



## Cohutta Crushes Hopes and Dreams

Not really, but kind of...

Leading into the 2010 edition of the Cohutta 100 and 65 miles races, the weather was really nice - mid-70's and sunny. All of that changed on race day with rain, wind, lightning, fog and cold temperatures.

As usual Brenda and I had hoped to ride together, but neither was going to wait for the other. We hopped into the single track in a comfortable position without any problems. Then a few things start to happen that made me think this day might not be without drama...

1<sup>st</sup>: I noticed a carefully packed saddle bag scattered along the trail. I saw a tube, then a large CO2, then a multi-tool. Not really an unusual sighting, but it sucks for the person who lost it.

2<sup>nd</sup>: Then the guy in front of Brenda started throwing up. Every few minutes he would blow chunks and I could smell it, but Brenda was actually getting sprayed. After about the fifth time the poor guy pulled over to dry heave a few times as we passed.

3<sup>rd</sup>: Entering the rooty section of the old cooper road trail - I have ridden this section of trail many times, but never five wide and 4 deep. Something had to give and it did when one guy launched off the trail to the left. He took one step and then a second bigger step and then a third really big step and then the 4 step was not possible and he started to roll. Brenda and Justin asked if he was okay, but I was too afraid to look. I did hear him say that he "thought he was fine".

4<sup>th</sup>: At the bridge to cross the river at the Whitewater Center, the guy right in front of Brenda hit the metal plate before the boards and immediately went horizontal. He slammed into the railings with a huge "CLANG" as Brenda swerved around and onto the bridge.

5<sup>th</sup>: My legs starting to cramp during the first section of single track! How is that possible?? We have 8 more hours to ride. I thought I was in deep trouble, but somehow everything settled down and I was good to go for the rest of the day.

Those were just a few things that reminded me that we were not out for a nice Saturday ride.

Brenda pushed me to my breaking point getting up to Lake Conasauga, but I survived and we were able to finish together with about the same time as last year. I did not wear a watch, so I did not realize we rode about the same time until our drive home. The course felt so slow with all of the sticky roads and muddy single track.

I would like to congratulate everyone that finished the 100 and 65 on such a tough day. On a day like this it is very easy to find reasons to stop - only a crazy person would finish in such a tough day. So congratulations to all of the crazy people!