



Patriot Racing Headquarters

April 5, 2011

Ahhhhh, waking up to the aroma of high octane race gas in the morning for breakfast, or should we say in lieu of a hot meal in some cases? Your at another racing event weekend & out side the temperature is negative 10 degree's below zero. Fumes are hovering in a haze all throughout the pits. You are well aware of the reason you are here. January may be the coldest month in the northern hemisphere, but its the hottest for racing action on a snowmobile. Get ready to climb on board with your team & race over a high flying world of excitement filled with a hint of danger.

Ready, set, RACE!

The faint sound of your hotel room alarm sounds in the background as you wake up in a place far from home. As you open your eyes you come to the realization of where you are, it is a racing event weekend & very soon as you roll over to shut the alarm off your mind begins to clear. Yes... this is a morning worth getting up for.

As you rise & prepare for the day, thoughts fill your head with dreams & high hopes of being part of a team that will rise to the top for a brief period of time. The smell of high octane racing gas in the morning begins to permeate your blood stream as you finish putting on your cold weather gear that still has the lingering fuel aroma clinging to the the material from previous events. As the pace of the morning preparations pick up, you & your team walk out the door into the winter elements.

Veterans who have been around know that your headed into a day of emotional highs, potentially devastating lows & any range of emotions imaginable in between... not to mention a day with a potential trip to the local hospital Emergency Room. A mind can get filled with fear & questions of why one must continue on with involvement in this type of lifestyle very quickly. On the other hand a trip to the podium in front of all the racing fans can answer this question at the end of an event in an equally speedy manner.

Spending more than your paycheck on the chance to win will be overcome by a feeling of confidence that your team will become the champions. Your team will prevail. Everyone on the team does every small thing in order to be a contributor for the triumphant victory that hopefully looms around the corner. If it uses gas, you just want to make it go fast at all cost, sparing no expense on maintenance or labor. Later this feeling will begin to escalate into full blown stomach churning when you see one of your team members at the starting line up of a final that has been earned throughout the weekend event with blood, sweat & tears.



If you do happen to find yourself on the inside with part of a team that has made it to a final event, the scent of racing aroma flowing through your nostrils, seeping into your blood stream & permeating into the firing synapses deep inside ones nervous system... even that can sometimes be a enough to fuel your drive to race on again & again.

As you & your team members approach the starting lineup, the feeling is similar to when you were a kid the night before Christmas or the last few days before going with your family to Disneyland. However this feeling can also be like the one where you were sent to the principals office, or being pulled over by the police with all the lights flashing behind you, or... even worse yet a full blown sudden grease fire in the kitchen! Waking up on your birthday. That sense of inability to pay the bills due to falling behind on payments. The pure injection of adrenaline a new pilot feels after his first solo flight. The absolute terrified feeling a split second after realizing you just fell asleep at the wheel for a fleeting moment going 70 mph down a two lane highway. Riding alongside the examiner during your high school drivers test. Waiting... all dressed up at your home for your prom date to arrive. Seeing a giant 8 point buck in the woods at the break of dawn on opening day of deer hunting as you desperately try to calm your self while holding the rifle steady. The fear that grips you after drawing an arrow on a 750 lb grizzly, fully aware that if you only wound the beast a potentially life threatening attack could ensue. The pure joy of letting your imagination go free upon buying a \$1.00 lottery ticket with the new found potential for winning millions. Easy to go on with this however you get the idea. What a rush & what a powerful attractant, like a bug to the flame.

This is... "The Sickness" for many who race. For many, not all... once you get started there is no leaving. From the brink of a pro team & actually making a living out of racing through big corporate sponsorships to being on the verge of bankruptcy, the allure of winning is powerful. It is the reason why the magnetic attraction is more powerful than money itself. Just come & visit our team in the pits some time to see all the plastic trophies from the entry level classes. Competitors can't win these for free. Finally, in these race events there are definitely winners, &... losers. Proof positive that being a winner or champion is far more desirable than the almighty dollar. Enter the world of racers who spend most of their paycheck on racing, then consider anything leftover spent elsewhere... as wasted.

More exciting racing action at... benlindbom.com &.... <http://benlindbom.wordpress.com/>
See the video right here... <http://www.youtube.com/user/shadowfax822#p/u/6/DwjSgBVVcDc>

We are convinced Snowmobile Racing is a sickness or an addiction, like drugs. We leave you with a bit of conversation over heard in the pits amongst some of the few who have... "The Sickness." See you at the races!

"I just joined a gym. I'm at 220lbs and 5'9" so I've got a bit of weight to lose. My goal is to go a half a second quicker during my lap times. Figure 50lbs should be right & at 2 lbs per week I'll be ready for next season. LOL!"

"LOL good idea!"

"I've never been so high in my life than racing at the track!"

"I've never been higher than a giraffe ride I took at the zoo a few years back."

"Oh yeah?... well when that guy bumped me off in the second corner I was madder than a Keebler Elf getting demoted in a fudge factory!"

"I'm a tick over 5'10" and weigh 190. Wonder what I'll run if I chop off one arm, fast for a week and get a colon cleanse? That ought to be good for 2 seconds huh?"

"Hey, in my own mind, if I cut off one arm I'll still have 2 left."

"Wrong arm....WRONG ARM!!!!"

"My bad!" Ready... set, Race!

Team Patriot is looking for additional team members & riders who are willing to run our banner on their fast machines for next season! Send in your resume for consideration. We welcome new sponsor inquires for our program which will be even bigger & better than ever next year. See you at grass drags & wherever there is space to catch a quick hole shot. As quoted by our great sponsor Sled Descent... Keep 'er pinned! Team contact information...

Patriotracingpro: baholdings@arvig.net

Race action: benlindbom.com / <http://benlindbom.wordpress.com/>

