

roadtrip trimbakeshwar

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After almost 2 months OTR (*of the road*), Rahul suggests Trimbakeshwar. 400 kms round trip in a day – *wifey will not approve!*

At Thane toll Naka, I arrived 15 minutes late and as usual, Avishkar was nowhere in sight. We discussed our OTR time, Trimbakeshwar and jobs.

If you would like to read more about our destination, check www.trimbakeshwar.com



Suffice to say it has an ancient history in the Hindu religion.

Due to Avishkar's tardiness, we decided we should move on and texted him that our next stop will be at Kalyan and wait for him there.

Avishkar had gone into Kalyan whereas we meant at the highway NH3 just past the Kalyan's right fork.

Still, belatedly the 3 musketeers were off. We stopped at a place just after Kasara for a nibble but as it wasn't forthcoming – bad and a unhelpful waiter. We moved on to the next place along the road and settled down to some masala dosa and chai cause that's all they had.

A couple of highway policemen on a motorbike stopped for some fags., I went around the back for a smoke. The police were surprisingly observant to note I was wearing protection on my elbows.

They asked my friends why was I wearing elbow guards? ***So that he doesn't get friction***



burns on his during lovemaking. In fact he also wears knee pads for the very same reason!



Indian police can be dumb some times!

They retorted that I can't be so confident about my riding skills with all this protection gear.



Perhaps not as skilled as the coppers without helmets!

The masala dosa weren't much to write home about and we moved on up the ghat so to speak.

In my earlier sketches I had said what a nice run the NH3 is. Well the potholes are evident within a couple of months. That was nothing compared to what we took on as we continued our ride to Trimbakeshwar.

The roads (State Highways) were full of gravel and allsorts. This type of ride has been covered in past so I won't repeat what you already know.

We had a short stop at a lake to cool down.



Finally arrived at our destination way past noon and took in gallons of fluids to replenish our tanks.



We walked into the village which was crowded as is any point of interest in India. You have the sightseers and worshippers.



As the historical temple here is of note, Rahul and Avishkar wished to pay respects. I tried to join them but entry to the altar was a pain. You leave and shoes in safe



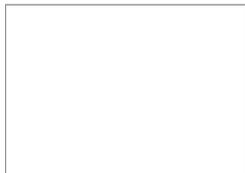
keeping. The problem I had was my backpack which had to be stored in the baggage store. I was uncomfortable as it had my camera. The queue was also massive which convinced me not to go into the temple.

So I guarded our belongings whilst my co-riders did their bit of praying.

A sat on the small ledges built as seating minding my own business watching the free roaming cows being fed at 10Rs a throw.



The queues didn't seem to be getting any smaller and watched how a well manicured bearded beggar was earning more than his daily bread off sympathetic passing public.



Whilst I waited, a street boy started giving me grief on his hungry belly. (*Didn't show signs of malnourishment to me*) I told him to get a job and shoo off otherwise I will call the police. He started hounding some other prey.

Before I knew it the boys were back saying that the queues actually stretched to the altars

and they could have waited a few hours to reach the pinnacle.



We decided to make our way back through Jawar and into a full circle of our roadtrip. Along the way Rahul ran out of Petrol again!



We had a skilled rider in Avishkar so the old push you along with my right leg came into play. They didn't

want to use my rope.

100 meters we gave up deciding it was better to decant some petrol from Avish's tank.

Rahul screamed at a passing truck for an empty bottle. Obliging a driver's mate threw one out of the window.

Rahul cursed his impoliteness.

We got motoring and we were off.

Reach Ahmedabad Road by twilight and the traffic was mayhem. We were starving and stopped at a dhabba owned by people you pray to Medina. There was a powercut. The menu was verbal containing chicken byriani or chicken byriani. Being spoilt for choice, we had, chicken byriani!

Back on the move, we split up before we reached Mumbai. Rahul must have gone ahead but I found Avish was waiting for me.

He guided me as far as his turn and directed the route I should take to get home. But as usual I know best and got lost around Mahim.

Turned into Shivaji Park to get my bearings and ring my loved one up and give her a weather report.

There was a gola vender doing a roaring trade on golas and faloodas. I decided to make a purchase and ask for directions. Rs35/-! I nearly died and muttered 'Jesus Christ that's steep'!

I think he heard me and took Rs30/- from me.

The vendor put me on the right road and a was home in 10 mins which I suppose meant my purchase was actually value for money.

Paisa Vassool!



Just caught the end of the footy match and my wifey was pleased that I was home much earlier than any of my other rides. Me too!

400Kms in a day (13hrs) not bad for me and with the stops and downtimes we had.

CU soon.