

The general ramblings of a recumbent tricyclist

Glen Lacey

Standing in the pre dawn light looking around at the assembled handwavium and unobtainium bikes, I ponder the thought of another ride on my own. Not that I mind. I rode the first sixty or so kilometres of the ride last week and know that the gentlemen now discussing the unsuitability of the steel touring bike are going to be dropping me on the first small hill on Pinjar Road. My 17kg tricycle climbs hills at a more “relaxed” pace.

Sure enough an hour or so later I watch the friendly group of half a dozen crest the second hill and disappear out of sight. Not too long after that I pass a couple of them coming out of the bushes (a hundred metres apart, wouldn't want you to get the wrong impression here). They call “how you travelling?” as they pass on their way to catching the group and I resist the urge to use the corny “flat out, mate, flat out” line...

A large but relatively slow moving peloton forced me to a halt on the Joondalup Dr roundabout, and I pondered jumping on the back for a bit of a tow. That would be against the rules and I resisted the urge. They are still within striking distance, and I actually consider riding up and passing them for the fun of it. The sun is already starting to affect my brain.

Wow, grasshoppers—hundreds of the little beggars. I'm moseying along heading into Guilderton. I pass Caroline on her way out, and she shouts some encouragement, well I think that's what it was. And I think it was Caroline. Short time later Nick and co let me know there's some ice waiting for me in town. Champion.

I top off my water and add as much ice as will fit. My failure of science subjects in high school is again confirmed as I think that at least the ice won't taste as foul as the water, cause whatever makes it taste foul will separate out as it freezes, won't it? Blech... The grasshoppers sting as they end their pointless little lives fleeing the mighty speeding bullet that is my tricycle. Well they hurt as they hit me while I'm descending back to Wanneroo Rd anyway.

The lady at the Gin Gin café kindly refills my water bottles with something closer to potable water as young Sebastian signs off my brevet card. Lightning strikes nearby and it starts to rain as I leave. I depart right on time.

Why is it that all the descents heading towards Clackline are nicely shaded? Why couldn't the shady bits be where I need them? Stupid trees. Stupid hot road. Stupid awful tasting food. Stupid everything. Hmmm, methinks I'm getting dehydrated.

The rain cools me and the road off nicely, making the climb to the top of Bindoon Hill that little bit more bearable. I turn off at the Catholic Ag College as the last of the water is evaporating off the road. I'm beginning to recognise that I haven't been drinking enough and ponder that the rain has probably saved my bacon.

As I descend the six or eight kilometres into Toodyay the elevation profile keeps popping into my head. I know I'm going to be paying for this very shortly. I also know that the nausea I'm feeling is a result of the failure to drink more at the start of the ride. I force myself to eat, but know that I'm not

only short on kilojoule intake but playing catch-up on the fluids as well. I arrive in Toodyay half an hour down.

Why is it that all the descents heading towards Clackline are nicely shaded? I mean, I'm climbing at about ten kilometres per hour, and descending at three or four times that. Why couldn't the shady bits be where I need them? Stupid trees. Stupid hot road. Stupid awful tasting food. Stupid everything. Hmmm, methinks I'm getting dehydrated.

I ride into Bakers Hill just as the bakery closes, now an hour behind. I don't bother to leave the highway and just stop to write the time on my brevet card. I continue on knowing I don't have chance of finishing before dusk. Hey, was that John's bike on the back of that white Magna? Hope he's OK...

I descend into Midland feeling the full effects of too little fluid and not enough kilojoules. It's about an hour after sunset and I know the reasons why. But I still manage to push 30 km/h through to Bayswater. As the drunken jobs smash things and abuse each other, the Transit Guards look on, and I load the trike onto the roof of the car. 314 km and sixteen hours after leaving. And I've left 4.5 kg out on the road somewhere...

Audax WA ran the Dawn til Dusk series last year, and the idea caught Glen's attention but not attendance. Having decided to test his legs on the first of the series he discovered that “drinking and eating can be harder than you think”.