

BUILT  
TO LAST  
AS LONG  
AS YOU.



AEGIS  
RACING BICYCLES



VAN BUREN, MAINE



## IT'S A WEIRD BIKE TO WANT.

But you do want one. Nearly nobody has one. Nearly nobody has *heard* of one. It's not the lightest. It's not the cheapest. It's not the most hyped. Lance never rode one. They're not giving them away to race teams.

Good.

You can get it in whatever colors you want—the weirder the better. You can get it in triathlon, road, cyclocross, mountain, or track. You can get it in just about any size you need—including women's. You can get it in about a week after you order it.

Better.

It's handmade of carbon fiber in a little town in Maine, by people who love what they do. And know exactly what they are doing. Because they are the people who invented what they do. They invented carbon frame bike manufacturing. And they have the patents to prove it.

Best.

They make possibly the best carbon fiber bicycles in the world.

They make them one at a time. And guarantee them to last as long as you. Maybe longer. So if you get one, and you don't crash it, put it in your will. But if you get one and you do crash it, they give you a big discount on a replacement. Because they are built by people with big hearts.

Welcome to Up North.

Why would you want a handmade carbon-fiber bicycle built Up North, in Maine? For starters, you have to understand Up North people. These frames are built as far north in Maine as you can go without making friends with the Canadian border patrol. And to get to the town where they're made, Van Buren, a potato's throw from the Canada border, you pass a lot of potato fields, and a lot of barns.

And you notice three things about these barns: They're big. They're old. And they're standing.

You have to understand the people Up North who build these kinds of things. These barns were built a hundred or so years ago, by people who wanted to pass them onto their grandchildren. People who didn't want to have to go out and build another barn in a few years.

Or in a hundred years.

Frugal people built these barns. The kind of people who wasted nothing. The kind of people who found 151 ways to serve a potato. So these barns are big, but you have to understand that they are not one inch larger than they needed to be.

When you venture way Up North to the very last town in America, you will find people who know exactly what to do with carbon fiber.

You will meet the people of Aegis.

These are the legendary people who perfected carbon-fiber bicycle making. People who've been improving the process for 20 years. People like John Desjardin, who runs the workshop where they are made. John's been building Aegis bicycles for sixteen years. Says his secret is simple—dependable bikes are built by dependable people.

How dependable?

"Well," says John, "I wouldn't trade any one of my people for five other people." These are people who build bicycles to endure.

Why not use aluminum or titanium or some other high-tech metal? Because carbon is lighter, stronger, stiffer, and more durable. It makes bicycles that absorb road shocks, and flex and work with you to translate your sweat into speed more efficiently than any other material.

It makes bicycles that feel alive.

Now, they could make them lighter. But then they would break. The people of Aegis build bike frames not one ounce heavier than they need to be. And not one ounce lighter. Because they know what breaks a bike. Because these people break lots of them. Because they put these bike frames through a torture test on a machine that stretches, shakes, and flexes each one hundreds of times. When you put your hand on a frame in the torture machine, you can feel it flex like the muscles of a live animal.

Yes, like muscles, frames do fail.

But given a choice between a frame failing under you or under the watchful eyes of John and his people, you'll take John every time. So will John.

You have to understand that the people of Maine have been building everything from tall ships to barns to bicycles for

a couple of hundred years to endure oceans and blizzards and ornery animals and heat and humidity and seasons of cold and rain.

They build things to endure.

To endure thousands of miles of soft shoulders, and potholes, and trucks, and dogs, and buses, and rainstorms, and flats, and manholes, and mud holes, and culverts, and races, and roads.

They build bicycles to endure.

They build bicycles that corner and climb and pull and roll with a comfort and strength that makes them the joy of racers and the love of weekend riders.

They build bicycles for people who understand about bicycles.

They build bicycles for people who dream about bicycles.



## YOUR WIFE, YOUR LIFE OR YOUR BIKE?

This big guy returns his Aegis T2 after a week. But it wasn't broken. His heart was. You just know his wife made him do it because before he gets it he says he always wanted one and he's finally saved up to buy it.

And before he buys it he keeps asking about exactly how we made it out of carbon fibers and exactly where up in Maine we make it and could he really get it in any color, and we told him sure he could.

So he gets it—painted his wife's two favorite colors. Redskins brown and yellow.

Then, soon as he gets it he calls asking about the warranty and says his wife wants to know if the return policy really was—if you don't like it return it. We told him sure. But we'll want to know why.

He returned it.

He wouldn't say why. He couldn't. So he mumbled something about how it didn't fit him right. Right. Any 5-year old could see through that.

He loved the bike.

You could tell he'll be back. She'll be gone.

So here's a guy who's gotta be asking himself: Can I really spend the rest of my life with the girl of my dreams who took my dream away?

*Maybe. Maybe not.*



FORGET TO TAKE BIKE OFF ROOF,  
DRIVE INTO GARAGE,  
POUND HEAD ON STEERING WHEEL.

*[Name withheld to protect the guilty.]*

Back from Thursday night's training ride for Saturday's triathlon.

