

**Trio at Bokhali**  
**September 14, 2003**  
**Indrajeet Sen**



September 14, 2003. Two bikes and three mad men from the Eastern Bulls (Kolkata Bullet Club) set off in the early morning to a beach, a hundred and fifty kilometres away from Kolkata.

Suman Dasgupta on a Thunderbird, and Ranjan Banerjee who rides a very well maintained 1957 Standard as pillion and myself on a Machismo A350.

At 5.00 a.m. I reached Deshporio Park to pick up Ranjan Da, since I was half an hour early; I tanked up and waited for him to arrive. In about 20 minutes Ranjan Da arrived and we rode towards Taratolla More near the Mint.

We reached the Mint by 5.30 a.m. and while waiting for Suman Da we picked up a newspaper. When Suman Da arrived I helped him tie his bag a bit more tightly onto his bike with a bungee chord and then we took off with Suman Da taking Ranjan Da as pillion since my pillion seat is rather uncomfortable and is without a backrest. I was quite surprised that both of them were carrying well-loaded bags while I had nothing but my helmet with me.

After nearly an hour's ride we reached Diamond Harbour at around 7.00 a.m. After a couple of smokes, some bread and eggs, cups of tea, and phone calls we were back on the road. The roads were great all through out and we both were doing good speeds, our next stop was at a diversion where one road goes towards Namkhana and further onto Bokhali while the other goes towards Sagardeep which is only popular and visited in festive seasons. Over here we had tender coconut water and carried on our journey. The roads were pretty narrow and was single lane all through the journey with beautiful green carpets on either side, the traffic through out the one hundred and fifty odd kilometres covered was not very heavy and was comparatively decent to what we usually find on the NH.

Next came Namkhana, once we reached we had to get off our bikes and load them onto "Noukos"/Boats and cross over the Hatania-Dowania River. The people who load the bikes onto the boats were quite good at their job and did the same effortlessly within a handful of minutes. Suman Da and Ranjan Da was alone on another boat while my bike and my self landed up on a crowded boat. After having crossed the river we kick started our bikes and went ahead towards Bokhali, which was another twenty-five kms from here.

After having covered about 5kms we stopped for a photo session and fags after which I took lead for sometime, covering a couple of kms. Checking my rear view mirror I noticed they were not to be seen so I decided to wait for some time. Waiting did not help so I turned around and started riding towards the river again, on the way I met them and was told that they had a crash due to an idiotic cyclist who cut them off. There were minor damages to the bike and some scratches on both of them but nothing really to worry about. Keeping in mind to be careful about cyclists we rode on.

We reached Bokhali, and it was something I did not really expect, all I expected was a rocky beach where I would not be able to even get down into the water. What I saw was something completely different. A lovely beach lay in front of my eyes and once I gained a decent grip on the sand I could not resist opening the throttle ... Suman Da chose to play safe and rode by the sand and did not even go close to the water, but I took a couple of rounds of the beach. So time of riding later, I decided to give my bike a break. We sat there enjoying the cool breeze and later headed on to a rusted ship, which was lying by the side, for a photo session. Over here Ranjan Da decided to give the Bird a shot and did some small distance riding on the beach.

At noon we took of for the Government Lodge where we were served mouth-watering rice, crispy potato fries, pomfret, chicken and dal in great quantity at a reasonable rate. After enjoying the meal and sitting there for a couple of minutes we headed back to the beach where we did some tinkering with Suman Da's bike and later rode to a shaded region where we could stretch a bit and rest for about half an hour or so before we headed back home.

The return journey was quite uneventful with hardly any stops other than the crossing of the river and a short tea break at Diamond Harbour. Once in the city Ranjan Da got onto my bike and Suman Da headed home the other way. I went on towards Ranjan Da's place where his wife served us some hot tea and after a chat I had to head back home to call it a day.

A lovely day spent. I must do it again.