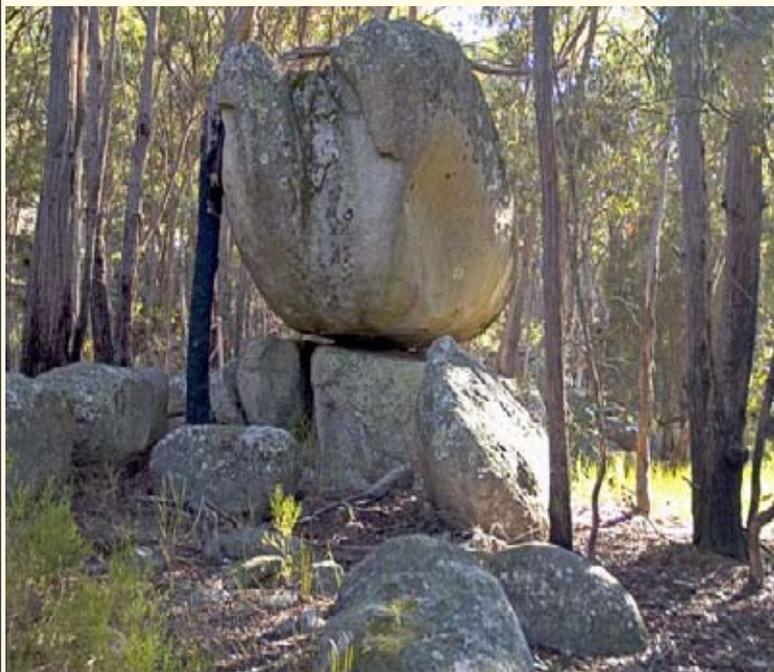


Trials Tales

Rock spotting!

By Greg Cramond

What would a splat look like up the side of that?



Dare to dream?!

It happens to all trials riders. You graduate from doing slow tight turns around a garden stake in the driveway and now you're looking for a new challenge.

So what does the newly minted trials rider do? He finds something to ride over. Now, newly minted trials riders might look for something quite unassuming like a curb or a sleeper they've dragged in from the back garden as their "mountain"..... In a way the mountain as an analogy as an apt one. For trials riders riding over stuff in effect reflects a mountaineer's desire to climb a mountain "*because it was there*".

We love riding over stuff, and this is all well and good, but it does start thoughts creeping into our everyday lives.

In my job I get to travel a lot which is nice, but I do (*as a trials tragic*) start to view the natural wonders of our world as possible sections. I drive down any road in the country and start to see obstacles on the roadsides of every corner of our land.

I know I am not alone in this. It is a trials affliction suffered by many.

People restricted to more urban existence no doubt see possibilities in the skateparks, industrial sites and storm drains of our fair cities.

For me however it's the countryside and no drive is complete without me, in my mind's eye, riding over stuff.

Wow, look at that giant Karri log! No, I am not musing about the wonders of the botanical world, the natural cycle of life and decay or even good help me the timber value such a big piece of wood. Sadly, I am thinking of a big splat and leap off the far side; conquering the log!

Look here, see that tumble of granite boulders. No, again, I am not looking at subtle beauty in the colours of the lichen encrusted rocks or of which geological formation it may be. I have formed in my mind the possibility of riding a line past that little sharp rock on the left, over that small rounded one in the centre, before lining up for a big push up and over the really big chunk by that stunted tree. What's over the other side is immaterial as I have crested the monster rock (*which just happened to be there*).

I am sailing down the road at 110 when we pass through a cutting with rocky, near vertical sides. Now there's a couple of lines up that cliff face I'm sure. At 110 there's not enough time for reality to spoil the dream.

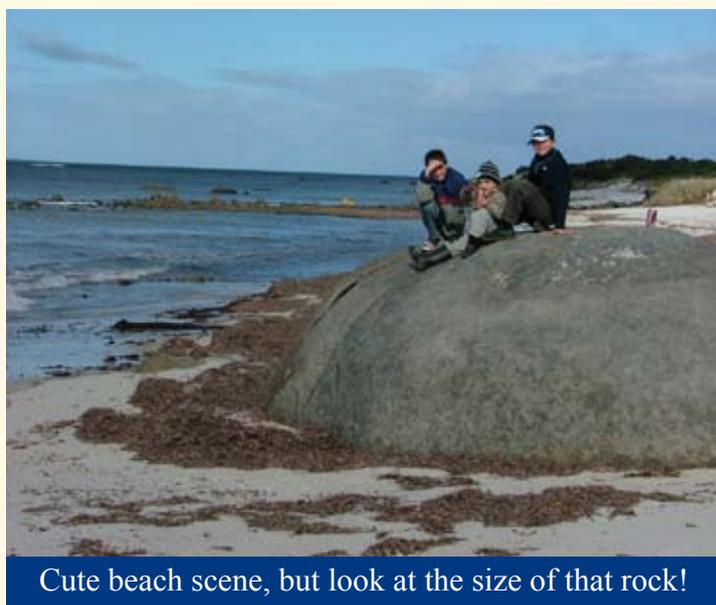
Holidays too are a time when the affliction can hit hard. Too much time on my hands... not been on the bike for two weeks...

Here in South Oz most people holidaying head to the coast and you would think that with all that sand around the sufferer might get some relief from this mania. No, that is not the case at all. Nearly every beach has it's rocky headland and here the sufferer's mind runs riot. Ever seen that Trials video of the World Title guys riding in Northern Ireland on just such a rocky headland? So, no relief here as those sections start forming again and the splats get bigger on all these wonderous rocks. Once again, no point letting your actual lack of talent get in the way when you fantastically climb that monolith.

And speaking of monoliths, who can honestly say they haven't entertained the possibility of riding over the Devil's Marbles at Tennant Creek or Remarkable Rocks on Kangaroo Island or my personal favourite trials fantasy land, Murphy's Haystacks on Eyre Peninsula in South Oz (*if you don't believe me have a look on the internet*).

Yes, trials riders love riding over stuff. Ok, we're still in fact only riding up the steep side of a house brick, but it doesn't hurt to dream does it?

Just don't tell anyone other than another trials rider. Otherwise, people might just think you're mad.



Cute beach scene, but look at the size of that rock!