

# Darwin to Broome - D2B

Posted on July 10, 2015



*My Motivation*

To many of you, I am probably known officially as the 'crazy old man'. My next event, a Solo mountain bike ride from Darwin to Broome, is not just an extreme physical adventure, but is a journey of the mind body and soul. This bike ride (D2B) is where I will find the real me, I will be so far outside my comfort zone that it should bare the rawness of my soul. This is a part of my healing (My Story) because I now know that I'm not a dirty person and certainly not a bad person.

Twenty years ago, I read a story of the Native American Indian Elders sending their young men out to fend for themselves in the wilderness to find direction in their lives. I feel I am in need of that direction at this moment in my life. Hey! I know I'm sixty, but I don't think age is a barrier and of course it's not the wilderness, but it is certainly outside my comfort zone.

Another lovely saying that typifies my bike ride, 'Sometimes, you find yourself in the middle of nowhere; and sometimes, in the middle of nowhere, you find yourself -Anon'.

Watch this space!

Kenny Mac

# “Bum Cream”

Posted on July 12, 2015



BumCream\_D2B

I woke up this morning and it hit me..... only 24 days to go and the D2B (Solo Mountain Bike ride with trailer from Darwin to Broome, 1,900 kms approx. 21 days) starts. I have to admit I did not feel calm. The words that would come to mind are anxious, nervous a tad excited but overall, I could say “holy shit it is happening”.

I have always given this piece of advice to people that are getting ready for a big event. *Don't use all your fuel sources on your nervous energy before the race (on the day or the lead up).* So I gave this advice to myself this morning. I have gone over my list of things to do and I have started to check one job off at a time (calmly).....

With this I thought I would share some information with you all on my “Bum Cream” Now on my page “Planning & Research” I explained that chafing may not seem like a problem however when you are riding everyday it can become not only extremely painful but can also lead to other health concerns such as Fungal Infections and Infections.

A very good friend of mine, Laurie Cavallaro is a very dedicated ultra-event man. A couple of them are The Simpson Desert MTB race and The Marathon des Sables. I have been so lucky that he has shared his advice on the best remedy for Chafing. Laurie shared his remedy with me which consists of Wool Fat, Antiseptic, Numbing and Steroid components.

With the help of my girls today we mixed up all our creams and whalllaaaa “Bum Cream” is ready.

Kenny Mac

# Camden Discount Cycles

Posted on July 16, 2015



*John & Yvonne at Camden Discount Cycles*

For 15 years I have been walking in and out of the local bike shop, Camden Discount Cycles. To this day I have purchased 5 bikes, a truck load of tires, tubes and a huge range of other gear, including my new Giant Talon 27.5, which I bought especially for my upcoming Darwin to Broome ride.

Yvonne does all the researching while John and the mechanics have built and made all the additions to “The Northern Express” with total ease. With John’s knowledge of bikes and his own experience in riding, racing and touring he came up with some great ideas along the way.

Their help over the past 14 months has been wonderful. It didn’t matter what question or silly idea I had, it was answered. (John would always let me know if my idea was too wacky!!). His honesty made my somewhat stressful time funny.

I cannot Thank John, Yvonne and the Team enough for their time and effort in perfecting “The Northern Express” Thank-you so much.

Kenny Mac

# Friendship

Posted on July 23, 2015

Friends.... without them we would be lost, with them we laugh and get through a lot of shit in our lives.

I have been saving, planning and training for this bike ride for around 14 months now. Stu Wagner (Wags), one of my great friends, who is also an ultra-runner, gave me the money to pay for my Mountain Bike Trailer. This made the very next day quite exciting, I ordered my DOM – T2 Trailer. Some of you may wonder where I got the name for my bike and trailer combo..... It was from Wags.

‘The Northern Express’ was born.

I have a little insight into our friendship for you all.....



*Stuart Wagner and Me*

Picture this.....About 26 runners, all continually running around a 400 metre athletic track (competing in the Queensland 24-hour track race) of which 2 of them are Wags and myself. The first over-night event I ever entered. It was around 2:00 AM, it is quite dark (lights had been dimmed), that Wags and I stopped for a meal break and drink. Eating wasn't an issue but as your body quickly cools down some of the pain in your leg's kicks in. I took a few caffeine tablets (NoDoz+) and yes, a couple of pain killers. Wags told me that this next section of the run could be a little difficult (body and mind) and to just focus on running in small steps but keep running. When the sun comes up your mind gets a new lease of energy.

During that last dark section of the morning, after refueling, I put all of Wags' advice into action and I ran like I was Hermes himself. At times it seemed I was running at the same pace as Wags, OMG! I felt good. At the 7:30AM finish, it was announced the winner was Wags with 166 kms and I ran 121 kms. I think this proves that you can run while asleep (I must have nodded off, as I was sure I was pacing with Wags). He was named Queensland's 24-hour champion (second year in a row).

Wags, a big thanks from Kenny Mac.

# Countdown – In Single Numbers

Posted on July 30, 2015



Packing all the Gear



Packing all the Food

## 6 Days to Go

You might be thinking how I am feeling so close to “kick off”. I did expect to have my excitement factor on the higher side of the Richter scale. But, the ‘getting everything ready’ and the ‘have I forgotten anything’, nerves have been all engulfing the last few weeks. The 3AM wakeup calls with thoughts like “Do I need a small extension cord?” (For the power at the tent site of the caravan parks) I can’t leave my gear at the power pole charging because it may disappear. My dear mind please let me sleep.....

Goodness, if I took everything, I thought I might require on the trip I would need to bring a pack camel with me. Last week-end I practiced packing and I was only allowing myself to have what is essential. My family are insisting that I mail a small food parcel to Kununurra, half-way point, just before the long dirt road section. This would mean that I won’t need to carry it with me on the first part of the journey..... the jury is still out on that one.

I have this feeling that when I start the ride I’ll be totally relaxed. Knowing that I have prepared well and the realization that if I have forgotten anything, I will just get on with it because when it comes down to it, all I really need is the bike, food, water and a destination.

‘Bang and that just happened!’- A motto from Ryan Schultz (my son in law). It’s not like I’m riding around Australia as others have done before.

Chat soon,

Kenny Mac

# Help Comes In Many Forms

Posted on August 3, 2015



<http://www.bravehearts.org.au>

I am overwhelmed with all the kind messages and support that I have been receiving since sharing my story and launching the blog.

I have been asked by so many how they can support me or if they can make a donation. For those of you who wish to make a donation we have set up a fundraising page to raise awareness and money for Bravehearts.

Bravehearts is a fantastic Australian Organization that has successfully moved the subject of abuse out of the shadows and into the light. It works hard to educate, empower and protect Australian kids from Sexual Abuse. It also provides ongoing support for those who have been abused.

If you wish to make a donation, please click on Link below.

Bravehearts White Balloon Day

Thank you for your ongoing support

Kenny Mac

# Diary

5<sup>th</sup> August 2015

*Waved goodbye to Pam and the girls, blew a few kisses and walked down to the plane. Where was that excitement I was expecting? I had a small nap for the first hour of the 4 ½ hour flight. When I opened my eyes, I looked around me. I could only see tops of heads – some bald, curly, blonde, brown, a baseball cap, even two guys with rather big head phones. They all have different reasons to be flying to Darwin. Judith and Don beside me are off to visit their grand kids. They think the heat will be bearable in August, considering it was only 6C when we left Sydney this morning.*

*As I leaned back in my seat, it hit me. I'm still in preparation mode. That's why the excitement factor is not 'through the roof.' I still have to rebuild my bike and trailer, pack all my gear for the trip and take my bags around to the transport company. Then it's on. I will continue my nap. Still have 2 ½ hours to go before we land.*

*All my gear accounted for, we landed five minutes early, a southerly all the way. Caught a cab to the hotel. Spent the afternoon building the trailer first, then the bike. All done, no probs except one small panic when I couldn't remember where I had put my pedals. Not going to get far without them. Then remembered they were in the other pocket of the bike bag. Had dinner in the room – Tuna Italian and Minestrone Cup of Soup.*



# Too Late To Back Out Now!!

Posted on August 6, 2015

Only one more sleep till Kenny Mac or as I like to call him 'Oldman' hits the road peddling.

Yesterday was the official beginning of the adventure. We set off at 5am to get Dad and his 5 bags (including his man bag) to the airport. The oversize luggage drop off lady didn't know what was coming, LOL, 81 kgs of luggage, mind you that was not including the weight of his man bag and carry on.

Even after we sorted out the luggage the old man was still sooooo nervous/excited all in one and didn't know what to do with himself. After having a giggle at mum being drug tested (couldn't get a photo as I didn't think it was the right time to piss off the AFP) we sat down and enjoyed some breaky.

We got to the boarding gate with an hour and 40mins to spare. At this point while we were waiting, he said 'I guess it's too late to back out now' ha ha. Mum's answer was yes, my answer was – you could always just google pictures and fake it, LOL. We said our goodbyes and waved, 3 times to be exact as he walked down the boarding gate.

Proud of you 'old man'

Emily McIlwain (Daughter 2)



*Ready for my flight*



*Enjoying some breaky before the flight.*



# Diary

**6<sup>th</sup> August 2015**

*Woke at 4am – so used to doing this every Tuesday and Thursday at home to go training with Marty, George and Nick. I just laid there waiting for the sun to come up, thinking about what I had to do today and how I might pack my panniers and trailer. I decided to pack the food to last me till the next rest stop, stove and eating gear, two bottles full of water and clothes for next few days in the panniers and all other food, water, tent and gear on the trailer.*

*Dawn finally arrived at 6.45 and sun came up at 7.05am. OMG, the sun even sleeps in up here – no hurry.*

*Got all my gear organised, put the trailer on the bike and took it for a test drive. All fittings on, even the mirror and the trailer flag that Emily had made for me. I went to reception and rang for a cab which arrived within minutes. Without thinking, I rushed out to the cab with all my gear. I must have looked flustered and in a hurry, as I blurted out to the cabbie that the bike would fold down and it would all fit in the boot. The big guy said, “Slow down sunny, there’s no problem and no hurry up here in Darwin. You need to slow down.” This guy and his wise words were just what I needed at that moment. I have to slow down – there is no rush and it’s only 9.15 in the morning. We took my excess bags to the freighters – McClean Bros. On the web its street number was 126 but funny, in reality it was 124. When I went in, it was just a tin shed. No sign of a computer anywhere. Didn’t even see a calculator. Told the guy sitting there that Katie from Broome said they need to weigh my bag and give me a com. note. The man just looked at me, picked up the bag, gave it a jiggle and said that’ll be 55 dollars thanks and he busily scrawled out a com. Note. Love it!*

*George, the cabbie, waited for me in his car and took me to the resort at Casuarina. On the way there I chatted with George who was happy to share his life story, including his 37 years as a cab driver. He was a wonderful guy of Greek descent and he made my day, slowing my pace from speed to calm in one cab ride. Had some 2-minute noodles for dinner and a bottle of water. Ready to go. It’s now 9pm and still 23 C. Nite. X*

# Day 1 – Darwin to Adelaide River

Posted on August 7, 2015

## Comfort Zone

Stepping out of your comfort zone can lead to amazing experiences.

