



22

Only 16 days to Bumble Hill and the end of the MOM. Firstly I have to thank Luke of giving me a luxurious air-conditioned lift home from Galston where my bike finally gave in. Secondly I have to thank Caveman for his amazing effort - the most important spoke (5th on the left) of the most important wheel (front) just couldn't take the strain any longer and in the crotch of the Valley of Death (the bottom of Wylds R) snapped like Achilles's heel - UF did better the poor old Achilles though - thinking that the blood had been drained from his heart, lungs and legs he battled up the hill, was dropped and finally when he got the speed wobbles down Galston did it appear that the front wheel was wobbling more than *censored's* stomach on a trampoline. 'I can't ride this up this, the most beautiful of hills' (or something to that effect) wailed UF and Caveman responded 'Guv me thot whiel - there's nutting thot oi caan't rrride up thot *censored* hull' and he did and his spyncter bulged and when the frame finally wore through the tyre and it burst, MatH suspecting the worse (he was riding behind) disappeared into the bush for cover.

It was MatH's last MOM day (not that he doesn't have the time, he's just over it and has cracked - the warning signs were there with more and more elaborate MOM signs each day). So he made 22 which isn't a bad effort for him!

Colin Woodley gate crashed our post ride coffee to introduce himself but mainly to come and see what this mad group of MOM riders looks like - a spy tells me he was disappointed. He'd imagined a group of Mothers but there you go (or something like that). He awarded Green P and TBH with certificates of praise and thanks and said all the right things and stood in the right place for the cameras.

'Carnage up front' and to the side and back was that ethos of the day with the exception for Tom and Stu who seemed to do the sensible thing and drop back a group and enjoy it. The A's turned the heat up to diamond-melting temperature on the little climb before the Maroota turn off and it was hide and seek from them on with the second group getting just enough glimpses of leaders to want



to keep the chase going. There're a few names that bring fear to mind and they include Simon, Chardonnay, Terminator, TBG, Mc Muscle and Ben.

The B1's behaved much better and stayed together (although the attraction forces were nearly outweighed by the dispersing ones). We had another Chardonnay-type puncture fix (ie took longer than old man with prostatism) - but hey, it was Caveman at the helm.

The Deffetist did well - 'all I did was mozy along - nothing too strenuous I can assure you' he bleated one word at a time and he was of course referring to racing the mad dog on Halcrows Road and that isn't an reference to Paul, Nick, David, James or any of the others in B1s sanity. There is a mad dog that lives there - some might remember the Mad Cow that used to live on the corner turning into Maroota (but that's another story with a sad ending!).

We've entered the business end of the MOM now - and as there're so few remaining there'll have to be new rules (and I'll make them up as we go along - but be reassured that attendance is important both for your chance to win a Ferrari as also be fit enough to do Bumble Hill).

From now on the rides start at 6.15 during the week and the weekend rides are as normal. Coffee is at Bar Stelvio and it's quite chic now that the rabble are back at work.

