

roadtrip murud

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Late on Saturday night received a txt from Rahul for a ride to Kumsheet Caves about 125kms away ***I know, what a name.***

Looking out of the window, the rains were in full swing and belting down. I was tempted to cry off as this outing, sounded too much like a trek, but as wifey offered no resistance to this Sunday ride so I thought sod it. 'Vashi Naka Toll, 7.00am, CU'.

For the record I was early, Rahul lands bang on time but no sign of little rascal Avishkar.

We were discussing moving on and letting him catch up when the skies opened up so took shelter under the toll booths.

As the rain eased, a couple of boys dressed in shorts from Goregaon pulled up looking like drenched rats out of a drain pipe riding on the back of an Enticer.

Rahul got chatting with them as Avishkar rolls in with a set of excuses, spanking new jacket and promptly goes for a number 1.

Next thing I learn is the Goregaon boys are joining us with the destination changed to Murud Fort. ***Wifey will like that!***

Off we go but pull up on JNPT to formally introduce ourselves and Avishkar to have, yes you got it in one, a number 1. ***Mumbai wont need a fire brigade once they find out about his talent!*** New members of this ride

quandary! He also dropped a riding glove in the dam but atleast managed to retrieve it.

Rahul was now on a roll to an exceedingly bad day. The sole of his right foot Red Chief was dropping off and looking like the bottom jaw of a crocodile.

Then the air filter pipe to the carb came loose and we had a forced stop. Luckily a passing gent with a flat (minus screwdriver fixed it just for thanks. We were on our way again, ***thank you sir, you are a samaritan.***

Arrive at Kashid only to find it crowded with families having picnics (the british type), ***their little bastard kids were running amok*** so we to continued on our journey even though Avishkar felt he may get to share a hammock with a chick. ***Fat chance!***

We arrived in Murud at 2.30. Seven hours for a 160km journey. ***Told you it was a leisurely ride.***

Saleel recommends dining at Patils Place so we park up. Someone, ***the chunky chappy*** suggests a beer will go down well. This would be a first for me whilst riding. We were here for a few hours and having a meal later, so thought why not. A glass should quench the thirst and wet the whistle.

In the bar, the waiter was a total bore and the only attraction was an Indian version of



a golden labrador tied to a stake. Rahul took a shine to him. Just about the high light of his bad day.

They seemed to be getting along like a house on fire. ***Fire! Where is Avishkar when he is needed?***

The meal was a delight. Chicken or mutton thali, both tender and tasty, Rs113/- a round. Having been fed and watered it was the homeward trip.

Another breather for a trek up a hill for the gang whilst I stayed with the bikes. Interesting

watching them go up but it was funnier seeing them come down. Some waddling or using their bottoms as a



sledge to slide down. Nothing like the poise shown by billy goats who had better command of these slopes.

Whilst they puffed & panted, ***I knew just how they felt, recall, Karla Caves!*** I said lets get a move on or my wifey will throw my crown jewels to the lions. ***Ouch, just he thought hurts!***

Past Kashid Beach, Ali Bag and time for a tea break. It had been raining for over 30 mins.

Saleel bought sun glasses to

keep the road water off his eyes. They say, with a good pair there is better vision in rain though I have never tested the theory. Saleel also showed us washing your face in fizzy soda was more revitalising than still water.

At Panvel/JNPT junction we stop for fags and assume that Rahul has moved on. ***Just so happens he was patiently waiting for us in the rain, a further 100 yards down and no one had noticed him.***

More stops before Vashi, one for Avishkar to pick up a hitch hiker and a another for Rahul to collect his sole from the former to have his Red Chief fixed by a mochi.

Rahul knows a short cut at Vashi to get on the Mumbai/Vashi bye pass. He gets on through an illegal opening the locals must have made. I said this was too dangerous for me. We split up, 'See you on the next ride'.

I caught up with him and saw him shoot off over the Elphistone Flyover whilst I took a right to go under it.

Landed at home at 10.00pm to be ***warmly*** greeted by my wife. ***Do you believe in fairies and nursery rhymes where pigs fly?***

Oh by the way something you may have missed in the album comments. On seeing pics of my bike from the Songir Roadtrip, Rahul said, 'Dirty Dragon'. Nice caption eh? Just as dirty after this ride. Must go and give it a bathe and polish!

330kms round trip, the bike is getting some mileage put on, all in good fun.



were Amit (tall one) & Saleel (chunky chappy in red).

Another main stop for breakfast, soon followed by a halt at a small dam and one just before Ali Bag. This was amongst other P and fuel/air stops. ***Not getting anywhere very fast today are we? Hey take it easy man, this is a leisure ride!***

To be fair, Rahul was going through a crisis. He had a new job offer provided he came back to home this very moment. But he was rather hoping for one from a T Shirt firm to show off his graphic and design abilities. What a