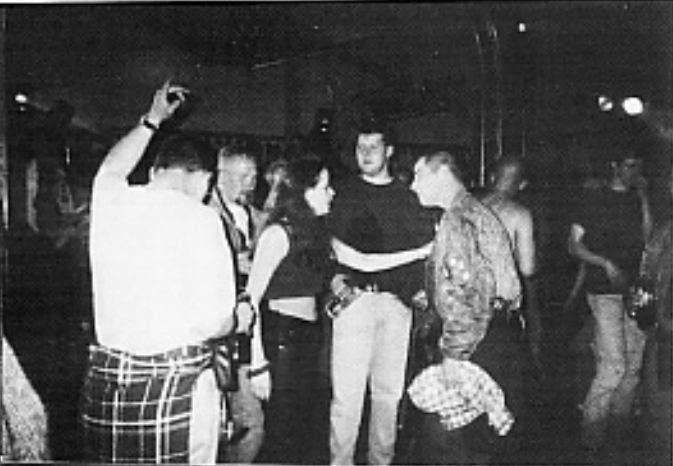
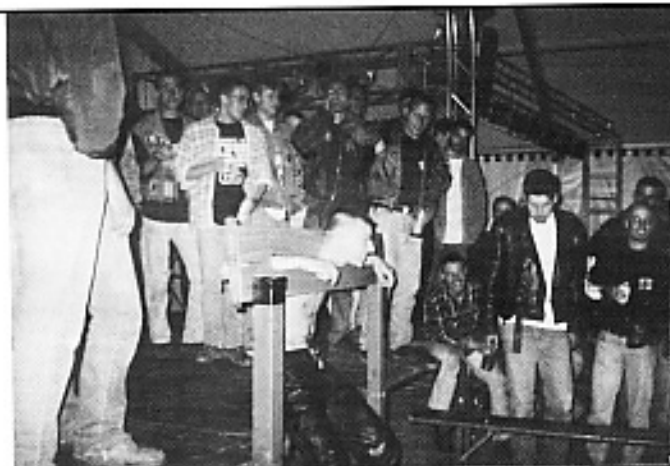


# SPEEDBREED/BEELZEBUBEN RALLY

## Lehrberg, near Ansbach. 26-28 May.



We've been living in Germany for nearly two months now and thought it was long overdue that we attend a rally here. We'd casted our jet 200 over after the Margate NSRA Rally, so now had two-wheeled transport on which to go. That the next rally was near Ansbach was an added bonus - it was only 60 miles or so away. Even our bog-standard (i.e. slow) Lammy could manage that, we thought. So on Friday, in high spirits, we set off on the scenic route through the Bavarian countryside.

We weren't too distressed when the scooter started to back-fire a bit. A new spark plug and accelerating through the rough spots seemed to do the trick. We were also chuffed to see several other scoters travelling our route to the rally.

So, sore of arse (standard seat), we arrived in the glorious sunshine at the campsite. There was a large marquee on-site which contained both a 'normal' bar and a cocktail bar, plus a serious lights and sound set-up. It all boded well for the two all-niters.

We'd been to a couple of European inland rallies before so knew roughly what to expect. Sure enough, Saturday had scheduled: fun games (jolly games for jolly people); sprint racing; ride-out; custom show; and strippers. They weren't carried out quite at the times advertised due to a bit of unscheduled rain, but all did happen in the end.

The fun games only consisted of two events - the Tug-o-War, and a Sauerkraut-eating competition. The eventual winner of the latter was a star because not only did he eat a HUGE catering-sized can of sauerkraut, but he was also pissed right up before he started. He was still standing to collect his prize at 1.00 am too. We didn't understand why this competition was taken so seriously until we realised that the winner got a new PM pipe ('Englischer rennauspuff') and the loser(s) were put in the stocks and pelted with . . . whatever really.

Which brings us to the music. The loser was covered in eggs, cream, mustard, beer etc. to the sounds of Boney M, and the music on both nights was very varied. A lot of 80's stuff was dragged out that we had forgotten (because it was best forgotten?) and mixed in with the usual. Song of the weekend had to be "These Sounds Fall Into My Mind"/"The Bomb". But why did they play Take That?

The Saturday night also had as a warm-up a scouterist band "Ne Skatzen". They were a sort of karaoke effort, putting their own (obscene) words to such classics as "Reggae, Reggae, Reggae, Here comes Johnny Reggae . . ." Jonathan King never heard his song quite like this before. We were told that they are funny the first time or two you see

them. However, the lyrics were lost on us because none of the naughty words were in our English-German dictionary. Of well, we could always join their fan club (no kidding).

The strippers? There were two females (no fun for the gurlies) and then they only got their tits out (eventually).

The Saturday night do was a cracker though. The French scooterists present out-partied everyone else despite, or perhaps because of, riding 1,200km from Bordenus. Not surprisingly they got Furthest Travelled. More pleasingly, one (a 19-year-old wearing Vic Reeves glasses and a woolly hat) got the Best Custom Scooter also. Other trophy winners included:

Best Restored: an SX2100 from Frankfurt;  
Best Street Racer: a great little blue smallframe; and  
Best of Show: Lord of the Rings.

I may have missed some people out - many apologies - but I'm impressed that I've remembered any results given my minimal German and the number of beers and Schnapps I'd had by then. Chris can't remember any results at all!

And no! Our scouter didn't make it all the way home. We had to hitch-like the last 20km back home to Bamberg to get our van, and then collect the miserable bucket-of-bolts!

NICKY & CHRIS.