

Do CBR1000s have a drinking problem?

I was 5 kms south of Whittlesea, on the back roads coming from the east. Every road I turned to had water flowing across it from the Plenty River! It was 10 to 10. No time to go back, down and around the flooded roads; I'll be too late.

One road had 4 wheel drives crossing and a car coming towards me. I thought if that car went through the water, then so I can. So I decided to cross. I look a long way ahead so I can try and work out where the road is. The water is getting deeper and deeper. I start to feel water coming in my boots, up and over and inside the plastic bags I use inside my boots.

There were two stretches of water to cross, the first very long. I was maybe half way, (thinking this is fun), when it started to get even deeper – about half way up the bike! I was going pretty slowly, (maybe not) when the motor stopped. Now stationary, I had to put my feet down in the Plenty River and got a fresh surge of cool muddy water in my boots. On reflection, the car must have come out of a house, or had turned around and gone back! It definitely didn't drive through here.

I am all by myself, so I start pushing the bike through the water while sitting on it, eventually getting through. Now on the road between two bodies of water, I get off the bike and look around. I'm stuck. I wheeled up to the second section, got back on the bike and pushed with my feet. It was almost as deep as the first one. I feel a bump... and hope the road is not lifting up! Now the current is head on, and it's fast. I am having trouble pushing against it. "Just a bit more to go. Nearly there." Then I'm up and out!

Huffing and puffing, I'm buggered. So it's off with the boots to start drying things out. I can see the headlines now, "Man in leathers seen pacing up and down the road in bare feet."

I start ringing to get help. Ron Johnston is fixing a car. Ben, now in Lancefield, suggested I ring the RACV who keep me on-hold for 10-20 minutes until I run out of credit. No more calls! People passing by offer to help, but nothing is working out.

Then this guy from the Honda team rocks up and talks about Peter Freeman or someone. Is that someone I should know? He shows me photos of them up on stage and all with the bikes, 210 HP as proof. He said he rides in a club with 200 members. He looks at my tyres and says I'm not good enough! But he is not going to leave a Honda at the side of the road. He made about 15 calls trying to get help. Still no good. He had his little girl in the car. She looked about 10 years old and she started asking about the animals. "Daddy, what about the animals? What about the animals?"

Honda guy had been with me for one hour now, part of a convoy of three cars. They were going to the Heathcote Show to see the animals. One of the guys said to him, "Look mate, we will see you at Heathcote. We will find our own way there." Then Honda guy says to me, "If you want, I can put your bike in the back of my ute and take it back to my place and fix it now!!" "Daddy, what about the animals? What about the animals?"

I said "I'll work something out," but he was not going to leave a Honda at the side of the road. I started saying sorry to the girl! She had been waiting to see the animals for a long time. This was her big day!

In the end I walked off, saying I will ask if I can leave the bike at a house! "Yes!" When I got back to the bike Honda guy was gone. The poor girl: a whole hour not knowing if she was going to see the animals.

Being only 15 kms to Epping Station I decided to hitchhike. After a while I stopped holding my finger out because I was enjoying the walk with water everywhere, birds, creeks, and nice trees.

Then a panel van pulls up. Two guys with two KTMs on the back, a 650 and a 450. They had been up to Kinglake. "What's up mate? Where's your bike?" They put me in the back of the van and handed me a cold Melbourne stubbie and drove me to Epping Station. It was out of their way.

I had a chat to the guys for a while to thank them and then they're on their way. I go to the station. No trains! They are upgrading the lines, so I have to get a bus to Clifton Hill, then a train to Melbourne, then a train to home.

I picked up the bike the next day and took it back to the shop where they cleaned it out. All good!

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