

Ruth Adewuyi-Dalton has kindly written an account of the night.

On the night we were miraculously spared a single drop of rain, which was amazing as on the way to the starting line I was aquaplaning on the motorway at 40 mph, and even better the biting wind abated.



The weather being surprisingly cooperative left just a few challenges; the traffic that was still nose to tail in the City at 2 a.m. , various people who had too much to drink and were brawling in Greenwich, chasing us down the road in Whitechapel, and arguing with me in Rotherhithe. The road surface was an unexpected challenge as riding along in the dark removes all of the normal visual clues for potholes and speed bumps, so I'm very glad I was riding such an unsophisticated machine that could cope with being bashed up and down the various craters. It was also something of a revelation to find that there are actually 3 hidden mountains in London, Alexandra Palace, Muswell Hill and Tulse Hill; the view of the breaking dawn from Alexandra Palace was unforgettable, and the punishing final climb to the finishing line up Tulse Hill was unforgivable.

It was immense fun to pass several landmarks by bike in the wee small hours, we rode over Tower Bridge, past the foot of the Gherkin, around Canary Wharf, past the end of Brick Lane, past the Emirates Stadium, across Hampstead Heath, past the Cutty Sark, past London Zoo, along Regent Street, past the Victoria and Albert Museum and numerous other places from the Monopoly board.

For those interested in numbers the fun stats for the night were:

- Urban foxes 4
- Herons 1
- Drunken fights 2
- River crossings 4
- Accidents 1
- Punctures 2
- Bananas eaten 1