

Violating Beatty

by

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I first encountered Beatty early in the Spring of 2007 when a group of “friends” introduced us. I recall the day quite clearly despite the fact I was partying in a veritable cyclists playground drunk on Perpetuem and barely taking time to appreciate the encounter.

I assure you Beatty is not just another piece of pavement laying around El Dorado Hills. Fitting the stereotype of El Dorado Hills perfectly, Beatty's asphalt is fresh and well adorned with robust estates. Hers is a profile sought after by many, with it's busting 112m ascent intriguingly stretched over 1225m of fresh tarmac.

It wasn't long before I found myself in the young lust accompanied by Beatty's beautifully augmented like profile. Her signature being the gentle start she provides before the fury of her plus 10 kicks in just long enough to make me scream. Then a brief rest before Beatty unleashes her final thrust.

All summer was spent devising ways to visit Beatty as often as possible. Every encounter slightly different than the rest but ultimately spent caressing Beatty's firm rolling asphalt with my supple Continentals. Soon I found myself devising new lunchtime routes for encounters two or three times a week.

Somewhere near the end of the summer I realized I did not have Beatty all to myself. Others were out mashing up her shoulders while I wasn't around. I saw them - climbing Beatty in gangs.. They were even bold enough to post their times on a local forum. Some young teenagers basically boasted about bagging Beatty in 4 minutes and 11 seconds! Another old guy did Beatty in 4:34. I wouldn't be surprised if they were taking video and posting it on youtube.

I tried to disrupt the mash fest practice by posting a 5:45 time, and thereby taunting everyone to take it slower on Beatty. But soon even I was caught up in the mash frenzy myself. I began to hammer Beatty with liters of sweat in the heat of the summer. I found myself never able to approach her lower slopes without activating a digital timing device. What used to be sweet and innocent lacked any respect and evolved into a complete violation of Beatty's tarmac.

Luckily the weather changed and those gangs are seeking flatter pavement to pummel. So, from time to time Beatty forgets about the horrors of the summer and allows me to return to the slow methodical methods used earlier in the year.