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Given the number of souls that turned up at the TMC Carpark this morning didn't amount to any more than a real estate agent's dozen (11), one could be forgiven for thinking that either yesterday's ride was too easy (thereby invalidating the need for recovery) or so bloody hard that recovery was best taken lying curled in the fetal position. The hardy 10 disciples, with notable stalwarts, Matty H, and Kurt A missing, received a new version of the ride briefing from their Ride Master;

Corte 25:17 "The pace of the righteous group is beset on all sides by the inequities of pace and the tyranny of the half-wheeler. Blessed is he who in the name of a smooth ride, shepherds the weak through the valleys of Sydney (and the climbs beyond), for he is truly the pace's keeper and the finder of dropped riders. And I will strike down upon thee with great turns of pace and with furious attacks those who attempt to unnecessarily surge and destroy my tempo. And you will know I am the Ride Master when I lay my vengeance upon thee".

Suitably scared and with thoughts of coffee and banana bread motivating the bunch, Nadine and Peter set the outbound pace. With recovery turning to exhaustion by Mt Colah, Nadine set the pace with Luke (a disciple with much lack of credibility). Conceding defeat and dropping a chain Luke retreated from the front at PITS, much like the French at Agincourt. Unhappy with the lax pace, keen for the delivery of her bike, and late for a bushwalk, Adrienne coaxed us 'to clap on the pace'. On our return leg, Nadine having shredded more partners than a dancer with two left feet, left us so early that we had to recover for another 10ks through Bobbin Head, so TBG could warm up the coffee machine. Green P's son, Green Pip replete with green bangle adorning his seat tube, admirably held the pace, while Ride Mistress Cathy successfully shepherded Corte up the steep incline of Bobbin Head's Turramurra side to coffee.

