

AMOC TIMES

THE VOICE OF REASON? CERTAINLY NOT, OLD BEAN



SUMMER 20213 EDITION

THE UNROYAL WEDDING SPECIAL

Location:

**The Pilgrim,
Station Rd,
Dorking,
Surrey
RH4 1HF**

£5 ENTRY

BBQ

Raffles

Trophies

Stalls

Live Band

Tattooist



**AMOC NEEDS YOU
TO ATTEND THE
INDEPENDENCE DAY MOTORCYCLE SHOW**

On July 6th 2013 from 11am - Till Late

Quite Contents

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Editors reasoned ramble



Well its sort of summer again....thought I'd formally announce that as otherwise you'd be hard pressed to guess it from the weather. As I write this its raining, the wind is howling outside and all in all Tunbridge Wells is pretty much Tundra – like outside.

Still, we've had some good days too including for Oz'Lorna's wedding so that evens it up a bit, I reckon.

Elsewhere you'll find a bleat from me about baggers and my love/hate relationship with these but I have to say from where I'm sitting right now there's a lot to be said for weather protection.

I've also, and with some sadness, written the final episode of tales Of Townsend for this edition- he's been dead and gone almost 6 years now so best to let him get on with it, eh? Suppose that means I'll have to find something else to say next time wont I?

Anyhow the weather hasn't stopped us all getting out and about so that's something too –and its the Surrey show on 6th July....dare I hope for sunshine?

Cheers

Al

SOME PHOTOS OF THE SHOW LAST YEAR



AND SOME MORE.....





AND SOME BIKES THERE....







+ THE AMOC, FULLY EQUIPPED, MEDICAL EMERGENCY TEAM





Pack Riding etiquette- a reminder to us all

One

Make sure you know these rules

Two

Please stick to them

Three

On a club run.....

Turn up with a full tank-not an empty one...this takes up time and causes delays

Chapter President at the front offside of the pack

Vice president at the front inside

Officers next

Full patch members next

Associates next

Hangarounds next

Then

Any guests riding with us. Make sure your guests know this.

Formation

Two abreast,

Staggered formation, leaving 10 ft between you and the bike in front.

Blockers-

These are for big runs only- and are nominated in advance from each chapter. Let them do the blocking.

Ride safe....

The AMOC Officers

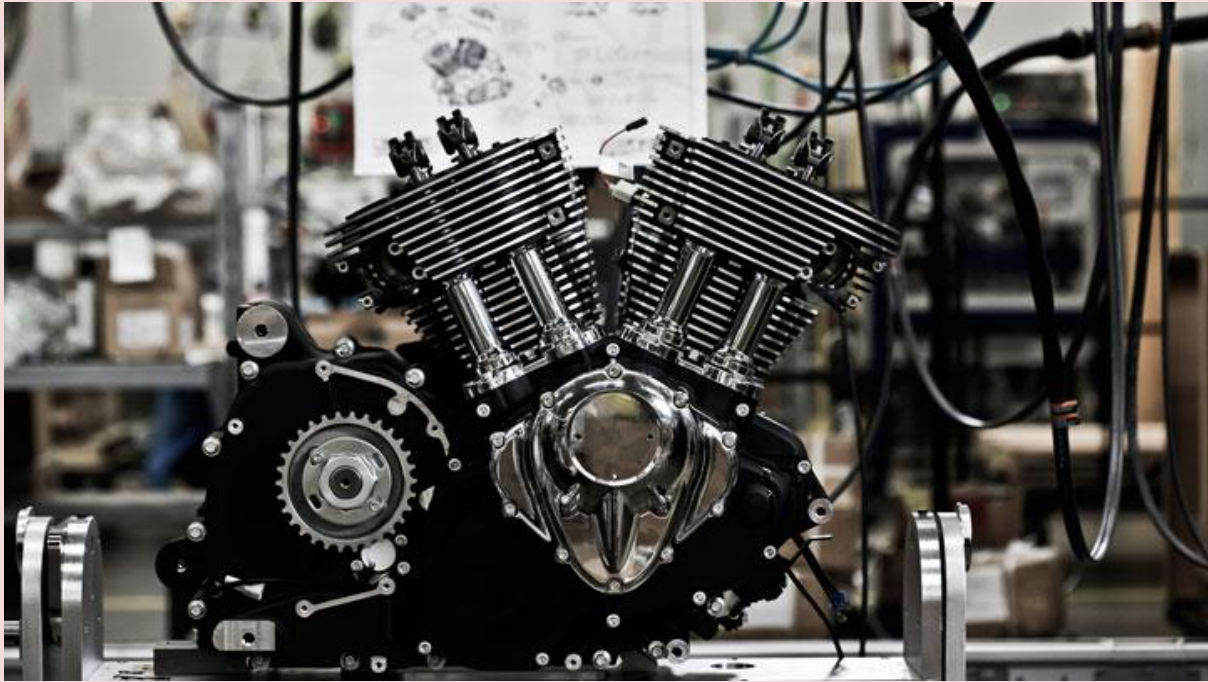
INJUNS!

