



Sunday, July 25, 2010  
Ride Report

**Turrumurra**  
CYCLERY

The serious stuff

## Mystery Ride

This was a mystery ride and now it's on the calendar - BH -> Berowra and up to the east side of Fagan Park -> back past Uncle Grumpies through Berowra -> BH and home. Chardonnay, arrived in his Due Porte Flash Machine at 7.00 (the departure time) and then started putting on his make-up, shoes, scarf etc - pumped up his tyres while frantically asking where the ride was going and then whispered the riders' briefing from the back-end of the car park.

And so we were off - the A's, B's and C's - like sand in an hour glass into the gates of Bobbin Head. Il Postino (aka the Pretender) salivating at the thought of mountains (he's the top gun of Top Gun) was out of the saddle down and up. That Tuscany Tour certainly had its effect - Bomber is climbing faster than a pink Dash 8, Matty Hou stayed in bed, the Effetist uses only 1 leg so as not to drop the A's, TBG is still complaining of back ache - probably depression but who knows. Oooooowen was up to his old tricks again - feigning a puncture up Berowra and then going somewhere so if you see him out there lend him a map! So a lesson for him and Mr Loner - don't take the lead and set the pace at some unhealthy pace in the first 30 km if you want to survive to the end!

I have to admit that the girls climbed well - Patsy, Bomber, Cathy and Natalie. V is suffering from chronic fatigue (Chianti induced probably) and confided that that wasn't the reason that Dallas beat her up the hill. He's got newfound muscles, enthusiasm and a diet and is determined to get into the B's. Ill Presidente was seen stretching his sphincter in unison with his chain - but hey he lifted that carcass up the mountain and then realised he was short-sighted and couldn't see the peloton and hadn't concentrated on where we were going - the best option? Yep - turn for home!

Muscle Man was seen to be pondering why all these muscles don't work - 'why don't my big beautiful pecks get me up first?' Well look at the little runt from Canberra - he weighs 58kg

and has the pecks of a malnourished stick insect! And he climbs well - capisce? (that means - get it?) Even Il Postino's getting the message - he's got flabby skin where his pecks were!!

Hitting Berowra twice was odd although it was somewhat warmer the second time around - the first time the A's were locked in the pedestrian cage (and peering through the fence like starving criminals) and were let out after the B's and had to struggle to pass - in fact some didn't get to the top first - like Chardonnay (helping someone with a tube). Smashton was relieved to have the rest on the ferry. He confided on Face Book that the pace was 1000 times worse (on a logarithmic scale) than ghastly - 'blood was spraying from my nostrils - or was it fire?'. Anyway Martin heard the word 'fire' and was off out of Berowra - his broken rib didn't phase him as he melted rubber all the way to the top.

So while all this was going on and Daniel was clutching the nicks of Arnie at the back of B's (no photos please), the real men were doing their thing - time trialling in Calga. Yep the Alp and Hardarse were putting those one purpose machines through their paces and trying to stretch their hurt boxes - results will follow.

Now you'll have to deal with the fact that there'll not be many ride reports from UF while he is developing and new website for you - also user friendly on mobiles!!! You'll all owe him big-time!! So start looking for those unmarked green ones and paper bags!