My first step was taken this morning, Lycra, sunscreen and “The Northern Express”.  
Goodbye Darwin, Broome here I come.

Riding down the road heading for my first of many nights camping alone was liberating. Not because I had 109 kilometers to go on day one (I have done many training rides further than that over the last few years), but because I realized being alone right now was exactly what I needed.

I truly took it all in today – the fresh air, well to start with then it got to 39 degrees. I caught up with two guys riding to Brisbane (boy they will find that quite hard) This peaceful solitude didn't seem to eventuate, came across another guy walking to Adelaide, not Adelaide River but the very bottom of Australia. He was pushing a three-wheel contraption absolutely full of gear. The never-ending distant view in front of me got a little tough with the temperature rising and the slow climb over the last 30kms.

From time to time being alone is exactly what we need, time to reflect and time to clean out the mind. I read an article once, that went something like this;

“Plan a cleaning or decluttering session. Get rid of things that are collecting dust or that you have been hanging onto because you'll feel guilty if you throw them out. Only keep things that make you happy or are important.” This could be said of your storage shed/room or your mind.

One of my ‘Two Page’ stories ‘MEMORIES IN THE MIND’ talks about this removing of bad memories, *‘These traumatic memories of the abuse are keeping me awake at night, I don't want to end up being a broken man. With that thought in mind, I went searching for the toxic boxes in my brain's memory room’* and threw them out.

Of course, there are some boxes I missed in that first cleanout and during ride I will be leaving those boxes on the side of the road as if they were ‘road kill’.

Kenny Mac

# Diary

## Day 1 – Friday, August 7

When I left the resort, I followed the bike path all the way to Katherine turn off, nearly 20km. Met two young guys who nearly took the wrong turn. They are riding to Brisbane – poor guys. They are doing that horrible bit from Three Ways to Camooweal – Mt. Isa with only panniers and I believe, not enough water. I went ahead of them. They were just cruising. About 30km further along, a guy stopped to check that I had enough water. The road had no hard shoulder side bit for me to ride on and nearly half of the 109km was gravel. It got very hot and steeper as I got to Adelaide River. About 40km from Adelaide River, I came upon a guy sitting under a tree in the shade. Next to him was three-wheeler push trailer contraption. He was walking to Adelaide in South Australia. When he was finished in Adelaide, he was going to walk the entire length of New Zealand. I finally got to Adelaide River, showered, washed, ate, logged photos and set up my tent. Now ready for bed - Today's head wind was brutal.



*The Northern Express*



*Only 78 km to go*



*My hotel for the night*



*Arrived Adelaide River*

# Day 2 – Adelaide River to Pine Creek

Posted on August 8, 2015

Pine Creek Hotel

Hi All,

It's Alanna (Kenny Mac's eldest daughter). Dad rode the 113 km from Adelaide River to Pine Creek today. I spoke with him this evening and quoting him "He is shattered!! It was a long day physically and mentally". My first impulse is to reply with "Well what do you expect you crazy old man!!!" so I said just that. Followed by "You can do it, and I am so proud of you!"

Dad is calling today the HH day – Hills and Headwind. He has ditched the tent site and has got a room in the Pine Creek Hotel for the night. With a decent feed on board he is going to get some well-deserved sleep.

Tomorrow he is riding from Pine Creek to Katherine (94 km) where he will have his first full rest day. He will be able to do a post from Katherine and fill us all in on his Journey.

I have put some more of the photos he has taken so far below so you should definitely check them all out. And on the subject of Crazy Old Man I am delighted to let you all know that he has met some other Crazy Adventurers out on the Road. (Pictures Below) The two guys are riding to Brisbane and the guy with the trolley-looking contraption is walking solo to Adelaide, he has been walking for 1 year 3 months 20 days 9 hours and 5 minutes so far. What can you say.....? I will start with CRAZY then settle for INSPIRATIONAL.

Love you Kenny Mac

Lan

## Diary

### **Day 2 – Saturday, August 8**

*Got to Pine Creek – big change of plans. When I rode up to the caravan park, I stopped to get off and every finger in my left hand cramped. Thought not good trying to put a tent up tonight so I kept riding up to the pub. I'd seen a sign back further, 'All rooms with ensuite.' Pine Creek Hotel room 7 was mine for the night. I'm in, showered and now sitting in the beer garden writing this, packet of chips and five cans of Lemon Squash, waiting for dinner at 6pm. My right hand is cramping now - so hard to write. Do more later.*

5.00am – My hands are much better today. I rubbed both with Voltaren and for extra help, I covered my left hand in Voltaren and put one of my blue gloves (medical ones) on, slept all night with it on. Day's two ride was a little bit tough. I called it the HH day – Hills and Headwinds, both were relentless. Just so many hills. There was one climb near the halfway lunch stop at Hayes Creek where I was only doing 6.9km an hour and the first time I had to use the granny gear. Why did they call it Hayes Creek? I expected to go down into a valley like area and see a creek!

Fell off today. At one point I was in the gravel of the shoulder and because I have no weight in the front, the front wheel lifts up and I have really not much steering at all. I hit a bit of sand and over I went, small scrape on my right knee. About 3km after that, on top of yet another climb, I saw my first Dingo (road kill) but my first. Dulshan, a colleague at work, wanted me to count the Dingoes I see, so I stopped, took a photo, had a drink and continued on to the next hill!

I passed the two Brisbane boys. Don't know how they got ahead of me. They were way off the side of the road having brunch. I waved and kept going. This actually happened before I reached Hayes Creek. My order of writing is a bit off this morning.

Back to the beer garden. The kitchen opened at 6pm. I ordered the Northern Territory Barramundi, salad and chips. I devoured it like I had not eaten for a week. Drank some more and back in my room and in bed by 7.15pm. Had a great sleep, only up a couple of times to get more Voltaren for my cramps.

Now to take on Day 3.



Pine Creek



20 kms to go



# Diary

## Day 3 – Sunday, August 9

*Much easier ride today – still a headwind, but no more mountains. Left at dawn 6.50am. It was nice, fresh and easy riding. Then again, as if it was peak hour for extreme nutters, another rider (Nick), on his way to Darwin, had come from Alice. He called it home, because he had been there for over a week. He had ridden around Australia before and was now ‘just going for a ride’, said it like he was only going to the shops to buy the papers.*

*The shoulder of the road is still absolute shit for most of the way, but then a new bit of road and wonderful, plenty of room. Didn’t feel hungry riding today, kept drinking though. At about the 40km mark, I noticed another rider in a yellow, safety vest about 2km ahead. The road was straight in sections and you could sometimes see 4 – 5km ahead. When I got to the top of the next section, I noticed I got quite close to the rider, then he stopped halfway up the next hill. I asked him if he was okay. “Yeah, but my shoulder’s a bit sore. The man’s name was Arthur and he was on his way to Port Augusta in South Australia. He had mild Parkinson’s Disease and he had lost his medication. He was in his mid-sixties and was pulling a bob trailer. He was having the same problems as me with the front wheel being too light, causing steering problems in the gravel. I stopped for some food and a stretch and then continued onto Katherine. Not long back on the road and I see another person up ahead in the distance. Unbelievable given the remoteness of the country. This time, it was a woman in her forties named Tessa, who was walking and had pushed her cart from Melbourne. It was a charity walk for Lifeline. She walks about 40km a day and just camps on the side of the road most nights.*

*Another 12km and I made it into town. The caravan park cabin is great, When I put my washing on, I went to the hot springs and sat there for half an hour – bliss! Rest day tomorrow, Big 4 coming up. I will do some maintenance on the bike, repack all my gear... and just rest.*



*Heading off at sunrise*



*Road trains of the North*





*Hot Springs, so nice after three days in the saddle*



*Washing all done, great having a washing machine at the caravan park (dollar coins needed)*



# Day 4 – Rest Day

Posted on August 10, 2015

Hi all,

I am certainly enjoying my rest day here in Katherine. I did some shopping at a local grocery store, I bought bananas, a few apples and Gatorade for the next stage of the ride. The temperature has been reaching 38-39 degrees by 3 in the afternoon and stays that way for a couple of hours. I came off in the gravel yesterday, because the front wheel has no weight (all the weight is in the trailer and panniers) it loses traction sometimes. Only a few scratches and the bike is okay. So today I made my own water carrying holder for the front. I'll find out if it works tomorrow.

It's funny you know, while I was at the camping shop this morning, I ran into my 7<sup>th</sup> 'crazy' person. His tent had ripped, and he was buying a new one. He is towards the end of his journey riding from Adelaide to Darwin. It has been refreshing meeting other people out on their adventure knowing that I am not the only one out there on the roads.

I'll be starting what I call the Kenny Mac's Big 4 in the morning, 541 kms in 4 days to Kununurra. No more 5-star caravan parks, it's now camping out under the stars, practicing for the dirt section of Gibbs River Road. I was told there is a great camping place at Timber Creek 290 km (have emailed but no reply) and a roadhouse about 195 kms away (cold drinks will be nice).

Bye for now.

Kenny Mac

## Diary

### **Day 4 – Monday, August 10**

*Rest Day – Slept off and on till 7.30am. Went to town at 8.45am and hit the Coffee Club for lime water, scrambled eggs and a flat white. I was craving a bit of toast but the toast was softer than the eggs. Coffee was good though. Got a map for the next section and posted Maddie and Harry (Grandkids) a postcard. I grabbed some canvas bags to make a front carrier on the aerobars – looks good. All rested and ready for the Big 4. Posted all my photos, wrote a blog – I'm off to bed.*



*Enjoying the rest day*



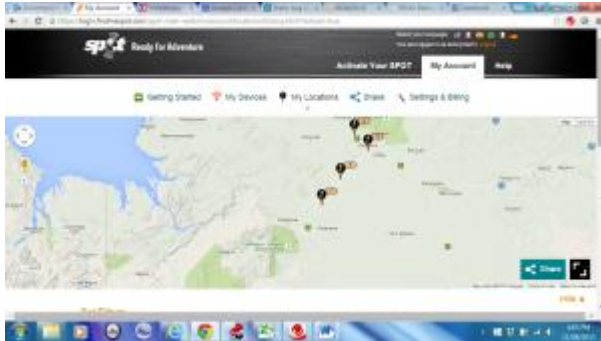
*Beware Croc Country*



*Weighing the front down*

# Day 5 – Katherine to Sullivan Creek camp

Posted on August 11, 2015



The SPOT account that allows us to track Dad's progress

Hi all,

A Ken (Dad, Pa Pa) update for you all. We expected that during this stage of the ride Dad may not have any Telstra coverage (his phone) or Optus coverage (his Surface Pro) and therefore unable to contact us.