GET THE WAGGONS INA CIRCLE.....OH, WRONG AGAIN , AI, we're talking motorcycles here, aren't we?









“ALL-NEW 2014 INDIAN MOTORCYCLE SNEAK PEEK

Watch as we reveal how Indian Motorcycle continues to honor our past and power the road ahead, with the 2014 launch of the legendary Indian Chief. Widely recognized by motorcycling riders around the world as one of the most iconic motorcycles ever produced, the power and heritage of this beautiful new bike will be available at a price point that is competitive and more accessible to riders who have been anticipating this addition of authenticity and choice to American motorcycles.

The all-new 2014 Indian Chief, starting at \$18,999 will be revealed at the 73rd annual Sturgis Motorcycle Rally in Sturgis, South Dakota, which runs August 3-11, 2013. Specific details on the launch timing will be announced this summer. The Sturgis Motorcycle Rally, the world's largest motorcycle rally, was started in 1936 by an Indian Motorcycle club, the Jackpine Gypsies. Indian Motorcycle is honored to be back in the motorcycle community and make the brand's launch part of the Sturgis experience.”

-Company blurb.....

Oh well

Ok I'll admit I'm pretty excited about the imminent arrival of the new Indian Chief...almost.

We have though ,folks, been here before haven't we? I mean the brand's had more

revivals than a Bible Belt preacher and each one has singularly failed to part The People from their cash...till now....this ones maybe a bit different

For one thing ist got Polaris behind it. No, not the people who make those nice nuclear

missiles, but rather the company that brought you the Victory....America's classiest snowmobile... and after much ado and hullabaloo they bought out the rights to the name 'Indian'

Then it went quiet for a while with only carefully placed factory rumours that the brand was to be yet again re-born.....but this time with a more direct frontal assault on HD's core customers(that's you and me, by the way).

Please don't get me wrong-Victories are cracking bikes and no doubt far superior to the average Harley (There-happy now, John?) but for some people, me included, they just look awful.

Now I know beauty is in the eye of the beholder an all that stuff, but how on earth did they manage to possibly be the worlds no one custom builder and come up with such a sows ear of a looker?

Orit might just be of course that Vicotry styling appeals to the younger rider

Wherein lies the problems for Polaris. Simple see, older people have more money. A generalisation I know, but HD sell their particular cake by parting people from their pension lump sums I suspect.

And old folks like tradition.....so we buy Harleys rather than Victories....

But maybe not for much longer.....

I class myself as a definite wrinklie where styling is concerned . I like my bikes to look like bikes rather than Flash Gordons last coffee grinder but one and, whilst I like the engineering, I wouldn't buy a Victory. Full stop. Just wouldn't.

But having seen the 'Thunderstroke' engine of the new Indian I like the looks of it a lot. It

looks like a motorcycle engine, not a copy of a 1990's Kawasaki VN , so Polaris's marketing guys and gals have hit the target where I'm concerned. Looks pretty similar to a flathead engine.

Which worries me.

See, some people are never happy, am I?

But I cant help asking what engineering compromises have been necessitated by building your engine to look like something its not.

E.G. the promo. Animation shows 3 sets of cams ...hmmm....

E.G the promo animation shows and indeed boasts of down facing exhaust ports.

Down Facing? Hang on a mo...seems to me that if you want your hot gases to exit your combustion chamber quickly and cleanly, then you surely align the pipes with the ports ...that's why the flathead engine has 'down facing exhaust ports' so the pipes line up with the inlet and exhaust valves...

But on an overhead valve engine? Have I missed something or does this mean the gases now need to make a convoluted turn before even getting to the pipes ? If so that cant be good.....but hey, I'm no engineer, am I? Somebody explain this one to me please.

