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## ROLLING RESISTANCE

ISSUE #12 | SUMMER 2025 | THE NEED FOR SPEED

WAGE LOSS FROM A CRASH, BIKEPACKING THE BAY, ROAD HAZARDS, AND MORE ►



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## INSIDE THIS EDITION

Law / Helping a pro cyclist recover from a crash and  
complex wage loss

Adventure / Bikepacking the Bay

Community / Hummingbird Fuels: High-carb and car-free

News / Events, rides, and goings-on

Safety / Road hazards and your rights: What you need to know

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Bicycle Law's lawyers practice law through Coopers LLP, which has lawyers licensed in California, Oregon, and Washington state, and can affiliate with local counsel on bicycle cases across the country to make sure cyclists benefit from cycling-focused lawyers.

*Pro cyclist and former Bicycle Law client Alison Tetrick.  
Photo courtesy of Alison Tetrick / @amtetrick*

**Life comes at you fast.** With homage to Ira Glass and This American Life: each issue we choose a theme and put together different kinds of stories on that theme. A couple issues back we focused on slow rolling. This time we embrace going fast. When you're pushing the limits, whether on two wheels or in life, you start to notice something: speed isn't just about covering ground. It's about efficiency, precision, and the sheer exhilaration of what's possible.

We're diving headfirst into the world of speed and performance, bringing you stories that embody this pursuit. We share the incredible resilience of pro cyclist Alison Tetrick as she navigates recovery from a crash, including how to present the complex wage loss posed by the modern pro rider. Zachary Morvant provides us with armchair insight into why it is sometimes best to let others adventure and author rather than do it ourselves as he takes us through 27 hours of dirt suffering circumnavigating the San Francisco Bay. We also equip you with crucial information about road hazards and your rights. Whether you're a commuter or part of the spandex set, roads frequently fall below the required standard for cyclists, resulting in injury. And for that essential energy to keep folks thundering along at top speed, we're shining a spotlight on Hummingbird Fuels, a local car-free sports nutrition business owned and operated by dynamic husband and wife team, Lisa Charlebois and Richard Andrew.

We also keep you updated on upcoming events, rides, and goings-on that promise to get your heart rate up and your wheels spinning. Because whether you're chasing a personal best or just loving the thrill of the ride, that rush provided by the wind in your face is a feeling we can all embrace.

*Hoping you keep the rubber side down,  
Miles B. Cooper, Maryanne B. Cooper, Bob Mionske,  
and everyone at Bicycle Law*





# HELPING A PRO CYCLIST RECOVER FROM A CRASH AND COMPLEX **WAGE LOSS**

Wham! The car took out the cyclist. When the driver got out to see what had happened, they had no idea the cyclist was a big deal. It appeared to be just another spandex-clad rider in the Sonoma countryside, an unfortunate but all too frequent event. For professional cyclist Alison Tetrick, what started out as a typical day in her office—moving a bike across the landscape—was ended abruptly by the driver's carelessness.

Rewind to 2010: Alison's professional career was nearly derailed when she was crashed out during the Cascade Cycling Classic, sustaining serious injuries. While most of the energy was focused on her fractures, it was the head injury that lingered. A determined professional, Alison worked past the injury, ultimately making a good recovery despite a

*Alison Tetrick putting in some time at the office.*



*"Working with Bicycle Law gave me and my husband peace of mind at a time when we needed it most. No one wants to get that call from the side of the road, but Bicycle Law was the first call we made from the emergency room. It was so scary, but we felt seen, heard, and supported. They truly understand what it means to be a cyclist—not just legally, but personally—and I'd recommend them to any rider who wants someone in their corner who actually gets it."*

*Alison Tetrick, professional cyclist*

prolonged foggy phase, and returning to racing in a huge way. Her major wins since the 2010 crash include the Gravel World Championships (three years in a row!) and Unbound (America, and perhaps the world's, biggest gravel race). Alison also weaves in mentoring through the National Interscholastic Cycling Association (NICA) and riding with U19 competitors.

Back to the scene of the car-on-bike crash: As Alison lay on the ground in the Sonoma countryside she went in and out of consciousness. An unfortunate consequence from prior head injuries is a geometric increase in harm. What might be a minor concussion for a first-time head injury can have far more profound consequences for someone with a prior serious traumatic brain injury.

