

The bags had moved on the run and one was resting on the exhaust resulting in a small fire breaking out in the contents of the bag. Unfortunately, the poor sole was soon to realise that he was no longer in possession of his best pair of dress shoes, telephone and digital camera charger, all of which had been cremated in the now blazing inferno, much to the amusement of all.

### Lunch at Trang.

1 pm. We were now suitably fed and watered and on the move again. "In the rain" for a change!

After a couple of rain soaked hours of travel we eventually arrived at Hat Yai and were to be seen at the check-in desk of the Florida Hotel, standing in a 2-litre puddle of water that was still dripping from our soaked and frozen bodies.

The rain stopped in the evening enabling us now warm and dry foot soldiers to venture out to enjoy the hospitality of the JB Hotel. The hotel with the kind sponsorship of the Phuket Harley Davidson shop had put on a buffet and floor show cabaret etc., for all who wished to attend. It was there, where my other travelling companion, Gordon was to discover the delights of making a complete twit of himself in front of some 300 bikers. He was invited, (forced) onto the stage by the beautiful female compare to indulge in a bout of dancing, fun and frivolity, which involved him writing imaginary letters in the sky with his bum. Very red face applied.

After that evening had drawn to a close we decided to carry on, because we needed another beer! We eventually found ourselves back at base in the hotel nightclub for a night-cap. Well, so we thought until we were advised that a small Heineken in the establishment was a cool 165 Baht. To

which we up and left!

### Day 2.

The run to Trang started well enough with breakfast and the sun streaming through the dining room window. Great, we all though Buddha is on our side at last. Wrong! As we set off we were yet again beset by rain, which just so happened to follow us all the way.

Unfortunately we encountered a bad accident on the way back to Trang where sadly, one of the Malay riders travelling up was killed. This put a damper on things and resulted in me, who was leading our trio, to take a wrong turn. I only realised this when about 75 km up the road in now torrential rain, I noticed signs for Nakhon Si Thammarat. Not happy at all by now it was a quick turn round and a very unpleasant extra rain soaked 2 hours ride back.

Trang was miserable, the weather still appalling, so instead of trying to participate in the bike run for the next and perhaps yet another rain soaked day we decided to call it a day and head for Ao Nang. There we had friends who ran a bar. 7:30 pm and still raining. We three amigos eventually hit the resort.

A hot shower and a few beers, then off to a well earned warm bed.

The bikers did tour the district of Trang and surrounding areas "in the rain", but us weather beaten amateurs headed off back home to Patong for a well earned beer or two before troging off to our respective spouses to tell them what a great time we had.



## THE BIKE RUN

THE MOB ALL MET AT "CALTEX"  
VERY EARLY IN THE MORNING  
NO SOONER WERE WE UNDERWAY  
THAN THE RAIN BEGAN JUST POURING.

THE FIRST PLANNED STOP WAS IN "PHANG NGA"  
A WELCOME COFFEE AND A REST  
WE ALL LOOKED FAIRLY SECOND HAND  
AS THE WEATHER WEREN'T THE BEST.

WE SET OFF AGAIN, ALL BOUND FOR TRANG  
WHERE WE STOPPED TO HAVE SOME LUNCH  
A FINE HOTEL SUPPLIED THE NOSH  
TO OUR "RAGGLE TAGGLE" BUNCH.

ALL FED, WE LEFT FOR "HAT YAI"  
THAT WAS OUR NEXT DESIRE  
BUT HALF WAY THERE WE HAD TO STOP  
GLYNN'S SADDLE BAGS CAUGHT FIRE!

WE CALLED HIM "BLAZING SADDLES"  
HE WAS TAKING LOTS OF FLAK  
HE WAS SWEATING ON ANOTHER STUNT  
TO GET US OFF HIS BACK.

IT WAS PARTY TIME IN "HAT YAI"  
WHEN OLD PYRO GOT HIS CHANCE  
"GORGEOUS GORDY" WAS DRAGGED ON TO THE STAGE  
TO SHOW ALL THAT HE CAN'T DANCE.

WITH THE PARTY NEARLY OVER  
WE SET OFF INTO THE NIGHT  
BUT THE COST OF FUN IN "HAT YAI"  
GAVE US ALL A FRIGHT.

NEXT DAY WE SET OFF HEADING NORTH  
BUT "RABBY WRONG ROAD" MISSED THE TURN  
WE HAD A MAP, BUT THAT GOT LOST  
IN GLYNN'S "SACRIFICIAL BURN".

WE DIDN'T STOP IN TRANG AGAIN  
THE WEATHER WAS JUST TOO SAD  
WE PUSHED ON UP THE COAST A BIT  
WHERE IT MIGHT NOT BE SO BAD.

WRONG AGAIN, IT RAINED AND RAINED  
WE HAD NEVER BEEN SO WET AND COLD  
BY THE TIME WE GOT TO "AO NANG"  
WE WERE FEELING VERY OLD.

"PICKLES BAR" THAT NIGHT THEN OFF AGAIN  
PATONG WAS GETTING NEAR  
AND AT 3 O'CLOCK IN "LEGENDS BAR"  
WE WERE DRINKING ICE COLD BEER.

SO THAT'S THE TALE OF OUR LITTLE TRIP  
IT WAS REALLY A LOT OF FUN  
IF YOU GET A CHANCE, DON'T HESITATE  
GO ON THE NEXT "BIKE RUN".