

MY ROYAL ENFIELD FAMILY - Part 2

Today I'm riding "Thunderbolt",
My Royal Enfield bike.
A Woodsman type, it rides so true,
and really gives me pride.

Six weeks now passed, by chance one day,
I read the classified,
It's under "Royal Enfield",
I can't believe my eyes.

The price is good, ten miles away,
A classic engined bike.
In army green with panniers too,
Oh what a gorgeous sight.

Although I want this army bike,
can't justify another,
but four days later doorbell rings,
"Thunderbolt, that's your brother".

It's big and green, and looks quite mean,
and makes a racket too.
Would put the wind up anyone,
who came out of the blue.

Strong, sturdy and dependable,
nowhere this bike won't go.
What should I call my dispatch bike?
Ah, Got it... "Tornado".

Army lightweights, matching shirt,
and boots (made like a gun!).
Where man and bike were separate,
now both of us are one.

Zooming down a country lane,
brakes don't work as expected.
Must remember, first time check,
make sure that they're connected!

"I'm sorry don't think brakes will work,
and no way I can stop."
I yell out as I pass a madly waving
traffic cop.

Now down the road a little way,
becomes a steep incline.
Tornado's getting faster and both bike
and rider whine!

Finally skidding to a stop ,
a sand and gravel trap.
Don't need to check my underwear,
It's much too late for that.

I tell the bike I'm very sorry,
I think it feels the same,
I'm going to check out everything,
before we try again.

Some oil's running off my boot,
a sharp intake of breath,
"Someone? Anyone! HELP ME PLEASE,
my bike's bleeding to death."

Mr Hitchcock saves the day,
"Tornado we can heal.
This problem's quite easy to fix,
a gasket and new seal!"

Tornado's back with Thunderbolt,
They're parked next to each other.
I wonder if they feel as me,
"It's great to have a brother".

An old school chum phoned me and said,
"Do you remember 'Weasel'?"
He's got some 'Taurus' bike for sale,
and swears it runs on diesel!"

My guide says that's a "chuggy" bike,
so economical,
The drawback is it's not too fast,
not much more than a crawl.

I thank my friend, my interest peaked,
oh dear, what should I do?
I like the bike, but how would I
go tell the other two?

Poor diesel bike is out of luck,
it won't be bought by me.
Myself, Tornado, Thunderbolt.
That's my family.

They both run on petrol fuel,
(and one drinks oil too),
bits still fall off, but I don't care,
I love them through and through.