Alison also knew that her income depended upon her physicality. This includes more than just racing and placing. Alison is among many of the modern professionals (see inset) who have mastered content creation, drawing in those eager to follow her story as well as sponsors willing to support her. All this could come crashing down with the actions of one careless driver. All of this is also a complex wage loss presentation, and not one a typical insurance adjuster would be willing to entertain.

Alison reached out to Bicycle Law. We were able to take over the claim, allowing her to direct her energy toward healing. We gathered historical information on social media engagement and growth, mapping that to post-collision economic effects. Since social media engagement is key to

Alison's personal brand and pricing for sponsorships, Bicycle Law was able to show how the crash impacted earnings. A similar approach was used to show the economic impact on training and related performance at events. These economic losses helped us arrive at a swift and favorable resolution with the insurance company.

Alison leaned into the crash, making her recovery part of her narrative. Fast forward and she has fortunately made excellent progress, remaining a force to be reckoned with.



### Want to know more about Alison?

Check her out on social:

 [instagram.com/amtetrick](https://www.instagram.com/amtetrick)



 [strava.com/pros/188112](https://www.strava.com/pros/188112)

 [linkedin.com/in/amtetrick](https://www.linkedin.com/in/amtetrick)

 [facebook.com/alisonmtetrick](https://www.facebook.com/alisonmtetrick)

### Content with more: Professional cyclists in the modern era

There was a time when professional cycling meant racing, being beholden to a team, contracts, and endorsements, and hoping one finds a way forward as one's speed declined. Those who succeeded oft-times saw their names on frames. But most moved on to a second phase, one beyond bikes.

The modern era has seen a shift, and that shift has been one of the few areas where social media shines instead of detracts. Cyclists have been able to shift the power dynamic, becoming powerful storytellers as well as professional riders. Their content creation affords them the opportunity to live comfortably in between major wins, ride out crashes and setbacks, and stand behind products they believe in. For the modern professional a like, share, or purchase is more than a finger tap in a feed—it is food on the table. So for those of you loving the viral moments in your scroll don't forget to show some love to those doing the do!  

## BIKEPACKING THE BAY

By Zachary Morvant

### San Francisco, Thursday, 8am; 48 hours until departure

I'm kneeling on the cold tile floor of my bathroom, dry heaving. In a visceral reminder that children truly are a gift that keep on giving, my 3 year-old son brought home a brutally efficient stomach bug that had swiftly leveled half of his preschool.

The thought of standing up—let alone riding a bike for 24 hours or more in one go—is a nauseatingly abstract concept that exists far beyond both my comprehension and constitution. This event may be scratched into the books for me as a DNS (Did Not Start) because I CNS (Could Not Stand). (OK, I may have made up that last acronym.)



Riders on the Richmond-San Rafael Bridge.  
Photo: Zachary Morvant / @zmorvant



## Ultra obsession and bikepacking the bay

Over the past year or so, I've become obsessed with ultracycling, and self-supported bikepacking races in particular.

Unfortunately, despite the San Francisco Bay Area's sprawling and diverse cycling scene, we have no local ultras to speak of. So when I learned of the new Bikepack The Bay event via Instagram, I penciled it into my calendar, despite it being a mere two weeks after the Stagecoach 400. I wanted this event to gain traction. I envisioned it inspiring others to create similar routes and events. (Selfishly, this would also mean less travel time for me to do these sorts of exercises which for me walk a fine line between masochism and meditation.)

### The route

Beginning and ending at the Marin Museum of Bicycling, the 265-mile Bikepack The Bay Route drunkenly lassoes the San Francisco Bay with a mix of technical singletrack, gravel roads, and pavement, with over 27,000 feet of elevation gain. Crossing 3 bridges (in order: Richmond-San Rafael, Dumbarton, and the Golden Gate) and 6 counties (Marin, Contra Costa, Alameda, Santa Clara, San Mateo, and San Francisco before returning to Marin) it's something of a "greatest hits" of Bay Area trails and connecting roads.

