

I wish I could report that some well thought out, logical and purposeful process had led me to my first podium finish, but instead it was probably my most hastily planned race to date. Perhaps proving that sometimes, it's best not to overthink things.

I'd been watching the weather since the start of the racing period, and had made the determination that I was going to leave at around 0700 on October 14th. Before hitting the rack on October 13th, I took one last look at the weather, and thought that the conditions looked better to go sooner rather than later. I drastically underestimated the time to complete the course, and so ended up spending much of the night huddled by the laptop. Fortunately I had BS1 and GG888 to keep me company, racing along just ahead of me and showing me the way. The three of us swapped the top spot several times around the course, with BS1 showing as the leader when he crossed the line. Fortunately for me, my speed at the end was high enough to squeak ahead, and make me the interim leader.

As I celebrated (quietly... ms. longreacher doesn't appreciate my late night victory dance), I looked back and saw the thundering pack of "Big Dogs" making their way up the east side of the course. I went to bed, pleased with my result, but sure that I'd be back in 15th or so by morning. Luckily for me, the winds near the finish weakened as the fleet approached, slowing them just enough to allow me to hold P1.

Winds later in the week never got back to Wednesday morning's levels, and after 5 days of waiting on tenterhooks, I could finally celebrate my first SOL win!

Longreacher /October 2015