

Devens is in a stupid EFFing state

Contributed by Administrator
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Videos are available
Limited Photos of third heat on Sunday are available

Team WTF?! blasted up the northeast corridor last week to visit a place known to some as the People's Republic of Assachusetts last week for the 2006 Devens National Tour. Clyde found the state to be just as stupid when he turned around at the Connecticut line and gave it the finger the last time he left the hellhole in the summer of 1991. If Clyde was expecting it to be any better than before he would have been sorely disappointed. If anything it's stupider than it was before (WTF?! kind of state puts their automated toll lanes on the right side? AND doesn't say whether they accept EZ Passes in other lanes? :banghead:) Stupid EFFing state.

Those fair, honest, and objective facts aside, the site was swarming with mosquitos upon arrival shortly after 5pm on Friday. The first task accomplished was John V buying bugspray. Boy, that stuff sure smells sweet. And it's tasty too! :thumbup: Stupid EFFing state. No one from Team WTF?! got one course walk through on Friday evening before the rain started. Stupid EFFing state. At dinner in New Hampshire (another state of dubious heritage...WTF?! are "jug handles" and do they help anyone? Surely, the brainchild of an Assachsetts native) Clyde lost some keys and a flashlight. "Yeah, that was my fault," Clyde said. "I can't blame one of these stupid New England states for that...of course if the Ruby Tuesday's hadn't been so g'damn dark, I never would have had to pull out my flashlight to read the %@\$%ing menu." Upon arrival at the hotel, John V learned that he had left a bag with a number of essentials back at home. "Stupid EFFing state!" He screamed as he turned around and left the hotel in search of an open store.

Saturday saw rain, rain and more rain. Stupid EFFing state. All three Team WTF?! drivers made the decision to run their poor man rain tires.

Bren did well enough, slipping and sliding to first place for Saturday in ASP in his E46 M3 by a scant two and a half seconds. "See that intercooler right there?" Bren asked pointing at the FD RX-7 gridded next to him running in B Prepared. "That intercooler is going to cost me \$100 in Kumho money come tomorrow. Just two drivers in the class now. What are you gonna do?" :dunno:

John V ran close to Keith Casey in B Stock through the first two runs, but fell half a second behind on third runs. "I'm still close enough to put the hurt on kC tomorrow," John V was hear telling one of the other RX-8 Stock drivers during Impound. "WTF?! does he know about anything anyway? It's not like his name is in the book." Clyde, in a fog of hatred for the stupid EFFing state and the conditions, forgot each and every thing that he had previously learned about autocrossing in the wet and it showed. His second run was kind of entertaining, if you like seeing people nearly spinning multiple times on a single run because they can't remember to get the wheel straight before trying to accelerate. "You know, you give it some gas, and you see what happens. I don't need to be bothered with plans or waiting for anything. I have to get out of here. man, before those stupid EFFing mosquitos come back." And with that, Clyde promptly ripped the wiring out of their bulletcam. "WTF?! This wouldn't have happened anywhere else. Stupid EFFing state." (Note, Clyde was able to make repaids to the bulletcam with racers tape, bubble gum, and determination that evening)

Sunday, the weather broke. Sun and nice clouds, not hot and not too cool for shorts. The course looked fast. It was a perfect time for John V and Clyde to change spark plugs during the heat between working and running. It wasn't like they were going to break off in the plug wires right? And if they did, they'd be easy to get out, right? Sure, go ahead. Believe that. And while you're at it, you'll probably believe that Assachusetts is a quaint old state with lots of vibrant history and a wonderful place to visit or even live! Nutso. :loco: Somehow, Clyde and John V got the Team WTF?! BS RX-8 to grid with two race tires and two street tires mounted.

Bren broke out and added almost four entire seconds to his leads, ultimately picking up his second first place trophy in ASP at a National Tour. "See that intercooler over there? A hundred bucks. Stupid EFFing state."

B Stock actually saw a bit of a battle, with kC holding a small lead over John V and Clyde, less a cone, just behind him going into third runs. The course was fast, very fast with a number of gut checks where drivers just had to throw their balls out there and let them roll on their own. When the third runs came down, John V and Clyde held them a little too tightly and let the battle for dry times slip through their fingers.

Then, it was time to get the hell out of Assachusetts! And Team WTF?! packed up and took off in record time.

But, yeah, if we can expect those kinds of courses in 2007, we'll be back. Stupid EFFing state.