Before Dad left, he organised a SPOT account which has allowed us to login and see where he has checked in. As you can see in the photo above, he checked in twice today on his 125 km journey from Katherine to Buntine Highway turnoff. It is at point number 7 that he had planned to camp out for the night. We will continue to log onto SPOT over the next few days to watch his progress.

In another Amazing Kenny Mac News –

There has been a change to the link for Dad's fundraising page with Bravehearts (The new link below). He is now playing a part in their fundraising for the Bravehearts White Balloon Day as part of child protection week. Braveheart's are sharing his story (starting tomorrow) and following his journey with coverage on their digital channels (Facebook, Twitter and Instagram).

So, hop onto to Braveheart's Facebook page, Twitter and Instagram to see more of our amazing Kenny Mac.

I am officially excited.....

Lan

Sponsor Kenny Mac and support Bravehearts White Balloon Day.

# Diary

## **Day 5 – Tuesday, August 11**

*(Tuesday) - I had planned to camp just past the Buntine Highway turn off near the creek but had some major change of plans when I found the entire area was covered with cattle, 100's of them. Plan B keep going until I find a spot hopefully shady. Absolutely no luck. The road is graded back about 30 metres both sides and covered in high grass or black soot where it had been burnt out. I remembered seeing a sign some way back, 'Next Rest Area 75kms', quick calculation, that'll be about 20kms from Victoria River Roadhouse (in my head - maybe I could make it all the way – 195kms). The temperature was at 40C and with about 150km clocked up on the speedo (my Garmin 810) I got my first flat tyre (trailer wheel). Found a cattle yard gate off the highway, parked the bike, unloaded all the trailer gear, fixed the tyre and back on the road. Love my little green giggle hat, nice and shady.*

*I hit a mountain range and knew I couldn't get to Victoria River without some damage to my muscles. Plan C, I stopped at one of the sites – Sullivan Creek Camp, Judbarra / Gregory National Park, 175kms all up today.*

*It had a billabong with what seemed ice cold water and I sat in it. My legs loved the cold water. I sat there in the very shallow water with a rather large stick in hand. There was a sign saying that swimming is not recommended - crocodiles. Walking back to my campsite I noticed two young guys playing cards and drinking beer and water. I asked if I could buy a beer off them. They didn't understand, only spoke a small amount of English. I pointed to the beer, put 1 finger in the air, put \$10 on the table and smiled. Hence my first alcoholic drink for the trip. Probably my first beer for 20-30 years. Had a cold dinner (which was very good) with a cool beer. I cleaned up, did my teeth and was in bed by 6:30pm.*

*Lying in my tent (only takes three minutes to put up) thinking about tomorrow morning, only 20kms to the roadhouse and I would have breakfast – a really big one. I looked back at the day. It was a testing day for me both mentally and physically. So, as they say, one step at a time, keep doing circles, and don't be afraid to have the old, 'change of plans'.*





*Packed ready to go before sun up*



*Lunch break*



*First and only puncture - so lucky*



*My camp for the night*



*Relaxed, with my feet only in the water - croc warning*

# Day 6 – Arriving in Timber Creek

Posted on August 12, 2015

Hi all,

I have heard from Dad tonight. He has made it safely to Timber Creek and is “exhausted”. He ended up riding 175 km (instead of 125) on day 5, he continued on riding until he found a safe place on the side of the road to stay for the night. Today (day 6) he rode the final 111 km to Timber Creek where he is enjoying his soft bed!

He heads off Tomorrow (day 7) and heads to Saddle Creek (130 km) then on day 8 he will do the trek from Saddle Creek to Kununurra (126 km) where he will have a rest Day. He will be in touch and fill us in on his travels on his rest day.

Meantime I have put some more photos that he has sent through so far below.

Lan.

## Diary

### **Day 6 – Wednesday, August 12**

*I was quite excited packing up my tent and all the gear. I was going to drink some cold water. Funny how when you drink warm water the mind tells you should be bathing in it not drinking it. Knowing I had completed that extra 50 kms yesterday, my schedule of 160 is now 110. I spent an hour having breakfast at the Roadhouse - just fabulous. Quick wash, clean my teeth and toilet, back to the road. A caravaner fuelling up said he saw two riders coming the same way yesterday.*

*Not expecting to see any other ‘Crazies’ like me on the road, low and behold, what I first thought was a caravan that had stopped with a problem (you really don’t see them pulled off on the side of the road), was actually a support vehicle for some walkers. Chris, Ian and Dennis walking for prostate cancer. Ian was driving, his wife Chris was walking. They were both from Stanthorpe (QLD) and Dennis (Warwick) was about 10 kms up further. There were originally 5 in the team but two got sick, now just the three. They have two vehicles. Yeh, I thought the same but what they do is this, Ian drops Chris off and she starts walking. He drives ahead 10kms and park. Dennis goes ahead in the other vehicle a further 10kms parks, locks it and walks back to meet them all at Ian’s spot. They do 30 to 40 km a day then drive to the next rest stop.*

*As they drove past me later that afternoon, Ian slowed right down to my speed (21km/hr) and passed me a bottle of cold water - just wonderful people. The temperature was 42C and all my water was so hot to drink. I was really looking forward to getting to Timber Creek Caravan Park. I saw the crazy walkers at the caravan park when I arrived.*

*It was two tough days in the saddle, 282kms done with 232kms to get to Kununurra. I knew there were no stops for water over the next few days. Can't rely on the rest stop tanks, the last two were empty. I bought an extra 6 litres plus 4 PowerAde. OMG water was dearer than fuel.*

*Did my washing, so lucky I bought my little money bag full of \$1 coins. Had a burger, cold drink, washed up and went to bed. I intended to leave at 5:30 and ride in the dark and cool for a few hours.*



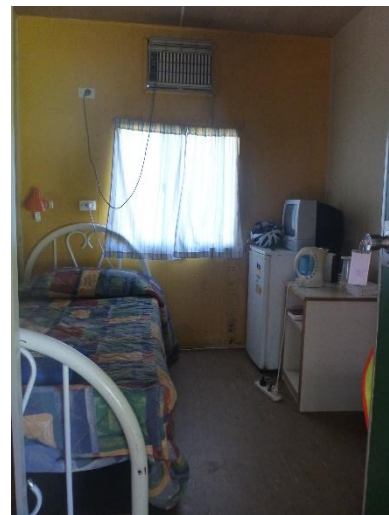
*Victoria River Roadhouse*



*My treat after yesterday's 175km ride*



*Enjoying my ride to Timber Creek*



*My room at Timber Creek*



# Diary

## **Day 7 – Thursday, August 13**

*I still haven't come across the two riders that are reported to be behind me. Maybe I would see them today because I had decided I would just ride to the Saddle Creek rest stop. It was a pretty uneventful day to a normal person (normal- that's a whole discussion there). I was told by a woman at the Timber Creek Crocodile shop to pop into the Bulla Community Store and get a cold drink, say hello, as they don't see many travellers. It was only 1km off the highway. I rode in, couldn't find the Community Store, asked three people and they all pointed me in different directions. I went back out to the highway and stopped further up at the Baines rest stop.*

*There was a young couple at the rest stop and the guy came over with an ice cold can of Pepsi for me. Mark, Lynn and their little dog Muppet chatted to me for ages. They were waiting there today for their friends who were running a day behind because of the Bali ash issue. I ate some morning tea and just as I was about to leave Mark gave me another can of Pepsi. He said, "It'll still be cold in an hour or so, enjoy."*

*The tailwind today was fabulous. I was averaging 21.4 km/hr and reached the 100km spot by 11:30 NT time. With only about an hour and a half to the camp site. Took a little longer than that as there was a sharp climb to the camp area.*

*Rode into the rest area and parked my bike up against one on the concrete tables/chairs. There was a woman sitting there. Her name was Toni, sitting in a canvas chair with feet up on a leg stool. Not a rider, she has been on the road in her little red Honda Jazz for eight months - free camping where she could. We chatted like old friends for ages, drinking coffee and eating scones with Rhubarb jam and cream (Toni had been to the Zebra Mine not far back and bought them there).*

*Something made me look up and it was the two riders. They had been riding all day over the same 120kms as I did. It was about 4:30 and they looked hot, but very fit. Maximus and Kristina both laughed softly, as they have also heard about the rider up ahead who rides in the dark hours of the morning. We finally met. I had a nickname on the road, "Old man that leaves early", so funny.*

*There was water in the tanks here but only for washing. It was a dry dusty spot, really just like all of the rest stops. So many vehicles drive in and out. Toni (Dusty her nickname) and I continued our conversation, mostly about her journey so far, as mine was only up to day seven. We ate dinner together, funny, mine being a cold 'Happy Camper' meatballs and hers was soup and noodles. We both shared our reasons for being on the road alone, like two old souls.*

*I packed my gear for another early start and was just about to go to bed when two cars come into the rest site. One driver in each car. They backed into a spare spot and hopped out. A young Japanese*

couple (why two cars? - No way was I going to ask). They started pulling out camping gear from the car (back seat and boot) mostly still in boxes.....and then I noticed they had a generator. OMG it went until about 9:00pm. I just blanked it out and watched the stars through my tent, thinking about my ride over the WA border.

See...what an uneventful day. Ha



Bulla Community Store



Bulla Community entrance



Toni and her Red Jazz



Another beautiful Sunset

# Diary

## Day 8 – Friday, August 14

*I woke several times in the night, being well hydrated I go to the loo often. Good sign really. I finally got up at 4:30am and drank my special morning drinks, packed all my gear trying not wake all the campers. There was a total of 13 caravans and such at the site. Had a stretch, OMG, the stars here in the outback just have to be seen to be believed.*

*I was ready to leave at 5:30 when Toni woke from her car. She said she likes to head off at daybreak. She a great set-up in her car, everything stays in her car with the exception of her large water bottles. She puts those on the ground. This is for her safety, if she gets in a situation that's not good, she can leave quick smart with all her gear. Smart idea. Off I went heading for the WA border.*

*The border was just that- a border. Checking all bags going into WA. There was a Greyhound tour bus with everyone out taking photos. Gave one of the ladies my phone and hey presto – me at the border gates. One of the guys wanted to know if the solar charger was for my esky fridge. I didn't laugh at the guy, politely told him no, it was for my cameras and travel recorder (Garmin).*



*Leaving early - sunrise behind me*



*Heading towards the WA boarder*



*WA Boarder*



*Two days in comfort, lots of washing and prep for the Gibb River Road*

# Day 9 – Kununurra Rest Day

Posted on August 15, 2015



*My view on the road*

Hi Everyone

I made it to Kununurra early on Friday. I gained an hour and half when I crossed the WA border which makes me two hours behind you guys on the East Coast.

