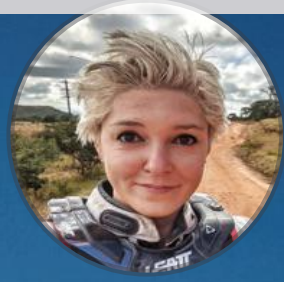


INDIA • CZECH REPUBLIC • SLOVAKIA • POLAND  
UNITED KINGDOM • TRAVELER'S WORKSHOP

WHAT'S WRONG WITH...  
ON HER BIKE



JULY 2022

# ROAD OF ADVENTURE

NUMBER 4



# THEY WRITE FOR YOU

FREEBIRD RIDER



MAŁA I DUŻY W PODRÓŻY



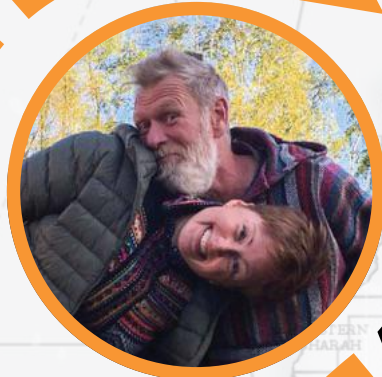
MAŁŻEŃSTWO Z MOTOCYKLEM



IREK GIGIELEWICZ



ADV HOPPERS



FOR THE LOVE OF WHEELS



WOULD YOU LIKE TO JOIN THE AUTHORS OF THIS MAGAZINE? NOTHING EASIER! WRITE US A PRIVATE MESSAGE ON OUR FANPAGE ON FB OR SEND AN EMAIL TO [ROA@ROADOFADV.COM](mailto:ROA@ROADOFADV.COM).



## FROM THE EDITOR

### Howdy!

This is the fourth time we meet you in the pages of our free magazine. Publishing the first issue, we did not expect so much interest. The last issue was read by more than 18 thousand people, Thank you for that. :)

Vacations are in full swing, so more and more of us on the roads around the world. We take you this time to travel mainly in Europe and Asia. In this issue, as promised, we are also starting a new series, which we hope will become a permanent feature on Road of Adventure - "Traveler's Workshop". To start, we are taking "to the wall" a topic probably most often discussed on forums and discussion groups, namely motorcycle tires. If you have any questions, comments or suggestions about this section, write to us at [workshop@roadofadv.com](mailto:workshop@roadofadv.com).

Drive safe!

Regards,

*Karolina  
Kowalska*



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Cover photo: Kinga Tanajewska / On Her Bike

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CZECH/SLOVAKIA

Author: Paweł Nowak / Freebird Rider



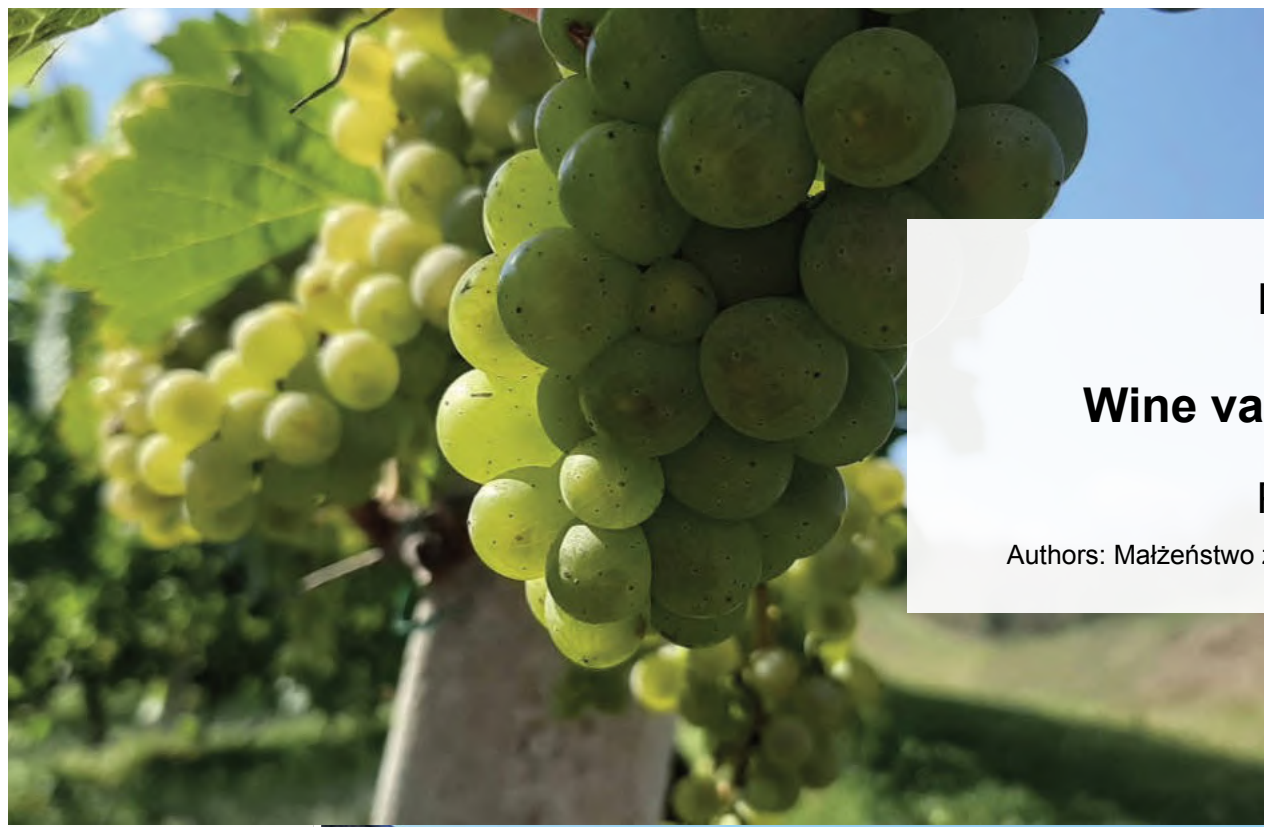
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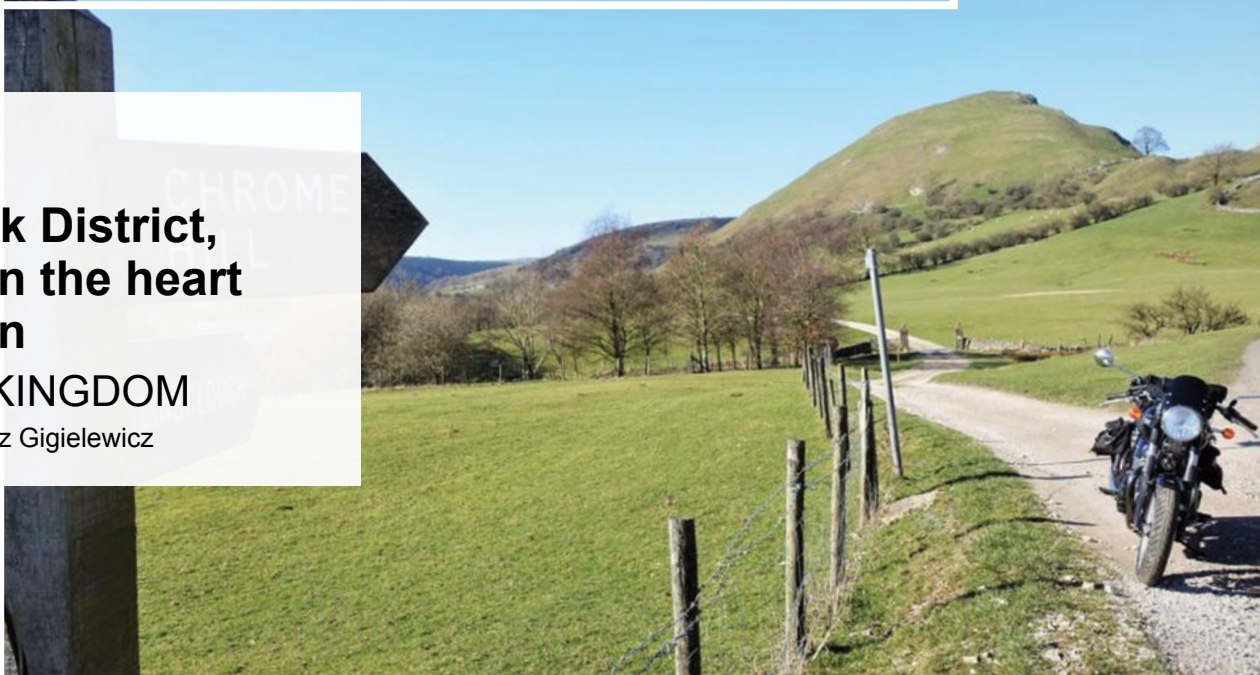


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NEW  
ZELAND

# WHAT'S WRONG WITH... ON HER BIKE

KINGA TANAJEWSKA HAS BEEN TRAVELING THE WORLD ON HER BMW 800GS FOR YEARS RUNNING A POPULAR YOUTUBE CHANNEL CALLED "ON HER BIKE." NOW SHE HAS FOUND A MOMENT TO TELL ROAD OF ADVENTURE READERS ABOUT HER ADVENTURES.

Photos by: KINGA TANAJEWSKA, TIM BURKE, an interview by SZYMON ZOBNIÓW





**Let's start with our standard welcome question: what were your beginnings with motorcycles? How did this adventure of your on two wheels begin?**

Motorcycles have always been in my area of interest, since I was a child I have been looking after them. At the age of 16, my mother enrolled me in a motorcycle club, where I learned to ride my friends' motorcycles. I received my first two wheels from my parents at the end of high school, it was a 1982 Honda NightHawk 450 CB. That was the time when such machines were not common in Poland, in the Suwalki region, where I lived, Jawa (which my dad also had for a while), MZ and other Polish inventions reigned supreme. In the beginning, my expeditions were trips to rallies, short trips with friends around my hometown, or a little further - to Estonia, where I went with my buddy Gonzo. Later I sold my NightHawk, which I still regret to this day, and other motorcycles appeared in my fleet: a Kawasaki Zephyr 550 and a Suzuki FR 600. In 2006, after graduation, I moved to Australia. At that time, like probably all motorcyclists in their time, I preferred to ride more sportily, so overseas I bought myself a naked - a Yamaha Fazer 600. For getting around Sydney, it was a very good motorcycle, except that by then the idea of a trip around Australia began to germinate in my head, and for this the Fazer was no longer rather suitable. I used to go to local motorcycle rallies there, where most of the people I met used GSs, and they were the ones who persuaded me to get a BMW 800GS. I went to the BMW dealership and took everything on credit, from the

motorcycle, through trunks and other accessories, to a complete motorcycle outfit. I was like a walking advertisement for the brand :) And I set off on a tour of Australia, first the north and then the south of the continent. After this trip I found that such trips, on such a motorcycle, is what I like. I also made two videos about this trip (you can find them on my YT channel), which also resulted in my becoming a BMW brand ambassador in Australia. In 2016, I had a motorcycle accident, which took me away from two wheels for a while, I also got a little messed up in my life then, but also all the time somewhere in the back of my head remained ambitious motorcycle travel plans. So I pulled myself together after a while and hit the road, and I've been on the road since then.

