

Part 8 - Tornado gets fixed

The day is bright the sun is out,
I look on with a smile,
Time to get Tornado out,
to cruise the miracle mile.

I start the engine wait a bit,
For barrel to get warm,
Did I just hear a funny noise,
Of that I could've sworn.

The bikes still on its centre stand,
I know it's not in gear,
There's that sound it's clearer now,
Something's amiss oh dear.

It's not exactly thump or rattle,
not even a clang,
it's more like somebody is tapping,
on an old tin can

The noise it comes from right hand side,
Low down and near the front,
Oh dear if I remember right,
That's near the oil pump.

Turn engine off, undo a nut,
And take off push rod cover,
Thank God the vital signs are good,
In oil they're all smothered.

They spin around just as they should,
No movement up and down,
I guess that rules the push rods out,
My face takes on a frown.

Tornado has two oil pumps,
A feed pump and a scavenge,
I hope with all the miles it's done,
The worm gear's not got ravaged.

But there again from what I see,
the oil's going round,
The sumps not overloaded,
and the dipsticks turning brown.

At least my bike won't bleed to death,
Now that would be quite horrid,
To nurse tornado down the road,
And then have it seize solid.

The old mechanic, he is good,
with prices I can pay,
But answering machine comes on,
"Sorry, on holiday".

I'll have to use somebody else,
to make Tornado right,
we're off to Harley (Davidson?) street,
to visit Dr. Bike

We're rushed straight in, no time is lost,
to get a diagnosis,
He listens with a stethoscope,
Then gives me his prognosis.

"This model's a homemarket one,
It wasn't made quite right,
It's construction was not too good,
In fact it's rather shite."

I say "I know that Tornado,
was built a bit askew,
but surely there's a simple fix,
to have it good as new?"

"So sorry sir it's more complex,
you can't remove the patient,
We'll have to keep it overnight,
For further observation."

They help my bike onto a ramp,
secure it so its stable,
A button pushed and up it goes,
this 'operating table'.

"Nurse, please connect the ignition,
to this oscilloscope,
Whilst I check oil pulse and pressure...
That's all OK, there's hope!"

Next, she connects an oil drip,
With 15 W 40,
Ignition's off, Tornados 'out',
It's time to see what's faulty.

"This could be quite distressing Sir,
You could go wait outside".
My answer is a little short,
I stay and watch my bike.

The surgeon's skill with screwdriver,
And open ended spanner,
Combine to help reassure me,
As does his 'bench side manner'.

I do wish Thunderbolt was here,
(that is Tornado's brother),
It might help my anxiety,
As off comes right side cover.

Micrometer and microscope,
Plus much close scrutiny,
"The cam gears are in tolerance,
As far as I can see,"

"I've checked around the oil pumps,
The worm gears have no wear,
The pistons work, the oil comes out,
The trouble is not here?"

Some very careful measuring,
He checks "Extent of travel"
He turns and beams a smile at me,
"This mystery's unraveled!"

"You see the oil pump pistons Sir?
They're opposite each other,
Well, this one's play is slightly free,
It's tapping on the cover!"

Nurse, please pass me the gasket ring,
Plus the cornflake packet,
We'll double up the thickness,
As that should reduce the racket"

The gasket's cut and held in place,
The cover has been cleaned,
They torque the screws efficiently,
This nurse and doctor team.

The patient fixed, the bike and ramp,
both descend to the ground,
The key is turned, ammeter flicks,
Tornado's coming round!

Dr. Bike hands me a bill
that takes away my wealth,
I start to re-assure my bike
(and re-assure myself).

"Recuperate whilst running in,
the doctor is emphatic,
although he says you might feel bad
it's all 'cycle-schematic'."

My mobile rings, it's from my bank,
"Is this withdrawal right?"
I verify amount's correct,
but i've been conned alright!

I must admit on journey home,
so beautifully it ran,
I must have laughed out with relief,
Tornado's engine sang.

This tale, it should have ended here,
but I am a fanatic,
so one week later off we went,
to see the old mechanic.

He checks first that we're all at ease,
then takes the cover off.
"This gasket's 'Kellogs' that's a first",
as he begins to scoff.

"How much they charge to do this botch?
might have worked for a time,
This correct part's from Hitchcock's mate,
Cost one pound forty-nine."

He does the job, puts cover back,
engine runs sweet and sound,
commiserating with me says,
"Let's call it twenty pound".

The deal is done, the tea is made,
He sees i'm down on luck,
"why don't you come outside and see
my new French army truck!"

Tornado's stood next to the truck,
and looking very slick.
I smile and get the camera out,
it whirs then says 'click-click'.

We drink the tea and exchange tales,
but then it's time to roam,
I thank the guy, Tornado starts,
we happily head home.

