

own judgment. We had plenty of time left since we forfeited our sleep, so we just took a longer 90 minute rest in the hope that Rodney would recover. It's 4 am, and we were ready to go. Rodney decided to push on to complete the ride in which I thought could either be the most courageous or stupidest act.

At about 365 km, somewhere along the Bicentennial Bikeway, my crank arm came loose again. So a quick stop to tighten it up. I started thinking of alternative plans, one of which is to go home and swap my high racer with my hardtail MTB, but home was 8 km away and riding both ways would mean I may not make the time, considering I'll be moving at a slower pace on the MTB. This option was a no then.

About three kilometres later, the crank arm loosened again and this time it fell off, ugh. Tighten it back and this time I minimised the pressure of my left foot on the pedal, at times effectively pedalling with only the right foot. We

arrived at our unofficial checkpoint at Toowong where Simon helped to tighten up my crank again and I left shortly after while the rest stayed on a little longer. I didn't want to slow the group down in case I need to stop to retighten my crank multiple times. Somewhat miraculously, my crank stayed on in the remaining of the journey to Jindalee, where we stopped briefly as that was the 6 am checkpoint.

We nearly sat down at Jindalee McDonald's for a coffee until Simon reminded us we shouldn't risk losing time. I was the only one familiar with this route so I took the front again. We continued riding on the bike path before merging onto the roads parallel to Ipswich Motorway. Worried that my crank may come loose again, I was almost exclusively pedalling with my right foot, left foot just resting on the pedal. We had plenty of time so we took it easy on this section but given the smooth and flat conditions, we still managed to average close to 25 km/h.

Quite honestly, the remaining ride felt like a breeze. It didn't feel like we had been riding for nearly 400 km in the past 24 hours. I suspect this could be due to the nicely spaced checkpoints and adequate amount of rest at each. We entered the carpark of the Brothers Leagues Club and Sandy stood right there with a camera capturing the moments of glory for Team Gym-Wich Flat Trackers. We were the only team this year in Queensland to ride a distance greater than the minimum 360 km and to our great surprise, the first team to arrive! Although, we were probably the only team that also didn't manage to get any sleep in the entire 24 hours.

Well done and thank you for the epic ride to all my team members!

Melvyn Yap

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Commander Cody and the Lost Planet Airmen

COMMANDER CODY (Rick) and the lost planet airmen (Wim, William and Gerry) sauntered south from Clayfield at 8 am sharp. The initial push would take in all the eastern beach side points before journeying via the Seven Sisters to Wim's mother's place at Mt Cotton. Lured by the promise of fresh Dutch stroopwafels and raw herring spaghetti (neither of which appeared) the boys nonetheless enjoyed a delightful feast of fruit and zucchini slice washed down by gallons of green Gatorade.

A tough afternoon session awaited us battling heat, dead back roads, nasty crosswinds and 'yours truly' lagging behind on a ridiculously heavy steel beast. One third into the ride and seriously questioning the wisdom of

that choice. Quick diversion to the Southport spit before a pleasant and steady roll down to the turnaround point at Coolangatta.

Now full of bad fast food and swathed in our reflective vests we looked forward to the cool night ride home. Gerry armed with local knowledge steered us cleverly, via a bunch of back roads to emerge at Coomera. Caught up with some fellow Audax riders at the local servo and then meandered home. Had already clocked almost all of our designated 360 km so we made a group decision to get some sleep and promptly crashed at around 11.30 pm.

On the road again by 5 am and enjoyed a steady ride to Ipswich even taking in a leisurely coffee stop.

It was a great day and quite an achievement for Wim, William and I (actually about 50 percent longer than we had ridden in a single day before). It was a dawdle for Gerry the old stager and we had to quietly talk him out of the notion of riding non-stop through the night just to make it feel worthwhile! Certainly will be starters again next year and thanks for Sandy and co. for attending to the organisational aspects. And to part with the infamous words of Commander Cody himself: "My Daddy said son you're gonna drive me to drinkin' if you don't stop driving that, Hot...Rod...Lincoln."

Rick Abraham