

A downbeat Rahul suggested a ride to Amby Valley. Having spent the previous weekend at the Machan in Jambulne, I was familiar with the run after driving there in the Innova with my sweetie.

We arranged to meet at Vashi Toll Naka at 7.00am. I had been up since 2.00 as couldnt sleep and have a lot on my mind at present.

I landed at 6.30 and Rahul at 6.45, for once we are taking off on time.

No sign of Avishkar as his bike is still off the road from his stunting.

We had a vegetarian breakfast in Khopoli before a straight run to Lions Point.

Since my last visit with the Deepak and the Saddletamps the place has become very commercialised. I was greeted by hawkers for chai, onion bhajias and wadas whilst I was still riding!

We took in some clean and breezy air coming over the valley, a far cry from the city atmosphere and waited for some Pune riders whom I had heard were going to ride here.

Chaitnak is a very active bikenomad and a very keen rider who tries to get out every weekend. Shame he is based in Pune.

Didnt take any photos of the stunning scenery except the fort at Amby Valley as these were well covered in a previous roadtrip.

I forgot to mention why Rahul was in the dumps. His one only and ever long standing girlfriend finally told him to his face that she no longer saw a future in their relationship. He found this difficult to accept but most of us have all been through breakups with our first love. I hurts.

He told me his story with glazed eyes but reality is always hard to accept particularly when we view through rose tinted glasses. From my view point I advised that she was not worth pursuing, she is making impossible demands today and if you could meet them she would demand even more. Told him he will come out of it much stronger. But it is easier for an outsider to look at the scenario critically, much harder personally when emotions are involved.

Through my periphery vision I recognised a biker at the far corner of Lions Point. I walked over. It was Chaitanya. He recognised me from our previous brief encounter and introduced me to Somanath who had rode up from Bangalore.

During our meeting with them we were accosted by no less than 8 hawkers. Told them all to take a hike but one of them iterated that I shouldrelax and not suffer any 'tension'. *'I am not under tension but if you dont get out of my face, you will be the one under some unbelievable tension'*. He marched back to where he once came, his

little chai walas kitchen on the other side of Lions Point.

The four of us chatted until it was time for us to keep to our schedule. Rahul and I moved on to Tiger Piont a meagre 500 metres away.

Rahul informed me that this was suicide point, 'Dont even think about it Rahul, I dont



want to be responsible for the paper work!' We had a photoshoot which was continually interrupted by tourists and hawkers selling candy floss. See if you can spot one who was pretty determined to get on a frame. Suppose they have to make a living.

Whilst the photo shoot was taking place some young girls asked if they could have their photos taken with my bike. I said OK as long as I can take some.

Then the cheeky vamps turned round and asked if I would take their pics using their camera. Having allowed what they wanted, the cheeky skinny bitch asked me to delete what was on my camera as they felt uncomfortable about me and my photos. After a little discussion I obliged. *(the girls were either dumpy or*



*skinny but what they all had in common was they were damn ugly! Meow!)* I will get more opportunities with better looking models.

We rode up to Amby Valley and turned to head back to Mumbai.

Considered an alternative route but it would have been much longer and Rahul had a meeting Panvel at around 4.00pm. So the

plan was that he would ride ahead and get some pleasure of taking the bends as fast as he could and do some leaning into the curves.



I would travel at my customary not so rubber burning pace and meet him at the first petrol station past Lonavla.

Couldnt see a station so pulled up before joining the expressway but there wasnt any signal on my moby. Had a fag and drink before moving on past Kopholi before I saw the first petrol station and was able to fill up.

Spoke Rahul and we decided to make our own ways home and text on safe arrival. He had been waiting in Lonavla and saw me but somehow had now somehow managed to be in front of me.

I noticed a sign for a sea diving school in the middle of Maharastra state. Most english speaking people will know that yak is another word for crap. Crap diving school, what will



the think of next?

In the distance I could see trouble coming my way. A flock sheep were heading towards me. I tried to get on my way but the sheep moved faster than I could get 'kitted up'. They were on to me before I knew it.

I stopped at the shree Sai Hotel just before

Panvel by pass for lunch and catch up with wify. It has a ladies bar called Bindass adjoined to it.

I asked my waiter 'Whats next door?' He said it was a ladies bar where you get served by women.

So the women dine next door and men folk come in here?

No, no boss – shaking his head! Its the other way round. Men come and leave their women folk here and they go next door! He added with a cheeky smile.

I had shukka lamb and and rice with a lemon drink before moving on to Mumbai.

Arrived home just before 4.00 and fell asleep until 9.00 when I was awakened by my wife for a call from UK. It was my cousin Josh.

Its been a nice, busy action packed weekend.