### Preparations

To me, the foundation of a successful ultracycling or bikepack racing endeavor lies in shoring up my energy reserves. This eschews the old school notion of carb loading (stuffing oneself with pasta to the point of nausea the night before the event) in favor of a more conscious effort to fully fuel the body throughout the 48 hours leading up to the start. What does this look like? Well-rounded, nutrient-dense meals at regular intervals—with a focus on carbohydrates—with healthy snacks between. Reportedly the human body can store about 600g of carbohydrate when fully loaded, so we're aiming to hit that number.

Stomach bugs, as it turns out, are not conducive to this type of behavior. With no appetite and little ability to keep anything down in the days leading to Bikepack The Bay, it looked like I'd be toeing the start line under-fueled, underweight, and generally feeling like a half-chewed chunk of jerky. Nevertheless, on Friday night I readied my big-tired gravel bike, packed my bags, mixed my bottles, and did all the other rituals that signal intent for a strong performance, even if the doubt goblins gnawed at me.

I estimate being able to complete the route somewhere in the neighborhood of 24 hours. I pack very light—food, tools, extra layers—no bivy or sleeping pad, because I do not plan to sleep. I believe I can finish first.

### Marin Museum of Bicycling, Saturday, 7:30am

The sun shining, the wind barely whispering, I whip into Fairfax just in time to find parking and use the museum bathroom. With the drive from my house taking less than 30 minutes, I'd already changed into my superhero costume to avoid the hopping awkwardness of a surfer-style parking lot change. I'd woken up feeling the best I had in days, so I'd kissed my wife goodbye, thanked her in advance for watching our son, and told her I'd be home for Easter brunch.

My tight arrival time doesn't leave much room for small talk before the group of 60 or so rolls out. Spirits are high as we weave through multi-use paths and dirt trails. By the time we reach the Richmond San-Rafael



Photo: Flickr user asmartalec, courtesy of Wikimedia Commons.



*The lead pack hits the East Bay hills. Photo: Zachary Morvant / @zmorvant*

bridge—only mile 11—a dozen of us, the proverbial business end of this mullet-style event, distance ourselves from the party in the back. The sky is gray, the wind has awakened. The unspoken sizing up that takes place between racers is in full effect, clumsily disguised by small talk. I know only a couple of these riders. Sean and Fergus are my friends, strong and experienced, but the others are mysteries.

### **Wildcat Creek Trail, 9:30am**

We hit the first substantial dirt climbs in the East Bay hills, rolling in and out of patchy fog. The group has whittled down to a half dozen or so of us: me, Sean, Fergus, Mark, David, and Bryan. At one point a friend of Mark and David's joins us, clarifying that he isn't part of the race, just wanting to roll with his friends for a bit. Mark and David talk about

stopping for water near Sibley—I'm carrying plenty and not planning to stop for another 20 to 30 miles. I've learned that minimizing stoppage is one key to success in these silly adventures.

I roll through as they pull over, and suddenly I'm alone. Surely it can't be this easy, I think, and I'm right: minutes later, Mark, David, and Bryan fly by me. Whatever, I tell the doubt goblin that's popped its head up. It's early yet.

"Trail magic" is a real thing in bikepacking events. If you haven't heard of it, this is where folks (dubbed "trail angels") who are virtually spectating the race via our satellite trackers (which broadcast our locations to one of many sites like Trackleaders.com) position themselves on the course, offering snacks, drinks, or other aid to racers. My spirit is buoyed by my friends Chas and JDR suddenly appearing on the side of the trail, handing me a miniature can of Coke and hollering words of encouragement. I suck down the sugary goodness as I pedal toward a perfectly placed recycling bin. The chase continues.

### **Chabot Regional Park, 11:15am**

A minty, earthy aroma fills my nostrils as I roll through a clearing of freshly cut eucalyptus trees. Past the excavators and feller bunchers I spy a water spigot by two tree stumps: as good a spot as any for a lunch break and water refill, even if a bit earlier than planned, and certainly faster than going into a store or cafe. I slip off my hydration pack, slap on more sunscreen, and fill my bottles with water and high carb drink mix while eating a snack. Fergus catches up to me, says a quick hello, and keeps going. 12 minutes later I'm moving again.

The rest of the journey through the East Bay hills is all new to me; I've never ridden this far south on its trails. The Five Canyons Open Space is rustic ranchland, cow-printed, beautiful, bumpy. I catch back up with Fergus. By my estimation we're currently in 4th and 5th place. I'm grateful for my big tires and suspension fork but am still taking a beating on some of the rougher descents. It reminds me of the northern part of Bolinas Ridge, which if all goes according to plan, I'll get to relive later.