**We know what your first motorcycle was, what it is now, in that case tell us what is your dream model of two wheels? What would you like to ride in the future?**

Only BMW 800GS, after the accident I bought exactly the same one I had before and I can not imagine another. It may not be the fastest motorcycle, it is not the most fashionable these days, but for me it is the perfect machine, and most importantly it is converted by me, for me. It took me a lot of time and effort to fit it and modify it to my needs, so that I am satisfied in every way with its performance. It's a 2015 model year, so my BMW doesn't have too many electronics on it, it's reliable, economical, easily repairable in all conditions, and I know what to expect from this motorcycle and what it's capable of.

**You have already been to several continents with this motorcycle, you only have basically the Americas left to go around. Tell us, have any of these trips somehow particularly stuck in your memory?**

Each country I visited, each place I encountered is unique and has something of its own to offer. Each of them charmed me with something and entered into my memories permanently. But the trip I remember the most, the country that probably "tested" me the most in all possible ways, both good and bad, was Mongolia. This place has always been a dream of mine, I visited it during my trip from Australia to Poland, and in fact, I planned the whole trip from the beginning not to miss Mongolia, to spend as much time there as possible. And I can describe the whole trip in one word - a massacre. On the one hand, I was also naïve and overconfident, I crossed Australia alone, such huge spaces, so what can threaten me? What are the difficulties of the road for me? I will not be able to handle it? And Mongolia showed me that not everything always goes the way we want, we are not infallible, that, for example, to cover a 200-kilometer distance you need to spend more than a few hours, the fact it will take 2 days. The country tested me in so many different ways that when I left there, I was sick of everything. In Kazakhstan, I still had to undergo surgery on my leg, because, unfortunate as it was, I notoriously hit the same spot in several accidents, which resulted in a large bump. In addition, I met people there on my way who were not nice and even sometimes hostile. I'm not saying that all Mongolians are like that, I just had bad luck. This is probably, in my case, some kind of fate, because a year later when I was in Mongolia again for a rally, at the invitation of BMW, on the last stage I again had an accident and broke my leg. But that's also why this country somehow stuck in my memory the most. After driving through Mongolia, everything was already really easy, everything went like clockwork. Somehow that trip there changed me, my mentality, my confidence, now I am a little less confident in my abilities, in other people, I plan more, I try not to do anything thoughtlessly, before I drive into a river I think about whether I will be able to leave it. :) Now I'm ready for the third approach to Mongolia, we will see. :)

**Diverse countries, means diverse food, how do you manage during your travels in terms of culinary? Do you cook for yourself? Do you try local dishes?**

I can't and don't like to cook, so if I make my own food, my diet usually consists of canned

tuna or sardines or boiling water-soaked pasta, because it's fairly light and doesn't take much work or skill to satiate. If I don't make the food myself, which is as often as possible, I try to taste local cuisines, sometimes you can get it right, sometimes wrong. My favorite food is from the Middle East, Balkan and Turkish cuisines. However, I was disappointed with Africa, where the main food was basically chicken, burgers and that's not always spiced. Basically, I try to eat everything except mayonnaise and coriander, what comes to my hand I will eat, I'm not picky. :) In Uganda I ate deep-fried



grasshoppers and hairy centipedes living in trees - very good. It's not something I would eat every day, but it's nice to try something exotic, something you don't commonly eat.

**You usually travel alone. How is it with safety during such trips? Any advice for people who would like to set off in your footsteps?**

The hardest thing is always the decision itself to take off, once you make it, it quickly turns out that it is not so bad after all. Yes you have to watch out for many things, I in these few years try to follow my instincts. If





INTERVIEW  
ON HER BIKE



you don't feel confident or safe in some place or company, if your gut tells you that something is wrong, then go ahead. Don't hesitate, you can always set up a tent somewhere else. I had a few situations that were not very nice, in Mongolia and Azerbaijan, and since then if I spend the night somewhere alone I try not to let people know where I am, I do not get in the eyes of the locals. If you set up in the wild, try to find a place far away from villages, not in places where you might run into locals, who are not always friendly. Of course, this is not the rule, but sometimes it is better to be more careful than to regret it later. I always feel safest on a motorcycle, so I have a rule that I don't stray too far from it, if I can't ride a motorcycle somewhere, I don't go there. In most cases, other people perceive strangers based on their behavior, if you are friendly, they also try to be so, if you smile at them, they will respond with the same. You just have to travel with your head, treat people as you want to be treated yourself and always listen to your gut feeling, but most importantly absolutely do not be afraid to travel! :)

**And any dangers associated with animals? After all, you have traveled, for example, in Africa, where you can meet wild animals in the wild. Any adventures from encounters with local fauna?**

I didn't actually have any such adventures where I felt unsafe. East Africa, these are not such wild countries anymore, there are no more freely walking wild animals, because they are all in reserves, and there you can't put up tents for the night, so you're safe, you can at best run into a wild goat. On the other hand, it is completely different in Namibia or Botswana, countries where wild animals are quite common. I remember, in Namibia, I found a quasi-camping site, but there was no one there, a small spring of water and at night I felt a little insecure hearing animals that came to drink, I did not even lean out of the tent so as not to be nervous, I preferred not to know what the animals were. In Botswana, I also spent the night by the pond where elephants usually drink. I set up a tent without a tropic so I could see what was going on, and at night the whole herd came to me. They are so





## INTERVIEW

### ON HER BIKE

quiet that if I hadn't accidentally woken up and opened my eyes, I wouldn't have even known they were near me. Fortunately, these elephants are used to the tourists who come there and they don't mind being seen.

**While watching your social profiles or website, it is impossible not to ask you about Frank, for whom you organized a fundraising campaign. Tell us who he is, how he is now, and is this fundraising campaign still going on?**

As I traveled around Australia I was raising money for a foundation that helped deaf children. As I started planning my trip around the world, I thought "it would be nice to support some child from my home country, Poland." And then I found out that my high school friend's son, Franek, has cerebral palsy and will actually require expensive treatment and rehabilitation for the rest of his life. I make the assumption that I don't need much, I earn money for my travels on my own, and if people who watch me want to support me, they'd better support Franek, because it matters much more to him. Franek is doing well, he is an encompassing boy and is developing well, although he continuously requires rehabilitation, so the campaign continues and will continue, and I, along with him and his parents, are grateful for any amount added to the fundraising, no matter how small.

**Finally, tell us about your plans for the future?**

Well, in general it's two Americas, of course, although the plans with me change every

now and then. Now I'm starting in the east of Canada, but I'm flying to Poland soon, because I have to arrange a visa to the US, I've been to Iran, which prevents me from visa-free entry, so I have to arrange a traditional visa. Later I'm going back to western Canada, Alaska, the US and then down through Mexico and Central America to South America. How long will it take me? I don't know, I'm not in a hurry anywhere, I'm trying to enjoy every day and life on the road.

**Thank you for the interview and for the interesting stories you shared with us. Any final word for our readers?**

Thank you too, it was a great pleasure for me. Remember the hardest thing is always to decide to go, but later when we have this step behind us, it turns out that traveling is not so hard, it gives us a lot of satisfaction - it's really worth it. Don't postpone anything for later, because "later" may not happen, so we should enjoy life and travel now while we can.

**CHECK OUT KINGA'S BLOG AND SOCIAL MEDIA**



PHOTO BY TIM BURKE









# CZECH-SLOVAK MAY DAY WEEKEND

THE CZECH REPUBLIC AND SLOVAKIA ARE MY FAVORITE COUNTRIES FOR SHORTER, MOTORCYCLE ESCAPADES. I HAVE VISITED MY SOUTHERN NEIGHBORS MANY TIMES, BUT ON EACH SUBSEQUENT VISIT THEY CONTINUE TO SURPRISE ME WITH NUMEROUS ATTRACTIONS I HAVE NOT SEEN BEFORE.

Text and photos: FREEBIRD RIDER



EUROPE  
CZECH AND SLOVAKIA



Orava Castle - home of the movie Nosferatu



On the trail at Hrebienok



This year, my May Day weekend was going to be seven days long, so it was the perfect time to jump into the saddle of my new two-wheeled steed (the Suzuki V-Strom 650) and test it for the first time on a long tour.

For the start, I took the direction of Slovakia, specifically the High Tatras there, which from all sides enchanted with their majestic appearance and seduced fans of two wheels with a multitude of great mountain roads. Of course, it was not only the ride itself that was my goal, but also to visit interesting places. The first of these was the Orava Castle. Built on a rocky hill, surrounded by crowns of bald trees, it gave a gloomy impression. No wonder, then, that this stronghold often became a set for film productions, the most famous of which seems to be - "Nosferatu - A Symphony of Horror," which was filmed here in 1922 and is considered the first horror movie in history. Orava Castle was built in the 13th century, surviving a wartime siege, a major fire and an unusually frequent change of owners during its existence, and is now one of Slovakia's



Orava Castle

most visited attractions. A simple tour cost me 9EUR. The castle walls conveyed the medieval atmosphere of the building and it was gratifying that they were not artificially restored and smoothed with modern plaster. Inside, I found several thematic rooms with all sorts of exhibits depicting the fauna and flora of the surrounding area, the life of people over the centuries, and even films that were filmed on the premises. The ancient atmosphere was also

conveyed by the attire of the staff, who presented themselves in costumes from the medieval era. I also had the opportunity to see a re-enactment of the march of the count and his numerous entourage.

Further on, still winding among the mountain scenery, I decided to visit a completely different attraction, it was Tricklandia. It is a Trick Art museum, which is designed to fool the mind of the viewer



In Tricklandia you could stupefy your own senses



## EUROPE

### CZECH AND SLOVAKIA

(entrance fee 13EUR). There are many rooms of illusions, such as labyrinths of mirrors that are difficult to get out of, rooms where gravity seems to defy the laws of physics, a library of infinite height, the Ames room, which by optical illusion turns people into dwarfs and giants, numerous paintings that change depending on the color of the lighting, and many other oddities. It is difficult to describe meaningfully what I experienced in Tricklandia, something like this simply has to be experienced for yourself.

On the next day of my Slovak trek, I decided to walk a bit on the Tatra trails, but the weather in the higher parts of the mountains didn't promise to be the best that day, so I only took a quick hop on the 12EUR cable car to Hrebienok (1285m), where I scored a 40-minute trail over one of the waterfalls there.

