

HEADLINE: Jack gets pole position at Sepang!

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I try and live by a special mantra; 'When you're green you grow, when you're ripe you rot'. My growth spurt at the 2009 Malaysian Moto-GP was beyond expectation!

The professors of mayhem and good times were there in full force and as the senior member of the DOCWA group I was starting to become delusional. Endeavouring to provide a menu of events leading up to the big days at Sepang and following, is an impossible task. What began as a civilised foray into foreign lands was soon discarded and the throb of KL's nightlife and plaintiff cries in the night (I think that was Coops) provided the platform and promise of grandiose events to come.

"You want massage?" "You want Thai girl? Chinese girl? Malaysian girl?" etc etc. And of course (because this is a magazine for general publication) I cannot repeat some of the specials on offer.

Just to confuse the size 6 girls I would reply; "You wouldn't have a special deal on 1198 would you?"

In a city of several million people one of the most amazing facts was our ability to meet up with other DOCWA members in congenial places like bars, nightclubs and of course trackside. On Friday night about 10 DOCWA members met at our hotel, the Royal Bitang, for a BBQ, copious beer and tall stories of various escapades, conquests and general fabrication. And that's all I can remember from that night! Remember the old saying; 'what happened on the trip, stays on the trip.'

Coops and Lanyon were shopaholics. Obviously they both have new 'birds' in tow and were buying as much gift-wrapped 'seed' as they could get. Mike Lanyon raised the bar with his shopping prowess.

"Hell Mike, how many women have you got on the go?" I asked when he emerged from the Petronas Towers' shopping mall. He was sweating like a one legged Jew trying to cross the Gaza strip. "Mate, she's really special and I want to spoil her a bit." I ask you is this the way forward? Mike's credit card that was screaming in pain and he had enough gifts to paint smiles on half of the hard working girls in KL.

Excitement on the Saturday and Sunday race days was multiplied by a factor of 10. Secret stashes of 'lunatic' juice were mixed with Coca-Cola, thus increasing the volume of the DOCWA brigade and our red Ducati shirts dominated the grand stand. Did we have fun? Did we, like Casey Stoner, give them all something to remember? You betcha!

Mike Warren.