

Part 7 - That Ducking Fog ( Canine capers )

Five careful owners, I'm the sixth,  
caretaker of this bike,  
you only have to glance to see,  
it's majesty and might.

A Royal Enfield Bullet bike,  
old military type,  
so stunning dressed in olive green,  
so proud that it is mine.

What do you mean 'good for its age',  
It's either good or not.  
Tornado's been looked after,  
Like a cherub in a cot.

So many miles have been done,  
The rubber looks quite dire,  
Don't want to risk an accident,  
I better change those tyres.

Get knobby ones like Thunderbolt?  
(My other bullet bike),  
But there again the standard ones,  
are looking rather nice.

Cold start, first kick and off we go,  
To see the old mechanic,  
He takes a look, says "Standard tyres?  
I have a set, don't panic!"

This nineteen fifty five design,  
Will never see a ton,  
It's not for speed, that's not the point,  
An Enfield is good fun.

Not being a performance man,  
With details I won't bore,  
It seems to handle just the same,  
Or just a bit more sure.

We've only gone about 3 miles,  
The engine starts to pink,  
Reach down, turn fuel tap to reserve,  
Tornado needs a drink!

Past supermarket petrol place,  
Their fuel gave us the hump,  
Nine-five, water and alcohol,  
it made my bike act drunk!

Thankfully a few miles on,  
A place that serves up heaven,  
Tornado gets a welcome treat,  
A tank of ninty-seven!

I go to visit an old friend,  
Who's staying with her mother,  
I park the bike, it looks like rain,  
I'll just throw on the cover.



"We'll just take the old ones off,  
Then check the inner tubes,  
Time to put the new ones on,  
Now where's my tub of lube?"

"To help the tyres to slip on nice  
I'll spread this round the rim,  
Called 'tallow' it is slippery,  
Helps tube and tyres seat in!"

I ask "What is this tallow stuff,  
I'm sure I've heard of that?"  
He says, "It's been around for years,  
a type of animal fat."

The tyres done, the pressures checked,  
We push the bike outside,  
I show off with a one-kick start,  
And take it for a ride.

Tornado's good at fifty-five,  
But sixty plus a no,  
At speed it shakes me half to death,  
Whilst drum brakes only slow.

A cup of char a cake or two,  
and even a porkpie,  
That will do quite nicely thanks!  
It's time to say goodbye.

It did not rain, the weathers fine,  
I pause to stroke their mog,  
I pull Tornado's cover off,  
And there sits next door's dog!

That Jack Russell or Terrier,  
from next door has got out,  
But why would it be under here,  
Now what's that all about?

The ducking fog has chewed the tyres,  
The tallow was it's prize,  
The paint on spokes and rims is chipped,  
But then worse hits my eyes.

The side covers, mudguard and tank,  
are green, lined out in gold,  
looked after more than twenty years,  
but suddenly look old.

The dog tried to get everywhere,  
It hoped to find more tallow,  
The paint is ruined on my tank,  
Those scratches are not shallow.

Upset, I go to grab the dog,  
But being quick, it runs.  
A good thing that, had I'd caught it,  
Who knows what I'd have done!

My bike always looks after me,  
As I look after it.  
But now I've gone and let it down,  
Tornado looks like shit.

I love my bike, so covered it,  
To keep it from the rain,  
To say 'upset' well understates,  
The level of my pain.

So now a sincere promise made,  
"It might take me some time,  
I'll match the paint and fix you up,  
Then you will look so fine!"

You might ask "Is it worth the cost,  
a profit you won't see!"  
It's not the money, it's my bike,  
it means the world to me!

I'm back in France with Thunderbolt,  
Arriving full of glee,  
But EFI will have to wait,  
The snow's up to my knee!

Tornado won't be lonely though,  
to that much I have seen,  
A black bullet to chat to plus,  
Three 'Five-three-five' GT's!

