blast finishing up my season with this fun criterium. Hopefully next season will be as good as this one was!

-Emily

Tomas Saldana-Mitre

29th Place

Red Kite Omnium Championships

Senior Category 4

It was a very hot day and I saw some faces I recognized in the peloton so I figured it would be a great day to go in the break. The race atmosphere from the start was antsy and nervous and people were shouting at other people trying to correct them and overall I didn't like it. Then some guy looked at me and yelled, "Watch your line!" I guess he didn't notice that I was smashed in between both pace lines and riding literally on the yellow plastic reflectors on the road. I had waited long enough and this comment was all I needed to justify a good strong attack on the peloton. I waited until the group rounded the next corner and I jumped. I went hard and powerful using every ounce of energy I had to push a high and steady pace. Eventually I had a HUGE gap, but only realized when I finally looked back and couldn't see anybody. But as every race goes, you get tired, and that I did. Within a half a lap another small group bridged and pushed a high pace trying to secure a good attempt at the upcoming prime. They all jumped out of their saddles and attacked for the line. Luckily I had noticed their shuffling beforehand and sneakily stole the prime for myself! It was going good and the legs felt pretty good so I decided to attack again later with 5 to go and was joined with 3 to go by a rider who also was committed to the attack. He and I took long hard pulls and were able to stay away for a good lap and a half when all the sprinters started attacking and totally ruined the pace we had going. I was empty by the last corner and tried my best to save my effort in a good placing but was only left with 29th. It was a great race anyway.

-Tomas

8. MT Tam Double Century & Marin Century

8/2/14

San Rafael

Ethan Frankel

Age 16

38th Place, Mt. Tam Double Century 2014 (August 2, 2014)

Friday, August 1st

"One more day," I thought to myself as I woke up in the late morning. I prepared for my (summer) commute to work in the city. I took it easy on the way in, saving my energy for the race the next day. After six hours in SF, I effortlessly rode back home. Then, my dad and I drove to San Rafael at 4:30 to register for the ride. I received my bib numbers, met some nice volunteers, and then we left to get ready for the next day. I arrived home to homemade lasagna and salad, then cleaned up my bike, packed, and got ready for the morning.

Saturday, August 2nd

4:00 a.m.: My eyes snapped open. I hopped out of bed, ready to go. I changed quickly and had a small breakfast. The hardest part was putting on my functional heart rate monitor, but it jolted me awake and gave me a surge of adrenaline. My dad then drove me to the start in San Rafael. I quickly got my bike ready, lights on, and helmet strapped. Then I rode to the start fifteen minutes before 5. It was busier than I had anticipated it to be. There were around four hundred at the starting area, and most of the riders were already lined up at the start. I picked up a map at registration, and then lined up mid-field. I saw a lot of strong riders, and a handful of Triple Crown winners. I was intimidated, but I stretched out my legs and slowed my breathing to relax. I turned on my lights, and at 5:00 a.m. sharp the flag was dropped and we were off.

The first mile was full of stoplights and signs, but we had a Highway patrol escort so we blew by those. I slowly advanced through the field, slipping into the slipstreams of as many bigger riders as I could to get the most advantage. By the end of the fourth mile, I was sitting comfortably in about 30th position. At mile six, the early slopes of the first hill in Lucas Valley started. There were attacks off of the front, and the pace was high on the first 400-foot hill. Riders that had started in the front were rapidly dropping back. As the hill started to steepen, I realized that I was behind the front group by 10 seconds. I accelerated and quickly bridged the gap. I sat in the back of the lead group of about 20. Then the first descent began. Some of the riders in the back of the group were taking the descent too cautiously to stay in contact, so by the time the descent was over I was in 10th position.

The next miles were pretty flat and there were a couple of attacks that didn't get far. I had never attempted a double century race before, and I wasn't sure how it was going to play out. Apparently, the fastest riders wanted to get as far from the main field as they could, in order to get a high placing. I was not as intent on winning as I was on surviving my first double. Therefore, the pace was kept high and there were only a few riders controlling the pace. I stayed near the front to catch the action, and as we took a sharp left turn, I moved into 5th. There were a few riders who, for some reason, wanted to take my position and there were a few instances where I was pushed back to 7th or 8th, but I stayed up front.

