

Part 4 - Royal Enfield saves the day!

Within a few short hours,
the factory replied,
"We'd never do a thing like that,
someone's told you a lie!".

"From whom did you buy Thunderbolt,
Also, what was the date?
Plus, we'd like the VIN number,
it's on a little plate."

I sent off all the details,
to R. E. with a plea,
"Check my bike, but don't take it,
It means the world to me."

Needing just to have a break,
We went out for a ride,
Thunderbolt, eager to please,
Me? anger to subside.

I cast my mind back many years,
past bikes flashed through my head,
I hope they might still be around,
be sad if they're all dead.

I thought of old Suzuki,
A100 red 2 stroke,
my very first bike, it was nice,
but didn't have much poke.

My second was a Honda,
CB one-two-five S..
A number plate was on the front,
I liked that bike, god bless!

And old Honda 500 four,
a challenge and a state.
I thought I bought it as a bike,
but came in several crates!

A YAM five-fifty Vision,
had a wobble at high speed.
Shaft drive, V-twin and water-cooled,
that damn thing near killed me.

The situation changed for me,
and two wheels changed to four,
slowly forgot about the bikes,
and fun i'd had before.

More years passed, until one day,
I flicked through some old books,
A photo of a bike fell out,
Just had to stop and look.

Remembered all my old time mounts,
and good times that we'd had,
reminisced for half an hour,
and then felt very sad.

Remembered back to younger years,
Money had been so tight,
But all of that has eased off now,
so why not get a bike!

I think from here it's repetition,
This part's already told,
But that; dear friends; is how I came,
to purchase Thunderbolt.

My anger now subsided,
my memories I thank,
I smile, look down at Thunderbolt,
and gently pat the tank.

"You're my first bike for many years,
you might just be my last!",
But finally, I got my dream,
a design from the past.

Bikes were always 'bikes' to me
some better than the others,
But Thunderbolt is different,
almost feel like it's damn mother!

Thought I was master of my bike,
But it makes me behave,
"Service me and buy me spares",
I'm no more than it's slave.

What about Watsonian?
Won't talk right now with them,
so let's go see the dealer,
"Knock-Knock", (open door,) "Ah-hem!"

"You remember Thunderbolt,
my brand new E.F.I.?
It's three years old and putty'ed up,
if looks could kill, you'd die!"

i like the old mechanic, plus
I feel that he is loyal,
strange he missed the putty when he
went and changed the oil!

But then he's got eye glasses,
that make coke bottles look flat,
I wonder if it might have been,
something to do with that?

I'm feeling rather sneaky,
so i'll have a little fun,
my anger's really saved for his
suppliers (£***ing c**ts!).

"We'll keep it strictly business now,
my sense of humour's low,
PLUS best day's work you EVER done,
to service "Tornado".

if I am 'dad' to army bike,
then you will be it's mum,
It better purr so perfectly,
when we go for a run."

I can't hold out and give a smile,
We both know we've been done,
although we're talking "bullet", there's
no point jumping the gun!

The law says it's the point of sale,
where I should make my stand,
then he should get suppliers,
to reimburse his 'grand'.

To the suppliers i ask this,
"Are you sure you can spell?
cos "N.E.W." don't spell "Old",
You caused me merry hell!"

"Do you spell "Banker" with a "W" ?
also, "Hunt" with a "C" ?
well, looking from my point of view,
it seems that way to me!".

Consumer law says "Got six years,
for faults at time of sale"
R. E. says "warranty is good",
and THAT'S the holy grail!

So thumbs up to the factory,
and dealer it's "Thank you!",
I put my faith in Thunderbolt,
and in Tornado too!

Although I had a shaky start,
they've fixed my trust and pride.
I'm really, really very glad,
that I bought Bullet bikes!

