



# Rejects News

The Newsletter of the Cockney Rejects  
Centre 14 of the Virago Star Owners Club

## October 2007

[www.vsoc-centre14.co.uk](http://www.vsoc-centre14.co.uk)



Meetings at The Well House Inn Chipstead Lane, Coulsdon, Surrey, CR5 3SQ

**"HOW MANY OF YOU BELIEVE IN PSYCHO KINESIS?...RAISE MY HAND"**

### What's on?

*Bold are official VSOC*

#### Sept

Sun 30<sup>th</sup> Ride out to Bentley Wildfowl and  
Motor Museum

#### October

Thursday 4<sup>th</sup> meet Wellhouse

Friday 5<sup>th</sup> Al's 60<sup>th</sup> Birthday

Sat/sun 6/7 South East Motorcycle Show  
Detling

**Fri/Sat 5/6 Outriders party**

Sunday 7<sup>th</sup> Brightonia

**Wednesday 17<sup>th</sup> meet Wellhouse**

Sunday 21<sup>st</sup> South East Classic Bike Show  
Lingfield

**Sunday 28<sup>th</sup> Ride out**

Sunday 28<sup>th</sup> BST ends

#### November

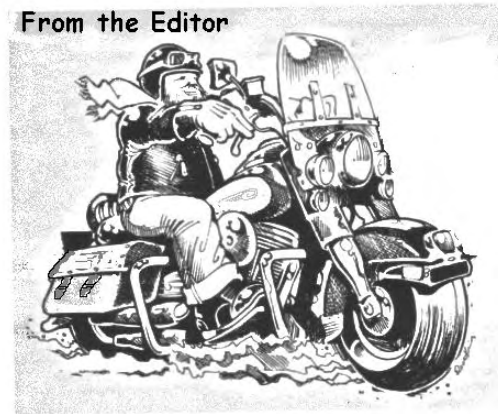
Thursday 1<sup>st</sup> meet Wellhouse

#### Advance Notice

**November 23-Dec 2 International  
Motorcycle Show Birmingham**

**December 7<sup>th</sup> Rejects Christmas Meal**

### From the Editor



Hi all

Travel broadens the mind, especially when the mind is open, or so they say, and the Rejects sure have been doing some travelling, and with a full tank of fuel so have I (embarrassing details inside) , I look forward to your reports and pictures from events around the country.

Once again the rejects did Clatter proud, with several good articles, well done all.

This month there are still many more events to keep you busy details of the ride-out and Christmas meal will be posted shortly on the web, or contact one of the committee. With Autumn starting to wear her golden gown, I feel some good rides still ahead of us.

Well Al's big year continues this month, so happy 60<sup>th</sup> Birthday Al have a great day.

Happy Riding  
Ian

Further details of dates to aid in your forward planning can be found on the web site, please send dates of events you may think people would like to [rejectnews@ntlworld.com](mailto:rejectnews@ntlworld.com)  
**postal address**

**If you wish to contact the rejects by post  
please write too..**

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Disclaimer: The views in Rejects News are the views of the respective authors  
And do not necessarily reflect the views of the Cockney Rejects or the VSOC

## From your Centre Rep



If you would like a copy of the Charity Calendar for 2008 without paying postage please contact me prior to the national AGM November 4<sup>th</sup>. And I can collect them for you and bring it down to the next meet.

AJ

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## WANTED

After 5 years of stirling work, and more rallies than I care to mention I have had to retire one of my tents and the other is on its last legs, so I am looking for a new ( to me anyway) tent.

After mistakes with evilbay purchases earlier this year (mainly down to the size it packs down too) does anyone have a tunnel type tent, preferably a 3-4 man they would like to sell on cheap? The style as below would be great,

Contact your I an the editor [rejectnews@ntlworld.com](mailto:rejectnews@ntlworld.com) or 07904976453



## Lands End to Lincoln

Or from West Country to Wozwolf



It's four days to payday and I have a week off, so to start off with I thought I would start with a few days down in Cornwall with the Peninsular Pirates.

Being the start of the August bank holiday weekend it was decided on an early start by the others, having been out with friends the night before I struggled up and headed off about 10 missing fellow Rejects but still made camp a little after them at 4, riding in on fumes (who took away the petrol station that was there in 2002), mental note should fill up at 150 miles, please remember this for future use.