### **Coyote Hills Regional Park, 3:00pm**

The Bay looks back at us through brilliant bursts of wild mustard, lupine, and poppies. The rainbow of spring wildflowers against the backdrop of the water boosts my morale after the slog through Union City's bike



paths and side streets. The three race leaders are still somewhere far ahead, but right now I couldn't care less. This is beautiful. This is what it's all about. Couples pose to take pictures in front of the blooms on a bluebird afternoon.

We make our way from the windblown beauty of the Shoreline Trail to the car-choked Dumbarton Bridge. Navigation gets tricky around East Palo Alto; I lose Fergus in a maze of tiny paths. He had been saying something earlier about not feeling up to finishing this ride. I recall feeling the same way when we started, and realize my resolution and constitution have grown stronger than before. I wonder if the doubt goblins are feasting on Fergus now.

### **Cupertino, 5:00pm**

Dinnertime. I stop at a gas station for a big resupply, knowing it will likely be the last opportunity to get real food before the 24 hour Quik Stop in Pacifica—over 70 mostly off-road miles and several thousand feet of climbing away. According to my research, every other store on the course will be closed by the time I reach it. I load the Trackleaders site on my phone to see how far ahead David and Mark are: about 12 miles. A seemingly unconquerable distance. With the brisk pace they've set, I'm not sure I'll see them again.

I fill my pockets with portable snacks and top off my bottles while washing down a big bag of corn chips with a Red Bull. Less than 20 minutes later, I'm rolling again, bound for Montebello, a stout climb that rises 2,000 feet over 5 miles. It's an after-dinner digestif with a rudeness that rivals a shot of Fernet Branca.

A mile of grunting and grinding and I spy a rider on the side of the road, standing beside his bike with a pained expression. It's Bryan.

"You okay?" I inquire as I approach.

"Cramps! Mark and David are beasts."

I agree that they have indeed set a hell of a pace, and keep climbing. I'm now in 3rd place.

I summit Montebello, the sun dips low in the sky, and I am treated to dessert: delightfully easy-going open space preserve trails, flowing with golden hour goodness.

### **El Corte de Madera Creek Open Space Preserve, 8:00pm**

Fog and darkness have enveloped the ridge. I'm in unfamiliar territory now, praying my tires maintain grip as I pick my way downhill. Slick mossy roots, low-hanging tree limbs, tight turns become my world. My headlamp's beam bounces off the fog and shoots back into my eyeballs. I turn it off, running only my handlebar-mounted light on its lowest setting, limiting my speed to a limp. I try to remind myself that nothing lasts forever, but this part can't be over soon enough.

Eventually I punch through the fogline, drifting down to Half Moon Bay, where serenity awaits on calm, sandy coastal trails, the smell of bonfires carried on a gentle breeze. Somewhere nearby regular people are doing regular Saturday night things. Sounds nice.


### **Rancho Corral de Tierra, Sunday, 1:45am**

I've only covered 8 miles in the past 2 hours.

I've been on some truly miserable hike-a-bikes. You come to expect at least one during a bikepacking race, maybe two if it's long enough. But this is a whole other level of suck.



*I want to believe. Photo: Zachary Morvant / @zmorvant*



This nightmare started north of Princeton-by-the-Sea and doesn't look like it will stop til Pacifica. I've been bushwhacking through trails that faded in and out of existence, pushing my bike up grades exceeding 20% (by my beleaguered estimation), my shoes barely getting traction. The best part? The descent is equally nasty, so I spend a fair amount of time holding my bike while walk/running downhill, at times unconsciously grabbing the brakes as things get squirrely. I'm not sure if this reflex helps or hurts. I wonder how the hell people who are actually planning to camp on this route, their bikes loaded with extra gear, will feel at this point. Hopefully fresh from a good night's sleep at least.

I also think about quitting. A lot.

I think about how much this sucks. How awful my body feels pushing this dumb bike up and down these stupid hills. How I might still be sick and this was a terrible idea.

I think about how much my toes hurt from the 400 plus mile mountain bike ultra I did just two weeks ago, leaving four of my nail beds the color of overripe eggplants.