After being in the mountains, it's time to come down to earth to visit the unusual inhabitants of the Muránska Planina National Park, they are the harrier gophers from the squirrel family. This is not a very well-known attraction, and I myself learned about its

existence from a Slovak youtuber. You can find the location of the gophers on Google under the name "Sysľovisko Muránska Planina". Just 200 meters from the road, the beautiful clearing is inhabited by about 3,000 of the cute little creatures, which

live in burrows dug into the ground. However, the sousľiks are accustomed to visitors and eagerly come to the surface to enjoy the treats that tourists bring them. I gave the squirrels sunflower seeds, which they eagerly ate out of my hand. Feeding these animals was



Bojnice Castle



Slovak harrier gophers

great fun. This Slovak attraction is completely free of charge, and you are unlikely to see gophers in Poland, as the species is considered extinct in Poland.

Enjoying my last day of riding through the green hills and forests of Slovakia, I decided to score one more stop in the country, this time it was the castle in Bojnice. Its high walls and soaring towers rose proudly from a small green island surrounded by a moat.



The sultanas were not at all afraid of visitors, and even accosted themselves to receive treats



Bojnice castle presented in truly fairytale style



EUROPE  
CZECH AND SLOVAKIA



Stezka Valaska - viewing platform



Javornická Cave amazed by the size and number of various infiltrates



Stezka Valaska - rope bridge

Bojnice Castle was built in the 12th century, but was rebuilt several times, eventually acquiring Gothic and Renaissance architectural features. I could visit the interior of the castle for 11EUR, which I did practically alone (visiting Slovakia in the middle of the week guaranteed almost no tourists). The chambers presented themselves beautifully. They were full of paintings, richly decorated furniture, stained glass windows and gilded ceilings. It took about an hour and a half to go through the entire tour, which resulted in an additional 3EUR parking fee, which was 3EUR per hour. Parking lots at Slovak attractions are not cheap and I paid between 2 and 6EUR for them.

It was time to skip over the western border of Slovakia and drive around the Czech Republic a bit. These are not much different from their neighbor and also greeted me with a fair amount of winding roads and hills covered with

thick forests, and it was on one such hill that another attraction was hidden - Stezka Valaska. It is a rope bridge with flags, mapped in the likeness of Tibetan bridges, which was routed between the treetops. The structure made an interesting impression, although the landscapes around it are far from the Himalayas. The bridge is said to look more beautiful in full summer, when all the trees around it turn green with leaves; during my visit, both edges of the bridge were mostly surrounded by bald branches, which did not add to its charm. However, Stezka Valaska is not only a rope bridge, but also a viewing platform with a glass terrace, from where I could admire the mountain range called the Moravian-Silesian Beskydy Mountains. The price of the attraction is 220Kč, or about 40PLN + 9PLN parking fee.

And once again from the mountains it was time to go down to the ground, or even





## EUROPE

### CZECH AND SLOVAKIA

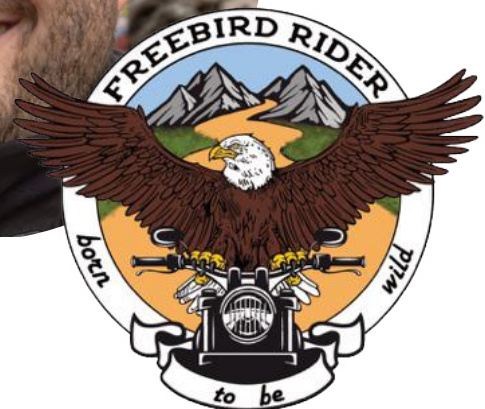
under it. Tucked away in a forest thicket 35 kilometers west of Olomouc was the Javornice Cave. The cost of the longest possible tour was 190Kč, or about 35PLN. The underground world made an incredible impression on me. The cave is huge, and the number of different kinds of rock formations in it makes me dizzy. I felt as if I had arrived at an exhibition of the works of an unknown sculptor, because at times I found it hard to believe that such wonders could be created by nature in combination with time. The tour was well prepared, and the lighting perfectly showed the beauty of the cave. The tour took about 50 minutes and was once again devoid of crowds of tourists, except for me and the guide there were only two other people.

I also encountered few tourists in a seemingly very popular town called Český Krumlov. This very charming town was the culmination of my Czech trip. The cobblestone streets and colorful walls of old buildings created a great atmosphere during an unhurried tour. Here I saw a beautiful market square, St. Vitus Church rising high above the other buildings, and one of the largest palace and castle complexes in Europe, from whose walls one can admire the unusual silhouette of the historic city center, which, surrounded by the Vltava River, gives the impression of a separate island tightly built up with many houses with brick roofs. Best of all, getting around the city didn't cost me a penny. Only the tour of the

rooms inside the castle, for which I was late anyway, was payable, but you can walk around the entire complex freely without any charge.

On trips I often prepare my own dinner or pop in for a quick bite of some fast food, but to end my trip with taste in Krumlov I decided to finally visit a real restaurant. The Czech Republic is famous for many traditional dishes, but I have taken a liking to the country's wings with baked potatoes, which taste to me like in no other country there. And this time I was not disappointed. Sipped with delicious Czech beer, they tasted delicious.

The Czech Republic and Slovakia once again gave me plenty of reasons to enjoy myself, from enjoying winding roads amidst mountainous terrain to the tourist attractions themselves, which, as usual, were not lacking. Our southern neighbors are a guarantee of a successful motorcycle trip.



## FREEBIRD RIDER

Under this pseudonym in the Internet world hides Paweł Nowak, a 29-year-old passionate solo traveler. On his blog he willingly shares relations from his travels around Poland and Europe.





Slovakia's High Tatras offered miles of twisty roads

# WHERE COWS TAKE PRIORITY

- ARE YOU GOING?

- I'M GOING!

- BUT WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU DON'T EVEN ASK WHERE,  
AND YOU ALREADY AGREE?

- I AGREE, BECAUSE IT'S DEFINITELY A GOOD DIRECTION!  
NOW TELL ME, WHERE?

- INDIA, CAN BE?

- SURE, WHEN SHOULD I PACK?

Text and photos: MAŁA I DUŻY W PODRÓŻY







Mała i duży w podróży

R J 04 SR 6906

ROYAL  
ENFIELD



## ASIA

## INDIA

That, in a nutshell, was the beginning of our trip to the country we were supposed to visit last year, but circumstances around the covid changed our plans. At the end of 2021, India relaxed preventive measures and began issuing tourist visas for a month. Better than nothing. It was then, somewhere around Christmas, that Edward asked if I was going, without specifying a place, and I blindly agreed. Because what is there to think about.

The best ticket price was for February, so we started making preparations for that month.

It took us almost a month to apply for a visa, filling out the appropriate entry applications. When we embraced all the paperwork and received a negative test result, only then could we be sure that India was waiting for us. A train, two planes and a jeep took us to our first destination - the city of Jaisalmer in Rajasthan. The natives say it's a village because it has "only", about 100,000 inhabitants. Jaisalmer is called the "Golden City" because of the yellow-gold sandstone from which much of the houses are made. We were to spend a week of our quarantine here.

We wanted to carry out our



I was invited to a small house where women were engaged in hand sewing various products. It took the girls almost two hours to paint intricate patterns on my hands and arms.



Edward's dream come true - a visit to an Indian barber

plans right away, but Khan - our host, effectively stopped us with words: "calm down, you are in India, time passes more slowly here". We gave up, our program had to wait. Edward's dream was to visit an Indian barber. I really wanted a traditional henna-painted tattoo. We visited the barber the other day. In addition to a new haircut and a smoothed beard, he also got a traditional massage, which looked quite special.



Jaisalmer - Golden Fort





ASIA  
INDIA



Rajasthan is India's largest state, with a vast Thar desert. Our host offered us a safari-camel combined with an overnight stay under the stars. After an hour-long camel ride, we arrived at the encampment and our guide set about eagerly preparing the meal. Over a campfire, by moonlight and flashlight, he cooked us a fantastic dinner. We had a choice - sleep on beds or on mattresses spread directly on the sand. Each of us chose something different. We were almost asleep when suddenly... it started to sprinkle, and quite heavily. We had to move to a hastily erected tent. When we returned to the hotel and told about the rain, we heard that we were really lucky, because the last time it had sprinkled was 3 months earlier.

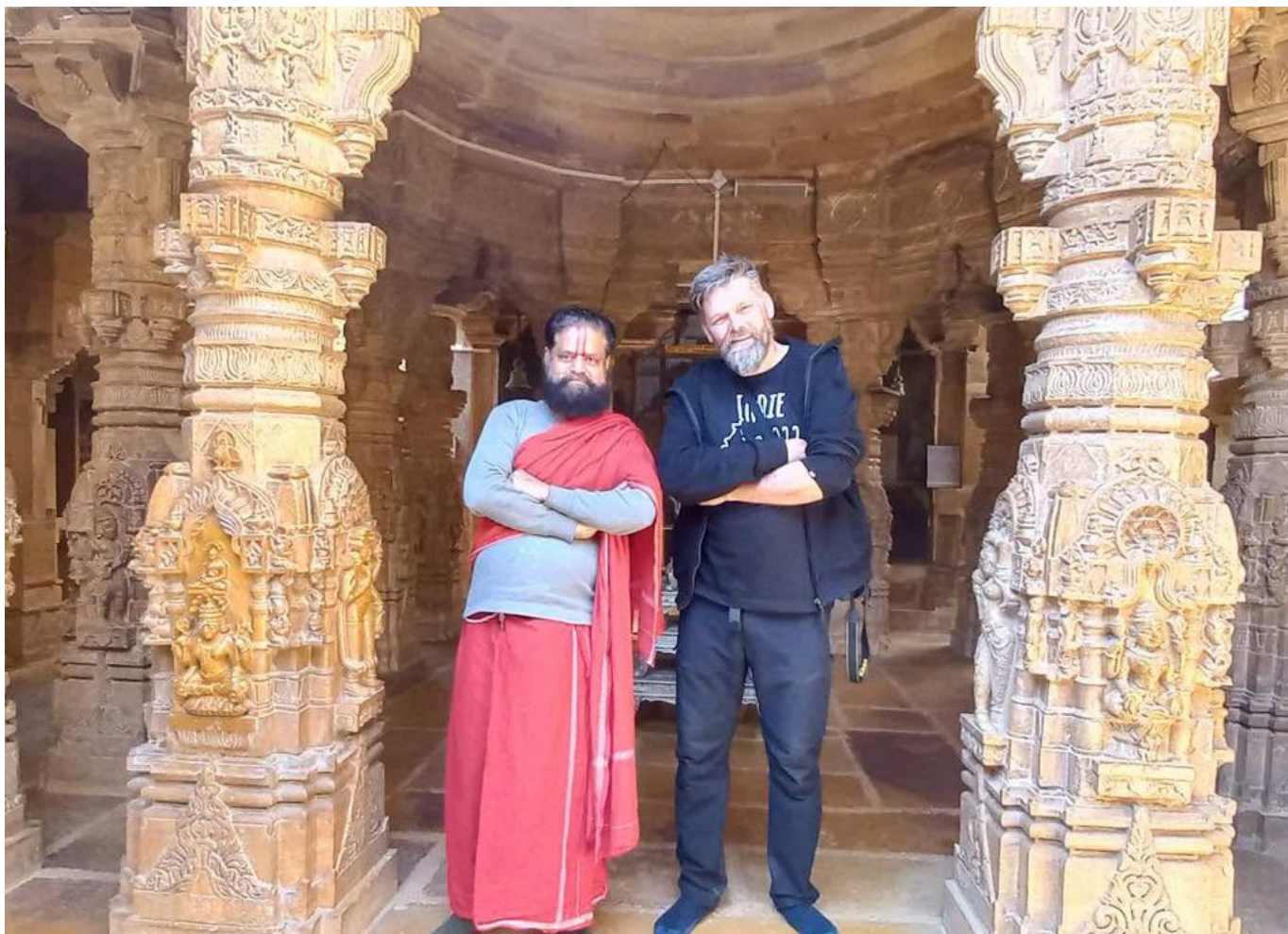
Rajasthan means "seat of the Rajas." Before 1947, when India was under the British

flag, there were more than 20 princes and rulers in the state who had enormous financial resources. This is evident in the many residential and religious buildings we were able to see. A week's necessary stay in one place meant that vendors no longer accosted us, as we were almost as if we were their own. During this time we were able to visit the area around the city in a radius of almost 150 kilometers. Our means of transportation during the trip was to be Royal Enfield motorcycles. In a friendly rental company we took (for the time being) for 3 days one Royal for Edward and for me some bullshit... The important thing is that it rode.

