

BFR -Chicken Run - 26 June 2011

Oh boy - we will have to change the name of this event. Many of our dear members thought that the name Chicken Run meant that they had to chicken out. Those who did have actually lost out big time as it turned out to be a wonderful ride.

The big Cockerel (Road Captain) was Pieter le Roux and he was protected by the following gamecocks (marshals or also known as Mexican Fighting chicken): Mac McCleary, Deon Prinsloo, Keith Lee, Stoffel de Beer, Norman Davis and Heather Botha. In front of the pack road the Turkish Sultan (Pack Leader) Paul Coreia and the rear was covered by the Potchefstroom Koekoek (Sweep) Mario Koekemoer. The safety of the pack was the concern of the Indian Gramapriya (Safety Officer) and the English Yokohama (Biker Buddy) carried the tools and mechanical knowhow. The title of the Cornish Chicken (Kokoš Humongous Championnè) has not been ratified yet, though I do think I have pipped Johann Weideman by a few Kilos.

31 Riders (22 cluckeroos and 9 chickadoodles) started the ride on 24 Harleys from a relatively cold DROS. The 173 km ride took us south on the N14, Past Lanseria (where the roadwork has been completed) for a quick petrol stop at the Broederstroom SASOL. All the chickens turned temporarily into penguins as they huddled together in every available sunny spot that the garage had to offer. Then we rode past Van Gaalen's cheese factory, around Hartebeespoort dam and back via the N4. By that time it was reasonably warm and the ride became enjoyable. Two ladies had their first ever rides. Monique (our own admin officer) rode pillion behind Peter de Meyer and Tracie, who called the club and asked for the chance to experience a Harley ride, rode pillion with Mario Koekemoer.

The ride ended at the CBC school where many of our dearest chicken friends were being flame grilled on the fires. In a show of solidarity we all devoured half a friend, accompanied by salads and a bread roll. We were greeted by some of our chicken stay-away members who for various climatological reasons made it to the venue by car. At least they were there and they helped us to justify the death of so many of our feathered friends.

I almost forgot. I see that many of the members of the club are now starting to look like the Belgium Bearded d'Uccle (Johan, Norman, Mario, Barry and others) and the one of the guys who sang reminded me of the German Bergischer Long Crower.

And lastly, a member of one of our neighbouring chapters looked very much like a Slavonian Dwarf Naked Neck chicken (Slavonska patuljasta golovrata kokoš) but for the sake of good relations he will not be named.