I think about how the route passes within 10 minutes of my home in San Francisco. And how I deliberately left my house key in my car in Fairfax, so I would have to wake up Bridget. And she might not have the key to

the bike storage handy, so I might have to leave my bike somewhere questionable. And then I would have to pick up the car the next day. Obviously this would be a huge inconvenience for all involved, so it's easier for me to keep riding. I just need to get to the Quik Stop and eat something. Then I'll reassess.

### **Pacifica Quik Stop, 3:00am**

I don't remember the last time I was so happy to see a convenience store. Probably the last time I did one of these idiotic races. (Read: too soon.)

The shopkeeper is a kind man who doesn't seem to speak much English but lets me hang out indoors with my bike while I eat food and mix bottles, using one of the lowboy ice cream coolers as a makeshift table. More snacks in my pockets, more chips and Red Bull in my face. As I chew I check Trackleaders to see everyone's positions.

Hope lights up my face from my phone screen. Mark and David, who have been holding a sizeable lead all day, are now only a few miles away. I have 80 miles left to close the gap. Something that seemed a silly thought hours ago now seems possible.

I finish resupplying, take care to clean the crumbs I've dropped on the cooler, say thank you to the shopkeeper, and head back into the night, a whole new animal.

### **San Francisco, Great Highway, 4:30am**

I see a taillight.

I wasn't sure before, but I am now. Less than a mile ahead I see at least one rider climbing past the Cliff House. I'm doing it. I'm shutting it down.

They disappear around the corner and I lose sight. Just need to keep going. Past the Legion of Honor, up Lincoln, to the Golden Gate Bridge, where I catch sight again. It's clear now: two riders together. To pass one will be to pass both. No competitors will remain in front of me, only trails and trials.

### **Marin Headlands, Miwok Trail, 5:47am**

Climbing briskly up a 13% grade in the predawn gloom. I'm a few feet behind Mark and David. I could pass them now—but something tells me not to. I stop.



I pull over. They pull away from view. I pee. Shuffle some items from my bags to my pockets for easy reach. I don't want to stop again until this is over.

I hope I didn't overplay my hand.

### **Tennessee Valley, Coastal Fire Road, 6:09am**

I catch them in earnest now, saying good morning as early rays of sun begin to brighten the sky. I pedal with them for a moment, mentioning that I wasn't sure I'd see them again. (Certainly not until Pacifica.) We commiserate about taking our bikes for extended walks. Remark on previously stated Easter brunch plans. And then I hit the gas, pushing hard up Coyote Ridge. My goal is to get so far out of sight so swiftly that it demoralizes them to the point of breaking. My fear is that I will blow myself up doing so.

For now, I am in the lead.

### **Bolinas Ridge, 8:30am**

Trails and trials. Bolinas Ridge is a bog of greasy mud punctuated by wet roots. Despite the downward trend the going is slow; I'm tired and don't want to crash so close to the end, so I pilot my ship with extreme caution. At one point I dab and stick my foot completely into a mud puddle. Ugh. At least there's only 20 miles to go.

Where the mud ends, the hoofprints begin. Soft splashing becomes harsh bumping. A right turn. Jewell goes from overgrown to rocky. The Marin Cross Trail is a welcome reprieve.

### **San Geronimo Ridge, 9:49am**

Only 10 miles to go. How bad could it be?

Dear reader, I believe you know the answer.

My fear has come true: I have blown myself up. In the warming light of day my enfeebled body has nowhere to hide. I am forced to walk up some of the trail's steeper pitches, my shoes wobbling on chunky rocks. The whole-body strength required to surmount these climbs, weaving my wheels through the proper line, has long left me. Progress is painfully sluggish, and a quick glance at Trackleaders confirms my once-sizeable lead is slowly shrinking.

Camp Tamarancho is the final boss segment, buzzing with fresh-looking mountain bikers on full-suspension sleds, smoothly carving downhill. By contrast I'm a reeking corpse on a strange machine, hacking my way through the trail system with all the grace of a butter knife through an overcooked steak, bumbling down berms and occasionally dismounting to move aside for the folks who have not been racing their bikes for 27 hours.

### **Marin Museum of Bicycling, Easter Sunday, 11:47am**

It's over. I'm right back where I started less than 28 hours ago. There is exactly one person at the finish line, a rider who had scratched earlier in the event. He kindly offers any help he can. My only request is a picture.