When the quarantine time passed, we rented motorcycles again, this time two Enfield Royals, for 9 days. I had some concerns about whether they were too big for

me, but it turned out that it was a fear in overdrive. We already had the route planned in Poland, but thanks to our hosts we made minor adjustments and set off ahead.

The first town on the route was Bikaner. Our accommodation was supposedly on the edge of the city, but it turned out to be the edge of its old part. In a word, we entered an unmercifully crowded old town with narrow streets, flowing gutter and masses of people. It was tough, but the overnight stay made up for our hardships. Our host treated us to a quick, filling snack and we could, armed with a map and camera, set off to explore the city. It was already getting gray when, peeking through the bars, we saw a guy with a red beard, wearing an undershirt and a knee-length stuffed tracksuit waving his





ASIA

INDIA



Taj Mahal



Wedding begins on the street, Jaipur



Classroom for older students



hand in our direction and shouting "Welcome, Welcome." It turned out that the caller was Baba - the caretaker of the temple. With great joy, he invited us to join him. We were the first white tourists since early 2020, when India closed its borders due to covid.

The next day was planned to visit Jaipur - the capital of Rajasthan. The main building material here is pink sandstone, which is why the city is often called the "Pink City." Since we had plans to visit the place twice, we now decided to visit only and as far as the Amber Fort, which consists of the main Royal Palace and a defensive fort, and is surrounded by a 12-kilometer long wall. After riding up on an elephant, one of the guides offered us his services. Thanks to his knowledge, we heard many interesting facts about the life of the Maharaja

and his 40 wives.

Out of love, people do all sorts of things. Some erect monumental buildings for their chosen ones. Especially the fabulously wealthy ones. Everyone has heard of the Taj Mahal - the white marble sarcophagus that Shah Jahan had built to commemorate his late wife Mumtaz Mahal. The huge building surrounds a beautifully maintained garden with fountains. We were there in the late afternoon, so the crowd was huge. In the morning people are said to be less. The temple is incredibly impressive - tons of white marble glistens in the sunlight, and the four entrances make the building look the same from all sides. At the corners of the square stand 4 monumental towers that look like guards on watch.

In Agra we spent a very nice time with a Polish-Hindu family. Zuzana is busy raising three children and Anil is the director of a school for poor children, which he inherited from his father, who died a few years ago. Only 5% of schools in India are state schools. The rest are private schools, where tuition must be paid. In this school, before the pandemic, there were about 400 students of various ages. Now less than 150 children come. The rest sit at home or work for nightmarishly low wages. Tuition at the school is very low, and despite this, many parents are in arrears. We managed to support the school by adding our contribution in the form of rustling banknotes.

Agra and a visit to the Taj Mahal were a sign saying "if you made it here it means you are halfway through the trip and everything now will bring you closer to the inevitable end of the trip."

We returned to Jaipur, to the center, where everywhere was close. Two days of rest allowed us to explore the many sights of this old city in peace. We most enjoyed the

Palace of the Winds (Hawa Mahal) the building where the ladies of the Maharaja's court lived. Through 953 windows they could observe daily life without risking their reputations.

Dinner on the roof of the hotel and live music allowed us to relax after a day of sightseeing. We returned to the room, when after a while I heard loud music coming from outside. It turned out that a wedding was just starting up the street. I ran downstairs to take some pictures. I quickly became a brief attraction of the evening - the girls, dressed in colorful traditional saris, pulled me in to take pictures together.

Another day, another kilometers. We deviated a bit from the main road to see a step well, one of the oldest and deepest. Wells of this type were built to prevent evaporation and store water for the dry season. There are 3,500 stairs distributed over 13 floors leading to the bottom along 3 walls. Today the well is a tourist curiosity.

Ajmer - is another city with the most important Muslim mosque in South Asia. The map directed us to where the biggest crowd was. We were close to giving up on entering the mosque, but somehow managed to squeeze our motorcycles through the crowd.

It was a daily occurrence for us to ask if I would agree to a selfie. A white woman with light, short hair is not a common sight here. At the beginning of the trip it was even nice, towards the end it was bothersome, given the prevailing temperatures of around 30 degrees. We came up with a simple but effective way - I covered my head with a headscarf, and Ed put on a kufi - a white cap that Muslims wear. Let me tell you - requests for a selfie disappeared as if cut off with a knife. Later we got lost in the maze of small and narrow



Evening prayer call, Pushkar

streets, and only thanks to a couple of locals did we get out on the main road.

Pushkar, where we spent two days, is the holy city of the god Brahma - the only one in India. It is different from the ones we have visited so far - quieter, more peaceful. We ended up in a charming hotel, which was previously one of the maharaja's properties. We were guided around the city by a local, thanks to whom we went to places unknown to tourists.

Each day brings us closer to the moment when we hand over our motorcycles. On the one hand, we are a little tired of the road, where we seem to be the only ones following any traffic rules, the prevailing dirt and high temperatures. On the other hand, we regret ending our adventure.

Two days before flying home, we checked into Delhi. And here's another surprise from

the irreplaceable Beata (who helped us embrace the Indian circumstances) - she booked us a hotel in the center of the Tibetan enclave New Aruna Nagar Colony, which is located in the capital. "Little Tibet," as the place is called, is home to about 5,000 Tibetans who live here, pray and wait to return to their homeland. Another local showed us what life is like in this enclave.

India has countless temples dedicated to various gods. We managed to visit a dozen or so. Before entering each of them, you must take off your shoes, in some your socks. In some we were not allowed to take pictures, in others with a small donation placed in front of the altar the ban was temporarily lifted.

Jaisalmer ran out of money during the construction of the Maharaja's fort, and local merchants supported him in return by getting land on

which they erected 7 temples to various deities. The decorations made in stone resembled intricately knitted lace.

In Jaipur we wanted to visit a temple dedicated to monkeys, but it was closed to the public for covid reasons. This did not bother the animals, who flocked in large numbers to the hill on which the Temple of the Sun was erected.

Near the town of Bikaner is a temple dedicated to the goddess Kari Mata. She is recognized as the protector of the several thousand rats that inhabit the temple. The small rats are fed, watered with milk,

*I covered my headscarf, and Ed put on a kufi - a white cap worn by Muslims*







Tibetan enclave, Delhi, Buddhist temple



Temple of the goddess Kari Mata, hundreds of rats have their home here





Tibetan flags with written mantras



and have guardians. It was one of the few temples that you could enter with socks on your feet. Mine, upon leaving, were immediately thrown away.

On our way, of course, we couldn't miss the temple dedicated to... a motorcycle. The story is about a drunken motorcyclist, Om Sigh Rathore, who was riding a Royal Enfield and died as a result of the accident. His motorcycle wandered in an unknown way from the police station to the place where the driver died. To appease the spirit, a shrine has been erected at the site of the accident, and pilgrims bringing donations are not forgetting high spirits. The motorcycle that stands on the altar is the very one on which the driver was killed.

At the Tibetan enclave in Delhi, we had the opportunity to listen to the prayers of Tibetan monks. At 7 am, drums and bells from inside the temple invited the faithful

to pray.

The city of Pushkar not only has the only temple in all of India dedicated to the god Brahma, but the entire city is sacred. In the middle of the city is a lake in which devotees bathe every morning. The shore of the lake at a distance of 12 meters is sacred, and shoes must be removed. The city does not eat meat, eggs, does not smoke cigarettes and does not drink alcohol (the latter at least officially).

One of the few things we were concerned about when flying to India was the issue of food. We had read that we had to be careful, that the bacterial flora was different, that if we

were wiped out by some "revenge," the week was not ours. To survive the trip in good shape we already took prebiotics for the stomach two weeks before departure, and continued the treatment for two more weeks on the spot. We avoided meals "on the town." We ate at the hotels where we stayed or at places that our local counselors recommended. It worked - none of us got sick. We always asked that the dishes be not very spicy and what we were getting was quite "spicy" anyway, according to us. Indian cuisine is excellent, full of flavors, spices, ingredients. And we did very well throughout our stay without meat.



Royal Enfield temple, original motorcycle as deity on altar



ASIA  
INDIA

In Jaipur, too, the monkeys have their own temple where they feel at home



Palace of the Winds, Jaipur

The India we saw is dirty, poor and colorful. Garbage lands on the streets, the appropriate castes clean it up, burn it right on the side of the street and the next day it's all over again. Children in colorful clothes run barefoot between cow pies. The braver ones reach out for a few pennies. The more timid ones hide around the corner of the house, but when you want to give them lollipops they will gladly approach. We took a large package of sweets with us from Poland for just such moments.

There seem to be no traffic rules on Indian streets. It's noisy, incredibly crowded and a bit dangerous. Driving "against traffic" is a common occurrence. Only once did we have to drive after dusk and it required quite a bit of concentration. Cars don't have lights in the back, and when it gets dark few use lights. In the villages, oversized tractors with huge bags of hay strut the entire width of the road, tuk-tuks mingle constantly with the river of scooters and motorcycles. After driving through Indian streets, no traffic is scary to us anymore.

And the most important thing in India - cows. They are everywhere - walking on the main streets, lying in the middle of intersections, trying to enter houses as soon as they see an open door, stealing fresh vegetables from vendors' carts. They are sacred and must not be hindered. Residents feed them with food scraps, fresh grass.

The Royals we rode performed best at speeds of about 80 km/h, no more. First of all, it was a 350, and secondly - it was safe that way. Driving at such a speed it was easier to react if, for example, a goat ran out onto the road. Animals in traffic pose quite a danger. A cow - once it enters the road it goes, it doesn't back up, it doesn't think, it doesn't react to honking - it goes. You slow down and pass it from behind

or speed up if you can and pass it before it gets in your way. Goats and sheep - these are unbalanced, they can suddenly shimmer direction, with them you have to be careful. Camels - when they are already close to one they stop as if to see if they can get on the asphalt. We also happened to a donkey that decided to take a nap ... in the middle of the road. Cars avoided him and he slept.

