

Lake Winnebago Race 2020 – Report

From : BeWyched

So, let's get this straight – you want me to jump on an oversized pair of ice skates and rip down a lake at 50+ knots, in the freezing cold, without brakes, then round marks so fast that all of my peripherals are subjected to obscene G-forces?

Call me a wimp but that's not my idea of fun but, as the alternative was bowing to the washing-up demands of er'indoors, I gave it a go.

And so it began. For the first time in living memory I was there at the start. It's normally a DC which never feels right – a bit like letting the IRL dinghy float around unmanned on the pond in the hope that when the gun goes pop, it'll miraculously catch a gust of wind and shoot off in the right direction with me jumping on after the washing-up's done.

Not this time though. There I was heading South in the knowledge that, as I'd set the perfect TWA, I was guaranteed to be in at least equal first place; for a while anyway. But why are the Great and the Good heading West and not following me? They obviously had no idea where they should be heading which would be proved at Oshkosh mark which I was bound to round in first place by a mile. Turned out to be 27th.

Could it really be that heading off the beaten track to chase an extra zillionth of a knot of wind from an extra pillionth of a degree of angle could have made so much difference. Apparently so.

Not as easy as I thought. I have so much to learn