24 November 2012

YEAREND FUNCTION: “THE RANCH” PIETERSBURG

Die funksie van die “platkoekie”

Ek het aan die einde van 2011 gehoop dat ons in 2012, Harley se jaareindfunksie kon bywoon. Genadiglik was dit ons toe beskore die jaar. Dit sou weereens ‘n eerste vir my en Steven wees, en ons het vreeslik daarna uitgesien.

The function was the ONE event our friends and we did not want to miss and that was mostly on top of our what-to-do list for November. This was also the main topic we discussed at the last Harley night.

Needless to say we could not wait...

Saterdagoggend hang die onweerswolke swaar oor die stad. Dit lyk onheilspellend grou. Daar word ‘n paar keer stoep toe geloop, met ‘n stroewe gesig word daar gesê:”Ek dink nie die weer gaan opklaar nie”. “Ag nee” antwoord ek, “dis net ‘n ou vinnige stormpie!” Intussen bid ek saggies dat ons wel kan ry. Opgewonde klim ons - die keer met Harley-reënjasse - op die Softail en ry Menlyn toe.Die reën sif saggies oor die stad en dit lyk nie baie belowend nie! Ons bly hoopvol, want daar was nog geen sms wat sê dat dit gekanselleer is nie.

As we parked our bike at the dealership, our friends were waving from the balcony. “So far so good” When we got to Route 66, excitement and anticipation was in the air. Everybody was ready and geared to go.

Then Deon announced: “If this was a Breakfast run, I would have cancelled, but is our year-end function, we are going!”

We are fortunate to have a GREAT Marshall corps at our club and we can’t thank you guys enough. We knew that in your hands we would be fine...

So trek die pak weg by Menlyn na die Noorde op die N1. Dit reën woes,en almal ry stadig en versigtig. Ons eerste stop - na vele tolhekke - was by Kranskop. Die Wimpy moes bontstaan om al die koffies en geroosterde broodjies gereed te kry vir die nat motorfiets geesdriftiges (hierdie keer was daar geen sjerrie in saalsakke nie).

There we were wet and cold, but all I could see were happy faces. Some came in cars (did not have to face the elements) and got a few wise words from the rest of us...

Omtrent 60km buite Polokwane het dit stadig begin ooptrek en kon ons weer ‘n paar sonstrale sien, wat plek-plek ligkolle op die N1 gooi. Sonder enige insidente is ons deur die laaste tolhek. Die pak het reg langs die verkeerspolisie gewag vir die ander fietse (dit neem gewoonlik nogal ‘n tydjie deur die tolhekke).

Daar is darem iets indrukwekkend aan so ‘n groot groep Harleys bymekaar, selfs die verkeerspolisie moes glimlag (volgens Nataniel sou hy nooit kon glimlag met daai “outfits” van hulle nie).

Quickly most of the rain-gear came off and was bundled into saddle bags. Wikus had Erika on her back - on the tar - to help her get her pants off. Steven WHITE had BLACK hands from the dye that came off his gloves. The only thing we had to bleach his hands was with Colgate toothpaste. If that cleaned hands, imagine what it could do for your teeth!

Ons het na die uitpak ’n heerlike middagete geniet. Daar is heerlik gekuier en verskeie sigare met vrugtegeure is gerook. Ek het selfs beslag gelê op ‘n leë blikkie Whiskey sigare.(Ek wonder of die rook en drink daarvan dieselfde proe?)

Daar het weer ‘n paar reënbuie uitgesak, maar dit het glad nie die groot gekuier gedemp nie.

Dit het wel die twee Martins langs die pad getref toe hul ‘n paar uur later as die res van die pak besluit het om te ry.

Sommer gou was dit tyd vir die aandfunksie en party van ons moes vinnig ‘n bietjie netjieser gaan verklee. Norman het die verrigtinge afgeskop deur die dames te bedank vir die reëlings en hul harde werk.

Dit was “freaking awesome” soos vriend Fanie altyd sê...

Awards were given to some people and some had a few things to say. Kosie said something that is so true. He said to ride a motorcycle is one thing, but to ride a Harley is a lifestyle and you make friends for life! So true, and that brings me back to the title of this story. True friends will care for you, be there for you, will always be honest and this honesty may sometimes also bust your bubble...

Kos is nie altyd die grootste prioriteit in my lewe nie, maar ek besef mens moet eet, so al kossoort wat my soms opgewonde maak, is poeding. Hoekom? Want dit ruik gewoonlik lekker!

Dink mooi aan die keuse: VANIELJE versus WORS? Daar is mos geen kompetisie nie? Wie het al van parfuum gehoor met ‘n ondertoon van wors?

So ontdek ek die interessantste plat koekies by die sjokoladefontein. Die koekies fassineer my juis, want dit herinner my aan kindwees en ek bespiegel waar mens sulke koekies te koop kan kry...

Terwyl ek in my “vanielje-borrel” dwaal, kom bars my vriendin Elsie dit vir my. “Die platkoekies is so lekker .” sê ek opgewonde.

“Dit is vingerkoekies wat van die klammigheid plat geraak het.”sê sy nongalant. As dit warm was, het ek dalk met my oopmond ‘n paar vliëe gesluk!

The yearend function was great. Everyone enjoyed every single second. We left The Ranch early Sunday morning and were back in Pretoria at noon. If you could not be there, or could not make it because of the rain, do join us this year...You won’t be sorry “platkoekies” and all!