I thought you all might like to hear how my last few days have gone on the road;

## **Day 5 (Tuesday)**

I had planned to camp just past the Buntine Highway turn off near the creek but had some major change of plans when I found the entire area was covered with cattle, 100's of them. Plan B keep going until I find a spot hopefully shady. Absolutely no luck the road is graded back about 30 metres both sides and covered in high grass or black soot where it had been burnt out. I remembered seeing a sign some way back, 'Next Rest Area 75 kms', quick calculation, that'll be about 20kms from Victoria River Roadhouse (in my head – maybe I could make it all the way – 195 kms).

The temperature was at 40C and with about 150km clocked up on the speedo (my Garmin 810) I got my first flat tyre (trailer wheel). Found a cattle yard gate off the highway, parked the bike, unloaded all the trailer gear, fixed the tyre and back on the road. Love my little green giggle hat, nice and shady.

I hit mountain range and knew I couldn't get to Victoria River without some damage to my muscles. Plan C, I stopped at one of the sites – Judbarra / Gregory National Park, 175kms all up today.

It had a billabong with what seemed like ice cold water and I sat in it, my legs loving the cold water. I sat there in the very shallow water with a rather large stick in hand. There was a sign saying that swimming is not recommended. Walking back to my campsite I noticed two young guys' playing cards and drinking beer and water. I asked if I could buy a beer off them. They didn't understand as they only spoke a small amount of English. So I pointed to the beer, put 1 finger in the air, put \$10 on the table and smiled and hence my first alcoholic



drink for the trip. I had a cold dinner (which was very good) with the cool beer. I cleaned up, did my teeth and was in bed by 6:30.

Lying in my tent (it only takes three minutes to put up) thinking about tomorrow morning, I only had 20kms to ride to reach the roadhouse and I dreamed of having a huge breakfast. I look back at the day, it was a testing day for me both mentally and physically. So as they say, one step at a time, do circles (Angela even I do it), and not being afraid to have the old, 'change of plans'.

### **Day 6 (Wednesday)**

I was quite excited packing up my tent and all the gear as I was on my way to having a drink of cold water. Funny how when you drink warm water the mind tells you should be bathing in it not drinking it. Knowing I had completed that extra 50 kms yesterday, my schedule of 160 is now 110. I spent an hour having breakfast at the Roadhouse and it was just fabulous. Breakfast was followed by a quick wash, I cleaned my teeth and then back to the road I went. A Man filling up his Caravan said he saw two riders coming the same way yesterday.

Not expecting to see any other 'Crazies' like me on the road, low and behold, what I first thought was a caravan stopped with a problem (you really don't often see them pulled off on the side of the road) was actually a support vehicle for some walkers. I met Chris (F), Ian and Dennis who are all walking for prostate cancer. Ian was driving, his wife Chris was walking, they were both from Stanthorpe (QLD) and Dennis (Warwick) who I met walking about 10 kms further up the road. There were originally 5 in the team but two got sick so now just the three. They have two vehicles. Yeah, I thought the same (2 vehicles for 3 people??) but what they do is this, Ian drops Chris off and she starts walking, he drives ahead 10kms and parks, Dennis goes ahead in the other vehicle a further 10kms parks, locks it and walks back to meet them all at Ian's spot. They do 30 to 40 km a day then drive to the next rest stop.

As they drove past me later that afternoon Ian slowed right down to my speed (21km/hr) and passed me a bottle of cold water, I just thought what wonderful people. The temperature was 42C and all my water was so hot to drink. I was really looking forward to getting to Timber Creek Caravan Park. Low and behold I got to see the crazy walkers again at the caravan park when I arrived.

It was two tough days in the saddle, 282 kms done with 232 kms to get to Kununurra. I knew there were no stops for water over the next few days. I can't rely on the rest stop tanks having water available as the last two that I came across were empty. Knowing this I bought an extra 6 litres of water plus 4 PowerAde for the next stage of the ride. OMG water was dearer than fuel.

I did my washing and I am so grateful that I bought my little money bag full of \$1 coins. I had a burger, cold drink, washed up and went to bed. Due to the grueling heat in the middle and late afternoon I intended to leave at 5:30am the next morning to ride in the dark and cool for a few hours.

### **Day 7 (Thursday)**

At this stage I still hadn't come across the two riders that are reported to be behind me but I thought that I may come across them today because I had decided that I would just ride to the

Saddle Creek rest stop. It was a pretty uneventful day to a normal person (normal- that's a whole discussion there). I was told by a woman at the Timber Creek Crocodile shop to pop into the Bulla Community Store and get a cold drink, say hello, as they don't see many travelers. It was only 1km off the highway. So I did just that, I rode in, I couldn't find the Community Store, I asked three people and they all pointed me in different directions. Not being able to find it at all I went back out to the highway and stopped further up at the Baines rest stop.

There was young couple at the rest stop and the guy came over with an ice cold can of Pepsi for me. Mark, Lynn and their little dog Muppet chatted to me for ages. They were waiting there today for their friends who were running a day behind because of the Bali ash issue. I ate some morning tea and just as I was about to leave Mark gave me another can of Pepsi. He said, "It'll still be cold in an hour or so, enjoy."

The tailwind today was fabulous I was averaging 21.4 km/hr and reached the 100km spot by 11:30 NT time which left me only about an hour and a half to the camp site. It ended up taking me a little longer as there was a sharp climb before I reached the camp.

I rode into the rest area and parked my bike up against one on the concrete tables and chairs. There was a woman, her name is Toni, sitting in a canvas chair with feet up on a leg stool. Not a rider, she has been on the rode in her little Honda Getz for eight months free camping where she could. We chat like old friends for ages, drinking coffee and eating scones with Rhubarb jam and cream (Toni had been to the Zebra Mine not far back and bought them there).

Something made me look up and it was the two riders, they had been riding all day over the same 120kms as I did. It was about 4:30 and they looked hot, but very fit. Maximus and Kristina both laughed softly, as they have also heard about the rider up ahead who rides in the dark hours of the morning. We finally met.

There was water in the tanks here but only for washing. It was a dry dusty spot, really just like all of the rest stops. So many vehicles drive in and out. Toni and I continued our conversation, mostly about her journey so far, as mine was only up to day seven. We had dinner, funny, mine being a cold Happy Camper meatballs and hers was soup and noodles. I packed my gear for another early start just about to go to bed when two cars pulled into the rest site. One driver in each car. They backed into a spare spot and hopped out. A young Japanese couple (why two cars- no way was I going to ask) they started pulling out camping gear from the car (back seat and boot) mostly still in boxes.....and then I noticed they had a generator. OMG it loudly ran until about 9pm! I just blanked it out and watched the stars above through my tent, thinking about my ride over the WA border.

See... what an uneventful day. Ha

### **Day 8 (Friday)**

I'm sitting here in my room at Kununurra, it's my rest day and I will tell you about getting here.

Back to the morning of the 8<sup>th</sup> day. I woke several times in the night, being well hydrated I go to the loo often, good sign really. I finally got up at 4:30 and drank my special morning

drinks, packed all my gear trying not wake all the campers. There was a final total of 13 caravans and such at the site. I had a stretch, OMG, the stars here in the outback just have to be seen to be believed.

I was ready to leave at 5:30 when Toni woke from her car, she said she likes to head off at daybreak. She has a great set-up in her car, everything stays in her car with the exception of her large water bottles. She puts those on the ground. This is for her safety because if she gets in a situation that's not good, she can leave quick smart with all her gear, smart idea! Off I went heading for the WA border.

The border was just that, a border, checking all bags going into WA. There was a Greyhound tour bus with everyone out taking photos. I gave one of the ladies my phone and hey presto – a photo of me at the border gates. One of the guys wanted to know if the solar charger was for my esky fridge. I didn't laugh at the guy, I politely told him it was for my cameras and travel recorder (Garmin).

I made it to town. You know, I was actually ready for a rest and recovery day. That was 514 kms done with a total calorie burn of 17,293. Food and cold drinks here I come, and oodles of it.

What does one do on a day off? Today I've had to put a new thorn proof tube in the trailer wheel, build two extra water bottle holders on the front forks, put on the chunky knobbly tyre on the rear of the bike also with a thorn proof tube, check all the nuts and bolts and lube the chain. After that buy more water and odd supplies and repack the gear differently. I am now ready for the 770 kms of dirt roads.

I won't be able to post any blogs on the Gibb River Road. If I get reception, I will give Alanna a call, I'm sure she will keep you all up to date on my journey.

Hey Guys.....Big Thanks for all your support.

Chat to you all next Monday week from Derby.

Kenny Mac.



*Lake in Kununurra*



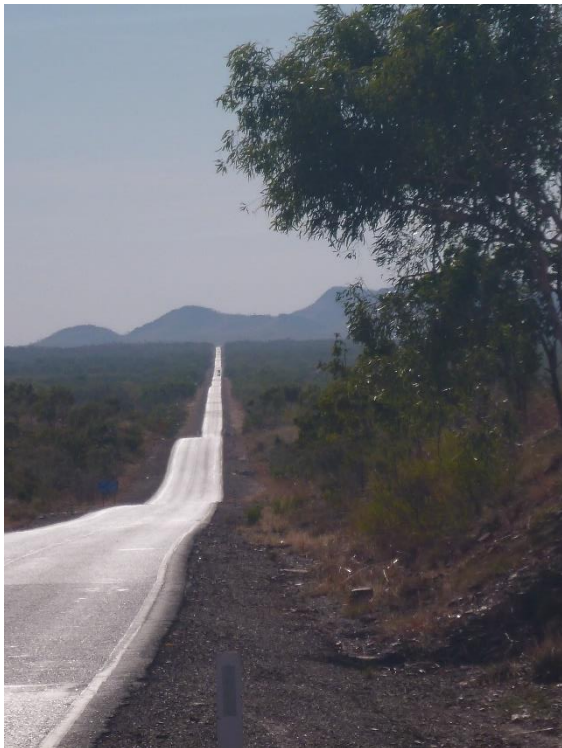
*Tyre change (for the dirt) and a check over*



