

## Licola      Sunday 4<sup>th</sup> March 2012

Peter Jones	Honda CBR1000	Roman Biaroza (rear ride)	Honda CBR600
Ben Warden (leader)	Honda CBR1000	Marc Marais	Kawasaki ZX10
Misho Zrakic	Honda CBR1000	Steve Mudford	Suzuki GSXR750
Pina Garasi	Honda CBR600	Michael Henriksen (1 <sup>st</sup> ride)	BMW R1200ST
			<i>8 bikes, 8 people</i>

A couple weeks before the ride my CBR re-qualified to oilshake mixer, rather than a sport bike. So I spent all nights in the garage changing water pump, oil cooler seals, and head gasket. I also took the opportunity to change float valves, jets and valve shims. Pretty damn big job for somebody who never did anything like that before.

I thought I'll be very proud when I finish it on Saturday. Crank, crank, I started it and got white smoke from exhaust. I was anything but proud. Just one thought to redo it again made me crazy. Anyway, I drove it a few kilometres and smoke has gone. I was on the ninth cloud.

Although Metro become much better compared to what it was couple years before, I didn't want to take a single train anymore. Never.

As you may imagine, I simple couldn't ride enough on Saturday. And Licola was on the list for Sunday...

Flushing oil still in the crankcase, not sure if I assembled the bike correctly, 9 points on VicRoads account – it takes some courage to get to the meeting point, I want to tell you. And less you ride, more courage it takes to start. So I convinced myself to make just one leg.

And the second leg, after the first one. And the third legs, as the first two were too short. What's so addictive in riding? Can somebody tell me? Half weekend gone, sore butt... could not stop doing that until I fully exhausted.

At the beginning I was afraid for my licence (don't want to spend 3 months on trains, no, no, no), for my bike (please, don't make me change that gasket again) so I took leisure pace +5 +10 to ... hmm, the speed the other riders would do on that type of roads. Managed to bore Pina (the rear rider) to death. She almost fell asleep off the bike behind me. That was quickly solved by making me the rear rider, which I was very happy to do.

The roads became emptier, more twisty, rocky, dangerous and very scenic. At some moment my brain got used to bends and switched on the autopilot. Turning became so natural and comfortable – as like I was lying in the bed, changing the body sides. The other part of the brain enjoyed the situation. Well, frankly speaking, I don't think a lot of my brain was on. Very much like trance.

Road to Licola was probably the best I've been to. Trance was interrupted by seeing group of members resting just in the middle of road. The guy on yellow Suzuki (Steve) apparently fell off, but he was OK, which is great, given the type of road we were on. The middle of the road was, surprisingly, the finish of the leg.

A bonus adventure for me was riding back and guessing if my recently rebuilt carburettor is keeping at least previous level of consumption. Yes, I do have RACV subscription. But when I tried to imagine how would I explain where is my location (if I got coverage)... got sweat.

To my great pleasure, carb did really well and I got to Tyers service station by motor, not feet.

Half weekend gone, sore butt, and a great feeling of fulfilment. Will do it again.

**Roman Berjoza** CBR600F (not an oilshake mixer anymore)