Thinking about it this set up calls to mind the S&S Wedge engine more than a little, doesn't it?

Still, at least this one has probably had the benefit of factory development programme, hasn't it?

You see, I want to like this bike.....really....but that depends on whether is made to go good as well as look good.....on which subject,

can we please see some photos of the whole machine?

I await with interest.

Meanwhile I can't help but notice that the soundtrack to the factory video is a sanitised version of Fleetwood Mac's 'Oh Well'

Hope that's not prophetic.





"Achtung!

Alle touristen und non-technischen lookenpeepers! Das machine is nicht fur fingerpoken und mittengrabben. Is easy schnappen der springenwerk, blowenfusen und poppencorken mit spitzen sparken. Das machine is diggen by experten only. Is nicht fur gerwerken by das dummkopfen. Das rubbernecken sightseeren keepen das cottenpicken hands in das pockets. Relaxen und watchen das blinkenlights."

Lets say goodbye to all those 'protected by a big fat bastard ' stickers..how about this one instead

Correspondence

From Our man In Tunbridge Wells.

To the President of the Republic of

Turkey

Cumhurbaşkanlığı Genel Sekreterliği
06689 Çankaya, Ankara

Dear President Erdogan

I've just been listening to the news and have some helpfully intended advice and thoughts for you.

(By the way, if you name your country after a giant Mexican chicken, don't expect it to be taken too seriously by the rest of us-but I digress)

I know you'll be very busy, what with all those demonstrators filling that nice square that you'd earmarked for a new shopping precinct, so I'll be brief.

Don't bother.

Simple as that. In fact I'm writing to offer you the deal of a lifetime.

You see my recent internet genealogy search revealed to my surprise that the Gusset family are the last true descendents of Constantine XI Palaiologus.

Now this has probably escaped your attention being how it's been a while back now, but Constantine was the chap who (legitimately, I might add) ruled the Byzantine empire till your lot rather shabbily stole it in 1453. And killed great, great, great, great, great grand uncle Constantine, whilst we're about it.

Now I'm generously prepared to let that one go. From what I gather Constantine wasn't that much of an asset to the empire anyhow. But I think it's time the Gusset family asserted its natural rights to the succession, if you don't mind.

In return for a peaceful transition to my rule (I have in mind to name myself Desmodius Paliogusset- has a certain ring to it, eh?) I think I can swing a deal for you.

Milton Keynes.

Now it's admittedly not sighted on the Bosphorus and doesn't include the Topkapi palace or the Hagia Sophia church (Note –church-not Mosque- you nicked that one too). But Milton Keynes does have one singular advantage on its side.

Squares...and lots of them- roundabouts too, if that's your thing, and you can build as many shopping outlets as your little heart desires....

Now I'm not sure about a suitably impressive moniker for you but we don't actually have a Duke of Milton Keynes, so at least the title is vacant. Give me a few days and I'll see what my newly acquired royal influence can achieve.

If you're up for the challenge we should close the deal pretty rapidly- flights travel direct to Stansted and I can arrange to meet you in the concourse to swop over keys, regalia and that sort of thing.

I've enclosed a stamped addressed envelope for your reply.

Best wishes

Desmodius 1 Paliogusset

Rex imperator Byzantium

OUT'NABOUT WITH OZ



Well, the season started off very badly due to the weather. What can I say? Snow and very cold- my old bones aren't as strong as they used to be. Next Brands Hatch too cold and snow. Next was as Kempton- snowed on and off all day and very cold. Sold one petrol tank £10 and lucky at that so a loss of £32.

Next day was Pioneer run that was cancelled so next event Prescott Hill climb come Thursday snowed all day but did not settle but was very cold. Come Saturday morning weather getting nicer. Got warmer, work on the clubhouse now complete so come Sunday still warm and sunny lots of bikes and lots of fun. The day came to an end and loaded up new van and headed home

Monday work draining fuel and oil and lots of jobs to be done on the bikes.

Next will build a roller starter- too old to bump start bikes!

Oz

OTHER AMERICAN BIKES *

The Morse Beauregard 1912-17

This was an advanced 40 cu in ,655 cc and later 50 cu in (819cc) in line twin with a shaft drive

It had an f head side valve engine and horizontally split crankcases The engine was used as a stressed member of the frame.

Wedding stopped play.

