

roadtrip hedvi, gahagar

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The first ride of 2011 with Saddle Tramps was to Hedvi Nr Gahagar along the Kokan coast down the NH17. 7.00am Vashi Flyover was the meet point. Amazingly we were off at around 7.30, I lost count but I think 11 bikes set off to catch breakfast at the Welcome in Panvel. Burji **spiced scrambled eggs**, boiled eggs or omelet with tea cakes washed down with chai **chinni kum** (*reduced sugar*) for me!



We made good tracks. I had Apoorva, Rajesh and Arsenal lover Roshil for company. Yes we were the tail. Coincidentally, my companions in this group are all Royal Enfield riders.



Joshil overtook me and signaled 'a smoke?' We stopped at the approach to a derelict cinema. **We can thank Rupert Murdoch and Sky for that.**



We caught up with the rest of the bikers at Pandavas Caves. Nice to see the caves in daylight. On the Dapoli trip you may recall, I took a photo of them during twilight



A chai, fag and a rest for our buttocks and we were off.



The next stop was scheduled after two ghats **mountain passes**. These are fun to ride with the windy roads. Most Indian riders take them as an opportunity to bank at the bends.

We had an unforced stop on one of the bends.

Our leader took a bend too fast and over an oilspill, ended up sliding on his buttocks and the rest. Luckily he managed to walk away with no broken bones and minimal damage to his bike.



He was still able to ride the bike so we decided to break for lunch at mexican style rancho which was home to the biggest cock in town. **Had to get that in.**



The service was slow and someone complained that it was expensive. A wise and



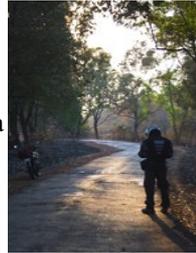
philosophical member said, 'Well they have a monopoly in this area. **Perhaps thats why the owner owns a big cock.**

Post lunch, Deepak and Parimal went to repair the brake handle which was damaged in Deepaks fall whilst the rest of the band moved on.

We were off the main highway and going down country lanes. Generally we dont ride during twilight so took a final break before of designation.



Some had a stretch, a fag, a P, or a drink. The odd one even caught a nap on the back of his bike.



After a short ride we arrived at our camp for the night. Here we were greeted by 'mam-ma' **mothers brother.**



In Dapoli our Matre D' was kak-ka **fathers brother.**



We still have Mas-sa **mothers sisters hubby**, Phoo pha **fathers sisters hubby**, bhai-ya **brother** and uncle **presume you know that one if you are reading this**, to go.



Then I think we might start calling them by names.



The things that all these charges have in common is that they all have less teeth than me, I cant understand a word they say **but they go into great detail of how wonderful they, their staff, accommodation and their services are** and seem to be so ugly **the waiters are even worse** and they dont take a good photo.

Dont ask me what his T shirt reads but it must be some uniform as he never took it off.

We were joined by 4 late arrivals, Bijesh, Alkesh, Arjun, and Vinod to make our squadron of 15. **Think I got that right, count the bikes!**

Before dinner came the alcohol and the banter.

Parimal had made a spontaneous choice to join us even though his bike wasnt 100%. His fairings were flapping like mad but as fortune had it, they didnt give him much trouble on the way to Hedvi.

Someone asked 'What are you going to do about your bike'. Apoorva without missing a heartbeat shouted 'Smooch it'.

The Doc went into the finer details of human anatomy that had most of us glued as if he was an oracle.

Dinner was served and we strolled 50 meters to the beach.

The Doc came over to me and being his sentimental self, apologised about something before or during dinner. I said not necessary. Cant even remember what it was all about. But he had downed his share of a translucent liquid. I had to take my leave and went to sleep. When I awoke the room was full of 8 snoring bikers. **Glad there wasnt 16 of the blighters!**

All the bikes were coated with early morning dew which presented a super photo opportunity.

Breakfast was served by mam-ma and his half dead waiter.

We took our bikes onto the beach for some 'sliding'. Not for me though but I did manage to get to see some bikes in the water as though they were ducks.

Deepak not having learned from his earlier experience and the art and dangers of skidding on tarmac, rolled his bike again, luckily it was on sand this time!

This time someone has got all this on video and is doing the rounds on the net.

I managed to get a dip in the Arabian Sea with other bikers having a playful sand throwing contest.

Arjun, Doc and Hanz splashed their bikes in the water, the latter probably wishes he hadnt as he water into the ignition and didnt want to restart. Vinod to the rescue!

We got back to camp, packed and had lunch with mam-ma. Some members took the opportunity to wash their bikes. I think their wives would be interested in seeing pics of them doing chores on their bikes. Bet they dont even do jharroo at home! We left Hedvi just past 2.00pm.

It was a good but fairly eventless journey back. Final regroup at Panvel by pass and arriving at the homestead for 11.15 pm.