We stayed on Nicasio Valley road for a few miles. There were a handful of short hills, and a couple of other riders were dropped. We neared the left-hand turn onto Sir Francis Drake Blvd. and the group was down to about 15 riders. There was a final descent before making the turn, and a solo breakaway rider was 10 seconds in front. I rode to the front to stay ahead of any more attacks. We rounded the 90-degree bend and I took the corner tightly and quickly. I rocketed to second place in the group and third overall. The soloist was caught in short time, but he began to set the pace in the group. He was pushing hard on the flats and I was pushing zone four just to stick on the wheel in front of me. In no time, we were at the bottom of White's Hill, a short 300-foot climb. The speed was fast and I was struggling to keep up. As we rounded the final corner to the top, I let five riders pass me. My legs were burning and I was desperately waiting for it to be over. There was a tiny gap between the seventh and

eighth riders, so I jumped in and ignored the screaming of my legs. I pushed my limits as the peak of the climb approached, but was able to keep an eighth overall position. Then the descent began.

A couple of riders passed me, but I was still top 10. It was pretty flat for the next couple of miles into Fairfax, but at mile 20, the climbing began. On the early slopes of Bolinas-Fairfax Road, the pace slowed, but I carried my momentum up and was suddenly in fifth. The pace picked up, but for the first couple of miles I was able to hang on. Then at around mile 23, I cracked and dropped back. I was spit out the back and took into account that I still had 175 miles left. There was still a couple of miles left of climbing before descending down to Alpine Dam, so I kept a good, steady pace for the rest of the climb. The SAG wagon passed me near the end of the climb, and I smiled for the cameras at the top of Pine Mountain. There was a rest stop there, but I surpassed it to save time. I descended to Alpine Dam quickly. There were a couple of short hills on the way down, where I accelerated, but the overall descent did not take long. I arrived at the dam and prepared myself for another long climb.

I've ridden the second part of Bolinas-Fairfax Road countless times, but this climb was by far the hardest. I hit the climb going full speed, but I was nearly at a standstill when I hit the steeper sections. My legs burned and I was tired, but I pushed forward. The climb seemed to go on forever, and two riders passed me on the way up. I accelerated through the top of Bo-Fax road, and then began the 7 Sisters, a series of short but tough hills. Over these, I took it relatively easy to save some energy for the next 165 miles. I reached the Rock Springs parking lot at 7, and began the 3-mile climb to East Peak and the first rest stop. Again, I took the climb slower to conserve energy and ate a Clif Shot. On the way up, I saw the pack of about 20 riders descending, probably close to 10 minutes ahead. I paced myself to the top and came in around 7:20. I filled up my bottles quickly and hopped back on my bike. I then descended riskily, focusing on my cornering. There were many riders still ascending as I came down.

It was then a long, foggy, and very cold descent down to Muir Woods. I sadly got stuck behind a car that would not let me pass, so anger and adrenaline built up inside of me. I narrowed my focus to descending quickly and trying to gain time in the race aspect of the Double. At the bottom, around mile 50, there was another checkpoint and rest stop. I happily ate some fruit and replenished my energy levels. The next 10 miles took me into Stinson Beach. A small group of three riders blew past me on one of the climbs to Stinson. I accelerated and latched onto the back. Then there was a mile-long descent into Stinson. Another rider and I dropped the other two on the descent, but as the road flattened, we regrouped and kept an organized pace line.

At mile 60, the road pitched upwards and I bonked. I quickly downed a CLIF Shot and CLIF Bar, and tried to get through the fatigue and tiredness. I counted down the miles of rolling hills: 61, 62, 63... until 71. Only one mile until the next stop! I was falling asleep and ate another Shot and Bar. The rolling hills were never-ending, and very exhausting. Then, in Point Reyes, I was rewarded with the sight of platters full of food. I chatted with a few of the riders and volunteers and had a warm, chocolaty

chocolate croissant, as well as some other food items. Then it was another 130 miles to go. I soloed for a while, crossing over from Point Reyes to Petaluma. I was still very tired, and eventually an echelon of around ten Double Century (DC) riders passed me. I latched on to the back and we continued in a pace line for a few minutes. We passed the Nicasio Valley Reservoir and began the regular Century route. After we hit the intersection, another group of about 10 caught up with us, so we were now twenty-strong.