I cannot say my tent was looking too healthy at the start of this weekend, the poor thing

has done 5 years of regular rallying, but with plenty of duck tape we were sorted and it almost looked the right shape.

And the sun shone, and shone, and very shortly I was sunburnt, this called for just one thing Pasties and Ice cream both found in bountiful supply in this fair county. The entertainment put on was first class as well, well done all and a nice £50 win on the raffle helped a lot.



St Michaels mount is closed on a Saturday so didn't get there, but made it to a Tin Mine with a working Steam engine on the Sunday the brave fools followed me, but we found it with little problem



I woke lots of folk up with my snoring over the weekend and for the few days I stayed on with fellow Rejects and Vultures near Lands end. Riding out for pictures of Lands End at dawn was also rather good. With Paul being an ex local and his brother still a local we had our own guides for the week and vehicle rescue service. Who would buy a Mercedes eh (it was our back up vehicle) still I think the crumble made up

for it eh AJ?



By midweek I headed home, leaving my poor battered tent in a nearby Skip. I did remember to start with a full tank. I had decided to detour via The Museum of Witch Craft at Boscastle, only a 60 Mile detour but the small roads meant better part of two and a half hours.

This was to make the 300 mile trip into about 370 miles, but that seemed OK but the little roads and detours were taking their toll

Tired now I pushed on and I eventually filled up the bike at the Exeter Services, making it home in time for a slightly late tea.

The next morning down to Bere Green for a service for my bike, the fuel light coming on just before the work shop, On the way back from the service I found a Roadking will not do more than 221 miles (Exeter to Dorking) and totally empty they take 20 litres of fuel, and the hill from Bere Green to Dorking is a pig to push a Harley up. I will not ignore the light again, first time ever in 26 years of riding I have run out, and curse this new fangled EFI and no fuel tap.



Next day it was off up to Lincoln, stopping briefly at the OK Diner and then to the Wozwolf rally, and no wonder every one raves about this event it was excellent, with all sorts of bikes and trikes around, forty real ales and plenty of bands

and the silliest of silly games. On the Saturday I nipped off site into the city the Cathedral was as beautiful as ever still the sun shone.

The Showground had the hardest ever ground though and I bent many a peg as I attempted to put up my tent. By the time I returned home on Sunday I realised that I had done in excess of 1200miles, sunny throughout and only looked at the map three times.

A great week thanks to all involved.

Happy riding  
Ian



**ROAD KILL GRILL & BAR PRODUCTIONS  
PRESENTS  
ANOTHER AL & ANNYA STRESSED OUT CATERING EVENT**

***The Bangers & Mash Bash  
Episode III  
"The Chipolata Strikes back"***

**OR**

***May the Farts be with you***

***Starring***

***The Mergeauz***

***(Hot & Latin...the Antonio Banderas of Bangers)***

***The Lamb & Mint***

***(Like Shagging Sheep??...you'll love this one)***

***The Cumberland***

***(Two of these and you'll be playing hide the sausage all night)***

***Plus many guest bangers, veggie options available***

***In a land far, far away across the universe, known to The Rejected Ones a Planet Bromley two loving droids, AL-2-D-2 and ANNYA-3-6-D-D, slave over hot cauldrons and volcanic fires preparing a feast for the those Rejected by the evil empire of work and drudgery. As AL-2-D-2 flies off to TESCO, the planet of plentiful, on his Millennium Tri-star trike ANNYA-3-6-D-D slowly boils the root vegetables to form her exquisite dishes  
~ various kinds of mash to you and me.....***

***On Saturday November 10th from  
6pm onwards @ 23 Vincent Close BR2 9ED***

***To reserve your place at the Feast of A Thousand Burps  
call the usual suspects, Al & Annya, on 020 8464 5793 or email [2xvpukkabird@beeb.net](mailto:2xvpukkabird@beeb.net)  
/ [rlstr1300@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:rlstr1300@yahoo.co.uk)***

## France Trip September 2008

Hi all,

What are you doing first week of September 2008? Not planned that far ahead? Then how about a week chilling, and sightseeing in France.



Saint-Berthevin-la-Tannier to be precise. You can even have a go at fishing should you wish, equipment and instruction if required will be available.