No.

The front fork's exploded and the frame's scratched and it's all your fault because you answered the cell just as you got home and punched the garage door opener—and and and—you just hate yourself and your cell and your truck and the world and your friend who just called to ask if you can come over for pizza. And your stomach gets all knotty and you're thinking you're an idiot.

You rode that piece of crap bike for an extra year so you could afford this brand new Aegis with the aerodynamic carbon frame and you trashed it. It's old but you babied it like a girlfriend for ten years. Hell. It is your girlfriend.

You are an idiot.

And it takes you two weeks to work up the gumption to call the company and tell them what you did and they say ship it to us and we'll check it out and maybe have it back to you in no time. At least the wheels and bars are okay.

Then the best part is the guy at the factory up somewhere in Maine calls and says the carbon frame tests structurally fine so if you spring for the new fork they'll paint both to match.

Why?

Because he's the same guy who built the frame ten years ago and he's proud of the fact that you couldn't even kill it with your truck. And you think Maine must be some kind of place.

*And maybe you're not really an idiot.*



DID YOU HEAR THE ONE ABOUT THE  
GUY IN MAINE WHO GOT A BIKE FOR HIS  
RETIREMENT PRESENT?

No joke.

He's put over 50,000 miles on it. It was his present to himself. Skip Pendleton, up in Belfast. He's 73 now.

Bought Aegis because he heard they were made in Maine out of carbon fiber, and that they were guaranteed to stand up. And because he "always wanted one real good bike".

Doesn't say much. Just rides.

Always wanted to cross America on his bike. Did. Twice. Liked Montana.

Broke his shifter cable on a century ride down in Wiscasset. Couldn't fix. Stuck in one gear. Finished anyway.

Skip's not much given to exaggeration or lavish praise. But he does offer simple, practical advice for younger riders:

When it comes to dog attacks, he says to decide fast if they're serious. You can't outrun 'em unless you're on a downhill. If he's serious, jump off, put the bike between you and him, and keep going.

When it comes to bikes, he says to look for one that's stiff, but forgiving. Says when you're a serious rider it always matters—but at his age it really matters.

When it comes to life, he says there's a lot of things you can't control. But you might just live to be 73, so take care of your body, so you can enjoy yourself.

*When it comes to riding 50,000 miles on his Aegis, he says "It's never failed me."*



## DID YOU REALLY HIT A DOG, PETE?

Guy says he hit a dog. Landed on pavement. Broke bike in four pieces. Broke back in three places. Could not breathe. Dog vanished without a trace.

When the guy wakes up from reconstructive back surgery they asked him two questions:

Can you feel your legs? And. Do you still want to buy the Aegis bike company?

The guy says yes to both. His name's Pete Orne.

He wiggled his toes, laughed, and started the long road to recovery for himself, and for the legendary company that invented handmade carbon bikes.

Ironic, in a Maine sort of way, that he was riding an Aegis when he hit the dog.

He bought the Aegis bike because it

was light, strong, and handmade way up North, in Maine.

He bought the Aegis company at auction because he knew they built bikes stiff enough to be comfortable over long distances—and to absorb road shocks—but with a flex that transfers power to speed better than titanium or aluminum.

Pete's bike was not repairable, but his company was. Aegis has a well-earned and growing reputation among triathletes, time trialist, road racers and women.

The Aegis lifetime guarantee and lifetime crash replacement program are proof that Pete and everyone else at the company stands behind these bicycles.

He just hopes nobody else finds a dog standing in front of one.





## NEVER BRING A KNIFE TO A GUNFIGHT.

Guy's 20 years old, and obsessed with cross-country skiing.

The kind of guy who screws wheels on his skis so he can ski them in August. Says he took up bicycles because people make fun of him skiing pavement.

So, for fun, he shows up with a buddy at the Timberman Triathlon over at Lake Winnepesaukee, on a worn-out junker aluminum bike.

His first triathlon ever.

Night before the race, a guy walks up, laughs, and says something like: "You aren't seriously entering this race with that piece of shit, are you."

"Why not?"

"Because we haven't run out of bikes yet."

"You givin' em away?"

"Nope. But we'll take pity on you and lend you one, if you're nuts enough to ride that thing."

It's the guy from Aegis. He's still laughing. They pick an Aegis T2, adjust it up, and he rides about a mile.

Wakes up. Swims. Rides bike. Starts to run. Gets worst cramp of life.

Struggles. Finishes.

Finishes number 20 in the field of 800. And first in the 20-to-25-Male category.

Go figure.

"I just wish Aegis made skis."



AEGIS

































*Victory*

If you own an Aegis, even if you aren't the original owner (or the owner of the company), and your bicycle is involved in an accident (dog, tractor, moose) or crash, we will either repair it at cost, or if it is not repairable we will sell you a new Aegis at a 30% discount. We believe. You will too.

Bicycles come. Bicycles go.

Your Aegis is guaranteed for life.

Bicycles crafted in Maine.

To endure.

Tell us your Aegis story or get in touch to see about starting one.

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