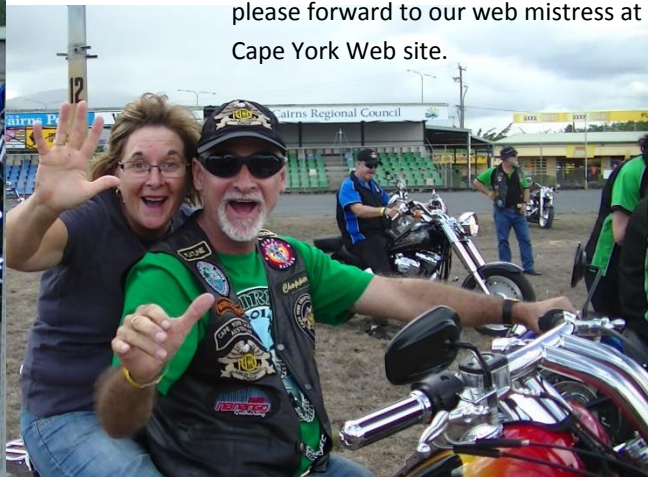


# YORK TORQUE NEWS

There you have it the Chapter Challenge has come and gone and to all that helped out putting a great challenge together a big thank you. To all that were lucky enough to win trophies congratulations and hope all had a great time, now you'll have to come back next year to win a different challenge.



We have some readers writes a couple of stories to read, if you have something of interest then pass it on to the Editor and I'll attempt to get it in best I can. If you didn't get your mug on this page then go to member's site on our web page, you'll see all the rest also if you have any pics to share please forward to our web mistress at the Cape York Web site.





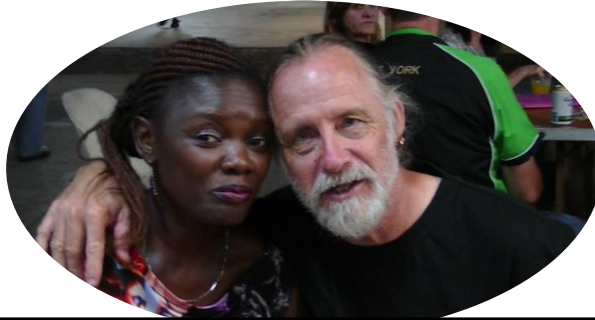
## Readers write

With the latest publication of HOG magazine; nobody became a "Somebody". But his 15 minutes of fame will come to a rapid end across the nation after copies are read and finished and buried on the coffee table under a monument of Women's Day and "Scrap-booking for Beginners". With any luck the issue will eventually be consigned to that pile of weathered Oz-bike and Live to Ride magazines, gathering germs in toilets everywhere throughout the country.

In the months to come "Somebody" will simply blend in with everybody, and eventually be mistaken for anybody, because riding a motorcycle with grey hair and sunglasses is the universal symbol of anonymity. The wheel will turn full circle and Nobody will be out there on the rim; tire, bald and slip-sliding at the back of the pack.

But the ink is dry; the story printed, the pages published, the issue distributed, and as the saying goes:

Nobody lives forever.....



## Sundried flowers and Superglides

A good night's sleep! Ahhh how long since I had enjoyed one of those? Insomnia and Facebook haunt me every evening, keeping me wide awake until shortly before 2.am. Why do I set the alarm for 7.00am each day? Do I honestly expect to wake up fresh and rearing to race out of bed like a thoroughbred horse galloping from the starter's gate? I have as much hope of that as someone winning the lottery without a purchasing ticket. I hate mornings; having to say hello to people I pass in the street, listening to birds cheeping and seeing "the glory of God" in every tree and flowering shrub. I prefer mid mornings; most people have gone to work and the birds have eaten and retired for a few hours behind shadowy leaves of the trees. I like the quiet, only a Harley makes me smile. But today everything was different. After too many mornings suffering insufficient sleep, and too many times struggling out of bed anytime between 7.30 and 8.30 to walk Thor the Thunder Dog, I finally slept a sleep so deep that even the Devil playing lead guitar in a heavy metal band could not have disturbed me. Of course I rise each day in a semi-catatonic state in the vain hope that the walking exercise being towed along by a dog straining at his collar for two kilometers would leave him too exhausted to destroy something, chew a chair leg or otherwise cause mayhem in my quiet disordered life. So far it has worked, after the walk he plonks himself on the cushion on the lounge floor and snores and dreams his way through countless hunting forays. He has learned to wait until I have left the house and ridden away before he searches for something to destroy in my absence, be it a parrot in low flight or the small battery powered pump used to inflate the camping air-mattress. I am off on a tangent; I intended to tell you about my bike and my good night's sleep and the self-inflicted event that preceded it. Lost days where things are achieved but I can't remember what exactly, the days become a blur, the memory lapses are blamed on the heavy duty painkillers for my back and the bi-polar medication to keep you all safe and out of harm's way. Bwahahahaha, that last part was a joke, you have nothing to fear. Oh by the way, did you watch Wolf Creek?