As most of you know Mary and I are regular visitors to a fishing venue named Les Burons which is situated on the Normandy/Brittany border approximately 15 miles East of Fougères.

The owners Rob and Lin have kindly offered exclusive use of the lake and grounds as a base camp for the first week in September 2008. Mary and I have already booked the venue as we are going for the fortnight anyway. There are "hard bivvies" along one side of the lake which can sleep two at a push, plus a six berth

caravan (although more suited for 4, you would have to be very matey with 6 of you) I imagine most would be more at home in tents.

The maximum they can handle at the site would be 12. If more wish to go nearby accommodation can also be arranged.

Plenty to see and do, good roads (but watch out for the French version of white van man - tractor man)

Have a look at the Les Burons web site [www.lesburons-carp-fishing-in-france.com](http://www.lesburons-carp-fishing-in-france.com)

Cost has yet to be confirmed but will consist of a basic "pitch" price plus meals. I can recommend the all in English breakfast and Lin's meals are something else. The only other cost would be a kitty for any bait etc for those wishing to have a go at catching a big one.

I anticipate a Friday overnight ferry from Portsmouth allowing a few beers some sleep and a fresh start for the 3hr ride to the lake. I plan to use the usual biker friendly 'travel agent' for the ferry booking so as to get as much discount as possible.

Have a think and if you have any questions just grab me or Mary (Spicedmorgan)

See you at the next meet

Have a Good One

Dave & Mary J

## GOLF ACCIDENT

Two women were playing golf. One teed off and watched in horror as her ball headed directly toward a foursome of men playing the next hole. The ball hit one of the men. He immediately clasped his hands together at his groin, fell to the ground and proceeded to roll around in agony.

The woman rushed down to the man, and immediately began to apologize. 'Please allow me to help. I'm a physical therapist, and I know I could relieve your pain if you'd allow me,' she told him. 'Oh, no. I'll be all right. I'll be fine in a few minutes,' the Man replied. He was in obvious agony, lying in the fetal position, still clasping his hands together at his groin. At her persistence, however, he finally allowed her to help.

She gently took his hands away and laid them to the side, loosened his pants, and put her hands inside. She administered tender and artful massage for several long moments, and then asked, 'How does that feel?'

He replied, 'Well, that feels great ....but my thumb still hurts like hell'.

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## They Get Worse

Apparently a 4ft tall clairvoyant has escaped from prison.  
police are warning that there is a....

SMALL MEDIUM AT LARGE

A lunatic escaped from the asylum , raped a woman doing her laundry, then did a runner.  
the headline in the paper read.....

.... NUT SCREW'S WASHER AND BOLTS

And if that's not bad enough

A man was arrested for pouring domestos on the fruit counter at waitrose..

He was charged with a bleach of the peach!!

## Being Rejected



This story begins at Lands End in 2006. Whilst on the ride out from the Pirates party in Camborne we met a couple called Nick and Julie who spoke the same language as us (South London), we passed the time of day as you do and then rode back to the party. Then came the international rally in Denmark as we were the only Pirates going, once again we were the Lone Riders. We had a quiet trip across the North Sea, disembarked and rode to the rally site. We found a quiet spot to pitch our tent by the beach under some trees. We then found ourselves surrounded by Cockney Rejects, who as we were on our own took us under their wing. Amongst this band of party animals were Nick and Julie, Ruth and AJ, Al and Annya and they showed us how the Rejects party. We had a great time.

Then we moved to the Custom Club Denmark. We spent a great day in Copenhagen with Nick and Julie.

We rode back to the ferry with Al and Annya and Nick and Julie, we sailed home, said our goodbyes and rode back to Devon promising to keep in touch. That was it for 2006. But promised ourselves we'd do as much as we could in 2007.

Dawn kept in touch with Julie, Ruth and Annya via e-mail during the winter.

We went to the Jumpstart party as Lone Riders but still had a great time.

We spent most of our time at the early Rallies with the Rejects, partying and dancing on tables. We had such a good time that we decided to switch centres and join the Rejects, which we did just before the Sherwood Shindig. It's the best thing we have done! We've made some good friends who are genuinely pleased to see you. Now our season is over we are at a loose end at weekends and can't wait for it all to start again, we are truly proud to have been Rejected.

Dawn and David.

