



Misho Zrakic  
 Ben Warden (leader)  
 Jesvin George  
 Pina Garasi  
 Erling Jurinussong (1<sup>st</sup> ride)  
 Richard Hewson (3<sup>rd</sup> ride)  
 Jason Richards (1<sup>st</sup> ride)  
 Frank Kiotsioukis (1<sup>st</sup> ride)

Honda CBR1000  
 Honda CBR1000  
 Honda CBR600  
 Honda CBR600  
 Yamaha TDM850  
 Yamaha R1  
 Triumph T595  
 MV Augusta Brutale

Cliff Peters  
 Andrew Newbury  
 Aiden Baker  
 Mick Bosworth  
 Ed Simonis (rear)  
 John Curry (1<sup>st</sup> ride)  
 Stuart Hosking  
 Chrys Kiosioglou

Kawasaki ZX10  
 Kawasaki ZX10  
 Kawasaki ZX10  
 Kawasaki ZX10  
 BMW 1200R  
 BMW R1200RT  
 Aprilia Tuono  
 Suzuki TL1000

Something was wrong. Phone buzzing, standing alone at Ruffy enjoying the warming sunshine, helmet off, visor cleaned, chain lubed, beany on. Waiting. Waiting. Hopefully, not Pina.

Well of course something was wrong. Hadn't I just had a close encounter of the worst kind – meeting a dark blue fully kitted TOG head-on, mid-corner at serious speed? Molesworth Road, a few kilometres from the Molesworth end heading towards Yarck, last of the twisties around the blind bends, cranked over, Cliff behind Rob behind me in a freight train. Even at legal speeds the closing speed was 200 km/h but I still managed to interpret the bright yellow "Police" daubed in huge letters down the side panels. Glance in the mirror to see my world turn all blue and red, heart racing, right hand twitching. Still got options. Thinking hard, fast. Adrenalin pumping. More corners. A slight straight. Decision: try the Whitfield manoeuvre. Sometimes it works. I reckon I have half a chance ...

Hard on the brakes, pull left. Cliff blitzes by closely followed by Aiden chasing Misho, both hard on the gas! Stop. Look in mirrors. Jesvin stopped too. Interesting. Still nothing. Now Rob's returned. Is he nuts? Still nothing. Well, 30 long seconds, maybe a minute gone by. All calm. Too calm. All bad I'm guessing. Time to mozey off!

Get to Molesworth and Cliff is corner marking – the wrong way. Well Misho and Aiden had scarpered towards Yea and anyway, how would they know which way the ride was going? Jesvin corner marked with Cliff, and Rob and I continued sedately up the highway to Yarck where Rob corner marked.

It was Rob on the phone. "No-one's come!" You do know that was a TOG going the other way on the Molesworth Road and he's probably filling up his Christmas Hamper with fresh MSR licences? "Cops? I never saw any!" Turns out neither did Cliff or Jesvin! Focused! Got to admire that. Cliff even went back to see what the hold up was! Of course, he was corner marking with Jesvin who didn't know either.

So Mr Plod (usual good cop, bad cop scenario) set up a road block! He had tried to pull a quick U-turn but there was a hail of bikes to contend with! Parking across the road, blocking both lanes, stopping everyone – not already through. Stopped 10 bikes. Ranted and raved. Something about not being a race track, licence checks, rego checks, got out the noise meter and checked a few bikes, muttered about the fender eliminators being unroadworthy, established the group had more than the regulation 100 points required by the bank for a loan, lecture, normal unhappy grumpiness. Gave up. Got bored. Continued on. Our group is very patient at times like these. Very polite.

I figured the Ruffy cross roads in the middle of nowhere was about as safe and far away from trouble for a regroup. The bikes started to arrive in dribs and drabs, many a story to be told. Pina, the oh so experienced one, scarpered as soon as her licence check was complete – with permission of course – and was first to arrive. I had already sent her a text along the lines of “a pestilence descended upon the earth and the skies grew dark”. Of course, she was trying to find out where Misho was – half way to Ballarat I figured, Aiden up his clacker.

