

23 January 2012- Askari Lodge

Early January 2012, we joined as many Breakfast-runs as we could when we were in Pretoria. Some weekends when we went to the farm or had other engagements, we still yearned to join the crowd of “mad-morning motorcycling maniacs” that came past us.

They were on BMW'S, Superbikes and some makes I didn't know; but when you hear that unmistakable sound, you want to be part of that...

Priscilla Raffa said something to me that stuck. She said that when she got on her Harley, she was transported to another world; she felt free and could not wait to get onto the open road to feel the wind in her hair. She also said that she would even dream about being on her Harley.

The first few times being a pillion was one of the most thrilling experiences of my life. I could observe everything because I had the freedom of looking around, whilst my partner had the responsibility of transporting both of us safely.

I loved the reactions of motorists and pedestrians as the pack came past (a truly emotional experience for me seeing that I cried during watching “Finding Nemo”). When I-pads and cell phones come out to capture the pack, I get goose bumps. Well it impresses me every time, and I am on the bike!

That is the beauty of pack riding, when you are on a Harley, it makes people smile...

Then to quote our friend, Fanie Greyling: “Man it's freaking awesome!”

