



BUMPY BODDINGTON

Report by Aaron Hoettee

An early drop-off at the start point, Danny was already there flossicking around his car etc. Weather was superb, expecting 15 or so riders to roll up and so they did. After the transfer of money, signatures and other bureaucratic bothers everybody started to make way. Danny had got in a few warm-up laps of the street and exploded out of the gate.

The Audax posse made way in a rag tag fashion to Anketell road, annoying seriously minded on-coming riders with their lack of attention to the seriousness of riding a powerful racing machine and moving left at the last opportunity.

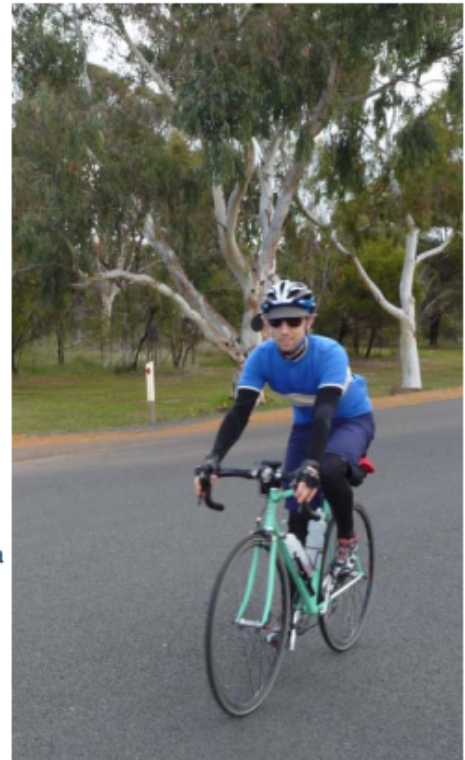
Glorious riding on Nettleton road after doing away with the humdrum of the flat land riding. Ross and Diva had stopped somewhere ahead of me and were now catching up to me on the hills. The smell of a carcass hovering in the air, the birds communicating, the sound of a diesel at full throttle up the slopes, it's all memories now. A couple of wise cracks to Eamonn on the fixed gear at Jarrahdale, something like "you made it!", he seems to have mastered the beast, he has thrown away the crutch of multiple ratios. Other riders pulled into the café, apparently medicos as Eamonn started some funky conversation about lists, colleges etc.

On the road out of Jarrahdale and

memories of last years Bumpy ride came flooding back. This time I was in a much better way, not least in thanks to my spouse Bianchi who carried me well, BC is more demanding. I was enjoying the rolling hills to Albany highway, Diva was doing it a bit tougher for some reason, I remained within reach to see what was going on. Albany highway was anticipated as the worse quality riding on the brevet, it pretty much lived up to that so I took the section steady. Eamonn and Hari seemed to be limping along as I past them, all was reported okay however.

Turning off a North Bannister toward Wandering was a pleasure. As soon as Albany highway was no longer visible the entire atmosphere was changed to a calm and natural bushland environment. This was very welcome and the route from here to Boddington is probably the highlight of the whole ride. The present riders grouped at this stage until Boddington. Diva and myself caught up in Wandering and we all rode to Boddington, at that stage I was in need of refuel. Ross and Danny were ahead somewhere, as were Caroline and Wayne who I had not seen yet and Glen was behind on the trike.

Boddington to Dwellingup on Pinjarra Williams road provides excellent terrain and atmosphere with a little traffic. Getting closer to Dwellingup Perry and I were starting to pull ahead a bit



on some of the hills, but behold Eamonn the masochist, caught up to us using his one ratio. As he caught up he spoke, "Ladies", still having a sense of humor. Perry and I could not let that stand and promptly dropped him on the next few large hills. I could hear Eamonn in my mind "It's not a race!", I used the leverage on bike to work out those hills. As I pulled into the General in Dwellingup I saw Wayne and Caroline sitting, looking like they had a fairly tough ride. I was given a piece of Caroline's Audax cake and appreciated it. Wayne was contemplating the temperatures he would experience while he rocketed down the scarp. Diva, Hari and Tony arrived after a short while. Diva was struggling to keep his composition; it was not his day to feel good.

Down the hill to Pinjarra, there was obviously a lot of enthusiasm for speed down that hill as Diva and I hung back. When I reached the bottom I rode full effort to catch up to the group ahead, to determine gaps, they were motoring along after diving into the descent. Reaching Pinjarra I waited back for Diva for 5 minutes or so. We all ended up at the Dome for coffee. Many things were said and done there, not all is fit to divulge. It was a rewarding final stop before the boredom of the flats and home.



Spoilt for choice