

Double Trouble

Devil Mountain Double (The "DMD")

By: Scott McKinney (with acknowledgment to Curtis Taylor)

SCOTT: The fiendishly-difficult DMD is aptly named. Surely this demonic, cruel beast was contrived by minions of Beelzebub himself. The first hundred miles were epic by any standard. After that -- pure hell. Here are (just) the major climbs: Mt. Diablo, Morgan Territory, Patterson Pass (into a "brisk" headwind), Mines Road, Mount Hamilton, Sierra Grade, Palomares Canyon, and Crow/Norris Canyon (this last one coming *after* mile 200, in pitch dark). Every climb is branded in my brain like flashbacks from a bad psychedelic trip.

Total Time: 15:44
Ride: 14:10
Start: 6:00 AM
Finish: 9:44 (with lights)
About 19,000 Feet of climbing
206 miles

Mega props to Curtis who finished in 10th place about 1 hour 45 minutes ahead of me. He climbs with the best. Also, huge kudos to the Quack Cyclists club for their stellar support.

For perspective, I rode the Solvang Double in 10:35 (total). The DMD total of 15:45 is equivalent to riding another century with moderate climbing. Because the really good riders dropped me on Diablo, I rode all but the first 9 miles of the DMD without benefit of a draft -- not that it would have helped much on some epic climbs at 4 MPH. While I overtook riders all day long who started an hour earlier than I did, I had no opportunities to draft. By the end of the day, I was completely isolated, so I made it my mission to complete the ride sans draft.

Physically, the huge amount of climbing combined with technical descending caused some odd aches. I expected my back to hurt, but the amount of time spent going down 10% grades, and the related time spent on the brakes caused extreme tiredness in my triceps, forearms, and hands (in addition to my neck, quads, hamstrings, calves, and ass). Actually, there are only a few things that don't hurt.

CURTIS: Dang. You and I were closer than it appears. My ride time was 13:13. My total time was 13:47. So, I only stopped for 34 minutes. The longest of which was the "Pet-the-Goat" rest stop for almost 9 minutes (Yes, there is a real live goat tied to the fence). Lunch was less than 5 minutes. I asked Paul, the captain of the tandem if they would be getting a sandwich and he said "No" just after I ordered mine. So, I told the gal to make that a 1/2 sandwich and ran over to fill my bottles. I saw the bars but forgot to grab one. Luckily I ate the 1/2 sandwich. You would not have liked our abbreviated stops. I hit lunch at 1:13pm. Guess I

should have gone and sat with the Harley bikers and ordered us both up some hamburger and fries! (Dang, now I'm hungry again just thinking about what I didn't eat Saturday.

SCOTT: It's probably best that you didn't fraternize with the leather crowd. They might have tied your skull to their handle bars and ridden off to Badwater. I'm OK with short stops. But I nearly bonked just before Mines, so I wasn't taking any chances. I spent about 15 minutes eating roasted red potatoes and drinking a Coke at Mines, then had a lovely lunch; cheese and tomato sandwich, fruit salad, fries and a Pepsi. At Crothers, I ate instant Ramen, surprisingly great. I had hot chocolate at sundown in the Sunol Rest stop and then caught a second wind after dark.

I think you checked in about 40 minutes ahead of me at Mines but just 15 at Lunch. I was surprised I made up time over that stretch and looked around for you at lunch. Your blistering, 5-minute stop explains your absence. At pet-the-goat, I stopped for about 90 seconds. I picked up about 10 places there mostly because I didn't spend any time loving (errr, petting) ANY farm animals. My Sunol stop was about 5 minutes.

I made a point of not over eating following the ride. After Solvang I chowed down and didn't lose much weight. I'm hoping that if I show some restraint, I'll drop a few more Lbs. Time to buy some clothes that actually fit.

CURTIS: I was 10th in time only. Cat and Paul get 10th in my book. I just sucked their tandem wheel to get their time. But I did not realize that Jennie and Craig were actually the next bike in and only 3 minutes behind us. From what I hear of their stops they were quicker than we were. So, our pace must have been higher than theirs.

Dude, Graham put 15 minutes into us from the base of Sierra Road. He's a stud! I also noticed that he had the fastest average speed in the Race Across Oregon last year with 2 check points remaining.

Now I'm a little bummed I can't do the Central Coast Double because my time would be reasonable in the stage race overall classification... There's always next year.