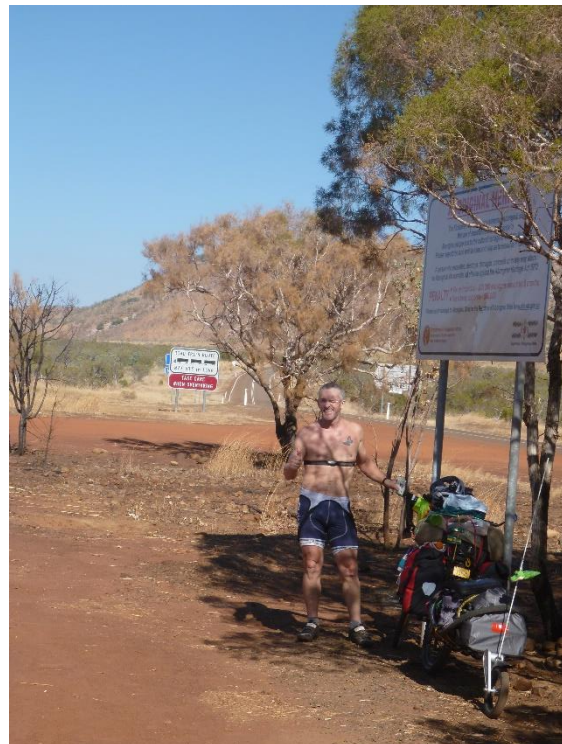
# Diary

## **Day 10 – August 16, Sunday**

*Had no idea what I was going to be in for today on the Gibb River dirt. Woke at 4.30am, packed, ate brekkie, toilet and off. It was light when I headed down the highway. I got to the turn-off for The Great River road at 8.30 with 54km under my belt. It was very dry, dusty and hot on the road today – not many trees but beautiful mountains. Reached the El Questro turn off. It had been all sealed roads up to that point but I knew it was only dirt roads from here on in. OMG I was hit with corrugations immediately and it never let up. Made it to the Pentecost River. It was exactly the same as the photos in the magazines. I walked through knee deep, cool water – no crocs. Then back to the corrugations – My hands, arms just shattered. Legs okay – just a few stone hits. Nearly came off twice on the stony, shit road. So many hills and corrugations all the way to the top – only traveling 9km/hr and still no relief as the road was becoming deep sand. Then I came to the sign 'Home Valley 2 kms'. OMG how nice! Got a tent site, showered, ate and then straight to bed. My body is shattered and more tomorrow.*



*No one understands what you've done to get where you are, it's a long journey*



*Rest before I start the dirt*



*Long rocky roads*



*Corrugations - no hiding from them*



*No crocs in the Pentecost today*



*Halfway across the Pentecost River*



*Home Valley Station entry*



*Camp for the night at Home Valley*

# Day 11 – Home Valley Station to Ellenbrae Station

Posted on August 17, 2015

Hi all,

A little Kenny Mac update for you all. I have not heard from Dad the last 2 days, so I am going to assume that he has had no reception. Must admit I may be having some withdrawal symptoms, as we have been talking so often to the lead up to the ride and during the first stages, we have chatted lots.

We have been following his journey on SPOT and it looks like he has been making good progress. We had expected him to get to Ellenbrae Station tonight, but he has checked in to what looks like 30km from that point. Not that I am stalking him, but I may have spoken to Larissa, from Ellenbrae Station, and he has not yet arrived, but word is “a lady named Karen has seen him on the road and said that he was going great.”

He had planned on a rest day tomorrow at Ellenbrae so I dare say he will ride the 30 odd kms tomorrow, then enjoy his rest day. In saying this, we all know Kenny Mac, so anything is possible, and he may be still riding there now!!

Well until I can do some more stalking or I have any more details I have put some of the great pics that he has taken over the last few days.

I will keep you updated.

Lan

## Diary

### **Day 11 – Monday, August 17**

*The real difficulty with camping is that some trees have ants all over them. You have to pick the right tree to lean the bike against. The bull dust and bits of grass get everywhere – no flat table but still fun. Xxx*

*Woke up several times before midnight – God the stars are so great, with cramps and my right hand is throbbing. Put my skins on and did the Voltaren and the blue glove trick. Slept okay from then on. Stars so bright.*



*I was still very cold. Needed to wear all my clothes to bed even though it's still hot when I go to bed, by 2am it's bloody cold.*

*Having breakfast watching the sun coming up today. Not leaving until the sun is well and truly up for two reasons. Firstly, I can't see to pack or get dressed and secondly, that road – no way am I doing it in the dark.*

*Can't find my enamel mug. Got to go and find it!*

*Rode all day on the corrugations. Was extremely hard. My hands are very sore, muscles sore. Legs okay, drinking lots. Made myself eat some lunch. The apple was beautiful, the hot water – not so much. (Ha ha)*

*When I got to Rollies Jump Up, I was shocked – it was bitumen but it was so, so steep! Even the granny gear couldn't get me up it. I pushed my bike and trailer all the way – 10 metres at a time. Such a heavy load. With about 20 metres to go, I blacked out for a second. I was exhausted – I had just had it. I knew I was about to hit the wall, so I just kept going until I found a spot I could park the bike and trailer. 78.3km and there was a DIP sign and no chance of going any further. I set up the tent beside the road on the left-hand side because the dust blows to the right-hand side. I ate dinner and was in bed by 5.30pm just as the sun was going down. It was an absolute wall hitter I did today.*



*Camp for the night after a tough day*



*Sunrise*



*Sunset*



*First climb of the morning*



*Rollies Jump Up didn't look that bad*



*Felt so good stopping for the day*



*First ten kms was very hilling and hard*



# Diary

## **Day 12 – Tuesday, August 18**

*Up at 4am. Ate a packet of berries, drank a bottle of water and rode to Ellen-brae to check in on SPOT GPS tracking/safety device. It's a beautiful place and I decided to stay out the back in a hut rather than camp as I knew I would have no choice for the next few nights. Spoke to a wonderfully, relaxed guy named Kevin who has ridden from Perth and is on his way to Alice Springs. I got my washing done, rang Alanna to tell her all was ok, just a tad slower than expected. Packing, ready for next three tough days.*



*Up early in the dark 33km to Ellenbrae*



*Noticed someone walking their bike ahead of me*





*Tough going in the sand*



*Getting close*



*My cabin for the night*



*Ellenbrae owners*



*The famous Scones, jam and cream*



# Day 13 – Ellenbrae to Gibb River Kreuzung TO

Posted on August 19, 2015

Hi all,

I spoke to Dad late last night, he rang from Ellenbrae Station phone, I guess my “check-up” phone call efforts paid off. He is finding the dirt of Gibb River Road challenging. He is averaging 10km/hour in the saddle, which for all you other crazy riders out there reading will know; it means it must be tough going.

In saying this, in true Kenny Mac Fashion, he is still doing really well, and I have followed him today on SPOT and he seems to have done quite well today.

I am not expecting to hear from him the next few days, but I will continue my online stalk. I have put some more photos up of his journey, so let’s all send him some positive energy.

And as Dad always told Ang and I when we rode with him, “Just keep doing those circles”!!

Lan.

## Diary

**Day 13 – Wednesday, August 19**

*I knew I had 180km to go to Mt. Barnett Roadhouse and was happy to get there Thursday, only hoping they would have a cabin for the night. Made porridge, coffee and with the rest of my kit packed last night, I left on daylight. I stopped after 20km for a drink and Gu. Some of roads stretch for so far in front of you it’s amazing. I stopped for lunch and while I was sitting on my three legged stool, an old couple stopped for a chat. Their GPS wasn’t working and they wanted to know how far to the turn off. About 5km I said. It was only 1.5 as it turned out and I stopped there as well. The “Outback bus” had also stopped there for toilets. The driver gave me a quarter loaf of bread and I had it on the side of the road that night. I kept riding to 100km, knowing that I would only have 80km to Mt. Barnett the next day. I set up my tent beside a gum tree. The road was horrendous – corrugations, sand and more sand – just endless. Ate, drank, cleaned my teeth and slept well. A few funny noises woke me – cattle in the bush I presume. Got up at 4am.*



*Walking the sand sections*



*Dusty all day*



*Roads go for ever*



*And more red sand*



*First bread in 13 days*



*Camp for the night, you don't see any vehicles after 5:00 pm*



# Diary

## Day 14 – Thursday, August 20

*Rolled oats, raisins, chia and black coffee and on the road by 5.45. So hard packing and eating brekkie in the dark. It's not light until 5.30am. Put my head down and rode all the way to Mt. Barnett. Got here 2:30 pm. Tough ride but now eating and resting. 300km to Derby – no shops. All packed and ready for an early start in the morning. Takes about an hour to sort everything ready for the next three nights of camping on the roadside. If all is planned well and the ride is okay, then I'll be in Derby by Monday evening. The prep the night before is tiring. It's now 7.15pm and I'm in bed. Had a restful afternoon. Spent an hour with two fellow campers, Meredith and Campbell waiting until I could use the payphone to ring and report into Pam and Alanna. It felt funny using a payphone again to ring Pam just like I used to years before when we were young and I was working out bush. It's very hard to write in this journal when camping on the side of the road.*



*Starting early and getting 50+ kms before morning tea is a great way to start the day*



*Rest stop at a wrecked 4WD*



*1 of the few rooms*



*Mt Barnett Station*

# Day 15 – Mt Barnett Roadhouse to March Fly Gully Rest Area

Posted on August 21, 2015

Hi all,

So I had a missed call last night from a private number..... And I thought to myself... if it is important, they will ring back! And he did!! Dad rang from a pay phone from Mt Barnett Roadhouse where he is staying for the night. He sounds really tired, which is expected, with the hard work needed in the saddle for this stage of the ride. Gosh it was good to hear his voice...

Although really tired, he sounded really good. He feels really good within himself and he is determined to get through the next 300 odd km to Derby and put the dirt road behind him. As of last night, he was half a day behind, not to worry though he will make it up over the next week for his arrival in Broome. It turned out really well as he was able to book into a cabin there last night and have a decent feed and shower.

I have followed him on SPOT today and he has been checking in regularly. It looks like he is making great progress considering he rode the King Leopold ranges (which looks like hills on the map to me) today.

I also wanted to take this opportunity to thank everyone who has supported Dad throughout this journey and also thank all those who have donated to Bravehearts. I have been working with Kayleen and Jason from Bravehearts to help share Dad's story and his heartfelt adventure, and what a fantastic organisation. We have also had a great response from local businesses in the Camden area that are also supporting this worthy cause. If you wish to make a donation, please click on the "Ken McIlwain supporting Bravehearts White Balloon Day" link below.

**[Ken McIlwain supporting Bravehearts White Balloon Day](#)**

I have attached some more photos from his journey, so please enjoy.

