



Tim Emons	Honda CBR1000	Marc Marais	Kawasaki ZX10
Ben Warden	Honda CBR1000	Mark Copeland	Kawasaki ZX10
Misho Zrakic	Honda CBR1000	Cliff Peters	Kawasaki ZX10
Ian Payne	Honda CBR1000	Mark Rigsby (rear)	Suzuki GSXR1000
Paul Southwell	Honda CBR1000	Steve Mudford	Suzuki GSXR750
Tony Stegmar	Honda CBR1000	Rob Langer	KTM 990
Dennis Lindemann	Honda CBR600	Simon Wastney (2 nd ride)	Honda VFR800
Pina Garasi	Honda CBR600	Cindy Lee	Triumph 675

An early morning ray of 'Metho-Heights' sunshine is all it took to melt my hardened determination to not go riding if it was raining and cold. Judging by the unusually large number of riders who came today, I think the sun did a good job at enticing us out of our comfort zone. Alas, by the time we arrived at Berwick, the sun was no more and the drizzle had begun. My mood was a little dampened, literally and metaphorically.

As I listen to Tim's animated pre-ride adventures involving flooded roads, landslides, detours and a very late home coming, I was filled with scary images of what I was about to face. How could I be so wrong? Tim, being a most creative leader, had devised an interesting route for the day without leading us into any peril. Such a clever boy.

As usual, my dreadful sense of geography, which I attribute to a bad teacher in secondary school, causes me to be a little surprised when I catch a view of the ocean today. In my 'motorcycling' head, when we ride in Gippsland I expect to see green pastures, hills and lots of cows and the Great Ocean Road ride is where I expect to see the sea. I guess today is a nice combination of both.

Our first 'early' lunch break is at Grantville, after which Il Presidente and his Vice depart from the ride, Ian having family commitments, and Paul having essential football viewing.

A couple of Committee members had a series of missed calls from Rob Langer 'chasing' the ride. He managed to track us down at our 'late' lunch break at Korumburra. It was here that we received a very pertinent update on the Moe earthquake, courtesy of our Ride Leader and to whom I vowed to take full responsibility for the replication thereof; so here it is:

"An earthquake measuring 5.2 on the Richter scale hit Moe at 9pm this evening, with its epicentre in Haigh Street. The earthquake decimated the area causing approximately \$30.00 worth of damage."

Victims were seen wandering around aimlessly, muttering "Faaackinell". Three areas of historic burnt out cars were disturbed. Many locals were woken well before their centre link cheques arrived.

The Moe local paper has reported that hundreds of residents were confused and bewildered and were still trying to come to terms with the fact that something interesting had happened in Moe. One resident - Tracy Sharon Smith, a 15-year-old mother of 5 said "It was such a shock, my little Chardonnay-Mercedes came running into lounge room crying. My youngest two, Kevin and Jason slept through it all."

Apparently looting, muggings and car crime were unaffected and carried on as normal.

The Australian Red Cross has so far managed to ship 4,000 crates of Bacardi-Breezers to the area to help the stricken locals. Rescue workers are still searching through the rubble and have found large quantities of personal belongings, including Health Care Cards, also Jewellery and Bone China from Big W.

HOW CAN YOU HELP?

This appeal is to raise money for food and clothing parcels for those unfortunate enough to be caught up in this disaster. Clothing is most sought after - items most needed include: baseball caps, Adidas tracksuits, singlets (blue & white) white sport socks, Reebok boots Any other items usually sold at Dimmy's or The \$2 Shop.

Food parcels may be harder to come by, but are needed all the same. Required foodstuffs urgently needed include: Microwave meals, Baked beans, Ice cream, Chips, Soft Drinks.

Donations of \$15.00 will be taken to buy a packet of Winny Blue 25s and a lighter to calm the nerves of those affected"

The ride from Korumburra to just before the Monash Freeway run was most enjoyable as the roads were quite dry allowing the ride to flow a little faster. Once we catch sight of the Jindivick sweepers the craving for a speed fix is palpable, so we let the "yee-hah" factor take its natural course... it's been a long time, and it felt so good.

The Monash Freeway run from Longwarry to Officer provides us with a few episodes of sudden heavy braking due to Highway Patrol cars randomly parked in side roads, cautioning us with their element of "surprise".

We all gather at the BP at Officer for the last 'goodbyes'. I follow Misho as we play 'dodgem' cars for the next 100 or so kilometres back home. Unfortunately, Misho's lane-splitting skills were not appreciated by a 1% patch club Harley rider we encountered on the Tullamarine Freeway. 'Mr 1%' decided to teach us a lesson and assert himself as "King of the Road" by attempting to overtake us... oh dear... what was he thinking? I laugh to myself and proceed to watch the show.

Well, Misho 'The Man' is not one to muck about wasting time and just continued on his usual style while 'Mr 1%' employed many desperate and dangerous manoeuvres in order to achieve his goal. Alas, his attempts were most futile and ultimately contributed to him being in a most agitated state at our lack of respect and submissiveness... he gave up and soon disappeared; it reminded me of the 'Pepé Le Pew' cartoon, except in reverse.

What a good day was had; we safely negotiated the Gippsland roads thanks to the good planning of our ride leader, Tim; and a big 'thankyou' for restoring my faith in still being able to have fun riding in winter... I was losing it. The weather gods were kind and didn't subject us to

hypothermic stress and we had the great company and social entertainment of our fellow riders. My thanks also to Mark Rigsby for rear riding – always appreciated.

I need to declare openly - this article was written as a result of a desperate attempt at bribery by Tim Emons using a Cherry Ripe – a portion of – not the whole bar; milk chocolate, not dark. It was NOT an offer too good to refuse, I just felt sorry for him.

Pina Garasi