The road pitched up and a 300-foot climb began. We had barely started the climb and the group split. I was near the front when we split, but the other riders in front were going a little too slow. I attacked with a quarter-mile to the top and crested with a twenty-second lead over the leading riders of the group. I descended with a little more caution and I hit the flats with only a ten-second gap. I time trialed for a minute on the flats, and then the group (which had gotten back together) caught me. I attacked again to see if I could get a few others to form a break. No one did, and I was again caught. I chatted with a few of the riders for a roundabout ten minutes.

The pace started to pick up, and the group was down to fifteen. There was another short climb, and again I attacked. I reached the top with a ten second gap. I descended and as I hit the flats, I was again pulled back into the group. The group rode at a moderate pace for another few minutes, and another short hill came up. I attacked, and I got away from the fifteen-strong group with another rider. We worked together for ten minutes, and we had a steady one-minute lead. Another rider bridged and the three of us worked through the small rolling hills and flats. A minute later, a second rider bridged, and we increased our tempo. We had a solid two-minute gap by the time we entered the town of Petaluma. We had to cross a busy street, so we waited for a minute before we were able to cross. We rode through the town and then were caught by the rest of the group as we reached the next rest stop. After a short five-minute break another DC rider and I left together.

The sun was shining brighter at midday and I was starting to heat up. The other rider and I worked together and chatted for an hour, enjoying the scenery, CLIF Bars, and CLIF Shots. Eventually, we caught another DC rider along the way to the next Valley Ford rest stop. My odometer hit 100 along the way and I mentally celebrated this small victory. The three of us worked well together and we sped through the flats, rolling hills, and short climbs. At mile 115, and 5 to go until the next stop, a steep hill loomed above. I was starting to fatigue, so I dropped back and had a CLIF bar beforehand. I then charged up the 300-foot, steep climb. Just a few feet from the top, I passed my brother and dad, who were riding the regular Century. I slowed down to talk with them. "See you at Valley Ford in a mile," I said to them once we reached the top. I descended the last mile to the rest stop. I chatted with my dad and brother, and caught up with a few friends.

After taking a 20-minute break, I finally got on my bike and started to ride the Coleman Valley Road. Instead of surpassing the rest stop or at least taking a short break, I lost a handful of minutes on my fellow DC riders/racers. There was a multitude of short hills before starting the Coleman Valley loop, and I took it easy to conserve energy for the next 80 miles. 5 miles later, I was riding along the foggy Sonoma County

coast. Then the climbing began. It was a steep, grueling, foggy climb to the top of Coleman, and I couldn't have been happier to reach the peak and also see sunlight. After the crest, it was a twisting descent down to the next checkpoint. After clearing out the oranges that the rest stop offered, I restarted my journey on the saddle. I finished off the descent, and then there were three short hills, which I attacked, naturally. I caught another rider on one of the hills, and we played cat and mouse for a few miles. Once the hills and descents ended, it was a flat, windy road back to the Valley Ford rest stop. I had a 15-second advantage over the other rider going into the flat section, but he quickly caught and passed me. I let him go and took my time on the way back. The next 15 miles were windy, flat, hilly, and exhausting. From the rest stop, it was flat until a steep, short hill, then flat for a mile, then a hill, then flat. Not to mention there was also a strong headwind. I soloed these fifteen miles, but barely in zone 3. Four or five DC riders passed me around mile 155, but I kept my own pace and let them go. As I approached the 160-mile mark, I prepared myself for the next big climb: the Marshall Wall. I was passed by a Triple Crown jersey-wearer, and I latched onto his wheel for a couple of miles.