- Ok Oz, you win-this ones so unusual I cant even find a picture of it-anywhere
- (Al)
- **BUGGER BAGGERS**



B*gger Baggers...A cautionary tale.

It happened quite suddenly to me. Ok I've always enjoyed a long distance ride and a stay overnight, but in all my 46 years of riding I'd been the sort to dismiss those bikes which come equipped with luggage out the box. You know the sort of logic...."Jeez, how can anyone ride around on a removal van?" sort of stance. It wasn't that I never carried anything on a bike- indeed, the more I thought of it the more I realised I was forever bungieing things on the back of whatever beast currently graced my garden. No, it was the pure aesthetics of the things which offended me-Here I was habitually busy trimming unwanted fat from the factory's finest when there evidently also existed a quite contrary breed of biker- the sort who apparently would think nothing of arriving at his/her/its destination with a change of clothes on board.....and what's more a *dry* set at that.

Phewey! The contempt in which I held these poor sods shames me now in hindsight. I'd seen them as merely one step removed from 4 wheeled barges (complete with fluffy dice, thermos flask and corned beef sarnies stashed aboard in case the breakdown of civilisation arrived whilst Mr & Mrs Bland were voyaging the Surbiton bypass).

No, not for me. For was I not the epitome of the road warrior?- a modern day cowboy whose home was where his hat would hang that night? (woops I miss-typed 'cat' there –but come to think of it that's not a bad idea either)

But nonetheless there they were.....usually a couple in late middle age or maybe in that first flush of retirement euphoria.....often on a massive Gold Wing, dripping with shiny 'Live to Ride' tat and replete with massive screen, built in panniers and top box and even (Oh Lord, Still my agitated heart) a stereo – blasting out James Lasts Greatest hits in a final act of revenge against the presumption of Youth.

I hated the lot of them. Loathed their tastelessness and their flabby , shiny leathers .Loathed their nasty little built-in-cup-holding- souls and wished them a long and intimate encounter with a 8 wheel PeterBilt.

Then it happened.

It was probably the rain that did it. On the A303, soaked and cold and squinting against the driving, stinging hailstones. And with the cheerless knowledge that my perfectly inoffensive waterproofs were keeping themselves perfectly and inoffensively warm and dry in the cupboard at the bottom of the stairs. No, I was no more the Perfect Paladin of the Highway, but in fact I was being a right pillock. For would it not be I who arrived 250 miles later to put up a tent in the pissing rain? – a tent moreover in which I would thereafter squat cold and wet for the remainder of the weekend before , you guessed it, repeating the whole sorry, stupid scenario all the way home.

Something Would Have To Be Done.

Even then I fought against it. 'Ok', I told myself, 'I'll buy a screen for the bike....just a small one and I won't bolt it on it unless I really, really need to'.

BE WARNED, READER. DO NOT BE SO EASILY SWAYED.

THERE IS NO ROAD BACK.

It's like only being a little bit of a war criminal. Or maybe just a small amount dead.

Soon I found myself with more and more occasions when the screen went on- 'It might rain'. 'It's a long motorway and I'll arrive fresher if I don't have to fight that windblast all that way'.

Or, and, Oh the shame of it, 'It'll keep the flies off my face'.

So back in the shed went the screen. But by then I also had a set of big throw over saddlebags –not your little leather pouches mind you , but a set of fabric. Expandable things that would probably take my fridge freezer had I put my mind to it.

So they went in the shed too and I was back to being happy with myself.

Then I 'needed' a new bike, didn't I?.

So why then did I have to buy that glitzy lump of a Heritage Softail? Reader, Let me talk you through the whole sorry saga of self deception, lest you too fall prey to this.

Here's how it goes.

1. 'Its' a really pretty colour'. (it is....it is...)
2. 'That screens huge- but I can always take it off and it'll come in handy for the middle of winter'.(Oh, it does...it does...)
3. 'My God, those bags are ugly...but that'll be a good incentive to stuff them in the shed as well. I mean I'd never be seen dead with a set of studded and tasselled bags would I?' (Well folks, apparently I would ...)
4. 'When it's got rid of the bling it'll be what I want- essentially a Fatboy with spoked wheels'. (true...even if the studded saddle is still there...see below)
5. 'No one will notice the seat when I'm on it' (I've never asked-please don't tell me)
- 6.' it'll sell for more when it's time to part with it if it's got all the standard guff on it.'

