**Road Racing in Mexico**

**by Tom King**

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**Averting Disaster**

Cresting the hill at 100 mph, we burst upon a family in the middle of the road: mother, father, two small kids and a puppy in the left lane, a larger dog in the right lane, and Meme and I in the Silkrip NSX tearing down the middle. Racing in Mexico means your day can go from good to very bad in an instant.

*Immediate threshold braking, don’t lose control of the car sideways and collect them all, favor the right and hit the big dog if she moves, just trim her nose whiskers if she doesn’t. Give the family the most room possible. Please, nobody move.*

With the weight all on the front tires, scrubbing off speed, we slid past as they were frozen in place, mouths agape. *Check mirrors, everyone okay, our stage time ruined but not our lives.* It was pretty quiet in the car. We both knew how close to disaster that had been.

Racing in Mexico is dangerous and we accept that for ourselves, but this was the most serious peril I had encountered for innocent bystanders. They were probably spectating in the woods as the cars sped by at one-minute intervals when the big dog wandered into the road. I imagine them venturing tentatively into the road to call the dog back, and then their worst nightmare suddenly hurtled toward them. I hope they eventually got over feeling like quarks in a Large Hadron Collider.