Before I knew it, we were making a sharp left into a towering climb. I shifted down eagerly. "Here we go!" I exclaimed to the rider as I accelerated past him. I was rocketing up the hill, getting into a steady rhythm. I blew past three of the riders who had passed me earlier. My heart was pounding in my ears and my legs were moving on their own. The road underneath me was a blur and the peak was near. I looked up and glimpsed the top. Another rider was 200 meters ahead of me, but only 100 from the top. Teeth gritted, I accelerated one last time to push past him right as we hit the top. We greeted each other, and I looked ahead to see what was next. Great, another short hill. I attacked. I reached the top with hardly anything left in the tank. I looked ahead of me and saw another short hill. I attacked. Finally, a nice descent for me to regain some energy and recover. I bombed down the hill, and then it flattened out for a short time. And in a minute, I was upon the final rest stop at Walker Creek.

After replenished my fuel tank, chatting with a few other riders, and watching for the four riders I had passed on the climb, I headed off to finish the last 30 miles. It was already 4 pm, and my goal was to finish by 6:30. I had to get moving, especially with my legs as dead as they were. The last part of the route was mostly flat, but I would be climbing the same hills that I had descended earlier that morning. I time trialed the flat parts with one goal in mind: don't let anyone catch me. The roads were smooth, but the headwind was killing me. I thought about each pedal stroke and focused on riding. One two three four, two two three four, three two three four... I counted in my head. I hardly noticed the hills and by the time I focused on my location, I was in Nicasio and only 10 miles from the finish. I charged through the forest and hit the final climb with as much momentum as a 100-pound teenager could. I descended with caution, time trialed on the flat Lucas Valley Road, and found myself just a few blocks from the finish. Three riders were ahead of me. It was now a race to the finish for me. I had just enough energy to pedal past them and finish in 38th. I regrouped with my family and checked in at the finish booth. After a hearty dinner and some talking with other people at the venue, I was glad to go home and slip into my bed for a solid 15-hour slumber.

The Death Ride, which I had completed three weeks prior, had pushed me physically and shown that I was able to mentally control my physical pain and suffering. However, the Double Century had been the opposite. I was more physically fit and prepared, but less mentally so. The race pushed me to the limits mentally, but I was very glad that I had overcome this challenge. My two main summer rides had been fun, challenging, and rewarding. The balance of fitness both mentally and physically is essential, and I had just enough to get me through each of these trying endeavors. Next year is for the win!

-Ethan F.

Elliot Frankel

Age 11

Marin Century 2014 (August 2, 2014)

I woke up at 6am, which was the earliest I had and would wake up this summer, to do just another ride. Except for the fact that it would be the longest ride I'd ever done by almost 40 miles. I did all the stuff that I do before a ride including taking a shower, changing, and bike maintenance and drove over to San Rafael, where the ride started. I took my trusty, heavy, annoying, small, unreliable Felt off the bike rack. I registered, hung around the starting area for a little bit, and then started my 106-mile journey with my father.

The first part of the ride, for like 70 miles, it was the kind of riding I'd done a million times before. Some climbing, flats, and rollers though Petaluma, Valley Ford, and out to the coast. I was going at a moderate pace throughout the ride. The only thing that was different was that it felt like it was -20° for the first 2.5 hours and I was only wearing 1 millimeter-thick spandex covering just my upper body and thighs. No arm or leg warmers thanks to some bad planning by my Dad and me. But even though I was freezing, I pushed through until the sun also did.

For that first part, there were 3 rest stops. They had a lot of different food including fruit, goldfish, crackers, CLIF bars, and drinks. I always had some of each when I stopped at the rest stops. After each of the rest stops, we hopped back on our bikes, reenergized.

I kept riding until I hit a wall at about mile 70. Most people call it the Marshall Wall. Before I got to Marshall Wall I; a.) didn't know it was Marshall Wall and b.) was expecting a brick wall (not actually, I mean I was expecting a big, steep hill). What I found when I got there was The Marshall Bump. I climbed up the "wall" (or "bump") at a quick but steady pace. As I was powering up the hill and passing the other riders, I inspired them by making them think, "If a tiny kid can do it on a mini bike, I can do it." After my training ride that I had done 2 weeks before, the hill seemed pretty flat. After I crested the hill and descended to the rest stop at the bottom, everyone was like, "Wow, that small kid is doing the century. How old are you?" It was pretty cool to be so popular. A pastor from Vallejo was so inspired by me that he took a picture with me and was going to talk about me in his sermon the next day. I had also gotten about

287 comments during the ride. I finished the rest of the ride with no problem. I have to admit, it was nice getting off the bike after 106 miles. For me, this experience was amazing and fun. Also, as I get stronger, I will strive to go faster and push harder every year.

