

Return to the Point

Written by A. U. B. I. E.

Saturday, 16 October 2010 18:23

I hadn't been racing in about two years when I pulled in. New faces and old friends smiled in greeting, back at the scene where I had met a spinning competitor in an unwelcome way.

Racing is one of those silly things that people do because they can, because they're competitive, because they want to measure themselves against a clock, against their vehicle, against yourself, against other people. Racing is something that it would seem that we never need to do, a measurement that isn't actually necessary. And yet, that measurement is everything we live for, be it on a track, at the office, at poolside: Can I make myself better while enjoying the most out of life?



It took about five minutes to meet the new guys and be reminded of what the 944 community was all about: Rick was helping Cameron swap a shock out moments before practice began.

Drivers helping other drivers, knowing that others will help you get on track when you're struggling with something. I've benefitted from it and it seems like I see it every time I'm out here.

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Being out on track again is that liberating fear: Freedom to go as fast as I can. No cops to look out for, just you and the car, tarmac and your fellow racers. Remembering the line, holding brake points too long, that grinding snap of warming tires being told to turn just before they're ready, lifting then telling yourself that you don't need to lift there, trying to hold the turn in point a little longer because you know you're hitting the apex early. Knock off the rust and let 'er rip, just be out under the October autumn and have some fun. Feel the shudder of the wheel under ripples of asphalt, feel the float of the tires as you drift out of turn 10 towards that imposing wall, feel the car twitch as you snag the brakes a bit too hard trying to keep up with everyone that's been able to run while I've been away.

Saturday's Race:

Family came to visit. Nothing like seeing your five year old climb onto your hood and beg you to take a picture of her on your bright orange race car. Nothing like having someone help you shoehorn yourself into your hurling sardine can and snap the window net into place so you can pursue this insane measurement of yourself. Nothing like being able to wave to the stands at 90 mph on the main straight (that isn't straight) to your loved ones because you have a bit of room from the driver behind you and you haven't quite caught up to the driver in front.

Grid came set as we filed out of the esses and streamed down through 10. Quick glance over saw the Spec 911 and Spec Boxster fields take off. Dan's gleaming red number 4 car in front, Greg's black racer to my left. Green flag dropped and Greg slipped forward a couple spots, the field jumbled up, puff of tire smoke and we were around the first corners clean. I fell into a three way lead and follow, Greg and Dan pulling a bit of a gap on me which would stretch out and rubber band back in.

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