

Part 5 - Harley a Davidson goes by.

Where I live is quite remote,
Nobody comes our way,
It's best to put some stores aside,
For snow or rainy day.

Thunderbolt's got oil and fuel,
There's spare parts in the store,
But oh damn me, brake fluids out,
D. O. T.. Three or four.

Best not wait and hope the best,
I need to make the run,
To "moto" shop at Besancon,
The trip should be quite fun.

I'll wear my day patrol pack,
To bring the oil back,
Plus some drinking water,
In attached "Camelbak"

I go and start old Thunderbolt,
It only needs one kick,
The engine fires and settles down,
A very even tick!

We start on little minor roads,
It purrs at fifty-five,
It's when we hit dual carriageway,
Thunderbolt comes alive.

Sixty-five and all is well,
Then road thins like a funnel,
It's two more bends to go then "YES!",
We go into the tunnel.

The walls in here are concrete lined,
The roof is a half round,
I give the throttle grip a twist,
Oh blimey, what a sound!

We shoot out of the tunnel,
It was fast and it was fun,
It was like the exit,
Of a bullet from a gun!

Some liken bikes to horses,
If so, then mine's a colt.
My ears still ringing, that is why
I named it Thunderbolt.

They put in average cameras,
Your money just to screw,
But I don't have a plate on front,
So fingers up, sod you!

Again, my Bullet's done me proud,
As we enter the town,
It's only fifty KPH,
So time to simmer down.

One roundabout, then "Clover-leaf"
(That junction we went wrong!),
Just in forth gear at lower rev's.
The engine sings it's song.

Turn to the right, then to the left,
Ah good, we're nearly there,
I'll pop you on the forecourt,
As the people like to stare.

But place is full of growly bikes,
With stewards everywhere,
They even closed the road outside,
So I can't park you there.

I should explain, three Marques they do,
Ducati, Harley-D,
But 'twas the Triumph man that saw,
Then came and rescued me.

"This bike is English by design,
You see it's quite unique,
Park with the Harley's, centre stand,
So everyone can see."

I'm lost for words, what can I say,
They smile and wave me through,
Don't think it's me they want to see,
Ah Thunderbolt, it's you!

My head is spinning in a whirl,
And so I park the bike,
One hundred Harley's to our left,
A Chevy on our right.

"Wel-come to our convention,
There's bar-be-que and beer,
Plus lots of tasty custom bikes,
Which guys can try out here!"

I thank the guy, and head inside,
I buy D. O. T. 4,
But coming out I panic,
Can't see Thunderbolt no more.

My poor bike is surrounded,
A huge crowd has gathered there,
Some of them take photos,
Whilst the others stand and stare.

Huge man, no neck, with hams for arms,
The crowd just moves aside,
I fear for trouble, but all's well,
Just wants to see the bike.

He nods and smiles approvingly
then asks, "This do a ton?"
I nod whilst thinking "KPH",
And so I hold my tongue!

He notes the single cylinder,
And asks, "your bike vibrate?-"
I should put my gal on here,
She'd end up in a state!"

He laughs, the others all join in,
And then he smiles at me,
"This bikes the damndest, cutest thing,
That ever I did see!"

Photographer came over next,
"My goodness, who are you?
Don't you look bright with all that chrome,
That green's a pretty hue!"

I go and stand out of the way,
It's Thunderbolt's limelight,
The photo man's insane like me,
Cos he talks to the bike.

"Oh those two little lights are neat,
Just like a tiger's eyes,
And 'Royal Enfield' what a name,
For that I would just die!"

Ok, I'll leave them to it as,
Don't want to appear rude,
But need to find the toilet soon,
And go try out the food.

Authentic Yankee atmosphere,
They have a live band too,
I smile, they're not american?
"Won't get fooled" by The Who!

A Harley owned by John and Jean,
Came all the way from Ascot,
"If Thunderbolt would join our club,
Then we'd make it our mascot!"

Harley's have a stereotype,
Big bikers with big bikes,
They can look imposing,
Even giving you a fright.

But I learnt something on this day,
A new side I did see,
Smiling, friendly, happy guys,
A bit like you and me.

They buy their Harley-Davidson's
For the fun and history,
That's why we buy our Bullets,
So they seem the same to me.

The moral of the story is,
If you need Dot4,
Then don't delay, go get some,
You might learn a whole lot more!