-Elliot

8. Annadel MTB Race

8/16/14

Santa Rosa

Gianni Lamperti

5th Place

Annadel XC MTB Race

Juniors 18 & under

On the morning of the race we parked at the finish line and rode downtown to the start. After we got there we kept riding through and took the bike path down a few more miles to warm up. When we rode back it was about 8:30 so we went to the front and just sat there until the race started at 9:00. At nine o'clock sharp the lead car took off fast and we were ripping down Sonoma Avenue. We passed it and hit the dirt that goes into the park. It was incredibly dusty because I was about 30 people back. I started moving up a lot to try to not have people that bottleneck on the single track. The people in front of me still did but at least not as bad. I was in about zone 4 going up Richardson, pretty hard. When I got to the top I started to go down North Burma and I could not see because I had just got new contacts and I decided to wear them for the race, which was not too smart. It was the same for the rest of the race, but I still kept passing people which was good. From the top of Ridge down to Canyon I had to take it easy because I could not see so well. I ended up 5th in my age. I still had a fun race though and I hope to have as much or more fun next time.

-Gianni

Luke Lamperti

1st Place

Annadel XC Race

Sport Open

Bang and the race was off. We had a ways of road before we hit dirt. It was a struggle to stay with the front group on the road. When we hit the first section of dirt it was a climb. I was on the front group but started to drop off on the little climb. From there I rode at a steady pace all the way to the first big climb. When we hit the first big climb I picked up the pace and rode near my max. I then took a hard right turn on North Burma and rested as I went down. From there I went almost as hard as I could all the way to the final descent. I knew that for me to do good I had do drill all the way to the line. So I went hard down the descent to get to the flat before the finish in first for my class. It was only 5 minutes to the line so I drilled the whole way and was happy to win my class.

-Luke

Isaiah Chass

3rd Place Annadel XC Race Sport Men Open

When I got to the race, I put my number on my bike, pumped up my tires, and got ready. Then, I rode to the start, which was a few miles away, to warm up. After getting to the start, I still had a lot of time before staging, so I went out and warmed up for about 20 minutes longer. When I got back, staging was just starting, so I got right into the second row. I waited for about 20 minutes until the start. When the race started, I couldn't get clipped in, so I got passed by about 30 riders. Once I got clipped in, I started sprinting around the outside to make up places. I got back to where I was before, and I was pretty far up. After the 3-mile stretch of Summerfield Ave we got to the dirt. After going through Howarth Park, I realized I was going too hard, so I eased up a bit. I was with a few other riders coming onto Channel Drive, and I hung with them until Richardson, where I just couldn't hold that pace anymore. I knew at this point I had gone too hard the past few miles. On the first half of Richardson, I wasn't riding with anyone because I was in between groups. Towards the top of Richardson, a few riders caught me, so I rode with them to North Burma. Going into North Burma there were some riders a few hundred feet ahead of me. I couldn't stay with them, so I was by myself until South Burma. A rider passed me on South Burma so I got on his wheel and then rode with him for a little bit. Then, another rider came by that I knew was strong, so I got on his wheel and passed a few riders. I rode behind him until he turned onto the long course and I stayed on the short course. Then, I rode behind someone else until Ridge, but I couldn't stay with him, so I was by myself again. I tried to keep him in eyesight but I wasn't able to. When I got to the descent on Marsh I started sprinting to make up some time and catch some riders. I went all out down Marsh and Canyon, and when I got to the bottom of Canyon, I locked out my fork, and then started sprinting to the finish. When I could see the finish line, I stood up and sprinted a little harder to get to the line.

-Isaiah