Our three-week trip had to finally come to an end. We know that we will definitely come back here again. Probably to another place, in another month, but India is such a big country that it will be impossible to get to know it in one or two trips.

## MAŁA I DUŻY W PODROŻY

Mała i Duży w Podróż (Small and Big on the Journey) - for 5 years they have been enjoying every day spent on motorcycles together. They constantly suffer from notriphobia - the fear of the moment when they won't have another trip planned. They work together - he comes up with the directions and plans the routes, she takes care of the visas and accommodation. For them, the route is less important than the people they meet on it.



With the owner of the rental company and Khan - our good guide





# WINE VACATIONS

ARE WINE AND MOTORCYCLE A MATCHED PAIR? TO US IT SEEMED THAT THEY FIT TOGETHER LIKE A "FIST TO THE EYE" OR WATER AND FIRE. HOWEVER, SINCE WE HAVE ALWAYS GONE "AGAINST THE GRAIN," WE DECIDED TO CHECK IT OUT.

Text and photos: MAŁŻEŃSTWO Z MOTOCYKLEM



EUROPE

POLAND





The plan was simple. We would enter Serbia, take a quick tour of what we had to visit, and fly to Croatia to soak our "four letters" in the Adriatic Sea. In Novi Sad, we were surprised to hear that Hungary was tightening covid restrictions from the next day. Unable to call the embassy to get any information, we decided to end our trip to southern Europe before we actually started it. Just what to do next? After all, we are only at the beginning of our vacation! Motorcycle travel on the highway, in addition to its undoubted disadvantages, also has advantages. One of them is, time to think. We came out of these reflections that, in addition to riding moto together, we also like wine. So why not combine the two and visit a few or a dozen wineries in Poland? It just so happens that the south of our country has the most of them, so we decided to start with Podkarpacie. Since we made our tour (visiting) plan on the fly, we didn't manage to get everywhere, but where we



found the owners, we were received with full attentiveness, i.e. tasting, guided tour of the vineyard and news we had no idea about. Our knowledge of wine was that... we either liked it or we didn't. Now we slowly began to assimilate wine terminology, types of varietals, differences in white and red wine production.

We started with the small, just-established Stawczana Gora vineyard, whose owner has only been taking his first steps (for 12 years). It produces just 1,000 bottles a year. What shocked us was the price - PLN 20 per bottle. Asked about such a low price, the owner told us a bit about his business philosophy, then showed us his cellar where he stores the wine. Inside, the prevailing humidity of nearly 90% caused the light bulbs illuminating it to dim. He also told us a bit about the history



## EUROPE

### POLAND

and more down-to-earth matters, such as the number of all sorts of inspections by various authorities and institutions that have visited him so far.

This visit reinforced our conviction that we made the right decision in deciding to do moto enotourism. The next wineries we were able to visit were: Golesz Vineyard and Castle Vineyard. We especially liked the latter. The vineyard itself is beautiful, but the most important thing was the tasting area and the rooms where the production process takes place. Needless to say, at each place where we were received we bought a bottle or two to compensate the hosts for their time spent with us.

We liked the tasting so much that we decided to follow suit and visit the vineyards near Kazimierz-on-Vistula and Sandomierz. This time, however, we warned the local "winemakers" of our desire to visit their vineyards, and that way we were sure not to kiss the doorknob.

The first fire went to the Las Stocki vineyard. The hosts were very cordial and passionately told us about their work and how they put everything on "one card" leaving their previous life in the "big city". Mr. and Mrs. Grabek also told us why (after we asked a question) a rose bush is planted in front of each row of vines. This is a kind of signaler of mildew attack on the vines, and they also told us many other interesting facts which we absorbed knowing that we would soon find them useful. The next vineyard was Rzczyca in Rzczyca. Mrs. Adamczyk - co-owner, told us that in order to set up the vineyards in Rzczyca, she and her husband sold their house in Konstancin, and that was still 60% of the money they invested there. The

commitment and passion they both put into the vineyard has made their wines 100% organic, and they produce about 5,000 bottles a year from 11 grape varieties. They sell their wines locally to individuals and the restaurants they work with. As the owner told us, it's an activity for passionate people, not for people hoping to make a quick buck.

one of the first, if not the first winery in the Lublin region. It started as usual with a few dozen vines as the owner, Mr. Maciek, told us, now it occupies 1.2 hectares and the unique limestone habitat allows it to produce excellent quality wines. In a few minutes we saw what he was talking about. The taste was really excellent, it was so....that we bought a whole carton, which Mr. Maciek promised to send



That day we still saw Domowa Kalisja in Stare Kaliszany and the vineyard, which was previously called Solaris, and for the past two years Mickiewicz (a necessary name change due to the fact that Solaris is the proper name of a grape variety). It was established in 2004 and was

us by courier to Lodz. In how he told us about his wines, you could see the true joy of what he does and the successes he has had. And what a positive person he is and what distance he has from himself is evidenced by the labels on the bottles of the wines he produces. A series of





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POLAND





colorful calicoes of all the family members who worked to establish the winery and the name Mickiewicz appeared on the labels. One thing can be said. In these "wellingtons" the bottles are to die for. SUPER.

From Kazimierz-on-the-Vistula it's only a stone's throw to Sandomierz, which also has wine in its DNA. We were the first to visit the Nad Jarem vineyard - a small, family-

owned winery of Sylwia and Matthew Paciura. After the tasting, the owner gave us a tour of the vineyard - the view was stunning in the afternoon sunshine. A true Sandomierz Little Tuscany overlooking the Vistula valley. Then we drove to the Sandomierz Vineyard in Dwikozy where the tour was to begin at 5pm. The owner gave the whole group a tour of the vineyard, showed how the vines are shaped, and then, in the winery building, talked

about the whole wine-making process. I won't write any more about the tasting and cheese, because, after all, it's obvious.

A tour of the vineyards of Podkarpacie and Lublin resulted in our Moto Guzzi, nicknamed "Guzzilla", being loaded to the max, so we were forced to drop some weight at home before the next stage of the ethnotour. The tour of vineyards would be incomplete if we did not visit Zielona Gora with its Wine Festival. Eh...what an event it is. Kiosks of exhibitors and winemakers set up all over the old town, where you can talk to people who devote all their free time to this profession, constantly training and learning from the mistakes they've made, and yet still able to talk about it with gusto. Their optimism was downright contagious.

An interesting form of gaining knowledge about Polish winemaking is the opportunity to visit vineyards and talk with their owners, being taken to them by "winebus" 😊. We took advantage of such an opportunity and thus visited the Pod Lubuskim Słońcem winery. Its owner Bożena Schabinowska - a graduate of the Academy of Fine Arts in Krakow, an artist who, as she said, before deciding to set up a winery, drank about five wines in her life, and knew about wines only that they are white, pink and red, and some vermouth.

What I like about winemakers is that they are my opposite, that is, they talk a lot, they tell stories from their lives, they are mega-open, so time passes very quickly with them. Another one is Julia in Old Kisielin. And here another story, another motivation, another story, then a tasting, a walk through the vineyard. At the very end we left ourselves Saganum in Zagan. So



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### POLAND

interesting that it is located on the grounds of the old Augustinian monastery. Of course, we listened to more stories and tales of the owner Marcin Furtak, whose phenomenon is that for the wines he produced, in the first 14 months he won 20 awards of various kinds at wine competitions at home and abroad. And that was even before he started selling them officially.

Our unusual trip taught us a lot and opened our "flip-flops" on things we didn't know about, thanks to direct contact with people who make wine.





## MAŁŻEŃSTWO Z MOTOCYKLEM

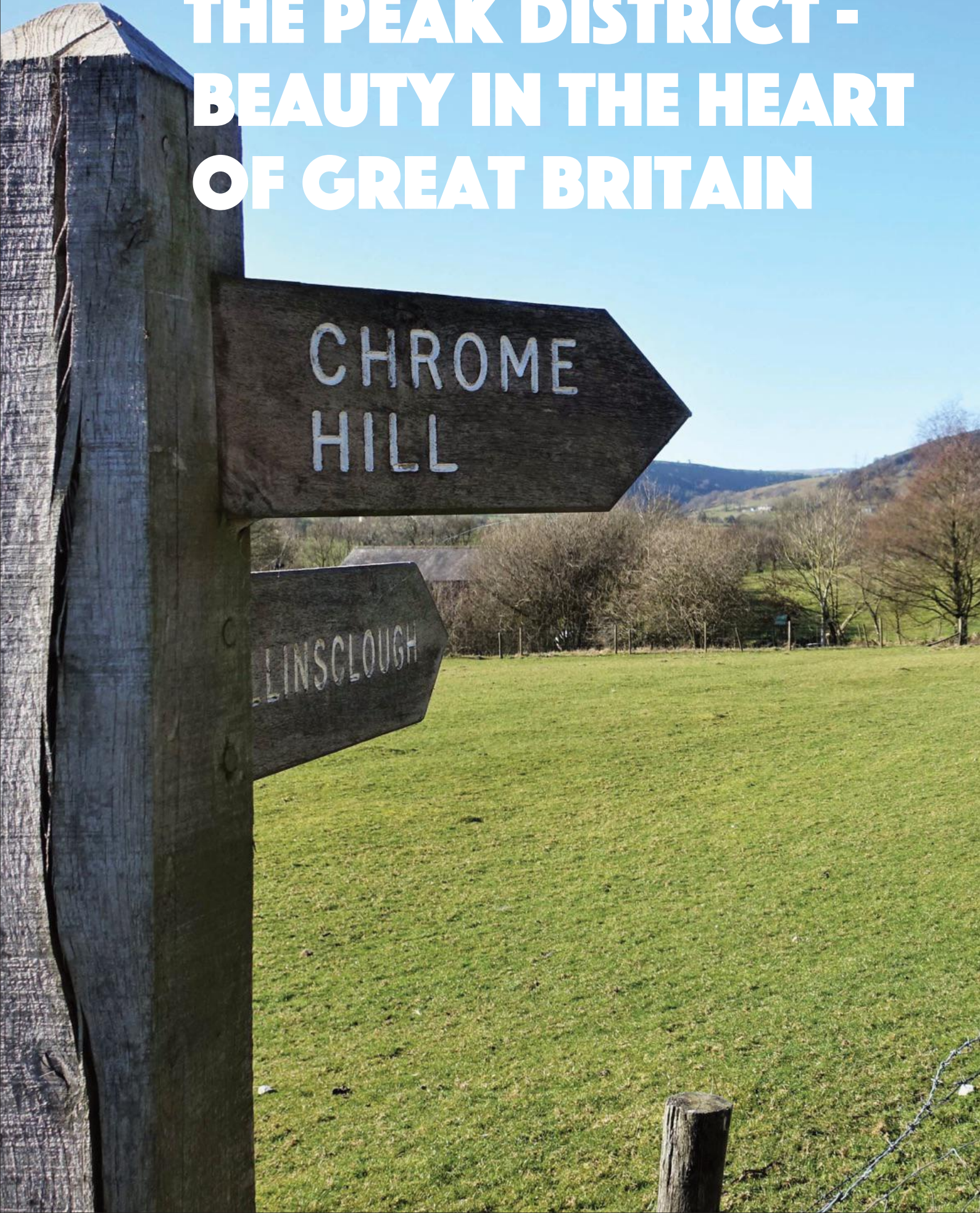
The Marriage Project germinated in the minds of Dorothy(Doti) and Maciek(Mačko) 37 years ago. After 20 years, they were joined by a motorcycle (Moto Guzzi - Guzzilla). Since then they have been traveling the roads together as Marriage-with-a-Motorcycle.