And there you have it.....and even now(11k mile s later) I alternate between weeks when I stuff the lot in the shed and toy with a box of matches and other weeks when I defy the world and my own good taste by lobbing on the bags ...and even when it's really, really cold and wet...that screen.

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED

Al



TALES OF TOWNSEND

THE LAST DAYS OF LARRY



I've been aware that I've been Putting this off- I mean of course the death of Larry....but, good reader, tis time to tell you about the Last Days of Townsend

We need though to go back a wee bit in time first.

Back in fact to when Larry got God. And got it bad. So bad in fact that we didn't speak for years after he'd told me that as a 'Pagan' I would surely burn in hell-and, in my turn, I'd told him he was liable to burn a whole lot sooner than that (and without the intervention of anyone much holier than myself) if he didn't get out of my sight pronto.

I blame his missus. Convenient, you see, but I reckon Larry was twice the man he became after he met her. University, of course. Whilst other students were rioting and generally having a rare old time of it, Larry was studying the bible.

Don't blame me. I did my best, but his beloved got her claws into the poor guy after the death of his mother in what was admittedly a horrific car crash. She'd struggled to bring up Larry and his younger brother alone in a council flat in St Mary's Cray after the old man had apparently hopped it with a newer model.

Now that must have been very tough on all of them-they'd gone from a pretty plush lifestyle (the family owned Casio Calculators or summat) to life in a pretty rough little estate where Larry's Oxbridge accent stuck out like an invitation to a fistfight-which he did -often. If ever anyone was entitled to wear the 'University of Hard Knocks' T shirt it was Larry.

But enough of the sob story- the guy certainly never played on that himself so why should I on his behalf?

Anyhow, we'd made contact some years later, much to the disgust of Mrs T. And we basically picked up where we left off- except of course that by now Larry had lost the 'Jethro Tull, Aqualung' look and now sported a short back and sides and a naff line in blazers and cravats.

For my part, I'd just lost most of the hair on top of my head, so I reckon I got the better deal out of life.

Anyhow some things hadn't changed at least. The old boy could still shift a dram or three-given half a chance anyhow. So we took to meeting up often and boozing much-and riding of course. And if we could combine riding with few pints at the end thereof, so much the better. I tried showing him The Gower in Wales and, whilst he liked it, getting there with Larry in tow was pure purgatory.....He'd want to stop 10 minutes in every hour for a fag and again for a coffee...and then again for

a pee.... I swear one time we got to Wales in a 'mere' 7 hours (it usually took me 3-4 at most) and privately I started to call him the 'Cappuccino Kid'.

But it was worth it – not only was Larry still grand company when pissed, but I got the impression that I, and indeed Amoc, were a breath of fresh air in the stultified world in which he now lived.

So all in all things were going well, even if it did necessitate my attending the family Gawdawful soirees or parties or whatever from time to time.

Indeed there was an element of fun to this. See, Mrs Larry was training as a shrink-and struggling mightily with the demands of this....as seemed to be a number of her equally snooty friends. So I took a rare delight in attending these excruciating functions in my colours...and when, as inevitably they did, her friends condescended to talk to me, the conversation would always take a distinct turn for the better after they'd talked for a while about their student shrink status and, offhand, asked what I did for a job.

I don't know what they were expecting by way of a reply, but when I let them know that I was in fact a shrink, (and fully qualified from one of Europe's most prestigious establishments to boot) you could usually hear a pin drop in the ensuing silence.

I did enjoy that bit.

But that's about all I enjoyed about those do's.

Anyhow we managed ok and if Larry had been eccentric in days gone by, having a born again back patcher must rank on a par with that.

Plus Larry's love of 'good food and drink'.....meaning I think high cholesterol diet - basically if the French ate it, so would Larry. Usually smothered in some rich cream based sauce (food , not Larry)

Now I don't solely blame the diet for the old guys demise, but at the time of his death Larry hadn't really been having a good year. There were problems with an adolescent daughter which in itself must have rocketed his blood pressure.

And then there was the accident.

One evening I got a call from AMOC- seems Larry had 'come off' his sporty in Purley whilst on his daily commute to The Ministry (yep, a civil servant too). The wreckage had been spotted by a member of another club who'd recognised the colours and spread the word.

When I got to the hospital it was to find him sat up in bed having had a big toe amputated.

