

Trials Tales

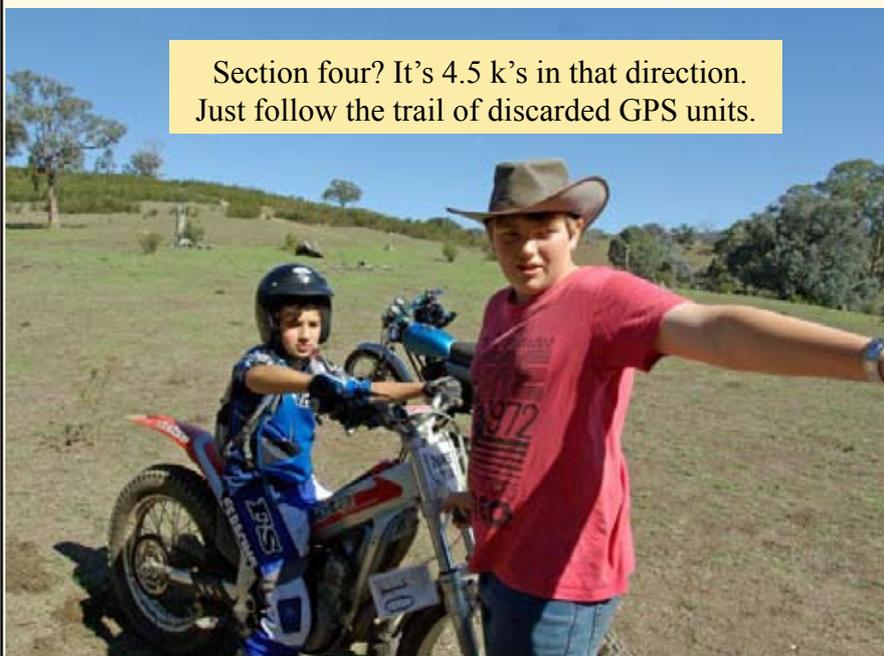
Glenmaggie

For me it's a twelve-hour drive to Glenmaggie and with two restless kids onboard, the trip is a story in itself. After yet another infernal round of eye spy the end was in sight. The rainbow's end in this case was a full weekend of Easter weekend camping and trials fun. Glenmaggie has reached iconic status in Australian trials circles for very good reasons.

Set on a creek flat in some woolly looking hills in East Gippsland, a large camping area cum pits is full to overflowing with tents, swags, camper vans and trailers, all fighting for space amongst a whirlwind of children, parked bikes and numerous cow pats. As said the campsite is situated on a flat encircled by a creek. This creek has magnet-like attraction for all the kids (*and it seems, cattle thereabouts*), who have an innate ability to find slippery banks and wallows. In no time flat, most of them are resembling New Guinea mud warriors. With many sections sited in the creek, the adults too will soon have their chance to accumulate mud on bikes and clothes. Tracking mud into the tent, is of course, a given.

At night a dozen large campfires throw sparks in the air as trials stories past and tall get told and retold. The stories get older and taller as the adults become suitably fortified against the chill. The whirlwind of children continues to fan the flames as they ready themselves for the Easter egg hunt on Sunday. At sparrow's yawn it's no surprise to find a youngster climbing rummaging over your trailer and firewood looking for wayward chocolate. Suitably fortified with chocolate, Sunday's kids are literally climbing the trees, at least those not yet old enough to ride the junior lines. Speaking of which, there are: At least 150 entries of all shapes, sizes, sexes and riding abilities: old and new bikes, sidecars, pushies, minis and maxis.

And the bikes? Meet the brand new, the blinged, the battered, the bygone, and the beloved. All the marques, all the classes: everyone brings his or her pride and joy to Glenmaggie. There is even a large showing of new bikes for adults to salivate over and for the kiddies to put muddy paw prints upon (*not mine of course, they would be too busy at the wallow*).



Section four? It's 4.5 k's in that direction.
Just follow the trail of discarded GPS units.

What of the riding at Glenmaggie? Well, it's quite a large property and a loop between sections can stretch the fuel capacity of most bikes. In fact better to carry a water bag, small tent and survival gear. A GPS or possibly an EPIRB would be helpful. I did say it was big didn't I? And given the size of the place a large variety of the terrain is available ranging from monster to miniature hill climbs, grassy to dusty hills, wooded sections dotted with fallen timber to rocks and of course, the much favored creek bed. Socially, the two days out on the sections are brilliant. Many riders go in tandem enjoying the chance of a day out with mates. With a big field of riders there is plenty of opportunity to gasbag whilst waiting your turn through a section.

In between sections, you can nod your head or raise a wave as you pass another rider, quite knowing that they're probably just as lost as you are. *Now where did they say that section 4 was? Up that gully or was it over that rise? What were the GPS coordinates?* No small wonder they give you medal just for finishing! If you don't get enough riding in the two days there's something wrong with you or you've quite likely eaten too many Easter eggs.

So three cheers to the Oakleigh Club; you have made Glenmaggie the trial that all Australian riders should mark in their diaries. Even with a long, long drive home livened by kids on chocolate withdrawal and the smell of car-warmed mud; I'll be there again.

Happy Easter.