

## March 24, 25

### SPRING CITY CYCLING CLASSIC ORLANDO, FLORIDA

This weekend, the Myogenesis Nutrition pb Landmark Dodge would run split squads. There were three races in the Southeast this weekend, the aforementioned in the title, Spring City Cycling Classic, formally known as The Festival of Speed. The Georgia Cup, in Gainesville, Georgia, and the inaugural Tour De Tuscaloosa, in Tuscaloosa, Alabama. I'm here to report on the goings in the land of GIANT mice.

Let me first start my report by telling a little story.....Friday night, I was out with a couple of buddies, doing an easy spin around, to loosen the legs up. We rolled up to a traffic light, came to a stop, sat and waited. The light turned green, we went to pull off, and I looked back to make sure my buds were there, only to see one of them laying on the ground!??? Of course, I started rolling, because I was starting to realize what had happened, couldn't get out of the pedal-fall on the ground in slow motion-still not able to get out the pedal because of his own weight, other buddy trying to pick him up, while he is still clipped in. Ok, funny enough? It get's better. Once my buddy got up and got going, he started begging me, don't tell anyone, don't tell anyone, don't tell anyone.....SO I PROMISED I WOULDN'T, that's why his name isn't in here. So here's the punch line...after saying don't tell anyone, there was an Atlanta Police Officer at the intersection, and being the ever vigilant officer that he should be, got on his P.A. and proceeded to announce over it, "I saw everything, and I'm going to tell". I about fell off of my bike!!

The above story should have been a clue to what was about to go down. Early Saturday morning, the Orlando crew (Brady, Jon, Casey and Ryan) along with the dude that fe.....I said I wouldn't call him out, so I'll stop right there, Curt. We arrived in Orlando around 2 in the afternoon for an 8 o'clock twilight crit around the bar district. The course was a FLAT, four corner, rectangle, with a long drag race down the start/finish.

Our buddy Curt was racing in a race several before ours, so we were in turn two,

watching Curt get it on. About five laps into his race, I looked over to our team van, where all our bikes were displayed nicely, leaned up against the van, to check on them visually. Good thing I did, because just as I did, I noticed a maroon car turning around at the blocked intersection....with two bikes hanging out of the trunk. In a matter of .000034863 seconds, my mind took in that information, I think the fact that it was two American Classic 420's, (which happen to be the choice wheel of the Myogenesis guys) mounted on forks, that from my vantage point were mostly black (kinda what the forks look like on our Blue Competition Cycles RC-7's), hanging out of the trunk, tripped a flag. My eyes went from the trunk, immediately to the van, took a quick count, and came up two short! I immediately took off running. Now remember, I was sitting on the inside of the course, and by all accounts, when I took off running, I ran out of my flip-flops I was wearing, leaving them in the middle of the course, and ran right in between a split in the race that was going on. I never saw them. So here I am running barefooted down a road in Orlando, chasing a car, that has two of our bikes in it. A friend of ours, who had just finished racing, saw what was going on, and took off in a full out sprint on her bike, and likewise, as I did, took off straight through the middle of the race that was going on, after the car. SHE CAUGHT THEM three blocks later at the intersection!! She not only caught them, but I guess in order to stop them, she rode in front of them. It stopped them alright, but not until after they tried to run her over. This whole scene was taking place right in front of two patio dining areas. Several of the patrons, along with one of the local business owners, came out to the intersection to help out. Cops called out.



Three dillholes (above) being charged with 2 counts each of Felony Grand Theft, because of the value of the bikes, and the driver is being charged with Felony Aggravated Assault as well for trying to run Gina over. Ok, we got the bikes back, an hour before the start of our race. We took off as fast as we could for the hotel, so we could put on our Garneau kits, and get ready for the ensuing battle. Alright, trying to get focused, mind back in the game, warming up, Jon breaks a cleat 20 minutes before the start...5 miles on the other side of the course from the hotel. With 20 minutes until race time, he had no time to change the cleat, so he grabs one of Curt's shoes, a size 42 and Jon wears a 46, and one of Curt's pedals, a Shimano pedal, and Jon runs Speedplays. SO now Jon has a shoe on that is 4 euro sizes to small, and two different pedals. I've got blisters on my feet from running barefooted down the road..things are looking REAL good for us. So on to the race. There was some heat present. Aerospace had a full complement in its quiver. Herbalife, out of Miami, had like 48 guys in there, Preferred Alliance, another strong Florida team, had a full squad. The race started fast, as expected, with several attacks taking place. A break finally got established. The break of 7 managed to stay away for well over half of the race. Preferred Alliance brought their guys to the front, and the chase was on. All of us stayed up front, lending assistance to the chase. The break gets caught with 4 to go. Good for us, with

primarily a sprint type squad present. We managed to come in with 5th (Casey), 14th (Jon) and 21st (Ryno).

Alrighty, Crit in the bag, so we take off to get something to eat. After driving around Orlando for an hour looking for anything open, other than a bar, we find an IHOP. We pulled in, happy, because it's just what we were looking for. Head to the front door. Closed. 5 minutes before we got there. Ok, now what? Steak N Shake, across the road, open 24. It'll have to do. SO we get our table, it then takes 30 minutes to get our waters we ordered. The Steak N Shake experience is a whole story in itself, but it ends with us leaving 1:10 minutes after arriving. We finally get back to the hotel at 1 something.

Circuit race Sunday. WINDY, wide open and flat. Basically the race boiled down to this. Strung out, headwind from 8 directions, some dude taking out 2 of my rear spokes, Casey making the front group and one ferocious bridge and holding in there for 11th.

So hopefully all the "full moon" type of stuff is out our systems, and we can get back to it. Overall, the weekend was fairly successful considering.....