I ask you- a big toe? Where s the street cred in that? Oh well...at least thereafter, and at Gerry's instigation, we all got to refer to him as 'Larry Nine Toes' And also I got the satisfaction of signing all my e mails to him in the in the name of 'Al-Ten Toes' it wound him up, so it had the desired effect.

It was a slow recovery, and not much helped either by Larry's subsequent death.

I got another call a couple of months later from Mrs Larry to the effect that he'd had a heart attack and was in hospital....another trip to see him followed by a rapid discharge home for our hero....with strict instructions about a change of diet and lifestyle.

I'd like to say that Larry's behaviour was transformed and, who knows, in time it might well have been the case. Unfortunately, yet another call from Mrs T informed me 10 days later that he'd had a second seizure and died in the night, sleeping in the downstairs bedroom where he'd been relegated for his convalescence.

I won't have to tell those of you who attended, what an odd experience the funeral turned out to be. For a start we had the AMOC outriders and a large club presence in the church.

Then there were the civil servants.

And also the evangelical Christians.

All of us staring blankly around and wondering what the others were doing at the funeral of 'their' Larry.

For me the highlight of the service was during an especially quiet few moments- one of us had a bottle of clear liquid which was doing the rounds along the AMOC pews. At just about the worst moment possible there was an audible gasp and splutter from amidst the AMOC ranks.

"Bloody Hell" announced an outraged voice "Its fuckin water!"

Larry would have appreciated that one.

I miss him greatly.

Al

There are two statues in a park; one of a nude man and one of a nude woman.

They had been facing each other across a path way for a hundred years, when one day an angel comes down from the sky and, with a single gesture, brings the two to life.

The angel tells them, 'As a reward for being so patient through a hundred blazing summers and dismal winters, you have been given life for thirty minutes to do what you've wished to do the most.'

He looks at her, she looks at him, and they go running behind the shrubbery.

The angel waits patiently as the bushes rustle and giggling ensues. After fifteen minutes, the two return, out of breath and laughing.

The angel tells them, 'Um, you have fifteen minutes left, would you care to do it again?'

He asks her 'Shall we?'

She eagerly replies, 'Oh, yes, let's! But let's change positions. This time, I'll hold the pigeon down and you s--t on its head.'

