



On the GT2 podium, Jim Walsh (left), winner Wayland Joe and third-place finisher Jeffrey Moore are nothing but smiles.

front start to start another lap.

Finally, the lights on the pace car were off, and we restarted, I expected Wayland Joe to take off as soon as he hit the front straight and not wait for the green flag, which is exactly what happened, but Goughary was right behind, and I was on Goughary's heels, so we all had a good run when the green flew, with no chance for overtaking. I started pushing hard on Goughary, he was running fast for a few laps and I was working hard to keep up, but I stayed within a second or two of him the entire time. I finally got right on him and I could tell that his tires were starting to go, and he was starting to have problems keeping his line through the corners.

I was relentless, trying to push him into making a mistake, and if that wouldn't happen, into using his car up. It was clear that it was only a matter of time before I'd be able to make a move, but Heartland Park is a difficult track to pass on, and the spots I'd eyed as possible passing points can usually be readily defended, so I knew I might only have one chance to make a pass stick — otherwise I'd tip my hand in a particular corner, and not get that chance again. I wanted to be confident I'd be able to get fully alongside Goughary going into the

corner, and I'd be able to make the pass stick, so I let him slow me down for a couple of laps, but I stayed hard on him, making him work hard, and I'd also turned my lights on to keep him distracted in his rear view mirror.

He was definitely slowing down in turns 1 and 8, the two fastest corners on the track, so I'd have to hang back a bit to get a run so I wouldn't catch him too early in the corner. As we were heading down the front straight and through the kink, I saw smoke from his right side, looked like his engine was going! I slowed down as I didn't want to get caught out in oil on the track (which often accompanies a blown engine), but the track looked dry. I got through fine, and I was now in second place! I kept it a little slower through there the next couple of laps in case there was a little oil on the track (there's nothing worse than hitting oil, I'd spun in oil at 151 mph at California Speedway last year, and it's a totally helpless feeling), and this was the fastest point on the racetrack.

I started pushing again, but as the laps wound down, it was clear I wouldn't be able to catch Joe unless his car broke or he went off track, so I backed off a bit to make sure I didn't make a stupid mistake and throw away second place, as

third was well behind me.

I had a little miscommunication with my crew, and misunderstood the times they were giving me, and I didn't realize that Moore was now closing on me by a couple of seconds a lap. I finally clued in when I saw him right behind me, with a lap and a half to go. Quick wakeup call! I couldn't do a complete flyer as I had to take a defensive line entering corners, but keep my eyes on Moore in the corners to see if he was attempting a move. I managed to keep him behind me on the last lap, and when I was still ahead of Moore for the final turn entering the front straight, I knew I'd take the checkered for second. I crossed the line 3.4 seconds behind Joe (who'd also slowed his pace), with Moore about half a second behind me.

It was then a blur of directions from SCCA officials — pulling the car into a special area, getting an interview on Speed Channel, then off to the winner's podium for interviews over the track P.A. system, medal presentations, trophy presentations, pictures with what seemed like a dozen different sponsor hats on, then champagne to spray on each other.

After all this adrenaline, it was off to the technical impound building, where they took fuel samples from the top