



Misho Zrakic	Honda CBR1000	Phil Hotschilt	Suzuki Hayabusa
Ben Warden	Honda CBR1000	Chrys Kioseoglou	Suzuki TL1000S
Paul Southwell	Honda CBR1000	Cliff Peters	Suzuki GSXR1000
Ian Payne	Honda CBR1000	Bill Simpson	Suzuki GSXR1000
Raphael Alikakos	Honda CBR1000	Stu Hosking	Suzuki GSXR750
Pina Garasi	Honda CBR600	Tim Walker	BMW S1000RR
Andrew Newbury	Kawasaki ZX10	Michael Srb	BMW S1000RR
Jason Wilson	Kawasaki ZX9	Rob Langer	BMW F700 GS
Matt Bitagliano (2 nd ride)	Aprilia RSV4	Geoff Jones (rear)	Yamaha R1
<i>18 bikes, 18 people</i>			

Wow, what a day it was shaping up to be. Looking out the bedroom window and seeing sunshine and then hearing on the 6 am news that the sunshine was going to be with us all day, was exciting. Even a tunnel closure, massive detours and road closures in and around Kings Domain failed to dampen my good mood.

Riding down the Geelong Freeway I can't help but notice that housing is now clearly visible on both sides of the freeway and start to wonder how long before housing joins up between Geelong, Werribee and Melbourne's western suburbs.

First leg of our journey takes us down to Moriac where we meet up with today's official ride leader, Cliff Peters, mounted upon his shiny white Suzie.

Misho kept me amused and in awe at the same time with standing his steed on the back wheel, and did I hear it going up a gear or two? When later questioned about such a feat, Misho's typically humble reply was "Who me?"

The first spotting of a signpost pointing towards Anakie usually brings on a chuckle. Picture this: a long drawn out group of riders heading towards Anakie Junction in our usual manner, being led by Geoff Jones (rumoured to be Bob Jane's love child). Geoff mounts a small crest and meets a Highway Patrol car head on; fortunately for Geoff the Highway Patrol can't make a quick U-turn as the rest of us keep getting in the way. Nevertheless, he finally executes a U-turn and gets on the gas with lights a-blazing.

Meanwhile Geoff has made the junction, turned right and headed over the nearest hill. Mr Highway Patrol has only made it past half the riders and now I'm riding into the junction with the nose of the

patrol car next to my right knee. Chaos follows as the rest of the ride pours into the junction and I'm standing there with a very confused policeman. Result: he agreed to the suggestion that I should "catch up with the leader" and relay the official message of "pull your head in and slow down". Geoff, that's why, every time you lead, I try to catch you. Maybe one day...

The second leg of the ride took us to Apollo Bay for fuel. It was interesting to listen to the members who have ridden the Otway Ranges twisties a few times, saying they were actually seeing them in their entirety. Usually the view is through drizzle or fog.

It is at this point I notice that Stu Hosking isn't aboard his usual mount. After a couple of enquiries all is revealed. Stu has recently purchased Steve Mudford's (old) Suzie GSXR750 to use as a track bike. Rumour has it he got a good deal on the suspension.

The third leg sees us heading to Port Campbell via Lavers Hill. The ride across to Lavers Hill is usually quite "spirited" and today was no exception. Thanks to Tim (love that colour) Walker and Jason (what the *###!) Wilson for letting me tag along through the excellent twisties along the flat coastal section near Glenaire. It was a pleasure to witness the smooth riding style of the "men on green".

My second delight occurred when I hooked up with Misho (I'm leading) and Ben (you're not getting away) on the run over to Port Campbell. As we all know, it's easier to follow than lead; my thanks to both of you.

During lunch, under the shade of a majestic Norfolk pine, I was talking with Pina about how "interesting" it is when Misho sticks his right leg out to indicate that the road ahead is clear. Pina informed me she refers to this as "the leg of faith".

Cliff had a pleasant surprise in store for us as we headed further along the coast to the very picturesque Bay of Islands lookout. Here the comments ranged from "Wouldn't it be nice to have a swim?" to "There must be crays down there."

Ben demonstrated that he still had excellent balance as he climbed up onto the lookout railing to get a group photo. There were a few cries of "don't step back"; at least I think there were.

Remounted, we were on our way to Timboon for fuel, water, icy poles, anything to help cool down. The weather was still hot, humid and still. At one point a hint of a southerly breeze came and went. Personally I would have welcomed a bit a rain to wash the bugs off me, my jacket, bike and helmet. This time of year: the bugs!

Most of the way from the coast to the Shoe Tree was a series of lefts and rights, maybe a couple of double backs, bit of dirt, and with lots of rough stuff thrown in. If you're keen to know the exact route, then Cliff is your man.

While at the Shoe Tree we noticed Rob Langer's BMW GS had a problem. The centre stand was acting as a defacto chain guide. Yep, the GS's chain had become so loose it was nearly dragging in the dirt. Ben and Cliff, both experienced bush mechanics jumped in to action only to be thwarted by a very tight and unusual (size) axle nut.

Rob had no option but to ride on to our next stop, Deans Marsh, and hopefully find a suitable device to loosen the axle nut i.e. a 200mm shifter. Again Rob had no joy, but I'm sure the bike gods allowed him to get home without further dramas.

For the rest of us, Martians Cafe & Bar was a welcome stop with cold refreshments and a few of Bill Simpson's jokes.

The only mishap for the day happened on this leg. Unfortunately, Chrys Kioseoglou didn't spot the gravel when turning right and lost the front. Both Chrys and bike were okay, though some cosmetic damage incurred. Hopefully Chrys will consider the advantage of leather pants and boots in the future.

It was getting late into the afternoon as we pulled into our last fuel stop at Batesford. More talk, more drinking of water and then goodbyes. It was time to hit the freeway. Home at 7:45 pm after 655kms for the day. Washing the bike will have to wait; I'm stuffed. Where are the Coopers?

I'd like to take this opportunity to thank the Club and Club members for your condolences and support. I have been comforted with thoughtful and kind emails, cards and spoken comments after the passing of my father.

Paul Southwell