I will keep you updated

Lan



# Diary

## **Day 15 – Friday, August 21**

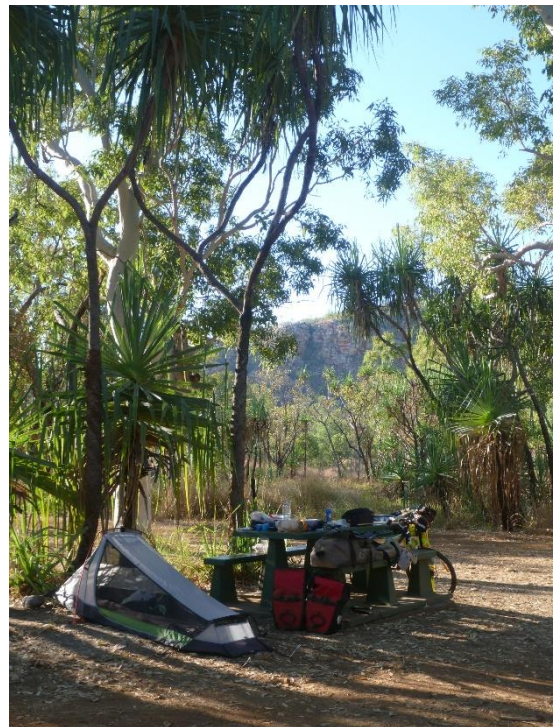
*Bloody hell – I rode about 97km to March Fly Gully Creek rest stop. What a lovely place. The toughest day of all so far. Corrugations just never ended and then the Leopard Range climb of 9km – OMG! At around 52km at Mornington Wilderness turn off there was a young girl sitting under a tree. Erin Caren was waiting for a lift into camp. We chatted and shared some food and then I continued. Saw a snake.*

*Two people stopped and gave me cool water on the road. John and Wendy UF40 and another old couple.*

*I'm so exhausted – eating two dinners tonight and sleep.*



*Mid-morning break*



*Camp at March Fly Gully*

# Diary

## Day 16 – Saturday, August

*Had brekkie in the dark and packed at first light. Rode out of camp at 6.30am. What a long, hot day of more corrugations. My hands and feet have just had it. Rode 94km and found a place to stop.*

*Noticed two of my 1.5 litre water bottles had broken and water everywhere in the pannier. Oh Shit.*

*Will I have enough water to get through to the next town? Water rationing for me.*

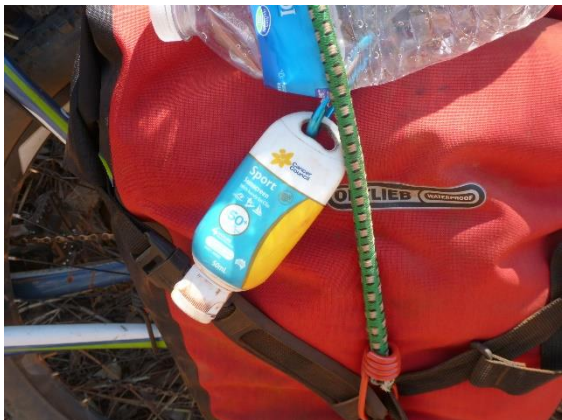
*John and Wendy Ch40 passed me again today and gave me another bottle of cool water. Then a couple from Western Australia stopped and gave me an iced cold bottle of water. Thought I'd died and gone to heaven. Funny how when your core is cooled down you feel better. Set up my tent and had a 1½ hour nap. I was at the end of the wall – nearly faint with heat and exhaustion. It hit 43°C today. About 120km to Derby from here. Hope to make it by tomorrow night or I will be out of water.*



*Always nice to see the end of the endless roads*



*Started losing weight*



*Sunblock 50+ was the best ever*



*Set up camp for the night*

# Day 17 – Arrived in Derby

Posted on August 23, 2015

Hi all,

I have just heard from Dad tonight. He did exactly as we thought and soldiered on – as Dad always does. He not only made up the half day he had lost on the horrendous dirt road, but he has arrived in Derby a day earlier than expected.

It would be fitting to say that he is absolutely exhausted, but he is so happy to have made it to Derby and he is going to have 2 well deserved rest days. Then it will be back in the saddle for 2 more days and he will reach the finish line where Mum and Emily are eagerly awaiting his arrival.

I have missed talking to him the last few days and it was just fantastic to hear from him. I am sure he is often in all of our thoughts wondering how the crazy old man is going. I must admit we have been logging onto SPOT way too often to make sure that he was still checking in and hoping that he was doing okay. HUGE sigh of relief that he has made it to Derby.

I am sure you are all eagerly awaiting an update from him about his travels through the dreadful dirt track, he is going to update us all over the next few days. Right now, he is going to get some rest (in between leg and hand cramps).

I will leave this update with a little something for Dad (who I am sure will be checking on my quality of work while he has been out of service). I am so proud and inspired by all the things that you have achieved and that you are sharing your story and this Great Outback Adventure with us all. You come home to us safely, with your head held high and remember all the things we all love about you...

Lan

## Diary

### **Day 17, Sunday, August 23**

*Made it to Derby around 2pm. Totally exhausted. As I got to the very end of the Gibb River Road intersection, right 6km Derby and left Broome, I was relieved. Then at the intersection the bitumen had melted and my tyres were sticking as I rode, I had to get up out of the saddle and peddle so hard, it was hell. I hit the wall again 5km from town. I just looked at my shadow, put the bike in granny gear and just kept telling myself to stop at the first servo and buy some ice-cold drinks, then go to the caravan park. I was doing about 7km an hour – I had nothing left. I only had a small amount of water*



*left and it was too hot to drink. I did those circles that I always tell my daughter Angela to do on our training sessions – ‘just keep the pedals circling’.*

*It seemed an eternity but eventually I saw a BP service station. I couldn’t get in there quick enough. Three icy-cold drinks skulled down and again it amazed me how quickly you feel better once your core has cooled down. “You must have been thirsty!” said the man behind the counter in a course Irish accent. “I was,” came my understated reply. The Irishman looked out the window towards my bike, realising perhaps why I had been so thirsty. “By the way,” he said without the hint of a smile, “You have parked illegally in a ‘no parking’ spot.” I looked out at the empty street. “You have got to be fucking kidding me?” I was in no mood to have to move my bike at that moment as I was totally exhausted, cramping in both legs and could only just stay upright.*

*“Yeah, just fucking pulling ya leg mate.” Suddenly, he sounded just like an Aussie!*

*So lucky when I went to the caravan park as I had only booked for two nights, they were able to move me to a spot for three nights. They were otherwise, booked out. I showered, went to Woolies and bought groceries and had dinner – Tuna, tin corn, lettuce and pickled onions. Got ready and packed. I can only eat light after a day of riding like that. All my body fat has gone and I think I will need the extra day to recover. Nite. X*



*Outback Australia is vast*



*Collecting every drop of water from all my bottles to make it to Derby*



*Made good time on my usual morning section*



*So good to see the turn off to Derby, bit teary seeing the Broome bit*



# Day 18 – Rest Day Derby

Posted on August 24, 2015

Hi all,

I have been in touch with Dad again tonight and he is having troubles with his Optus coverage for his surface pro, so I have not received his next blog for you all. I may need to talk to him about deadlines! Ha ha.

He has spent the day resting, eating and hoping to recover ready for his final stage into Broome. He has lost a lot of weight and is using these 2 rest days to refuel and restock, ready to leave on Wednesday morning.

I will be in touch with him again tomorrow, and I should have a photo for you all of the old man. I will get him to fill me in more on his Gibb River Rd experience and I will update you all again tomorrow night. Hopefully, in the meantime, his IT skills may come in handy and the problem may be fixed.

His Granddaughter Maddie is doing a talk on “Pa Pa” tomorrow at show & tell. She sent him a video of her presentation and he has asked me to share the photos with you all. She is a little proud of her Pa Pa.

Lan



Maddie and her poster.

## Diary

**Day 18 – Monday, August 24**

*Slept rather well considering I was up several times for a wee or because of cramps. The most alarming thing was the feeling in my hands and arms and sometimes my legs. It felt like ants*

*crawling all over and I would have to scratch. My assumption was my muscles were rebuilding after the pounding, especially my hands trying to cope with the constant shaking from the corrugations, while trying to hang on and steer. Had toast and jam which was free in the kitchen. It was the best! Did my washing – put it on twice to try and get rid of all the red dust. It worked a treat. Caught a cab to town. It was only 3km away but I couldn't walk or ride that distance today. Got some cash out at the ATM and some more Voltaren from the chemist. This place is so dry and dusty and the shops are all spread out. There is no main street of shops. Just a shop here and a shop there. Some ladies told me about a café just down from Home Hardware and it was a treat. Got lunch – Flat white, Omelette and freshly squeezed vegetable and fruit juice (watermelon, cucumber, Pineapples, blackberries). What a place – just fabulous, run by young people. That's something I have noticed. Lots of young people running some of these places out west. Café was called 'Lusciously Delicious.' Bought a map of the Gibb's River Road at the Information Centre.*



*Where I stayed in Derby*



*Information Centre - seeing where I have just ridden - OMG*

# Day 19 – Derby Another Rest Day

Posted on August 25, 2015

Hi all,

It has been an exceptionally tough 8 days out on the Gibb River Road; the road that has broken many a vehicle and people. The last 3 days were, (I was nearly going to write 'probably') the toughest!

The 300 km section of my ride between Mt Barnett and Derby was extraordinarily tougher than I ever thought and not just because of the continuous corrugated, rocky and sandy road. The soaring heat which made my water bottles hotter than the already hot tap water added to the tough conditions. Although I made sure I had enough water to last the 3 days and 2 nights ride. Carrying enough food for this section was not a problem. The problem was that it was difficult to eat in the heat, so lucky I had plenty in the larder, as they say.

Knowing that there was at least 80 kms of bitumen into Derby and I would get some relief from the dirt road, I planned to do at least 90 plus kms on the first 2 days and 120 km to Derby on the 3rd.

The first day was surprisingly hard on the legs with all the extra weight (water) I had to carry as there were no water stops. I managed to reach 97 kms (7:37:54 riding) and found a nice campsite. I had hit the wall big time that day; there were two big climbs over the range and the temperature got to 41 degrees. Did I mention: the flies would annoy by day and as soon as the sun goes down, they go and the other 'biters' come out. There were ants, three different ones, so I would have to be careful where I set up camp, making sure I selected the right tree as ants often climb up them.

4 am: I got up; I ate breakfast and packed in the dark knowing I had another big day. An early start is my secret; I smash out 40 to 50 kms before it gets too hot, and my water stays cool. The day was the same as yesterday: corrugations, sand and rocks. Oh, did I mention that every time a vehicle went past, I was covered in red dust. One WA couple stopped and gave me a cold bottle of water – it was amazing how much better you feel when your core temperature goes down! About an hour later another couple who gave me a bottle of cool water 2 days ago passed me another bottle as they drove slowly beside me (John & Wendy CH 40). I hit the wall again that afternoon! What a ride, 94 km (7:02:47 riding).

I found a flat bit of dirt to set up camp and when I pulled up, I noticed small droplets of water from my right pannier. I was devastated, two of my 1.5 litre bottles had split and I lost all the water! Some of my camping gear was also soaked. I unpacked all the gear and hung it up on a makeshift clothes line, so I could at least sleep on a dry bed. It dried quite quickly as it was 43 degrees today. I had dinner and half a cup of coffee and retired for a well needed sleep.