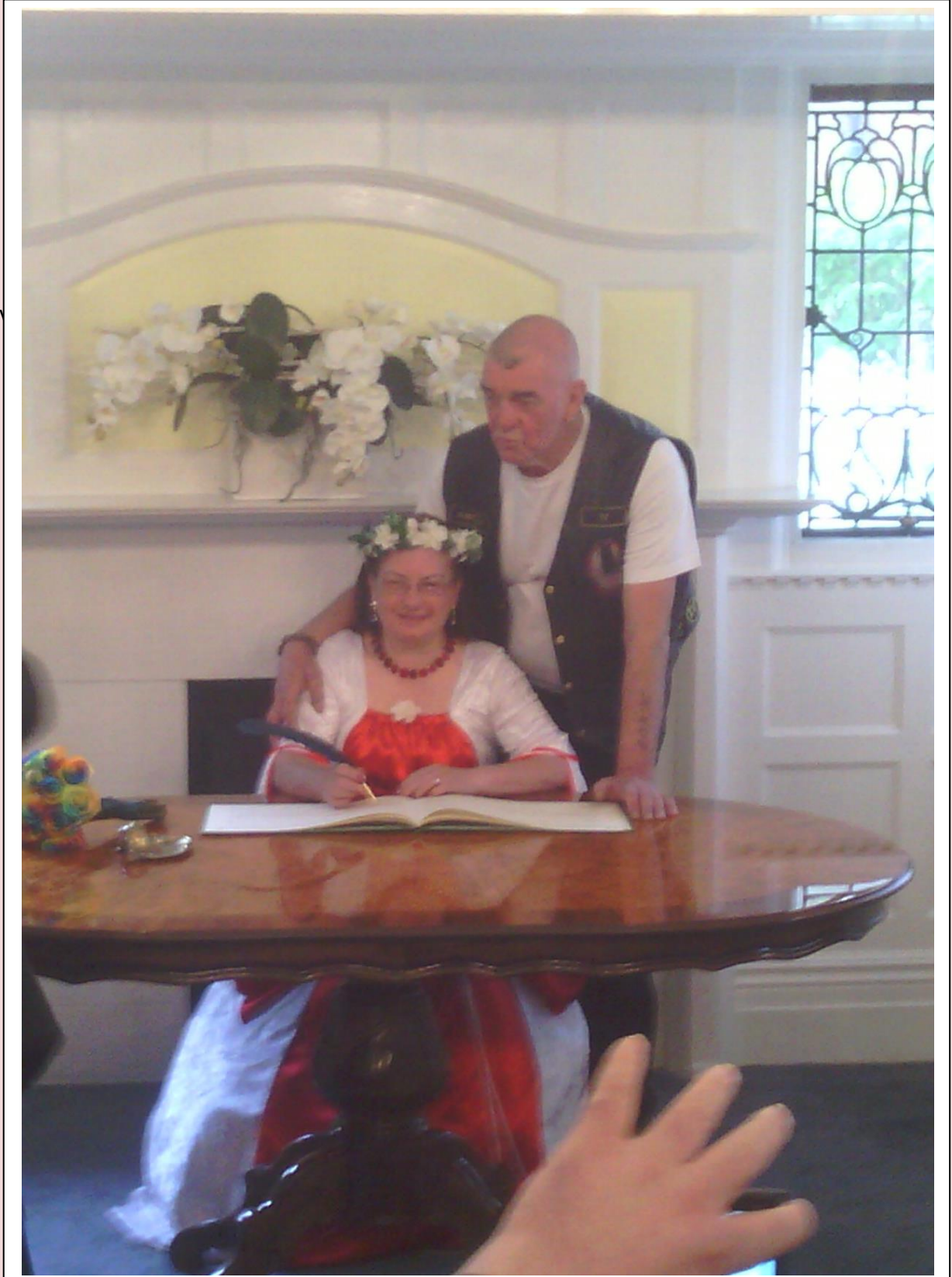
OZ'LORNA'S WEDDING

What a great day...the sun shone....the club turned out in numbers that could only be described as impressive and the streets were brought to a standstill in a stately procession to and from the registry office.

Not to mention a blinding reception at The Hope and a seemingly good time had by one and all.



What the cover shot didn't show....as a 4 fingered mutant attempts to halt the wedding.....









[illegible]

CLANG-THUD-KLANK \$325.00

[illegible]

34

from the Seattle Craigslist

Yoga mat for sale. Used once. - \$1 (Bellevue)

Yoga mat for sale. Used once at lunch hour class in December 2009. Usage timeline as follows:

11:45a

Register for hot yoga class. Infinite wisdom tells me to commit to 5 class package and purchase a yoga mat. I pay \$89.74. Money well spent, I smugly confirm to myself.

11:55a

Open door to yoga room. A gush of hot dry air rushes through and past me. It smells of breath, sweat and hot. Take spot on floor in back of room next to cute blonde. We will date.

11:57a

I feel the need to be as near to naked as possible. This is a problem because of the hot blonde to my left and our pending courtship. She will not be pleased to learn that I need to lose 30 pounds before I propose to her.

11:58a

The shirt and sweats have to come off. I throw caution to the wind and decide to rely on my wit and conditioning to overcome any weight issues my fiancée may take issue with. This will take a lot of wit and conditioning.

11:59a

Begin small talk with my bride to be. She pretends to ignore me but I know how she can be. I allow her to concentrate and stare straight ahead and continue to pretend that I don't exist. As we finish sharing our special moment, I am suddenly aware of a sweat moustache that has formed below my nose. This must be from the all the whispering between us.

12:00p

Instructor enters the room and ascends her special podium at the front of the room. She is a slight, agitated Chinese woman. She introduces me to the class and everyone turns around to greet me just as I decide to aggressively adjust my penis and testes packed in my Under Armor. My bride is notably unfazed.

12:02p

Since I do have experience with Hot Yoga (4 sessions just 5 short years ago) I fully consider that I may be so outstanding and skilled that my instructor may call me out and ask me to guide the class. My wife will look on with a sparkle in her eye. We will make love after class.

12:10p

It is now up to 95 degrees in the room. We have been practicing deep breathing exercises for the last 8 minutes. This would not be a problem if we were all breathing actual, you know, oxygen. Instead, we are breathing each other's body odor, expelled

carbon dioxide and other unmentionables. (Don't worry, I'll mention them later.)