I wanted to make changes to my Superglide, remove the rusting plain metal spokes from the front wheel and fit stainless steel ones; non-rusting and highly polished. I also wanted to fit a new brake disc; a sports style disc, polished like a mirror and with a shiny black centre. A quick trip to the motorcycle shop and off with the tyre. Problem number one; Day one and there is some rust on the inside of the rim where the tube fits. Take the wheel back home, remove all the spokes, then devote hours upon hours scraping, gouging, and finally cleaning the rim with a wire bristled brush. Treat the surface with acid, let it dry. Day two; wipe the rim with a damp cloth and inspect. Some untreated areas where rust remains, repeat earlier process, allow acid to dry for several hours and wipe clean, then paint the inside of the rim. Allow it to dry overnight. Day two: Paint the rim with a second coat. Place rim outside where the sun can dry and harden the paint, rotate wheel every few hours for total baking of paint. Day three; return the prepared rim and hub, new spokes to motorcycle shop. Problem number two; the workshop is booked out, the mechanic will try to fit my job in somewhere between other jobs over the next few days. He can lace a rim quicker than I can; I surrender to his schedule. I return home to sulk. The week drags on; I keep myself occupied with other things. Day five and finally at noon on Friday the wheel is ready to pick up. Cries of hooray and laughter fill the air. I collect the wheel and return it to the tyre fitter to fit my new tyre; oh I am looking forward to the ride tomorrow. 5.15pm and I am at home fitting the wheel to the bike. Problem number 3; darkness descends. Dusk; there's a problem with the brakes I can't resolve tonight, I have a date. I am supposed to go out tonight to a nightclub with my wife and my mood is soured by the brake issues. I am the "designated driver" so only one drink allowed. The night deteriorates, the highly advertised nationally renowned band is crap, and I wonder how management had the gall to allow them on stage knowing they were too drugged up or past their bed-time. We meet Steve and Delma, Jim and Ally, they agree with me, the band is crap, but Annie wants to wait for the next band, which comes on at midnight. Why not stay? I won't sleep until 2am anyway. Oh for crying out loud the second band is only marginally better, why do I have to suffer so much in life? I hate evenings that are wasted listening to shitty bands when I could be at home getting drunk and Face booking. Reconnect car battery and attempt to jump-start the bike, turn on key. Nothing happens. Then the alarm starts again, we realise it regains its charge very quickly from the main battery. Disconnect jumper leads, disconnect bike battery. The alarm continues until its goes flat again. This process is repeated several times. We attempt to disarm the alarm, but its buried deep within the bikes electrical system and that requires dismantling half the bike! Phuk! Give up! By now its 3pm, let's go to a super-cheap motor parts shop and look at tools we can't afford and other shiny things. Let's go to a friend's house for coffee and a whinge. Let's go home and wheel the bike back inside and put all tools away. Finally defeated my friend leaves and I walk the dog a little further than usual. Saturday night: A hot shower followed by a glass of wine and yesterday's lamb sausages with freshly cooked vegetables. I try to watch a movie, drink several more glasses of wine, and eat junk food for comfort. The cost in getting my bike on a trailer to the bike shop and resetting the computer worries me; I am already way over budget. The stress of the wheel and the brakes and a night out listening to crappy music catches up and I start to drift off. A cup of tea doesn't help me, I look at the mini-pharmacy of pills I have to take and sigh. Exhaustion overwhelms me. I need sleep. I got to bed a little after midnight but still early for me and I sleep until the alarm goes off at 7.45, turn alarm off and sleep until 8.45, and arise feeling new and refreshed, what a beautiful day. At the very least I had a good eight hours sleep. I walk the dog then drop into the nearby shop as usual to buy my daily newspaper. "Uhm, its Sunday Kev; not Monday". What? Whoopee I thought today is Monday, so I get an extra day!!!! Back home and I am feeling good, I try not to dwell on the bike. After breakfast I think about sweeping the floor. I think about it a lot, daily. Today I may actually do it. I pick up small pieces of paper and elastic bands and sweep cobwebs off the chair legs with my hands and pick up a long stringy looking thing. It looks like a dried stem of a flower, but I threw the old flowers out weeks ago and washed the vase. It also looked like a shriveled mummified rat's tail, but that's just my fertile imagination running rampant again. I shake my head and continue tidying up a little. I picked up a pile of catalogues and junk mail and old newspapers and took them to the bin outside near the car. As I opened the bin I looked down at the ground and noticed an oddly shaped thing that looked like piece of cardboard that had been left out in the rain and the sun too many times and dried out to a bleached whitish-grey colour. It had a strange appearance and shape, almost as though it was parchment, like something that had been stretched out and dried. I then realized with a degree of shock what it was.