# Brighton Burn up 9<sup>th</sup> September

We came we saw, we ate some ice cream and got sunburnt☺



What do cats put in their drinks.?

Mice cubes.



## Hangover Grading

### **1 star hangover**

No pain. no real feeling of illness. You slept in your own bed and when you woke up there were no traffic cones in there with you.

You are still able to function relatively well on the energy stored up from all those vodka and Red Bulls.

However, you can drink 10 bottles of water and still feel as parched as the Sahara.

Even vegetarians are craving a Cheeseburger and a bag of fries.

### **2 star hangover**

No pain, but something is definitely amiss. You may look okay but you have the attention span and mental capacity of a stapler.

The coffee you hug to try and remain focused is only exacerbating your rumbling gut, which is craving a full English breakfast.

Although you have a nice demeanour about the office, you are costing your employer valuable money because all you really can handle is some light filing, followed by aimlessly surfing the net and writing junk e-mails.

### **3 star hangover**

Slight headache. Stomach feels crap. You are definitely a space cadet and not so productive.

Anytime a girl or lad walks by you gag because the perfume/aftershave reminds you of the random gin shots you did with your alcoholic friends after the bouncer kicked you out at 1:45 am.

Life would be better right now if you were in your bed with a dozen doughnuts and a litre of coke watching daytime TV.

You've had 4 cups of coffee, a gallon of water, 2 Sausage Rolls and a litre of diet coke yet you haven't peed once.

### **4 star hangover**

You have lost the will to live. Your head is throbbing and you can't speak too quickly or else you might spew.

Your boss has already lambasted you for being late and has given you a lecture for reeking of booze.

You wore nice clothes, but you smell of socks, and you can't hide the fact that you (depending on your gender) either missed an oh-so crucial spot shaving, or, it looks like you put your make-up on while riding the dodgems.

Your teeth have their own individual sweaters. Your eyes look like one big vein and your hairstyle makes you look like a reject from a second-grade class circa 1976.

You would give a weeks pay for one of the following - home time, a doughnut and somewhere to be alone, or a Time Machine so you could go back and NOT have gone out the night before.

You scare small children in the street just by walking past them.

### **5 star hangover**

You have a second heartbeat in your head, which is actually annoying the employee who sits next to you.

Vodka vapour is seeping out of every pore and making you dizzy.

You still have toothpaste crust in the corners of your mouth from brushing your teeth.

Your body has lost the ability to generate saliva, so your tongue is suffocating you.

You'd cry but that would take the last drop of moisture left in your body.

Death seems pretty good right now. Your boss doesn't even get mad at you and your co-workers think that your dog just died because you look so pathetic. You should have called in sick because, let's face it, all you can manage to do is breathe ..... very gently.

## **6 star hangover**

You arrive home and climb into bed.

Sleep comes instantly, as you were fighting it all the way home in the taxi.

You get about 2 hours sleep until the noises inside your head wake you up.

You notice that your bed has been cleared for take off and is flying relentlessly around the room.

No matter what you do you now, you're going to chuck.

You stumble out of bed and now find that your room is in a yacht under full sail.

After walking along the skirting boards on alternating walls knocking off all the pictures, you find the toilet.

If you are lucky you will remember to lift the lid before you spontaneously explode and wake the whole house up with your impersonation of walrus mating calls.

You sit there on the floor in your undies, cuddling the only friend in the world you have left (the toilet), randomly continuing to make the walrus noises, spitting, and farting. Help usually comes at this stage, even if it is short lived.

Tears stream down your face and your abdomen hurts. Help now turns into abuse and he/she usually goes back to bed leaving you there in the dark.

With your stomach totally empty, your spontaneous eruptions have died back to 15-minute intervals, but your body won't relent.

You are convinced that you are starting to turn yourself inside out and swear that you saw your tonsils shoot out of your mouth on the last occasion.

It is now dawn and you pass your disgusted partner getting up for the day as you try to climb into bed. She/he abuses you again for trying to get into bed with lumpy bits of dried vomit in your hair.

You reluctantly accept their advice and have a shower in exchange for them driving you to the hospital.

Work is simply not an option.

The whole day is spent trying to avoid anything that might make you sick again, like moving.

You vow never to touch a drop again and who knows for the next two or three hours at least you might even succeed.

OK, now hands up all those who have never had a six star hangover!!

Thought so!!