The next morning came and I was ready to reach Derby. I was hoping for a break from the relentless roughness of the roads today. I had my porridge, although not feeling like much I knew I had to eat for the days ride. I drank another half a cup of coffee. I didn't clean my teeth, knowing that they would soon be covered in red dust and I didn't want to waste any water, knowing I must now ration out my water. It was a long day, hot, although only 40

degrees today. There was a small headwind, but it was so nice when I started to ride on the bitumen again. I was so tired, and I noticed my pace was slowing considerably; I had to use lower and lower gears. Now that's a sign of hitting the WALL! Every 10 kms I would stop and drink the amount of water I had allocated for my rations. This would make the kms go easier for me.

And there it was – the end of the Gibb River Road. The big sign, 6km to town. At that point I was in the lowest gear I had (Granny Gear – for the bike pros). I just looked down at my shadow and kept telling myself that at the very next place I see that sells drinks, I could buy as many ice-cold drinks as I wanted. With every km I could taste the bubbles go down. I nearly stopped at one point under a shady tree, only to think about all the 700+ kms of dirt and before I knew it I was inside the BP at Derby with three bottles of soft drink. Oh yeah! The stats for those who may be looking, today was 116 kms (7:00:03 riding)

I looked in my little side mirror at myself and smiled.

I made it!

Two days off; eat, drink and be merry.

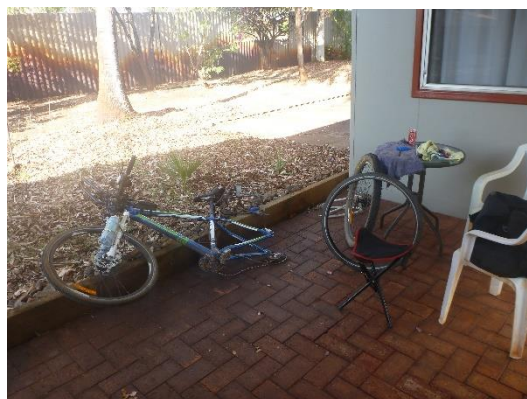
Kenny Mac



*I left a 10 kilos on the Gibb River Rd*



*Sunset at Derby*



*Dirt tyres off Road tyres back on*



# Diary

## **Day 19 – Tuesday, August 25**

*Had shocking night's sleep. (Had my first nightmare since beginning this ride. It was about a guy who lived in Warwick, he drove a red Mustang with white/cream upholstery with a tape deck 8 in the dash. He was a paedophile. He groped me once when he picked me up from the local school. I never went near him after that.) My pillow was soaked. I did number twos at 1.50am which was a relief. It takes a while for the body to function as normal when everything else changes.*

*Lazy day today. I'm still very weary. My fingers and hands are still very sore. Notice I even have trouble holding my pen writing now. Changed my tyre, checked nuts etc. lubed the chain, all ready to go. I'm sitting in the kitchen now and having an orange before I go and do my washing. I'll make a list of what I need for the next two days ride and camping overnight and pack this afternoon. So much looking forward to doing this last bit and see Pam and Emily at Broome.*

# Day 20 – Derby to Nillibubbica Rest Area

Posted on August 25, 2015

On Wednesday morning I left just before sunrise, around 5:15, it was so nice riding in the cool of the morning. My original plan of riding the 187kms to Roebuck roadhouse changed, the new plan was to ride about half way to Broome stopping at the Nillibubbica Rest Area. I had been told by several caravan campers that it was a very good spot to stay overnight. With the new plan B in place I headed off to the Willare Roadhouse for breakfast. This breakfast meal midmorning was somewhat out of the ordinary for me on this trip so far. I was looking forward to having eggs on toast.

While I was riding to Willare I was thinking to myself, “You know Kenny Mac you could do it, you could get to Roebucks Roadhouse, it’s only 187kms”. Then reality kicked in. I knew my body wasn’t up to doing that distance. Sitting at Willare eating, thinking this was the best breakfast I have ever had, poached eggs and grilled tomatoes on toast. I ate everything off my plate, not a morsel left.

I got to the Nillibubbica Rest Stop around lunch time, a total of 113 kms for the day. I was exhausted my hands and fingers were numb (from the Gibb) and I figured there was no first prize for trying to get to Roebucks another 74kms. I set up camp in one of the concrete tables under one of the many awnings. I had decided to leave around 4:00am the next morning, that way I could have another breakfast at the Roebuck Roadhouse. So I didn’t erect my tent, I put my bedding under the concrete table and chair combo and slept right there.

During my afternoon nanny nap wearing a ‘Mosquito Head Net’ to keep the flies off me, I was woken by a noise that was quite familiar to me. It was someone changing gears on a bike. I looked up and there was another crazy, as I call them, a young guy from France heading to Darwin had stopped in at Nillibubbica for the night as well. He was wearing jeans and long sleeve shirt and said that he should of worn summer clothes. Considering it was 41 degrees, I agreed with him.

Now that I was awake, I prepared my stove gear and cooked dinner. Wow, my last night and I had only the one meal left in my kit. The trailer and gear weighed considerably less than when I left Kununurra. I started to get a little excited for the first time. I met some other campers at the Rest Stop, and they were so intrigued with my bike and trailer set up. A big rig owner, Steve, gave me an ice cold litre bottle of lemon cordial to have with my dinner. He couldn’t believe how I drank so much hot water during the trip.



*Breakfast at Willare Roadhouse*



*Last night and slept under the table*

# Diary

## **Day 20 – Wednesday, August 26**

*Took off in the dark at 5.16am. So nice riding in the cool. Rode non-stop to Willare Roadhouse and had poached eggs and tomatoes on toast – so good. Then just went for it to reach the Nillibubbica Rest Area, thinking I may just be able to continue to Roebuck Plains. But the heat and my fingers stopped that idea. I'll stay here and go early in the morning.*

*Set up my gear on one of the concrete tables/chairs. Put on a fly proof netting hat and lied down for an afternoon nap. As I was sleeping, I heard that gear change clanking sound. It was another fellow 'crazy' on his way to the Gibb River Road – Elie Vadroville from France. We chatted for ages. I gave him two of my new bungy cords as I knew I wouldn't be needing them. "I'm eating early and leaving early. Right now, I'm about to continue my afternoon nap, under the concrete table – like a hobo. Ha!"*

*Tomorrow - last day! I'm looking forward to stopping peddling.*



# Day 21- Nillibubbica Rest Area to Broome

Posted on August 25, 2015

This was it, my last day on the road, the final 109 kms. I was up at 2:45am, made some porridge and black coffee. I packed the last of the gear and rode out of the camp at exactly 4:00:04 and made my way in the dark but cool morning. I had 74kms ahead of me before another roadhouse breakfast. I decided I'd have the same as I did the day before at Willare. I could feel my speed was getting a little too fast and had to keep telling myself to, 'just enjoy the ride and cruise along there is no hurry'. The reason I left so early was because I figured I would be at Roebucks Roadhouse around 8:00, a perfect time for breakfast, call Pam & Emily who were patiently sitting at Broome waiting.

At one point I looked at my Garmin 810 speedo and noticed I had just completed 60kms and at the same time I heard a massive toot of a vehicles' horn. It was Steve and Pam in the big rig passing by. I waved and then noticed he was pulling over to stop about a kilometre ahead of me. Well, to my amazement they were both out of the rig, Pam videoing me and Steve with another litre of ice-cold cordial, lime this time. Couldn't wipe the smile off my face, travelers all along this journey have been so generous.

I only had 12kms left to reach the roadhouse and there was one mighty climb to tackle, 'ha' I thought, 'just another one'. The climb to the roadhouse was very tough but I made it. I sat down in the dining room with my poached eggs and tomatoes on toast, and two small bottles of apple juice. Two days in a row, certainly was a change from those eight days on the Gibb River Road. Rang Pam and Emily, said I was heading off at 8:30 and should be in Broome in about two hours. I said that when I see the 'Welcome to Broome' sign I would take a selfie (so good at those now) and ring them from there.

It didn't take long, I had just been cruising along, singing (glad no-one could hear it), and thinking out loud, 'I did it, I bloody did it'. Before I knew it I was there, at the "Welcome" sign, I looked at my speedo, still had 12kms to go. The sign was some way off the side of the road and there was quite a drop-off from the bitumen. I decided it was too risky this close to the finish to have any issues of falling off. I noticed a cardboard sign on one of the metal posts. My first thought was, a "Soccer sign on" or a "Netball sign on" poster. Then I saw the words 'OLD MAN', it was for me, Emily always calls me old man. I laughed and kept riding and laughed again. I laughed for about 3kms.

I was now 8km from Broome and noticed another rider on the other side of the road, OMG, could he be heading to Darwin. I crossed the road to say hello and chat, as us crazies do. A young Japanese lad, Takuma was heading to Darwin via the Gibb River Road – he was only just starting his epic journey and I was just finishing. I said good bye to Takuma and wished him well.

Now the funny bit! I found this out when I arrived at the Oaks Resort where Pam and Emily have been all week. Pam had a hire car and because they were getting a little concerned, she headed off to see where I was. This is Pam's words, "I was driving along looking for a rider and came to a road works section about 8km out of town and saw two riders on my side of the road, one tall guy with a beard and a shorter guy talking on the side of the road. As I

passed them, I noticed the bike trailer and thought, that's Kenny Mac. OMG, I didn't even recognise my husband".

Excitement was running through me, it was like electricity, I was so happy I made it. I headed down through the main street looking for Guy Street, I kept going then I could see the ocean. Oh no! Have I missed the street, I felt lost. Rode all this way and couldn't figure out where I was. I asked two young ladies walking along the footpath if they knew where Guy Street was. Straight to their iPhones', Google map and said three more blocks heading the same way. Don't you love it.

There it was the Oaks Resort and two ladies with signs waving in the air.

I did two media interviews, showered, ate, drank, and enjoyed the company of my wife and daughter. I rang my other three daughters, Alanna, Elysse and Angela. It was great to be in Broome after 21 days on the rode with 'The Northern Express'.



