

Calabogie Race Report

Sunday April 19th- Race Day

Calabogie, a 100 km west of Ottawa was our destination for the second O-Cup of the season. We were racing on a closed course that is an actual race course for motorcycles and cars. The roads were over two lanes wide with no yellow line, and sported extremely fast pavement.

Once again, the juniors were mixed in with the Senior 3's, making our pack pretty large, having close to 100 riders.

The race started quickly, with attack after attack. With a pack of riders this big and going fast it was nice knowing I had a team mate (Sam Loud) to support the attacks. By the 3rd lap of the 15 lap, 74 km race, I was drilling it at the front. I felt really strong, and I had the whole peloton single file behind me holding on. An S3 attacked, so I let a bit of a gap go, then jumped to get on his wheel. About 5 or 6 riders came with me, but the peloton reacted quickly, and was strung out behind us.

I was starting to feel my efforts, so I decided to let others do some work while I slid to the back for a gel and some recovery time; after pulling for almost a full lap. We were moving at speeds up to 50km/h, and around 40km/h on the corners. It was on the second last turn before the finishing straight, to start the 7th lap when everything came crashing down, literally. I was on the outside of a right hand turn, planning to go inside on the next left hander. I was keeping my distance to AVOID CRASHING! and was blind-sided. Two maybe three riders had locked up on the right side of the road unable to negotiate the turn, they came sweeping right across the road, and hammered right into my front wheel. My handlebars turned into my frame, my tire shredded almost completely off my rim, and I was launched off my bike. I landed on my back, with my hands still gripping the handlebars as I hit the ground. I felt some pain, while my elbows scrapped along the asphalt, as well as my back and left hip. I quickly jumped up, I grabbed the bike and realized, it was wrecked, no shape to ride, and seconds later, neither was I. My seat was turned sideways, my front tire was shredded and coming off the rim, and my top tube of my \$5500.00 carbon bike was cracked. Then my left wrist began to throb. I was pi**ed!!

I had it figured out. I felt super strong, had trained hard (for this race), raced aggressively at the front, and then... it ended. I have a cast on my wrist now, but its not going to stop me from training, and coming back even stronger.

The Niagara Classic is the next race, it'll suit my climbing, with good team tactics we should be on the podium!

Brody Pasciullo