

A weekend of giggles!



Not the start though, at 5.45am going out to start the van to find a flat battery in the Isle of Man monsoon season in semi darkness. Panic does sort of creep in along with words like I cannot b.....y believe this. Fortunately Julie turned up with a brollie and torch in hand, Stig with his head under one bonnet of his car and me with mine in the vans. Tool kit under everything in the back of the van under Oscar. Make shift house hold kit found in Stigs car and the battery swopped. Threw everything in of Julies and headed down to pick up Janet and Kevin in Union Mills finally getting to the Steam Packet check in just in time. Relief. Priority on the boat to head to the ladies and stick self under the hand drier.

Leaving the rain clouds behind and praying the weather man had drawn the correct line across the UK. We arrived at Cadwell to brilliant sunshine and heat & having specially reserved area by Shane Madison camp, Julie's driver for the event. A welcome sight was Tim our mechanic whom we hadn't seen since the Southern 100. He had broken off from work to help us try to obtain the 5th signature for next years TT. Why does getting everything out of the van take longer than loading it.

Having had a pub lunch we were very keen to get a walk around the track. So leaving our catering and hospitality manager Janet to look after our special guest & sponsor Kevin Ashworth from Ashworth Machined Timber to sample local beverages in the clubhouse. Tim, Stig and I wondered off with Shane and Julie to examine the lines.

Oh my, a mini Nuremburg I had been told, believe it, for sure it has a little of most of the tracks we have raced on, hairpins, goosenecks, 4 corners in 1, 90 degree bends, mountains, and big rumble strips to be avoided at all costs and it is narrow and on the best dry day is still slippery under the trees. A beautiful setting in the trees with all facilities near by excellent viewing area for fans.

Not far for the holding area!!!!!! Well after a long push through the paddock and the long grass, thanks Kevin told you you'd be working by the end of the weekend.

RACE DAY 1:

More delays just meant rehydrating and lazing around in the sun, winding up Stig with the sound of tooosh! That can of carling sound. To save Tim legging it up and down the hill it was decided that time was to go to the pit wall with the tool kit and Kevin to stay and push and hold the screwdriver. The second race of the day started in much the same way beating up F1's and munching F2's finishing in 20th position out of 26 1.57.713, not as fast but it was late in the day, and had some visibility issues heat haze me thinks. Off to the club house to see the boys and girls receive the well earned trophies and back to Shane Maddison camp for a wonderful curry washed down with good conversation and a night cap or two. Van windows and doors open and lying yes lying on top of the sleeping bag far too hot but I'd far rather that than frost and ice on the inside of the van on a march morning. The early bird catches the worm; well you do see some sights when you get up early for a shower hey girls. A rescheduled 3/4 races carried over from the wobbly things from the day before meant a team breakfast at the club house watching folks take to the warm up sessions. The whole team meandered about for a couple of hours watching from all sorts of locations around the track, in the shade. Hiding from the sun. Phone calls back home made us all giggle; monsoon conditions at home, roads washed away, not enough marshals well 4 of us were at Cadwell. Well time to regroup back at camp and with Kevin's stocks replenished by Sally and Oscar just needing small tinkering. Just enough time for me to fall of a 6" mat backwards head butt the van, no alcohol before anyone says a word. Camera turned on, but unfortunately switched itself off again unknown to us. Not quite sure if Stig was as up for this race as I but one thing for sure Oscar sure had some up and at em for the first couple of laps and had a right old battle with an f1 who cheekily nipped up the inside of the corner approaching the hairpin unaware of an F2 directly in front of us promptly t-boned the F2 which sent the F1 into a lovely 360 and the poor F2 developed a cough and a wounding and Oscar took to the grass and 3 into 1 does go in Oscar's books. Giggling all the way past the start/finish line head bouncing around like a noddy dogs. Three sidecars all ganging up on Oscar waiting for the error more F1's making F2 sandwiches in front of us, total carnage in places more like a scene from the whacky races. Into the final few corners and Oscar had the scent of an F1 and breathing extremely heavily down the passengers neck if the door opened we were having it. Unfortunately with the F1 power opening up to the line we were beat. Waving goodbye to the marshals and all the knowledgeable fans and the new team members of Libby and family around the circuit Oscar skipped happily back up to the paddock. 1.55.623 lap time and 18th/25 and the 10th F2.

As you all are aware by now if we have achieved what we came for we never race the final race of the day. Accidents happen when tired, plus a long journey home and work on Monday morning, and also Oscar has to be completely cool before loading up the weekends racing camp on top of him before loading the passengers. Time for a beer and watching demented wasps. With thunder rumbling and flashes of lightening the van was very quickly packed and then rushed off for a shower before watching the final sidecar race of the weekend. Oh them folks are not normal, wheels up in the air, big what you ma call its for sure, on the grass, off the grass, experienced folks and inexperience, bruises all over their bodies blisters on their hands. But you ask anyone of us would we do it again and the answer would be oh yes. Very pleased for the personal accomplishments of Julie and Shane after their past three meetings they did get all 4 races in and reduced their lap times as well.

For the first time ever we raced this weekend against another lady driver and her passenger. An mature all lady crew, new comers to the sport this year has even got Kevin's tail up by the end of the weekend threatening to purchase an F1 for himself and get back to racing again. Life in the old tiger yet hey Kevin.

A very “safe” journey up the motorways and a hearty pub tea wash eventually washed down with a well deserved pint. Broken up by Julie and Janet’s attempts to photograph a beautiful sunset out of a moving van through the window dodging trees, telegraph poles, vans, trucks and the tax disc on the front window. (Images will appear shortly on facebook), more giggles and tears. Music on the radio “chasing the sun” very apt. Oh you don’t have to have me tell you of that awful wait at the black hole of heysham port can be but we entertained the waiting crowd. Kevin tried to take over Julie’s postal round by trying out the postman pat and his black and white cat coin operated ride car. Well he was thinking of his new F1 I think. Tears trickled down the face and my ribs hurt from the sheer joy of laughing.



TEAM OSCAR RACING
Live the dream, whatever your dream may be