

## Euroa MKII



Paul Southwell	Honda CBR1000	Cliff Peters	Kawasaki ZX10
Ian Payne	Honda CBR1000	Andrew Newbury	Kawasaki ZX10
Ben Warden	Honda CBR1000	Andrew Cleaver (1 <sup>st</sup> ride)	Kawasaki ZX10
Nigel Oman	Honda CBR1000	Phil Hotschilt	Suzuki GSXR1300
Kurn Bridgeman	Honda CBR600	Tony Stegmar	Suzuki GSXR1000
Pina Garasi	Honda CBR600	Glenn Aspden	Suzuki GSXR1000
Ed Simonis	BMW K1200S	Chris Pointon	Suzuki GSXR1000
Paul Milo (2 <sup>nd</sup> ride)	BMW K1200RS	Pierre Ong	Aprilia RSV4
Dave Chisma	BMW F800 ST	Stuart Hosking	Aprilia Tuono V4
Robert Langer (leader)	BMW F700 GS	Geoff Jones	Yamaha R1
Geoff Dick (rear rider)	BMW R850	Damian Jones	Yamaha R1
Rod Merrett	BMW S1000RR	Luke Chara (1 <sup>st</sup> ride)	Ducati 1098 Naked

You know how Italians speak with their hands? Well that habit put me in a bit of a ‘minestrone’... you see, just as Rob Langer was calling for someone to do a ride report, I happened to be explaining a concept to Kurn-meister using ethnic-style gestures. Suddenly all ‘regular’ MSR eyes focused on me like ‘volunteer-seeking missiles’ and unanimously pronounced me the proud ‘owner’ of a ride report. Now, what do I remember about the ride?

The first thing that struck me was the large number of riders who came; being such a sunny day always draws them out. The Hangmore contingency – Damian, Rod and Phil, came to illustrate how they can cleverly ‘hang-less’ with the MSR Club. A few ex-NetRiders – Stuart, Andrew, Glenn – now MSR addicts, also came, as well as a first-time Club rider on a visually and acoustically pleasing Ducati street fighter. Hmmm. I like that distinctive ‘takka-takka-takka’ sound. This Ducati lived to see another day... unlike the last ‘street-fighter’ which came a few months ago and was forced to return home wounded and defeated by the Jamieson road.

Misho's absence today was noted; I remember being asked by many riders, "Where's Misho"? to which I replied "painting". "Is he an artist"? What an interesting concept – I think to myself. "No, just finishing work on the bathroom which was started 12 months' ago." He was happy to forego the bumpy roads this Sunday and utilise the sunny weather to watch the paint dry. Incredulous, I know – but the Australia Day Jindabyne weekend away was a sweet consolation.

The ride itself was rather fast-paced with the Highland's bumpy road challenging us all 'rodeo-style'. I remember also, somewhere on the ride, we encountered some rather thick gravel for a fair distance (always feels like 50 kilometres even though in reality it's probably only 5 kilometres). It felt as if I was riding on a giant rattlesnake under the influence of cocaine... rather disconcerting and rather happy to finally see bitumen.

In Euroa we encounter Cindy and Steve who had stopped there for lunch before continuing on home after visiting Steve's family in Tallangatta. It's strange when the people you normally only see riding a bike, hop into a car. By Yea, when it had got hot and I was feeling a little weary, I would have gladly finished the ride in an air-conditioned car.

I was looking forward to the last breakup point at Warrandyte after hearing Rob Langer say "iced-coffee". "Yes", that's exactly what I feel like. However, by the time I got to Hurstbridge and there were two roads to choose from, I think I went the wrong way and found myself following a sign which said "Greensborough", with Tony Stegmar following as well. We did a couple of U-turns based on Tony doing some on-board consultation with his GPS but alas, it was unsuccessful. We gave up trying to work out where to go and went home.

Just prior to this confusing intersection, I saw Rod Merrett in what seemed like a happy discourse with a law enforcement officer in an unmarked car with red and blue lights. Maybe Rod was just squinting because of the sun, which then made him look like he was grinning. I feared the worse as he had overtaken me at a mighty speed a little further back so I was most relieved when he responded to my text message that evening and told me the good news that all had ended well thanks to the good reputation of his family name in law enforcement circles. Clever man...

Oh yes, I just remembered something else which happened on the ride: as I was coming up to a road where Andrew was corner marking, I witnessed some most perplexing body language from him. He reached into his unzipped leather jacket and began to make sadomasochistic pinching gestures on two sensitive points on his chest. When he saw me looking agog, he quickly and emphatically shook his head and looked most horrified with the realisation that I may have thought he was doing this for my benefit. He then quickly pointed to his friend Stuart as if to say it was meant for him. I was most bemused, particularly knowing that Andrew would be feeling very awkward at me witnessing this uncharacteristic display of non-verbal communication from him. Hmm... now there's a gesture that can get you in a real 'minestrone'.

Don't worry Andrew, I still respect you... it's all part of the crazy fun we have riding with this Club.

Thanks Rob for a great ride and to Geoff for rear-riding; much appreciated.

**Pina Garasi**