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*I left my Sphincter on Somerville Rd and other classic hits*

Another great ride this morning with a healthy compliment of riders worthy of a FatBuster all working to notch up an impressive avg of around 32kph.

Fester confounded the critics again taking his place on the front of the bunch, but was soon heard humming a song vaguely familiar to leaving something in San Francisco.

Nick led us back to Bobbo, and then it was Mike and Andrew's turn on the front for the first lap across the top. Whether it was 3, 2 and a half or 5 laps noone could agree, but that was soon forgotten when some cultured gentlemen in a Range Rover wished us all a good morning and expressed his admiration for our fine riding.

But probably the most exciting moment was when about 300 riders all decided to contest the sprint on the last lap of Bobbo. At the critical moment, a cry or horror was heard as the bunch turned to chaos, shoulders bumped, nix changed colour and heart rates soared beyond the already max limit. Green P claimed the gap was there, but Stuey put in the protest to the commissars, and it was later revealed that Green P was actually practising railing corners in preparation for Roadies Day Off.

Mike took out the KOM but only because Dan let him cross the line first after a great chase, while Fester delayed the real contenders by faking a dropped chain (thanks Uncle!). Nick claimed a well deserved point in return for his inspired turn back along Galston Rd. Fedex was there testing the hammy, the fans at Wingello eagerly await confirmation whether he will be fit for RDO.

From there it was a smooth ride back to Pierre's for coffee and the inevitable post ride analysis.

Keep riding and stay safe!

Mike