I take a moment to collect myself on the pavement before changing into regular clothes, finally pouring myself into my car. I text Bridget to let her know I'll be home soon for brunch. A resurrection by food and family snuggles awaits.

*We end where we began. Photo: Zachary Morvant / @zmorvant*







Meet Lisa and Richard.

## HUMMINGBIRD FUELS: HIGH-CARB AND CAR-FREE

In the bustling, often hyper-scientific world of athletic nutrition, a refreshing, fun-first philosophy is taking flight in San Francisco, carried by the passion of Lisa Charlebois and Richard Andrew, the husband-and-wife duo behind Hummingbird Fuels. Their journey, much like a long-distance bike ride, has been marked by both exhilarating climbs and unexpected detours, but always guided by a clear “fun” north star and an unwavering commitment to community and sustainability.

“It’s so funny to me how nothing out there is about fun. It’s all very science-y,” muses Lisa, touching on a core tenet that differentiates Hummingbird Fuels. Born out of a practical need while prepping for the grueling Paris-Brest-Paris randonnée, Richard’s makeshift “Hummingbird Feeder”—a clear tub for concocting their own energy drink—sparked an idea that quickly blossomed into a business. What began as a helpful Instagram post offering a DIY recipe soon turned into a chorus of requests for the couple to simply make the concoction for others. The

first few bags, scribbled on with a Sharpie, were the humble beginnings of what is now a growing, community-driven enterprise.

The path to officially launching Hummingbird Fuels, while “relatively straightforward” in terms of permitting, was also “very long,” according to Richard. They found invaluable support in La Cocina, a San Francisco-based kitchen incubator for immigrant women and women of color, who, as Lisa points out, “were great with the permits and checklist of things they needed.” This early partnership set the tone for Hummingbird Fuels’ deep-rooted commitment to localism. “Everything we do, we try to keep local,” Lisa explains, “From La Cocina to our swag... Our manufacturing is a husband and wife team in Colorado. Everything goes back to: how can we support small businesses?” For Richard, this approach offers a stark contrast to his previous corporate life: “It’s much more meaningful than work I was doing previously in a big corporate factory.”



Richard puts his food science background to work.





*Being car-free demands some creativity.*

Building awareness in a crowded market without a dedicated advertising budget is their current challenge. "It's: how can I use every lever I have to drive this thing home?" Lisa says. The idea of a sponsored athlete was quickly dismissed because, as Richard notes, "everyone we connect with is!" Instead, their focus is on authentic engagement, harkening back to Lisa's early days of social media excitement. "When I had 1,000 followers and anyone wanted to send me something, I'd lose my mind! It felt cool. So I want to do that for people." This ethos extends to future plans for a "road show," where they'll visit various cities, connect with the cycling community, and host events that feel genuine to them. "If it doesn't sound fun, it's not the right thing for us to do," Lisa firmly states.

Working together as business and life partners has been an "interesting" evolution, Lisa admits. With Lisa as CEO, they navigate the blurred lines between home and work with a mix of trust and accountability. "We have a very long house," Richard jokes, highlighting the physical space that offers some mental distance. Their complementary skill sets—Richard's food science expertise and Lisa's marketing acumen—allow them to trust each other's decisions. When faced with the unknown, they "just kind of wing it," a testament to their adaptable spirit. The support of the San Francisco cycling community has been instrumental, as evidenced by

friends stepping in to fix a website crash just before launch. "You don't realize how helpful people really are until you do something like this," Lisa says, a sentiment echoed by Richard, who offers a "big shoutout to the SF bike community: Ornot, Rapha, Swell, other companies that take the time to help us and connect."

Perhaps one of Hummingbird Fuels' most defining characteristics is their commitment to being a car-free business. "Ugh," both sigh when asked about the challenges, but it's "very key to our morals and our approach." Deliveries are made creatively, utilizing leftover kit bags, a kid buggy nicknamed the "Business Baby" that can haul up to 100 pounds, Richard's 30-year-old "Rhubarb" grocery cart-type bike, and various backpacks. While a 200-pound product delivery via BART proved to be "the day cars won," they continue to explore innovative solutions as they scale, forcing them to "think local." Lisa even recounts a 200-mile delivery to Monterey for a customer doing an FKT (Fastest Known Time) ride, highlighting their dedication.