12:26p

It is now 100 degrees and I take notice of the humidity, which is hovering at about 90%. I feel the familiar adorning stare of my bride and decide to look back at her. She appears to be nauseated. I then realize that I forgot to brush my teeth prior to attending this class. We bond.

12:33p

It is now 110 degrees and 95% humidity. I am now balancing on one leg with the other leg crossed over the other. My arms are intertwined and I am squatting. The last time I was in this position was 44 years ago in the womb, but I'm in this for the long haul. My wife looks slightly weathered dripping sweat and her eyeliner is streaming down her face. Well, "for better or worse" is what we committed to so we press on.

12:40p

The overweight Hispanic man two spots over has sweat running down his legs. At least I think its sweat. He is holding every position and has not had a sip of water since we walked in. He is making me look bad and I hate him.

12:44p

I consider that if anyone in this room farted that we would all certainly perish.

12:52p

It is now 140 degrees and 100% humidity. I am covered from head to toe in sweat. There is not a square millimeter on my body that is not slippery and sweaty. I am so slimy that I feel like a sea lion or a maybe sea eel. Not even a bear trap could hold me. The sweat is stinging my eyeballs and I can no longer see.

12:55p

This room stinks of asparagus, cloves, tuna and tacos. There is no food in the room. I realize that this is an amalgamation of the body odors of 30 people in a 140 degree room for the last 55 minutes. Seriously, enough with the asparagus, ok?

1:01p

140 degrees and 130% humidity. Look, *****, I need my space here so don't get all pissy with me if I accidentally sprayed you with sweat as I flipped over. Seriously, is that where this relationship is going? Get over yourself. We need counseling and she needs to be medicated. Stat!

1:09p

150 degrees and cloudy. And hot. I can no longer move my limbs on my own. I have given up on attempting any of the commands this Chinese chick is yelling out at us. I will lay sedentary until the aid unit arrives. I will buy this building and then have it destroyed.

I lose consciousness.

1:15p

I have a headache and my wife is being a selfish *****. I can't really breathe. All I can

think about is holding a cup worth of hot sand in my mouth. I cannot remember what an ice cube is and cannot remember what snow looks like. I consider that my only escape might be a crab walk across 15 bodies and then out of the room. I am paralyzed, and may never walk again so the whole crab walk thing is pretty much out.

1:17p

I cannot move at all and cannot reach my water. Is breathing voluntary or involuntary? If it's voluntary, I am screwed. I stopped participating in the class 20 minutes ago. Hey, lady! I paid for this frickin class, ok?! You work for me! Stop yelling at everyone and just tell us a story or something. It's like juice and cracker time, ok?

1:20p

It is now 165 degrees and moisture is dripping from the ceiling. The towel that I am laying on is no longer providing any wicking or drying properties. It is actually placing additional sweat on me as I touch it. My towel reeks. I cannot identify the smell but no way can it be from me. Did someone spray some stank on my towel or something?

1:30p

Torture session is over. I wish hateful things upon the instructor. She graciously allows us to stay and 'cool down' in the room. It is 175 degrees. Who cools down in 175 degrees? A Komodo Dragon? My wife has left the room. Probably to throw up.

1:34p

My opportunity to escape has arrived. I roll over to my stomach and press up to my knees. It is warmer as I rise up from ground level - probably by 15 degrees. So let's conservatively say it's 190. I muster my final energy and slowly rise. One foot in front of the other. One foot in front of the other. Towards the door. Towards the door.

1:37p

The temperature in the lobby is 72 degrees. Both nipples stiffen to diamond strength and my penis begins to retract into my abdomen from the 100 degree temp swing. I can once again breathe though so I am pleased. I spot my future ex wife in the lobby. We had such a good thing going but I know that no measure of counseling will be able to unravel the day's turmoil and mental scaring.

1:47p

Arrive at Emerald City Smoothie and proceed to order a 32 oz beverage. 402 calories, 0 fat and 14 grams of protein -- effectively negating any caloric burn or benefit from the last 90 minutes. I finish it in 3 minutes and spend the next 2 hours writing this memoir.

3:47p

Create Craigslist ad while burning final 2 grams of protein from Smoothie and before the "shakes" consume my body.

4:29p

Note to self - check car for missing wet yoga towel in am.

At last I know what scooters are for.....

Spotted this on E BAY –be rude not to print it



This is the second Deauville i have had and i'm now looking for a Vespa GT which i can get down my back passage