# THE PEAK DISTRICT - BEAUTY IN THE HEART OF GREAT BRITAIN

CHROME  
HILL

LLINSCLOUGH





ONE OF BRITAIN'S OLDEST AND FIRST NATIONAL PARK. LOCATED IN CENTRAL AND NORTHERN ENGLAND, IT IS A DREAM DESTINATION FOR MOTORCYCLISTS, HIKERS AND LOVERS OF OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES. THERE ARE ALSO MANY TOURIST ATTRACTIONS TO BE FOUND IN THE ATMOSPHERIC NATURAL SURROUNDINGS.

Text and photos: Ireneusz Gigielewicz





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UNITED KINGDOM



Pavilion Garden in Buxton



Buxton Opera House



there. Open year-round, it provides entertainment for locals and tourists through musical performances, festivals and an annual pantomime at Christmas.

down your overburnt and heated engine laps with the wind. It is a beautiful corner with three small water cascades where the borders of three counties meet: Cheshire, Derbyshire and Staffordshire.

A few kilometers southwest of Buxton, another interesting place to stop in the heather-shrouded July color of The Peak District is 'Three Shires Head'. A very quiet and peaceful spot, it invites you to make a short stop and cool

To the east of Buxton is a natural attraction resembling the back of a dragon or dinosaur - 'Chrome Hill'. The hill rises 425 meters above sea level, drawing tourists'

Traversing this patch of England on my Bonneville, with my camera in the pocket of an old leather jacket, I wanted to start with Buxton - a small town located in the middle of The Peak District. It's an atmospheric town located in Derbyshire, where archaeologists have discovered the first human habitats, dating back 6,000 years, as well as more from the time of the Romans. In 1460, a spring of water tumbling out of Buxton was declared sacred and dedicated to St. Anne. A small well with a still-active spring is located near the village's popular attraction - a bathhouse with natural hot water. The highly mineralized and healthy water flowing from the small well is available for free to everyone. Opened in 1909, the 'Buxton Opera House' is one of this town's main cultural and entertainment attractions. Annual festivals are held





## EUROPE

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Under Chrome Hill and typical directional and name marking in England

attention to the limestone rock that adorns it. Here in silence, with only the sound of a small stream flowing nearby, we can admire this natural specimen of geology, planning in our minds our next motorcycle trips. As a curiosity, it should be mentioned that in 1997 writer Jeff Kent discovered that from the southern slope of Chrome Hill, during the summer solstice, a very interesting phenomenon can be observed - a double sunset. I continue along the road with charming, typical English views of the villages I pass along the way and a

panorama of the nearby countryside. After a dozen kilometers or so, I reach 'The Goyt Valley'. A sea of nature, magically colorful at any time of the year, a place where we can enjoy the beautiful surroundings surrounding two bodies of water: 'Errwood Reservoir' and 'Fernilee Reservoir'. These reservoirs are another local tourist attraction, while also supplying water to nearby villages. The ruins of the Errwood Hall mansion, located in the nearby forest, add great charm to the area. The residence, built by a local

businessman in 1830, was abandoned in 1934 due to the start of construction of a nearby reservoir. To this, the nearby shrine of St. Joseph adds its own drop of melancholy, making the place look picturesque and wonderful at any time of the year. Inside the small shrine we can read the inscription: 'Munca Se Lc Invoca a San Jose prueba de Gratiude' which means 'No one asks St. Joseph for a token of gratitude.' This is a favorite of a Spanish lady of noble birth who lived in nearby Errwood Hall about 100 years ago.



The Goyt Valley road through Errwood Reservoir



St. Joseph's shrine in The Goyt Valley



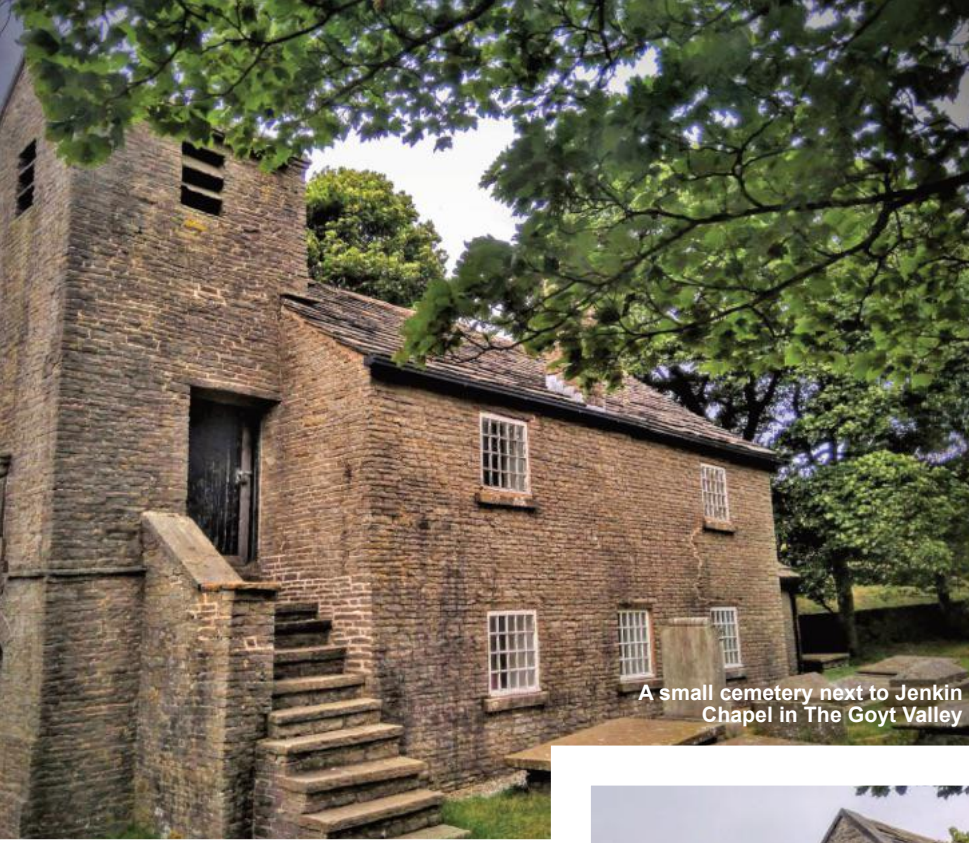
EUROPE  
UNITED KINGDOM



Raising sheep one of the main occupations of farmers in The Peak District

The Goyt Valley designation in miles





A small cemetery next to Jenkin Chapel in The Goyt Valley

annual membership fee of around £50 from them, which allows you to visit the structures in their care for free, as well as stopping for free in parking lots adjacent to these structures. These are just a few, of the many other attractions of 'The Goyt Valley', where, in addition to the places I've described above, we can enjoy painterly views, awaken further interests or thoughts, sample wild black berries, sit on the edges of numerous streams, see small waterfalls, try fly fishing from the shores of the

Driving on, slowly, through Goyt Valley, I come across yet another interesting place, the secluded 'Jennkin Chapel' church with a small cemetery next to it. A lone chapel at the intersection of three tracts, known as salt roads because in the old days they were used to transport salt to surrounding villages. Built in 1733, the monument is under the protection of National Heritage, a non-governmental organization that looks after monuments in England. It's worthwhile to purchase an



Late in the evening in The Goyt Valley a short stop for an interesting picture

lakes described above, admire sunsets and sunrises, or leap into the realm of dreams, looking at the still stars in The Goyt Valley's wide night sky.

OK :) ... we continue north. The next stop is a 517-meter-high hill near the village of Castleton - 'Mam Tor'. The hill is known for the fort and settlement located there during the Bronze Age, the spacious view of the surrounding area, and several caves nearby from which fluorite, lead and other minerals were extracted. It's really worth a stop there. I recommend leaving your motorcycle in a nearby parking lot or even just off the road and climbing to the top, guaranteeing views that linger



EUROPE

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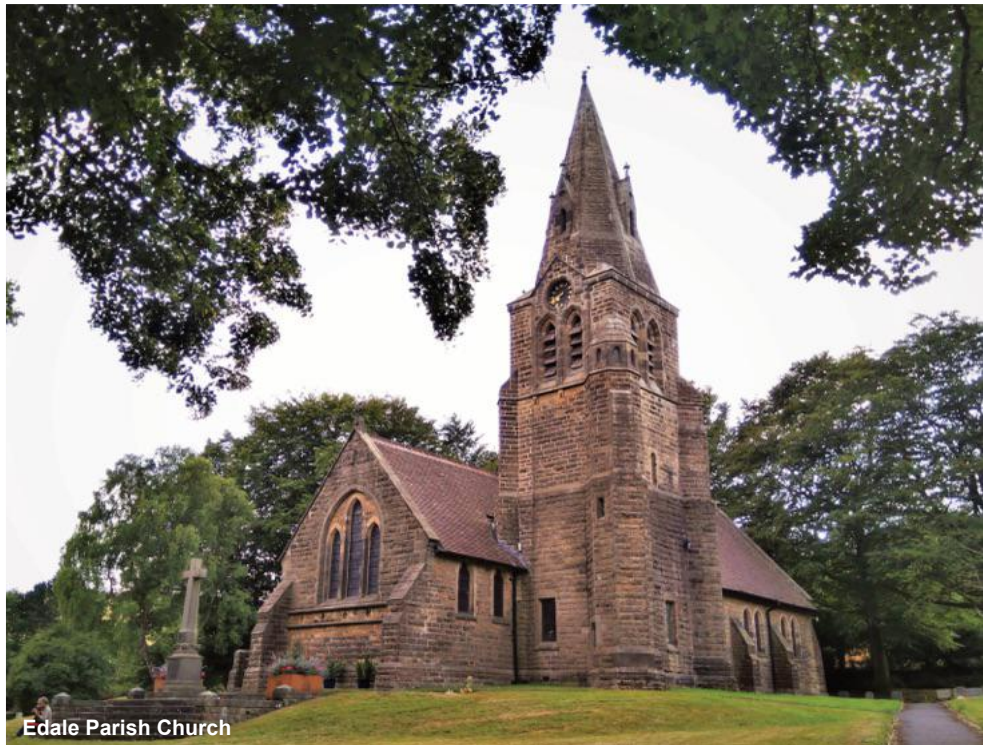
Castleton and a roadside pub



in the memory for a long time. From the top of the hill you will see, among other things, the nearby village of Edale, where the well-known walking trail called the 'Pennine Way' begins, leading north to Scotland.



