

## Simpson      Sunday 29<sup>th</sup> September 2013



|                        |                |                |                 |
|------------------------|----------------|----------------|-----------------|
| Misho Zrakic           | Honda CBR1000  | Hans Wurster   | Kawasaki ZX14   |
| Ian Payne (rear rider) | Honda CBR1000  | Cliff Peters   | Kawasaki ZX10   |
| Pina Garasi            | Honda CBR600   | Jason Wilson   | Kawasaki ZX9    |
| Richard Paulsen        | Suzuki GSXR750 | Ronny          | Kawasaki ZX6    |
| Geoff Jones (leader)   | Yamaha R1      | Stuart Hosking | Triumph 1050 ST |

Although it's an hour commute from home, I arrived at Point Cook early and sunk a coffee to start the heart. None of the luxury of Whittlesea or Yarra Glen meeting places where I can roll out of bed a mere 20 minutes before the ride.

Hans is the first rider to arrive. Hans knows Ben and Ian and used to ride with the Club a while back. *[He was President back in the 1990's ...Ed.]* He says he is just here to say hello but I can tell he really wants to ride. Of course he picks the day to say hi to Ben on a rare occasion when Ben isn't here!

The usual points of discussion come up as the crew arrive: tyres, police and licence situations. Once the clock ticks over, the final count is ten people and bikes. Geoff gives a ride briefing, noting that he hasn't had a chance to pre-ride this route and there is a "slight" chance we may get lost. He suggests topping up with fuel in Moriac. I'm glad I'm not on my fuel hungry Italian bike! We head off along the freeway for the short commute to our favourite back roads.

The West side is a bit of a mystery to me; I know the main areas but the rest can be a blur, especially at the strictly legal speeds we travel at. Once we leave the freeway, the lush green of the landscape comes into focus. The contrast to the brown Queensland landscape, where I have been the last few weeks, is very apparent.

Once in Moriac we meet up with Cliffy, out on his green machine again. That brand new Suzuki must feel unloved locked up at home. In no time we are off again, further south, parallel to the coast line. The ride brief says "not many twisties" but fails to mention that even the slight curves become real corners at speed! Any time we're out in the open the wind is an issue and without the luxury of a screen I feel the wind and high speed forces heavily in my neck and arms. No need for gym today!

Geoff delivers on his pledge to get us “lost” when a wrong turn ends up with us taking a tour of the front patio couches of Colac. Some discussion with Cliff and we’re on our way again. I won’t say this is a common theme for the day, but we do get some U-turn practice. Some of the best times I have had riding were the result of getting “lost”. Colac’s *Couch Tour* notwithstanding, the day is a great one, with the detours just adding to it.



The store in Simpson is closed. After being sold, the owners are performing stocktaking before handover. We head 20km further to Timboon for fuel and lunch. It’s JUST close enough for Jason; his ZX9 hit reserve ages ago and runs out as we roll downhill into the servo. Phew! Jason firmly believes it’s a fiendish plot against him by Geoff.

After lunch and another 80km we head up to Red Rock Lookout. When the topic of climbing the stairs is raised I hear someone say, “Well, Ben’s not here so we don’t have to do a thing.” We take the group photo and look up at the lookout from below. Satisfied with that, back down the hill we go, past Pina’s favourite, “The Bra Tree”. Cliff points it out just to make sure she sees it.



Next, Inverleigh for fuel, with the Grumpy Lady in her usual good form. Over afternoon tea we discuss the appropriate conversational etiquette for group situations, and modern terms of endearment for each other, though not suitable for printing.

As the sun declines, we sprint east towards Werribee. I arrive home in the dark, exhausted and sore.

**Stu Hosking**