*Roebucks Roadhouse for breakfast*



*Emily's sign on the Welcome to Broome*



*The only croc I encountered and it was concrete*

# Diary

## **Day 21 – Thursday, August 27**

*Woke up at 2.45am excited, knowing this is the final section – the last 100 plus kms. Had some porridge and coffee, packed all the gear and rode out of the campsite at 4.04am and made my way in the cool and dark headed for Roebucks' Roadhouse where brekkie and a cold drink would be awaiting. I was averaging 20km an hour which was a bit quick. It was probably the excitement I was feeling. Kept telling myself to just enjoy and cruise along because there was no hurry. Steve and his wife, Pamela in The Big Rig, passed me with a toot on their big truck horns. They stopped a km up the road with a cold litre of lime cordial drink. They are just fab people. I had done 60km at this stage and only 12 to go till brekkie. There was one huge climb up to the roadhouse but worth it. Poached eggs and tomatoes on toast with two apple juices – absolutely fabulous. Rang Pam and then headed off to Broome – 33 km to go!*

*It didn't take long, just cruising along, singing and thinking I did it. I bloody did it? About 8km out of town I saw another bike rider. He was heading in the opposite direction out of town. I crossed the road to chat with him. A young, Japanese lad – Takamu Ho, was heading to Darwin! OMG! He had only done 8km and was just starting this epic journey and I was just about to finish.*

*I didn't know this until after I arrived, but Pam had driven out in her hire car to see how far away I was. She said she saw two riders talking on the side of the road and she didn't recognise that one of them was me until she spotted the trailer and thought "That's Kenny Wong!"*

*I said goodbye to Takuma and told him to enjoy the trip. How could I tell him of all the bits to be careful of etc. etc. I smiled and he rode off. Towards town I went and very soon I was in Broome. It was hot but exciting. I wanted to get a selfie with the 'Welcome to Broome' sign. It was about 10-12km out of town and I couldn't get off the road to take the photo. It was then that I noticed someone had put a cardboard sign on one of the posts. I then spotted the words, "Go OLDMAN!" Wow! I laughed out loud. Emily had put it there! How wonderful. I laughed for the next 3km with excitement, happiness and fatigue. Coming into the town centre, I was a bit confused at Haas Street as I didn't have that on my map. I asked two young ladies if they knew where Guy Street was. They went straight to their i-phones map and told me to keep heading the same way. Just three more blocks!*

*And then I saw it. The Oaks Resort – Pam and Emily holding signs in the air saying what? Cheering me into the main entrance of the resort. I did it. I made it the whole way! I can stop now.*



*I did two media interviews that afternoon and then I showered, sat by the pool, ate and drank. I was happy and just enjoying the company of Pam and Emily. I rang Alanna, Elysse and Angela. It felt great to be in Broome after the 21-day journey.*

*Did I find myself? Not sure - but right now - I like myself.*

## Kenny Mac – You did it!

Posted on August 27, 2015



Hi all,

I have the best Kenny Mac update for you all..... HE DID IT!!! He has arrived safely in Broome.

Approximately 1900 km in 21 days – We never doubted that he could do it – and he has.

I speak on behalf of all my family in saying that we are so proud of you Dad, Pa Pa, Kenny Mac and we all can't wait to give you a huge hug!!!

Lan

# Class 3-4B

Posted on September 5, 2015

Hi All

There were some extremely tough moments I endured on the Gibb River Road, none of which made me shed a tear. The tears came today, after swimming training this morning, I was given a booklet from the youngsters of Goulburn Class 3-4 B. They have been reading my blog and watching my progress throughout the D2B journey. I was told they learnt lots from the readings; Geography (where I was in the Northern Territory and Western Australia), Maths (speed, averages and distances I travelled in a day), Health (my food and water), Writing (making the blog interesting-my job) and more.

I would often read notes Lauren sent me, and some of the comments and questions were just great. Even just thinking of the class following my journey was so inspirational to me. During some of those wicked hours spent riding through the sand and corrugations I would think of all the youngsters in class, saying “you can do it, go Kenny Mac”. They gave me encouragement and they gave me three cheers when I reached Broome.



*Me and Lauren Barnes*

*One of the notes from Lauren Barnes*

*“Kenny Mac, we did 3 cheers for you today in class as we read your final blogs. We are holding our Kenny Mac Braveheart White Balloon fundraising day in a few weeks. You are an inspiration to the little boys and girls in my class.”*


The entire class of 24, a very thoughtful group of youngsters, will be selling ice cream cones and book markers to raise funds for Kenny Mac’s Braveheart donation page. (Bravehearts White Balloon Day Fundraising Link Below)

If you can make a child feel good about themselves, it’s wonderful. Making twenty-four youngsters feel individually great about themselves, is a miracle. Best of all, these twenty-four youngsters have made me feel special and for that I thank them, everyone one of them, I thank dearly.


There is no way I could show just a couple of the pages from the booklet the youngsters made me, so I have put them all in the gallery for you to see. Each one of the pages was not only wonderful words but absolute works of art.


Thank you, Class 3-4 B,


Kenny Mac




# Go Kenny Mac!!!!



**You are a Champion Person!** 

**You are an Inspiration!** 

**From 3/4B**




## How to be a Champion Person like Kenny Mac

**Materials:**

- One body
- One big heart
- Basket loads of courage
- A huge dose of effort
- A load of strength
- As much resilience as you can find and develop
- A never ending supply of love and support



**Steps:**

1. Never give up.
2. Discourage others.
3. Do your best.
4. Learn from your mistakes.
5. Accept that life will not always go your way.
6. When you come upon a problem, fix it.
7. Believe in yourself.
8. Be positive.
9. Aim high.
10. Be confident.



**Hints:**

- When you fall off your bike, get back up on the seat as soon as possible like Kenny Mac!
- ADHER GNE OPPVV!








<http://www.bravehearts.org.au>

Today is White Balloon Day, a day where we send the message of awareness, prevention and support. Let us rally together and create a safer world for our kids and help other victims feel supported.

I have been touched by the response that I have received since launching my Blog site and on my return home. I have been contacted by other survivors who have thanked me for sharing my story. It is not easy for people to share their own traumatic experiences. White Balloon Day to me is a day that promotes awareness and it makes you feel like you are not alone. One of the biggest things that make survivors hide their stories is that we feel alone and unsupported. That is the hardest part of any hidden story, to break through the feelings of being alone and thinking that no one will ever believe your story.

You all know that I rode solo from Darwin to Broome on my mountain bike. It took me 21 days to complete the nearly 1900km. I not only did this for myself, fighting my demons, but I also did it to raise funds and awareness for Bravehearts White Balloon Day. This is a charity and cause that is very close to my heart. Follow the link and donate to this amazing cause.

Kenny Mac.

Day	Wk Day	Date	Journey Activity	Start	Time	Distance	Avg Speed	Avg HR	Max HR	Calories	Min Temp	Max Temp
Day 01	Friday	7-Aug-15	Darwin, NT to Adelaide River, NT	Fri, 2015 Aug 7 7:06 AM	5:38:50	108.98	19.3	130	147	3,709	15	39
Day 02	Saturday	8-Aug-15	Adelaide River, NT to Pine Creek, NT	Sat, 2015 Aug 8 7:25 AM	7:02:33	112.95	16.0	126	144	4,107	15	38
Day 03	Sunday	9-Aug-15	Pine Creek, NT to Katherine, NT	Sun, 2015 Aug 9 6:47 AM	5:02:55	94.27	18.7	120	137	3,219	12	37
Day 04	Monday	10-Aug-15	REST DAY Katherine	Mon, 2015 Aug 10 8:08 AM	0:44:20	9.26	12.5	--	--	256	17	28
Day 05	Tuesday	11-Aug-15	Katherine, NT to Sullivan Creek camping area, NT	Tue, 2015 Aug 11 6:19 AM	8:37:23	175.00	20.3	124	144	5,857	11	40
Day 06	Wednesday	12-Aug-15	Sullivan Creek camping area, NT to Timber Creek Tourist Park, NT	Wed, 2015 Aug 12 7:16 AM	5:12:10	107.77	20.7	120	133	3,586	10	42
Day 07	Thursday	13-Aug-15	Timber Creek Gunamu Tourist Park, NT to Saddle Creek Rest Area, NT	Thu, 2015 Aug 13 5:37 AM	5:38:16	120.93	21.5	115	133	4,055	18	39
Day 08	Friday	14-Aug-15	Saddle Creek Rest Area, NT to Kununurra, WA	Fri, 2015 Aug 14 5:39 AM	5:15:00	112.05	21.3	108	123	3,795	17	37
Day 09	Saturday	15-Aug-15	REST DAY Kununurra	Sat, 2015 Aug 15 8:31 AM	0:22:38	5.22	13.8	--	--	184	21	29
Day 10	Sunday	16-Aug-15	Kununurra, WA to Home Valley Station	Sun, 2015 Aug 16 5:31 AM	6:53:30	121.36	17.6	119	147	4,184	13	39
Day 11	Monday	17-Aug-15	Home Valley Station to Side of road (78kms)	Mon, 2015 Aug 17 6:48 AM	6:45:12	78.63	11.6	122	141	2,750	17	42
Day 12	Tuesday	18-Aug-15	Side of road (33kms) to Ellenbrae	Tue, 2015 Aug 18 5:27 AM	2:48:06	33.20	11.9	110	126	909	5	25
Day 13	Wednesday	19-Aug-15	Ellenbrae to Side of road (101kms)	Wed, 2015 Aug 19 5:30 AM	8:11:06	101.36	12.4	112	136	3,087	5	41
Day 14	Thursday	20-Aug-15	Side of road (81kms) to Mt Barnett Roadhouse	Thu, 2015 Aug 20 5:44 AM	5:38:01	80.62	14.3	105	124	2,090	7	37
Day 15	Friday	21-Aug-15	Mt Barnett Roadhouse to March Fly Gully Rest Area	Fri, 2015 Aug 21 5:23 AM	7:37:55	96.76	12.7	107	143	2,874	8	41
Day 16	Saturday	22-Aug-15	March Fly Gully Rest Area to Side of road (94kms)	Sat, 2015 Aug 22 6:30 AM	7:02:48	94.21	13.4	99	125	2,642	12	43
Day 17	Sunday	23-Aug-15	Side of road (116kms) to Derby, WA	Sun, 2015 Aug 23 5:35 AM	7:00:03	115.68	16.5	109	127	3,132	12	40
Day 18	Monday	24-Aug-15	REST DAY Derby, WA	Mon, 2015 Aug 24 11:30 AM	0:22:33	6.00	15.8	--	--	195	17	39
Day 19	Tuesday	25-Aug-15	REST DAY Derby, WA	Tue, 2015 Aug 25 10:24 AM	0:23:04	6.44	16.7	--	--	200	16	39
Day 20	Wednesday	26-Aug-15	Derby to Nillbubba Rest Area	Wed, 2015 Aug 26 5:14 AM	5:36:01	113.97	20.4	108	124	3,714	12	41
Day 21	Thursday	27-Aug-15	Nillbubba Rest Area to Broome, WA	Thu, 2015 Aug 27 3:59 AM	5:33:29	107.85	19.4	101	112	3,347	16	40
					107:25:53	1802.51	16.8			57,892		
					Avg km / day 106							
					Gibb River Road (8 days)	51:56:41	721.82	13.9		21,668		