Finally we leave for home, and there is barely time for a goodnight kiss; she is working in the morning and my brakes are more on my mind at this point than aiming for any lower than her lips. Bed at 2.45am, alarm set for 8am, after all its Saturday. Alarm sounds sharply at 8am, turn alarm off, crawl out of bed at 8.30, I have to walk the dog and be back by 9.30 as my best friend is coming to help with the brake issue. Walk dog, sit and stare at my cup of tea, waiting to wake up fully and clearly the day is off to a slow start. Leftovers for breakfast as my friend reads my newspaper then outside we go to fix the brakes. Hours pass, new brake pads are fitted, brake lines are drained, purged of old fluid and refilled and the front braking system bled of all air bubbles. Ready to roll!

Turn on ignition and nothing works, as dead as World hope for peace on Earth. Shake the bike to see if the anti-theft alarm works, yep it works, deactivate with the key and suddenly the hazard lights start flashing like a disco, and turning off the ignition will not stop them. Fuse box cover stuck and won't release, hazard lights blink continuously until battery goes flat. Phuck! Disconnect battery; attach to a charger. Coffee time with biscuits, wow is it really 1pm? Finally remove fuse box cover, all fuses are good. Battery half charged, connect to car battery. Jump start and Yippee the bike starts. Turn bike off, congratulate each other, turn bike back on, nothing works! Then the alarm starts; a high pitched ear piercing scream; disconnect car battery. Alarm still screams. Disconnect bike battery; remove all fuses, the alarm still screams. Refer to genuine Manufacturers manual; No help whatsoever, "Refer to Electronics Manual". Only accredited Harley Davidson mechanics can access that. I upset the ABS brake system when I drained the brake and the computer needs resetting! Alarm continues then suddenly stops. It has its own reserve battery and it has gone flat.

The stringy object I retrieved from the kitchen floor had indeed been a dried out rat's tail. The dried out parchment before my eyes was the skin of a rat. This had been a large rat. A large rat that had been caught and killed and opened up and all the insides removed, the remains left out in the weather to be dried out and subsequently achieve its current state, parchment. Yes, one thing is for certain: In my driveway near the rubbish bin is the unique remains of a very large rat which looks as though it has been disemboweled by Jack the Ripper and then cleaned up and dried in the sun, just like cut flowers left too long in a vase without water.

I have no idea if this is the work of my bin-raiding scavenging dog, or the trophy of the feral cat that lives under the corner of the house near the jungle I call a garden. I sometimes hear the dog barking repeatedly at something in the mornings, and I assume it's the cat testing its boundaries. I have often heard the rats that live in my roof; they make so much noise it sounds like they are playing football. When I stop to think about it, a week or two ago there was so much noise in the roof I thought a kangaroo had somehow gotten there.....perhaps it was the cat?

All I know is that from the evidence in my driveway I can look on the positive side of things; I finally had a long deep sleep and at least there is one less rat living in my roof, and that makes me very happy. I will be a damned sight happier when my bike is fixed; the road beckons and this Sunday was far too good to waste being at home.

And that's the story of how nobody got a good night's sleep, and how anybody can make stupid mistakes, somebody is going to be hit with a hefty repair bill, and everybody can share a good laugh with me over a few drinks at the next get-together.