The most gratifying aspect of their venture is the ability to "control the weather," as Lisa puts it. "It's our vibe and our approach. We can invite whoever we want along." This sense of autonomy and community building is central to their mission. Looking ahead, "global domination" might be a tongue-in-cheek goal, but their aspirations are deeply meaningful. Lisa dreams of sponsoring a women's team in The Tour de France, while Richard aims to influence industry change, particularly around packaging. They are actively seeking sustainable solutions, grappling with the challenge of finding packaging that is not only made from recycled materials but also truly recyclable within the waste stream. Their initial attempt with a one-quart milk carton proved unsuccessful, but a valuable learning experience.

Beyond business goals, their personal passion for cycling continues to fuel their journey. Upcoming rides include a Humboldt Randonner ride and, of course, continued prep for PBP 2027. With new flavor ideas brewing—a "champagne flavor" for next year's Tour and a "lucky lemon" inspired by Richard's mom—Hummingbird Fuels remains a testament to the power of passion, community, and the simple joy of fueling the ride. As Richard waved to "customer #4" riding past Cafe Reveille, it was clear that for Lisa and Richard, Hummingbird Fuels is more than just a business: it's a vibrant, evolving extension of their lives, and a joyful contribution to the cycling world.

## EVENTS, RIDES, AND GOINGS-ON

Clip in to some fun with friends. We've included a list of cycling events that we enjoy (and happen to support). Flavors include group and recreational rides, road races, mixed terrain adventures, and more. For more details, check out the organizers' websites or social media channels.

- Alto Velo Racing ([altovelo.org](http://altovelo.org))
- Fat Cake Club ([fatcake.cc](http://fatcake.cc))
- Grasshopper Adventure Series ([grasshopperadventureseries.com](http://grasshopperadventureseries.com))
- Velo Promo ([velopromo.com](http://velopromo.com))



Photo courtesy Fat Cake Club, Emily Bei Cheng / @alpinemily



## AUGUST

**Aug 2:** Alto Velo Saturday rides presented by Bicycle Law | *Palo Alto, CA*

**Aug 3:** Velo Promo Patterson Pass Road Race | *Tracy, CA*

**Aug 4:** Fat Cake Club WTFNB + Allies ride ☕🥧 | *San Francisco, CA*

**Aug 9:** Velo Promo Leesville Gap Road Race | *Williams, CA*

**Aug 10:** Velo Promo Shea Center Criterium | *Livermore, CA*

**Aug 16:** Velo Promo San Ardo Road Race | *San Ardo, CA*

**Aug 17:** Velo Promo University Road Race | *Santa Cruz, CA*

**Aug 24:** Velo Promo Winters Road Race | *Winters, CA*

**Aug 28:** Fat Cake Club city loop ending at Breadbelly ☕🥧 | *San Francisco, CA*

**Aug 30:** Velo Promo Athlone Time Trial | *Merced County, CA*

## SEPTEMBER

**Sep 1:** Velo Promo Giro di San Francisco | *San Francisco, CA*

**Sep 6:** Alto Velo Saturday rides p/b Bicycle Law | *Palo Alto, CA*

**Sep 6:** Grasshopper Adventure Series Lost Coast Hopper | *Usal Beach, CA*

**Sep 14:** Velo Promo Oakland Grand Prix | *Oakland, CA*

**Sep 20:** Velo Promo Henleyville Road Race | *Corning, CA*

**Sep 25:** Fat Cake Club city loop ending at Breadbelly ☕🥧 | *San Francisco, CA*

## OCTOBER

**Oct 4:** Alto Velo Saturday rides p/b Bicycle Law | *Palo Alto, CA*

**Oct 6:** Fat Cake Club WTFNB + Allies ride ☕🥧 | *San Francisco, CA*

**Oct 12:** Velo Promo Cherry Lake Challenge Ride | *Tuolumne City, CA*

**Oct 30:** Fat Cake Club city loop ending at Breadbelly ☕🥧 | *San Francisco, CA*

☕🥧 = Coffee and pastries on us!



# ROAD HAZARDS AND YOUR RIGHTS: WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW

We've spilled a lot of ink about staying safe on the road when interacting with cars. But there are other, often less obvious threats that can catch us unawares: road defects.