After the group photo, it was time to continue on to Seymour for a very late lunch. Who should be there to greet us but Misho and Aiden – but where was Aiden’s bike? Hiding!

Now the second drama of the day started to unfold. Back at Ruffy, Chrys had lost the remote for his TL’s ignition and could not start the bike. Stuart stayed with him and rear rider Ed continued on, sweeping up the corners markers. As a last resort Stuart decided to backtrack towards Yarck looking for the remote, the thinking being it must have fallen out of Chrys’s trouser pocket enroute. Well, 15 km back Stuart found it! On the road, damaged, possibly run over, but still functioning! Unbelievable. It was turning out to be a very lucky day! The pair of them caught up with us in Seymour at the servo where we were all filling up. Misho had a small enough Phillips head screwdriver to pull apart the fob and jiggle everything back into place such that it was a lot more reliable.

We were all united again and so continued the ride without mishap to finish at Wallan.

**The start:** Well no-one volunteered to do the article. Clearly, a set of tyres for writing an article is not enough of an incentive – in fact it perversely seems to have had the opposite effect – two out of the four rides this month almost had no article with the leaders having to also do the write-up.

**The roads:** Chum Creek was good and devoid of cars in either direction when I went up it, though a red unmarked police ute turned down it just as we were through, apparently. I’m sensing a theme here.

The Murrindindi dirt has only about six gentle bends and was only 4 km long, and bypassed a lot of “dangerous” highway around Yea. Even so, we were on and off the highway for periods leading up to lunch at Alexandra, compensated by the great Molesworth to Alexandra Road – the sighting lap as someone quipped.

After a pleasant morning tea in Alex in the main street, now with a number of coffee shops and nearby facilities, we headed south to check if the bridge had been repaired. Yes! Phew! Because I had forgotten it was out the last time we visited.

Back up to Alex and out the Molesworth road again and back to the top of the page.

Some of the roads around Caveat are showing signs of recent flood damage and care needed to be exercised to avoid large potholes, washaways, or a series of bumps in the usual spots – just getting worse with time. Luckily, everyone is so focused there was not even a complaint about the road conditions!

After lunch it was across to Pyalong, Misho kindly leading for a smidge. Then across to Emu Flat and another smidge of dirt (1.4 km which I had forgotten about altogether) to pick up the good bit of the Burke and Wills Track down to Lancefield. More highway to Romsey before the great road across to Wallan with the series of steep descents and climbs as we cross four valleys, each shallower than the previous. One of my favourite roads.

**The people.** Commercial pilot and former member Mick Bosworth joined us for a ride on his trusty ZX10, making the fourth such Kawasaki on the ride. He’s been getting riding out of his system by doing track days. (So it was him speeding on the Molesworth Road!)

Erling (from Iceland) reckons he last rode with us in 2001 – 12 years ago. He recognised me and made enquiries about President Ian, missing today. He looked familiar ...

Richard signed up at Wallan. Where else can you get this much fun for \$30?

There were four first time riders on the ride, courtesy of the long range 18 degree dry forecast I suspect. They were all capable riders and Ed had no issues at the back of the ride, he reported.

Aiden dropped round after the ride to fish his headlight and mirror out of our bins, ready for the garbage collection the next day. Close call. I showed him the veggie beds and Julie and Aiden spoke healthy food and lifestyle.

Andrew was back again on his “second” MSR ride since the Tassy crash. He has done over 3,000 km on his new ZX10 and had lots of green friends today, especially Aiden with his 197 HP monster.

**My Honda** is ready to go for Towong. Another month of maintenance sees new Brembo disks and pads fitted, a front Sportsmart tyre and only the third (genuine, original fitment DID) chain and sprockets fitted Sunday night - after the ride! The bike ticked over 89,000 km and feels good! And averaged, for the Kawasaki readers, 19.77 km/l for the day. 292 km on the tank from home to Seymour using 14.77 litres. You do the maths, as Marty would say. Awesome!

See you at Yarck on Saturday.

**Ben Warden**