Another jump to an interesting place. We head south from Castleton to Bakewell, a small town, known mainly for its delicious local pastry - 'Bakewell Tart'. In the middle of the town, on a hill, we find the 'All Saint's Church', built in 920. Next to the entrance to the chapel we can notice two Anglo-Saxon crosses, with still visible signs engraved on them, dating back to the 9th century. The town is very popular with tourists, especially in summer, which unfortunately can be seen in high season, but it is still worth a visit.



Edale Parish Church

For those interested in the history of stone circles not far away, south of Bakewell, at Stanton Moor, there is a stone structure called 'Nine Ladies'. The name, according to legend, was derived from nine women dancing on Sunday and being punished by being





Great twisty road from Mam Tor to Edale

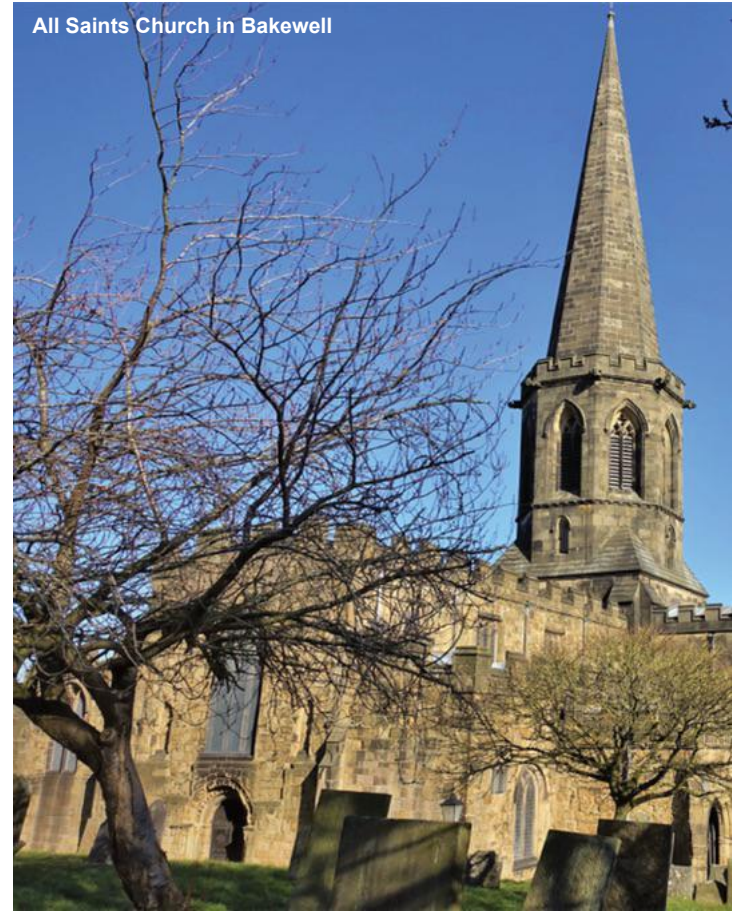


EUROPE

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Empty tombs in front of Bakewell church entrance



All Saints Church in Bakewell



Three Shires Head near Buxton



turned into stones. A small but very atmospheric circle, it is surrounded by a birch forest, which gives the place even more charm. The rustle of the surrounding trees is reminiscent of prehistoric times. It is worth sitting down and pondering in this place, of course, sipping hot coffee or tea from a thermos, because the weather in the UK is not spoiling :). A few dozen meters from the circle is the 'Earl Grey Tower', built by a local landowner. The structure commemorates the introduction of democracy in Britain with the passage of the Great Reform Act in 1832. Returning briefly to the stone circle, it is just one of the many, many stone circles in The Peak District, which I will certainly talk about in the future.

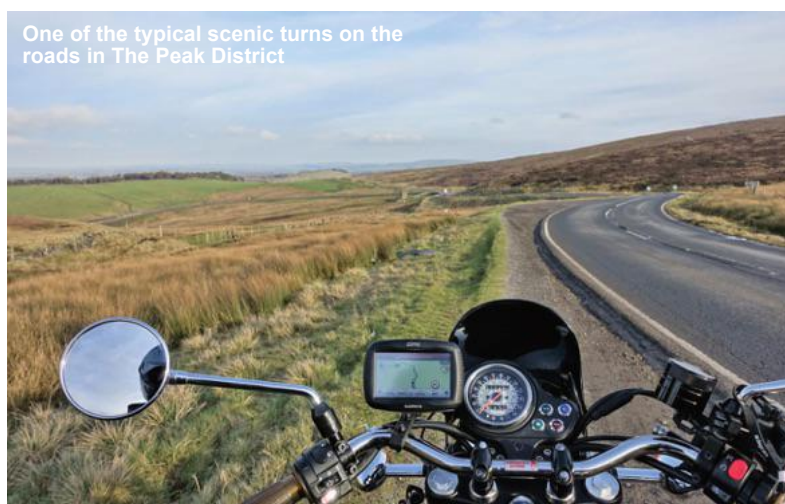
Many tons of paper could be written on the subject of motorcycle travel in The Peak District, trying to describe all these wonderful places found



here, but I think that even the few already described will allow more than a few motorcyclists to plan a beautiful route to this enchanting land. The enchanting The Peak District National Park, with its nostalgic views, crisscrossed by roads dreamed of for single-trackers, full of history, nature and interesting sites is certainly worth a visit, learning about the local culture, and maybe even living nearby.

Last but not least, a mention of Eyam. A beautiful village, known for its sad history during England's Black Death,

the plague epidemic of 1665-1666, when residents, in an act of self-sacrifice, quarantined the entire village. By the time the pandemic ended, more than 250 people from the village of nearly 1,000 had died. The seclusion of the village, however, allowed the disease and its further spread to nearby neighborhoods to be brought under control. They were persuaded to do just that and not flee in panic by a local pastor, after the first cases of the plague appeared, which was brought to Eyam by a local tailor in caked materials from London. On a nearby hill,



One of the typical scenic turns on the roads in The Peak District



EUROPE  
UNITED KINGDOM



Eyam Hall one of the ghost  
haunted places



Eyam and Hancock family graves, under the care of the National Trust organization



the six graves of the Hancock family, surrounded by a stone wall, are still a reminder of this terrible story that ended in a heroic act of desperation by ordinary people.

Thank you for taking the time to review my travels around

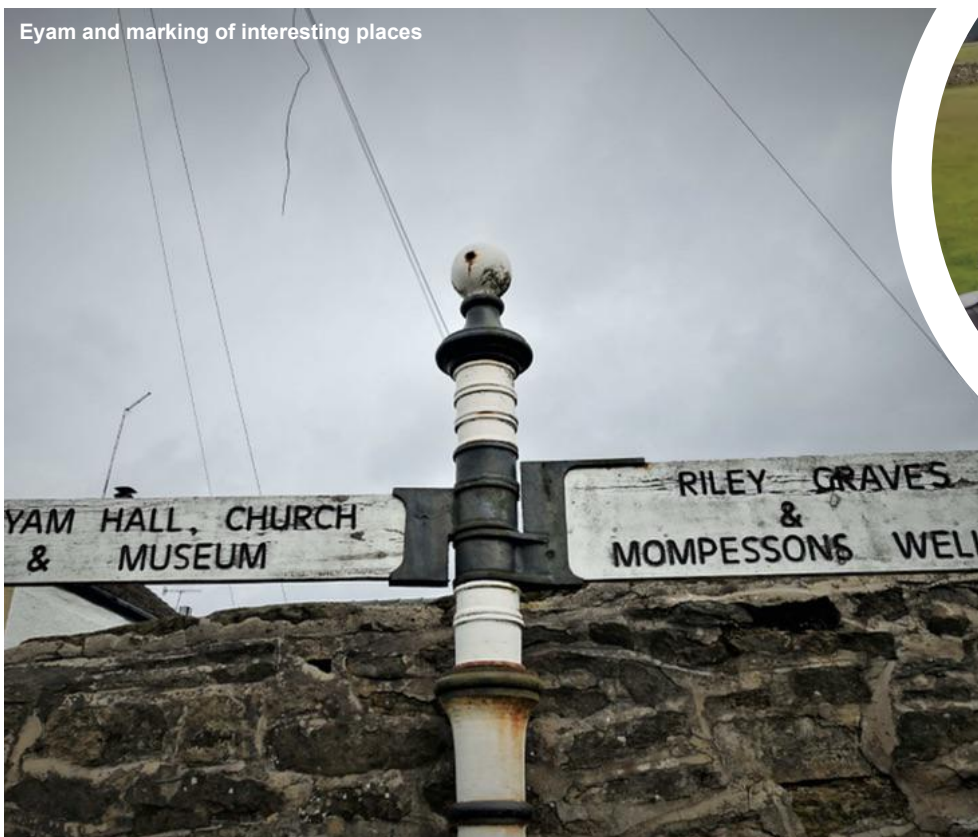
the UK. In the next edition of Road of Adventure, I will take you to North Wales, where we will visit famous castles, sacred sites, and the beautiful Anglesey coast. We'll also take a look inside the Druid Mound and see where ships used to dock.

## IRENEUSZ GIGIELEWICZ



Traveler, motorcyclist, blogger, living in England for 18 years. On his venerable machine - a Triumph Bonneville SE motorcycle, he travels the roads of Great Britain, finding and describing great routes for fans of two wheels.

Eyam and marking of interesting places





# TRAVELER'S WORKSHOP



# TIRES

## THE MOST POPULAR TOPIC

Authors:

PART I: Joris De Poortere / ADV HOPPERS

PART II: Henriette aka For The Love Of Wheels

## TIRES

They are black and round and have some profile on them.... what more can you say...well, a lot.

Because underneath the surface there hides a lot of technique and research. Tyres need to assure contact with the road surface in all kinds of hard conditions, accelerating, braking, speed cornering, off road grip, and all this in different weather conditions while giving stability and feedback to the rider. So we can state they must be a high-tech product.

We're not here to promote a certain brand or type, but more to give you an insight on the technical analyses of a tyre, so while choosing one for yourself, you can decide based on your demands.