We've all encountered them: that jarring pothole that makes your teeth rattle, the sudden dip in the pavement that throws your line off, or the tire-puncturing debris after a construction zone. While we might grumble and keep riding, sometimes these seemingly innocuous hazards can lead to serious crashes and even worse injuries.

It's incredibly frustrating and frightening to be injured while doing something you love, especially when it feels like it could have been prevented. But what happens when that preventable incident is due to a poorly maintained road? That's where things get a bit more complex, and it's something every experienced rider should understand.

## Common culprits on our roads

We know these all too well, but before we dive in, it's worth a quick review of the types of defects that often cause issues:

- **Potholes:** The classic menace. These sudden depressions can cause you to lose control, flat your tire, or go down hard.
- **Uneven pavement:** Raised manhole covers, sunken utility cuts, or asphalt patches that don't quite match the surrounding surface can create a dangerous obstacle course.
- **Construction debris:** Gravel, rocks, or other materials left behind by construction crews can turn a smooth descent into a minefield.
- **Poorly marked bike lanes:** Faded lines, confusing merges, or inadequate signage can lead to dangerous interactions with vehicles.
- **Lack of shoulder:** Especially on some of our more rural training routes, a sudden disappearance of a paved shoulder can force us into traffic.

## Understanding liability: Who's responsible when the road fails you?

When we're talking about road defects, we're often talking about government entities: the city, county, or state agencies responsible for maintaining our roads. This is commonly referred to as "government liability." But it's not as simple as pointing a finger and saying, "They should have fixed it!" To establish liability, you generally need to prove three key things:

1. **Duty to Maintain:** The government entity had a legal responsibility to maintain that specific stretch of road in a safe condition.
2. **Breach of Duty:** They failed in that duty by not repairing or addressing the dangerous condition. Maybe they knew about it and didn't fix it, or they should have known about it through reasonable inspection.
3. **Direct Causation:** The dangerous condition was the direct cause of your injuries. This means there's a clear link between the defect and your crash.





## The critical role of “notice”

This is a big one, and it’s often the trickiest part of these cases: “notice.” Government entities generally need to have been aware of the dangerous condition and had a reasonable opportunity to fix it before they can be held liable. Think about it from their perspective: they can’t fix something they don’t know is broken.

“Notice” can come in different forms. Maybe someone else complained about the pothole, or there were previous accidents reported at that location. Sometimes, depending on the severity and duration of the defect, “constructive notice” can be argued—meaning they should have known about it if they were properly inspecting the roads.

## What you can do: Your action plan at the scene

We all hope this never happens to us, but if you do find yourself in a situation where a road defect causes a crash, here’s what you can do at the moment of impact (if you’re able) that will be incredibly helpful later:

- **Document, document, document!** This is paramount. If you can, take photos and videos of the road defect from multiple angles. Get close-ups, but also wider shots that show the surrounding area. This helps pinpoint the exact location.
- **Note the exact location:** Be as precise as possible. Street names, cross streets, mile markers, even nearby businesses or unique landmarks.
- **Witnesses are gold:** Did anyone else see what happened? Other cyclists, motorists, or even pedestrians? Get their contact information. Their testimony can be invaluable.
- **Report it (if safe):** If it’s a major hazard, consider reporting it to the relevant local authorities (city public works, county roads department) once you are safe and able.

## Good citizenship: Report it!

Hazards usually don’t get fixed unless they get reported, and even then it frequently takes several reports before an agency takes action. If you come across a hazard, particularly one that will harm a cyclist—but a driver might not consider dangerous—snap a photo and send it in. Many municipalities now use 311 as a reporting tool and it can be very easy to upload the photo with the location. This not only increases the



*Understanding your rights if something goes wrong is crucial.*

chances the hazard won’t take down a cyclist; it also puts the governmental entity responsible for the road on notice, making it easier for a rider to bring a successful claim if they do get hurt.

## The takeaway

While we focus on enjoying our rides, being aware of these potential road hazards and understanding your rights if something goes wrong is a crucial part of being a safe and responsible cyclist. It pays to be prepared for anything on the road, and that includes knowing how to protect ourselves legally if a dangerous road condition causes an injury.