

Trials Tales

Sweat

We are right in the middle of a hot spell and the thoughts of chilly bottled fluids fresh from the fridge and attractively beaded with moisture are never far away. My dreamy thoughts drifted to as they always do to matters of trials and those beads of moisture had me pondering just what it is about trials that make riders sweat so much.

I am not normally given to sweating overly, but a day out on the trials bike has me sweating like the proverbial hog. Then again, I've never seen pigs dripping wet from their own precious fluids.

On a moderately hot day and a vigorous ride, I am not just damp with perspiration; the water police, who no doubt believe that I've been surreptitiously watering the petunias on an odd numbered day (rather than my usual evens), whilst also dousing myself from head to foot, could arrest me.

What is about trials that make one sweat so much?

As one who is relatively new to the sport, I of course thought that trials would be an excellent sport for one such as me who could be described as being "well-seasoned". On first impressions at least, trials was slower, and riders seemingly disinclined to do things like 50-mile an hour feet-up power slides.

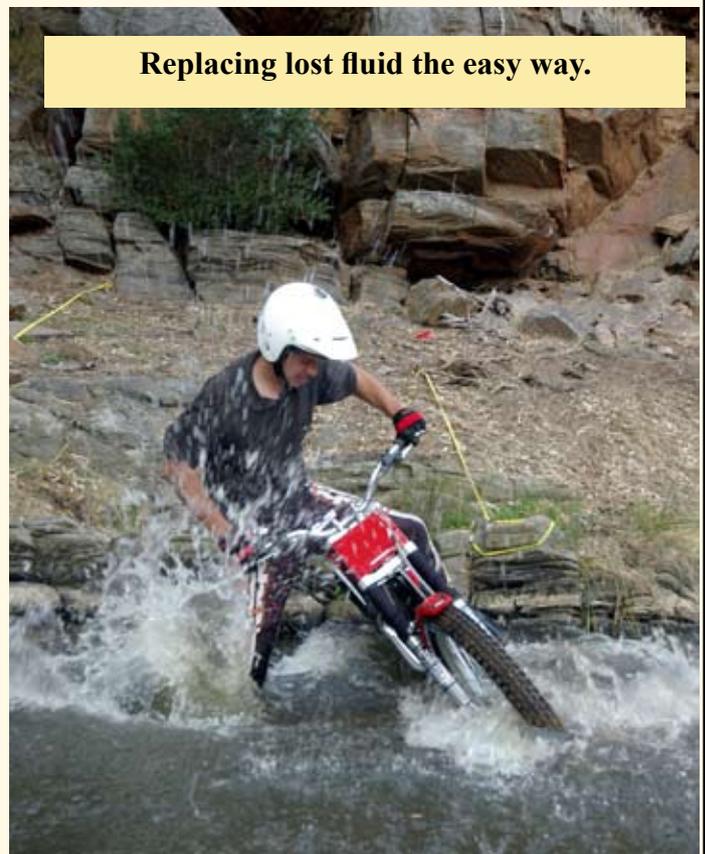
Knowing quite well that 50-mile an hour feet-up power slides are well behind me, trials seemed a good fit. But, of course I soon found out that trials weren't easy. Yes, sure it is slow, but there's something in the concentration, the clearing obstacles (*sometimes not*) and the negotiating of splits that gets one warm. And lickety-split you're ringing with sweat.

Now whilst I'd like to boast, my trials skills are modest at best, not matching my desire to rivalize the likes of Raga and Fujigas, so if I sweat so much, what indeed is it like for our top riders? I have now seen quite graphically what it is like sweat wise when the obstacles get bigger and concentration more intent, even if red platers are also no doubt super fit. I have watched riders on those warmer days literally drenched with sweat. Lining up for some elephantine rock, seemingly balancing without effort for God knows how long, all the while with a waterfall of sweat issuing off their helmet peak. Someone surely needs to invent a personal super-sopper if the cricket guys release their grip on the patent laws.

Getting back from a trial I have to sneak into the laundry room with my sweaty gloves, sticky jersey, perspired pants, etc. for fear my wife will catch me with the horror show of clammy clothes. The helmet liner, which now resembles a sodden ice-cream cone must be washed by hand and then can't be hung on the line as my nearest and dearest says it has a remarkable likeness to some sort of bondage gear (*not that we'd know anything about that.*)

Trial riding is a sweaty sport, enjoyable yes, skilful, without a doubt, but a sport bathed in sweat no less.

So to get back to that chilled bottle beaded with moisture, this story has made me thirsty. *And thus, the circle of life continues...*



Replacing lost fluid the easy way.