

Ben Warden	Honda CBR1000	Cliff Peters (leader)	Kawasaki ZX10
Misho Zrakic	Honda CBR1000	Phill Hotschilt	Suzuki GSXR1300
Paul Southwell	Honda CBR1000	Ron Johnston	Suzuki GSX1250
Tony Stegmar	Honda CBR1000	Billy Simpson	Suzuki GSXR1000
Jesvin George	Honda CBR600	Steve Mudford	Suzuki GSXR750
Pina Garasi	Honda CBR600	Cheeky Dunlop (1 st ride)	Suzuki GSXR600
Win Nghiem (2 nd ride)	Honda CBR600	Rob Langer (rear rider)	BMW R1150
Geoff Jones	Yamaha R1		<i>13bikes, 13 people</i>

I haven't done a writeup for a while. Must remember, when the word goes out for a scribe, never make eye contact with the leader; look for planes or examine the toe of your boots until someone else gets lumbered.☺

I arrived at Moriac, our morning tea stop, at around 10:15am and found Bill and Tony already there. The rest of the crew were en-route from Point Cook Shell Servo via the freeway. Ben kindly led down to Moriac, saving me a trip up and back from Geelong. Thanks Ben, and thanks again for the Melbourne Cup weekend run. What a blast! If everyone enjoyed it as much as I did, they will certainly be back next year. Awesome! Sorry if I kept you awake at night, mate; I think I may have been re-living the day's ride in my sleep and woke us up yelling, "Brake, brake, hit the brakes!"

Well, back to Moriac. Soon the Melbourne crew arrived, bringing the total up to 13 in all. While we were having morning tea, a few car drivers informed us of a large police presence in the area and to be on the alert. One bloke mentioned that 40 police were on duty in and around the Ocean Road area. Not good. I heard a couple of riders say they were thinking of going home. I have to admit the thought crossed my mind too. I decided to take it easy till Deans Marsh. Then it should be okay as we won't be on roads the police would bother with. Thankfully, it turned out to be correct.

I did the route spiel, where and what to look out for, and then we headed out of town towards Deans Marsh at the speed limit. At about the ten km mark, sure enough, cops have pulled over someone in the 60 km/h roadwork zone, on the right hand side of the road. On the left side is another police car and two motorcycle cops hiding behind the trees.

I limp through and keep going on towards Bambra where we were told there was a cop parked in the bushes, though I made it to Deans Marsh without seeing any sign of one. I corner marked and waited. And waited. (Billy informed me at lunch that some riders were pulled over for the usual checks: licence, rego, roadworthy tyres.

Heading west now, I pick up the pace. The roads were generally in good condition, reasonably straight, but still enjoyable with a bit of pace on! We regroup at the Colac, Carlisle River Road intersection to clean our visors and to stretch our legs after 83kms, with a further 60 kms of fun road to Simpson before lunch. I remind people to watch for gravel and bumps, and take heed of the warning signs.

It was a good run to Simpson where most of the group filled up with fuel. But as every minute passed, I became more apprehensive. It felt like there had been a crash, and most likely one of the new people. Ben eventually came through and told me that Cheeky had crashed into the back of his sister Win at the start of the 3 km dirt section and possibly broken his collar bone. Rob pillioned Cheeky the 23km to our lunch spot. (I have a fair idea how painful that would have been – ouch!) Win was in the process of organising transport for the bike and a lift to the hospital for Cheeky. Ben was pretty keen that he was not taken on the back of anyone's bike due to the amount of pain he was in and more importantly, the inherent risk and likely consequences.

Anyway, feeling better that Cheeky is sort of okay, I park my bony butt on Tony's knee, as all the chairs are taken, and proceed to unwrap my salad roll. Out of the corner of my eye I can see Tony

eyeing it off and I said “Look mate, you have me, and you’re not getting my roll. Okay?” That raised a few giggles. ☺

Paul pipes up “Gee, that last section was like a roller coaster ride.” Yeah, fun though! Steve and Misho certainly didn’t waste any time coming through, looming large in my mirrors.

Lunch done (time passes quickly when you are having fun) we head out of town on roads I had ridden a month ago in the wet. They are more fun today as it’s dry and warm. Top of 26 degrees, though it felt warmer later on.

Turn right, next left and through some twisties. Six kilometres on I pull over, do a U-turn, six km back, turn left and head for Beeac, about 85km away. Some windy, some straight stretches. Phil, on the Bussa, was trying to sell something for \$270. Steve and Misho seemed to be enjoying themselves as well. There was little traffic with maybe six cars in 80 odd kilometres. We have the roads virtually to ourselves.

The local shop in Beeac has shut at 2pm. Bummer. No coffee. We stay for a few minutes and the talk is about the usual things: How fast were you going? Sheep, what sheep? Baa, baa! Stoner’s going to kick arse tonight in the wet. Honda’s rule. Yeah, everybody’s got one. Just like... well we won’t go there.

Sixty kilometres to Inverleigh, fuel and coffee. Yes, they will be open. The roads around here don’t provide much excitement. I can see some good crops of barley and canola, though the canola is past the bright yellow stage - almost ready to harvest by the look of it.

We arrive at Inverleigh, fill up with fuel, ready for the last 95km run to the Werribee breakup. Then cross the road to the local shop for coffee and food and conversation. Paul has pulled the pin and headed home. Bill only lives ten minutes away and will leave us in the next section, but not before telling some jokes. Good joke-man is our Billy. Always has me in tears when he gets going.

The rest of us head off towards Teesdale on a back road Billy had shown us on a lead earlier in the year. We continue up through Lethbridge to Maude and the back way to Anakie. Solid pace most of the way to the breakup servo on the outskirts of Werribee.

Thanks to all for coming. Total ride distance 505 km, with around 40km to home for most I guess. Thanks Rob for rear riding duties. I look forward to seeing you all next Sunday.

Cliff Peters