BILL AN' TED'S NEIGHBORHOOD

4th place goes to Richard Griffen!

4th place goes to Darby Fultz!

1St goes to Pete Mansail! On they continued, Angela Patterson 2nd , TomVoight 2nd, an' that concludes our awards for the day. Thanks for coming out to race.

I stood up, feeling violated. "Hey what aboot the tandems!"

"Already called them out and no one show'd up!" the speaker bellowed back to me an' Young Tim.

"Well, I never heard 'em called!" I countered.

"Come on down then!" he responded back. So me an' Young Tim went to the front to receive our first place trophy. They announced who we were as they handed our trophy's to us, a few snaps shots were clicked off of us on the podium an it was time to hot foot it home. That's how it ended, here's how it started.

Saturday morning before the race me an' Young Tim picked up the Ventana tandem from John's home an' headed for some practicing behind Mission in Area 10. It was Charlie, Paul, a Young John, Young Tim an' me. As we assembled the bike Charlie got my attention,

"Uh, you know it just rained an Area 10 is gonna be a pond, do still wanna go there?" he asked, concerned.

"They fixed it back there so it'll be fine." That's what I tolt him, but I wasn't really sure after all I hadn't been back there for a coupla days.

We took off, me an' Young Tim leadin', an' doin' quite well with me as the driver. It was his first time on the tandem an' he was fairly smooth as we headed into the sand an' reed of Area 10. Yes it was muddy but we didn't get too stuck. After we finished Area 10 Paul wanted to go around the golf course so off we went. After a few minutes Young Tim wanted to drive so I hopped off letting him get set up so he could give it a try. The young lad did well until we got into some sand an then we were flopping around like a ragamuffin.

"Okay, you can drive." He resolved to be a stoker.

After a few hill climbs it was back to the shop. Well I misjudged an obstacle an broke a spoke so we knew that we'd be at Mission longer than I figured so Charlie an' Tim made a burrito run while I fixed it bike. Soon the food had come an' was devoured, the bike was fixed an' we heading home to get ready for the big day tomorrow.

The morning came too soon as we prepared ourselves to leave, to go to San Dimas, the land of Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure, where the wonderful water park is.

Paul had his Suburban an' I had Sandy's little step side. Motoring up through the early morning traffic was a piece of cake, as we arrived early enough to get signed up before the crowds of LA arrived. And boy did they arrive, they came filing in like ants on a candy bar, you know the start got pushed back 15 minutes. Finally they called out the start time as me an' Young Tim began warming up. We had noticed a couple I had raced with up at Sea Otter so I was figuring to have a good race with 'em. We lined up an' they never materialized. A 35ish man an' his 10 year old were in our group. "Our group" was 34+ an' 44+ Clydesdale, single speeder, an' tandems. Our time came to leave an' we dropped the hammer on our adversary. By the first hill side they were no where to be seen. Do I feel bad beating 'em? Nope, they paid cash money same as I did, so that means its a race, first one across the line wins. Period.

Well Young Tim is a fast learner an' by the second hill climb we were passing the big guys as well as smoking a few single speeders for good measure. Tim would lean as had taught him the day before, making corners seem effortless as we weaved through the pack. I saw Tom Voight ahead of us an' called out but he was too focused to return our greeting so we continued to move into the group of racers we started with. On into the corners we flew, carving with the best of em, but soon the woman experts were mingling in the group, their bright attractive jerseys were enough to take my attention away from the climbs as we pedaled the great orange behemoth up an' around slower racers.

The water hole was in front of us somewhere, I didn't know exactly where, but I figured we 's find it. I heard Bryan Justice call out from the sideline to go to the left as we came into a blind corner, so I figured this must be it. Well he's a friend so it'll be okay. We turned the corner an' there was the water hole. I quickly surveyed the area an' route to take. The right was the ticket, unfortunately I had listened to Bryan an' was too far to the left. Splash really doesn't cover what we did, I swear I shoulda brought a mask an' snorkel as the water was hub deep if not deeper. I shifted as we started climbing out, I imagine we looked like an orange two wheeled monster leaving the sanctuary of the murky pond to seek refuge in the sun as we sped away from the nasty smelling concoction that someone called water.

It wasn't too long after that I noticed the chain sounded like a Sherman tank as we climbed the next section. On top of one of the huge hill climbs, they were all huge by the way, I looked down to see a tunnel we had to go through, scanning the trail it looked prime pickin's for a tandem so I uncorked it an' motored down passing anyone that was in the way. The entrance was only 20 yards away when I saw the rock. Young Tim saw the rock also. I tried to turn to miss it, well the front did but as soon as the back tire impacted it instantly went flat. Doing my best NASCAR tube change we had it on an' pumped in a few moments but that tube promptly popped, blew a hole right outta the end of the "dirt worm"! Out came the back up tube an' it was installed, as I worked Young Tim scanned the back trail for our adversary. It was finally done an' off we flew, but now most of the racers were way ahead of us so we only had pro an' semi pro passing us, at an alarming rate I might add. At the bottom of a blind corner was the next water/mud hole. Once a'gin I choose poorly an' dove right through the center covering our legs with a deep thick rich black stinky mud. It only took a few moments until we was dry as a sun baked peach pit. The orange creature continued to be thrashed on the long mesmerizing hill climbs that numbed our backsides as we neared the finish line, to start our second lap! Young Tim was holding up well for all the running an' pushing he had to do in the 85° heat. The young lad suffered as I did but he kept the tandem moving.

This time when we came to the water crossing we hopped off an' ran around the water to the right missing the water all together. Another hill climb an' the infamous tunnel loomed ahead of us. This time I watched for the rock. It was off ta the side as we slowed for the corner. We weren't done yet though. Still had numerous hill climbs ta go yet not ta mention the last mud hole. It appeared too soon but I took the dry line as we stroked onto the last downhill drier than a last weeks road kill. We came through the finish line unannounced as most of the racers were already getting grub an' fresh clothes.

"Well what do ya think of that son!" I called out to the fact that no one was there to announce our completion of an arduous event. After a quick look around we cruised back to the trucks to have a refreshment an' clean clothes while the stories of great feats of bravado were wove all around by our friends.

Soon we left to go over to receive our moment of glory, to once a'gin stand on podium to bask in the lime light in front of our friends an' peers. Until next time, Hoser