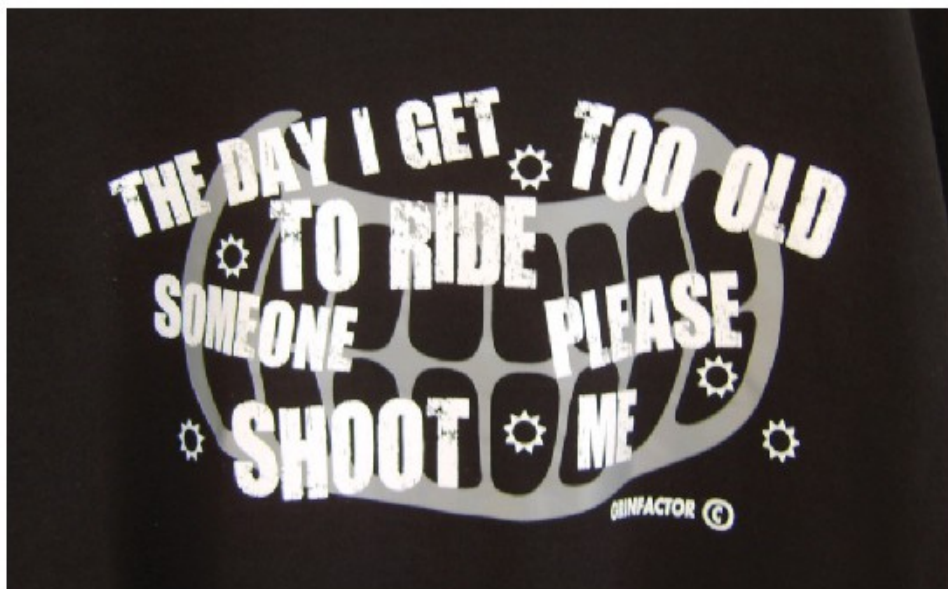


WHERE DO OLD KETTLES AND THEIR OWNERS GO WHEN THEY'VE KICKED THE BUCKET?

Hello fellow club members, as I write this I'm looking out of my window at a miserable day, that hasn't stopped persisting it down for over 24 hours, so I'm going to blame the gloomy weather, which has prevented me from going out on my bike, for my darkly humorous mood and also setting the tone for what you are about to read.

I was at the BMF bike show at Peterborough in May, having a reasonably good day out with some relatives and mates, (anyone who read my report on the club's forum, will know what I really thought about this show, the word c**p springs to mind, my opinion Mr Editor) when I saw this Grin Factor Tee shirt for sale. It was being sold by one of a diminishing number of traders who were actually selling good quality bike



related items at this show, hidden amongst stalls full of junk and other rubbish that has nothing to do with biking whatsoever, things like, dream catchers, (what's that all about?) dog coats, (are you being serious?) and a gypsy fortune teller, (do I need to say anything?) no more rants, I promise. I thought the Tee shirt caption was very funny and also quite apt, because that's exactly how I feel about my old kettle and about biking in general. So I bought it and now wear it with pride along with my Kettle Club Tee's. As you can see, the caption's a bit of twist on the old Hells Angel slogan, that states, "You can have my bike when you can prise it from my cold dead fingers" but maybe not quite as scary or threatening.

We then went off on our further travels around the showground and before long came across the motorcycle and hearse combination that you can see in the photo, which was being shown as an advertisement for, you've guessed it, a funeral director. Having a bit of a warped sense of humour, I just had to have my picture taken with it and shortly after, it occurred to me that the BMF show at Peterborough could be taken away in this contraption when it draws its last breath and finally kicks the bucket. Joking



aside, I must admit to a feeling of great admiration towards any biker who actually has the balls to be seen off in one of these when the grim reaper comes knocking, a very serious biker