

It was my Bullet (ROYAL ENFIELD) who made my Dreams come true...

I longed to have a bullet since I was in my schooldays, but failed as my father strictly not allowed me to have one. I always used to stop and see in and out of it when I found one standing parked somewhere.

As I grew up my longing for bullet remained the same. One sudden day I got a ray of hope ... one of my friend said a Bullet is on sale. Just could not resist it and took decision to go and meet the owner of the bullet. It took me 3 hours to reach to my destination where I found my mate the bullet standing parked aside. Beautiful indeed, I wished to buy it immediately without wasting any more time. I completed all the formalities and rode my Standard 350 back home with a pride on my face...

It was from then I was riding my bullet when my friend spoke to me about a Bullet Club in Kolkata. They goes out exploring different places in bullet. Must be a very different experience I thought. I managed to collect the name and contact number of the moderator and went to meet him. A lively jovial person who welcomed me in the group and introduced me to all the members of the club **Eastern Bulls**. It was a wonderful feeling getting to know so many people everyone having their own different bullets. Within few days I got the opportunity to ride my bullet away from my city with my club members. I rode about 500 kms approximately.

It was a wonderful feeling which could not be expressed in words... I passed by the Greens and the Meadows..., I drove on the different highways coming and going...enjoying different languages...Oh what an experience...My first experience...

My life changed after I came back from the trip. I did few modification in my Bullet I made sure not to miss any tour henceforth. It was just like that when I was searching for some good movie on bike. I found a film named "Riding Solo To The Top Of The World" By Gourav Jani..

Awesome film, a film which no one should miss.

I was only waiting for the opportunity to ride to Ladakh – Khardungla Pass the highest motor-able road in the world. From then onwards photos of Ladakh, Khardunga Pass, were my computer as screensavers. I used to see them everyday in front of my eyes, and wished to be there one day.

It was suddenly when one of our senior member spoke about Ladakh .My hope raised as I can see the ray of hope. Very soon the plan got materialized and I was there in the list. I made sure to complete all my official work and started preparing myself for the tour. We were 6 of us who were very eagerly waiting for the start of the journey.

Count down began and all of us called each other and spoke about the trip and the preparation only.

It was just a week ago when I was having a little pain on my left foot. I did not bother, as I was busy preparing my bullet for the journey. 3days before going my pain increased and

I had to show a doctor. He advised me for an x-ray where a hair line fracture was found. I was prescribed bed rest.....I was dead....my brain stopped working for few minutes. I felt so sad and felt like crying.....could not concentrate in any of my work it was a massive setback. But then just before 1 day I made up my mind to go. I made sure to carry all medicines and took all possible precautionary measures so that none of my team member be in trouble for me. It was the day when I was standing there with my mate waving the other members who came to see us off goodbye.

I made it.....**My dream came true**...I was there on top of the world's highest motorable road Khardungla -Pass with my Bullet. It was really an experience of lifetime one can always treasure...