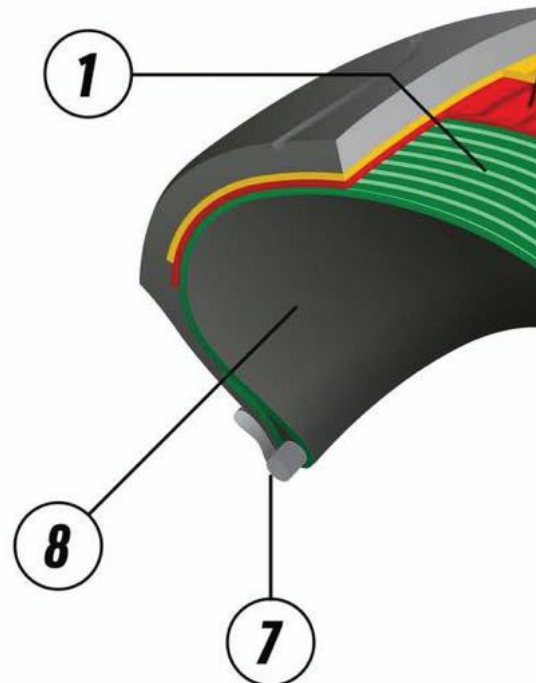
### TECHNICAL ANALYSES

#### BUILD UP

First we look at the carcass (nr1) which is oh so important to the form stability of the tyre. Modern radial tyres have their carcass mostly build out of rayon, kevlar or nylon wires

which are fixed by rubber. They are put on a 90° angle with the rotation direction, so radial on the wheel axel. Depending on the type of tyre, there can be up to 5 layers in this carcass, which gets its stability through the tyre pressure. Inside the carcass an airtight inner layer (nr8) is put on. On this carcass is placed the belt (nr2) which gives the tyre its dimensions and keeps the carcass from expanding by centrifugal forces. The rubber compound of this belt is especially important, as it needs to be flexible and stable at the same time. Within the belt there is a woven strand in one piece, which is spun around the carcass with 'no end', so in one piece. And important, on a 0° angle with the riding direction. This strand can be made of steel, aramide or kevlar. The function of this belt, especially on the flank, is important. On the inside of the carcass we find the heel (nr5-6), a steel thread (nr7) in the size of the rim. The heel keeps the tyre on its place on the rim. This heel base has a filling rubber (nr4) which makes the carcass bord hump fit nice and easy on the rim and makes the whole airtight.

Graphic taken from [www.louis.de](http://www.louis.de), where you will find a well-stocked store and many useful motorcycle-technical articles.

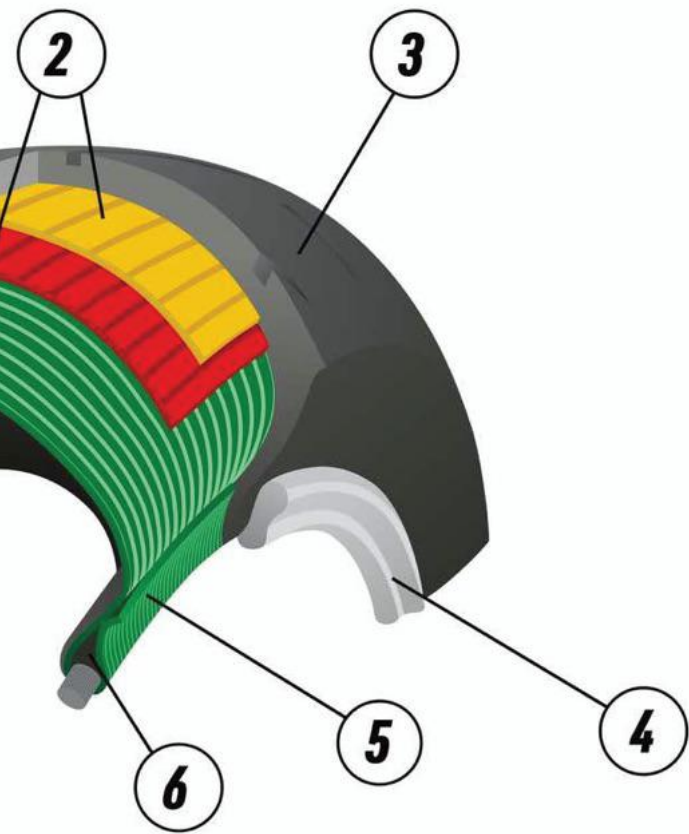


The bord of the carcass and filling rubber also make a great deal of the stiffness of the side of the tyre. After the base of the tyre is constructed, the running surface (nr3) is glued on. The different compositions and compounds that are used are of importance to the behaviour of the tyre. After the running surface is glued on, the tyre is vulcanised, heated under pressure, and all layers are 'melted' together. The compound we spoke of previously can differ in a same running surface. The sides can be softer to give it more grip in the corners, and harder in the middle to give it a longer life expectancy. The compounds are composed of caoutchouc, soot, softeners, silicate (grip on wet) and differ from brand to brand and application.

But finally they are all black and round...









## MARKINGS ON THE TYRES

**Size : 150/70 R 17**

**150** width in mm ;

**70** % hight on width ;

**R** for Radial ;

**17** rim size in inch

**DOT 14 07** gives production date, week 14 in year 07

**Speed index : A1-Y, A1** meaning 5km/h and Y 300 km/h, and all letters in the range

**Load index : 20-120**, where 20 can have a 80kg load and 120 a 1400kg load

**TL** : tubeless

**TT** : with inner tube

## WHAT TO CHOOSE?

We're not going to make any recommendations here, nor discuss anybody's choice or preference. But maybe we can give some objective guidelines on how to structure your potential choice on tyres. First of all you have to ask yourself am I using my motorbike on or off road. If you go for on road, judge yourself in your riding style, do you like fast corners and high speed riding, then go for a tyre with a convex shape, soft compound on the sides and a hard carcass. If you're more into touring and easy riding you can choose a more flatter form, which gives you more stability and a slightly harder compound with a softer carcass. Of course, if you want to go off the beaten paths, it becomes more difficult to choose. If you like to go on gravel roads and dry dirt roads, but still be comfy and faster on the road, you could go for an all road tyre with some rougher profile but not yet the knobby tyre. Best go for the softer compound with soft carcass, so the tyre

is a bit more flexible off the road and absorbs the change in terrain. Of course, the final and most discussed type is the knobby one. On road more noisy and less grip, but off road more reliable to get you through some heavier terrain. If your adventure brings you to sandy and muddy trails, look for a softer compound with a harder carcass. If the road you choose is rocky and hard, better to opt for a harder compound with softer carcass. As you can see, choices are depending on where you will take your motorbike.

## SOME PRACTICAL TIPS

Tube or tubeless, that is the question! It all depends on the wheels you have on your bike! Some wheels are not foreseen for the tubeless type of tyres, because the spokes going into the rim are not airtight. An option here is to make them airtight. But always consult a specialist, because some rims don't have the right form to keep tubeless tyres on its place, which could result in them 'popping off' while riding!

Both options have their advantages. A flat tyre on a tubeless is faster and easier to fix, if the tyre isn't damaged to much... A tube tyre has a wider range to play with the pressure without having to risk losing air if you go to low. So again, it all depends on the terrain your riding and the comfort you're looking for. A golden tip if you ever have to take off your tyre, make sure you have some water and soap handy. Pour the mix of water and soap between the tyre and rim, it will make your life easier when the tyre needs to move to the middle of the rim and eventually come over the side of the rim.

A last topic which is very important is the tyre pressure. If you ride loaded or two up, make sure the pressure is high enough, to make the tyre

more stiff so it stays stable under the weight. If going off road, you could consider lowering the pressure. If loose sand, go really low, it will make your ride more easy. But always be sure to adapt the pressure again when surface is changing....riding on road with low pressure is dangerous and could cause accidents.

## BLACK AND ROUND

I could go on for more, and on every topic go more in detail, but I think I touched the most important things to know about the rubber on your motorbike. So every tyre has its pro's and con's, but mostly it depends on the rider and his preferences or the type of adventure she or he is going for.

So ask yourself the right questions and go for the round one.



ADV Hoppers are an international couple of motorcyclists and adventure lovers: Agata Dudek and Joris De Poortere. Currently on a journey around the world, which you can follow on their blog and social media.



**That's the theory, on the next page check out the video in which Henriette aka For The Love Of Wheels changes the tires herself during her travels.**

# CHANGING TIRES ON THE ROAD

## HENRIETTE AKA FOR THE LOVE OF WHEELS

A young in spirit Danish woman from Copenhagen. For almost 2 years she has been traveling around the world alone. She has already driven more than 60 thousand kilometers. Her partner in crime is a small dualsport - Honda CRF250L.

In her travels she is always looking for less traveled trails, low-traffic mountain passes, small villages and the closest possible contact with nature. She is happiest alone in her tent spending time under the stars.

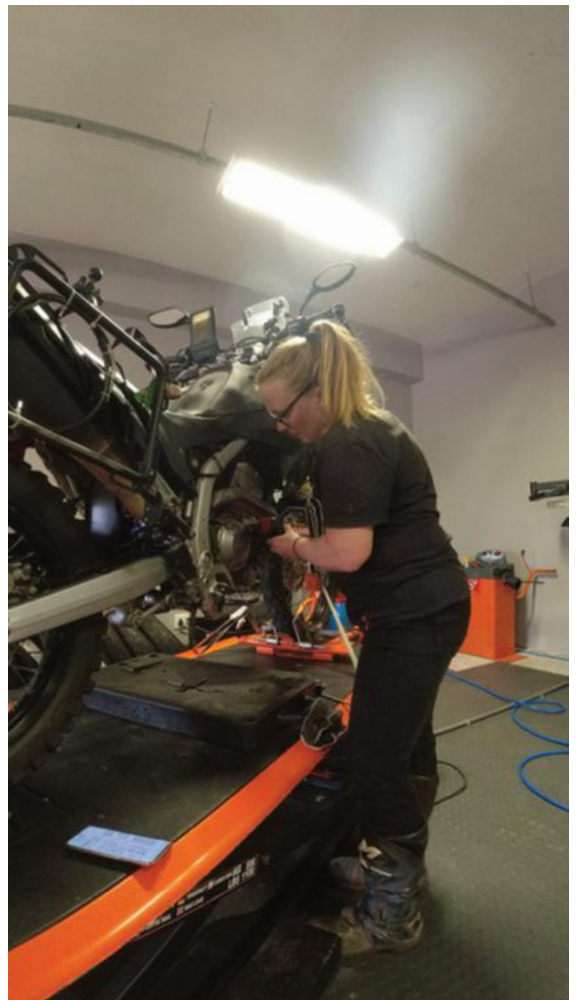


It is crucial for me to be able to fix basic mechanical problems on my bike when traveling solo. Therefore, I do most of my services, tire changes and repairs myself including change of chain and sprockets, tire change, oil and filter change etc. Sometimes I will do it at a local mechanic, but mostly I am the one working the wrench, and I always take the opportunity to learn from the skilled people there. This means I know my tools and I know my bike. It gives me the confidence to travel alone, knowing that I will be able to handle most breakdowns in the middle of nowhere.

I ride with tube tires as I find that this is the best option for long distance travel to very remote places, where a bent rim on a tubeless wheel would be a disaster.

In my video you can see how easy it is to deal with replacing the inner tube in the rear wheel, in case of a breakdown on the road.





# ROAD OF ADVENTURE



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