

It's interesting that every time I am processed, and the officials ask for my number and I say it is BLANKS, they stare at me like they didn't hear me. This border was no exception. One of the customs guys insists on coming to see it for himself, and gives me a big handshake and smile. Obviously he likes it! And just out the border what do I see? A fuel station. Which means all the time I spent in *NDB* had been unnecessary. Oh well, better safe! My destination is *El Argoub*, which is about 300 km away, so off I go!



About 100 km from the border I come across another oasis! Hotel Barnas! But I figure, if this hotel is here, then there must be one at my destination, so I push on as dusk settles in. The landscape changes, and again I am struck by the emptiness and wonder of my surroundings.



As Dusk comes it brings along the cold! Very light traffic as I am now used to, and I arrive my destination! Stop at a filling station on the outskirts of the town and talk to the salesperson.



He assures me that there are no hotels in town, and that my best bet is to head to *Dakhla*, a town I can see by its bright lights to my left. But it's across the lagoon, and I have 80 km to ride to get to it!!

OK. Change of plan. Soldier on to *Dakhla*! Cruise in about 80 km later, and I am at once amazed at the beauty of this town.



Going down the main street, and I stop at the first hotel I see! The Hotel *Doumss*!



It's 371 DH a night! I pay, and walk up to my luxurious room for the night! But not before I am asked to park my bike beside the hotel entrance up the curb. Bikers appear to get a special

treatment here!! I deserve this, I think to myself, considering it's almost 11 pm. Wifi is up! Write my log for the day, and I am off to sleep!

July the 20th

Day 7- Dakhla to Tan-Tan, Morocco.

Temps: low- 22° | high- 36°

Distance covered- 850 kilometres

Woke up rather late. Guess from the late ride from the day before! Light complimentary breakfast, and I am set to leave! I find the man who serves my breakfast standing by the bike as I step out of the lobby door! Again we exchange smiles and words... his are French and mine are English! I put my case on and he points to my auxiliary tank with a questioning look. I explain it's for "essence", and he tells me not to worry, because Morocco is not Mauritania, and there is petrol everywhere here! Really? Yes! I decide to ditch my faithful keg which has served me so well! But from my experience, I would do just as well with a 10 litre can, which is what I intend to get for my return trip! He tells me that the next fuel station is about 175 km from *Dakhla*, and after that, about every 120 km. No problem I say, explaining that I can do 320 km on a full tank, easily! I take some pictures, and am off!



Fill up at the last station on the road out of *Dakhla*, and am off! At the station though, I get an answer to a question that's been on my mind since I got into Morocco... "how do they keep the sand at bay?" I am feeling very nice today, even though I am starting so late... it's almost 11 am!



The usual landscape continues... which I still haven't gotten quite used to... emptiness! It is so devoid of life that I have noticed that my helmet visor doesn't need cleaning during the day- there are no insects splattering on it... the air is that empty of life-form!

Temperature is a cool 22° as I travel on, but I remember the man at the hotel had told me that the forecast for today was with temperatures in the high 40s. None of that yet. I guess the winds from the ocean are winning the temperature battle for now. Then I take a turn, and all of a sudden the temperature begins to rise! I have never experienced such a sudden rise in temperature while riding. I look at the reading on the dash and it shows a higher figure every 5 to 10 seconds... sometimes jumping some figures as it climbs to the high of the day- 36°! This is like a thermal shock to my body and mind, as I can't understand what has just happened!

As I think about it, I figure that the western-bound winds blowing from the desert must have simply overcome the eastern winds! This sudden change in temperature allows me to evaluate the two situations! Yes! I prefer riding in the cold, thank you!

Well, I soldier on, and just as suddenly as before, the temperature drops! But this time it drops to 26°, and all else is more or less fairly "*normal*". The head winds inclusive! And these headwinds today are phenomenal! I noticed my tank bag had moved and I was wondering when it had happened as I straightened it. But a short while later I found it bent over again! So I straighten it and begin to observe! Apparently, the winds are so strong, they are pushing my tank bag! And the funny thing is that there is absolutely nothing (like bent over vegetation or the like) along the road to even give a hint of how strong the winds are.

But that's just the tip of the iceberg! I have noticed, since I left *Nouakchott*, that my range has reduced! From 320 km to 250-ish, and that at a speed of about 110 km/h. So I continue watching this figure as I go along! Now I have been having considerable hesitation from the bike since I left

Nouakchott, and when I got *WOT*, the engine even attempts to stall. I wonder if my fuel filter is blocked or what! Also, I had lost the GS911 app on my *BB* on my first day when the phone was acting up, so have no way to check what is going on.

I reach and pass the fuel station at the 175 km mark. I am looking at the range figure, the consumption figure, and the mile markers on the side of the road. Pretty soon I begin to realize I am 60 km short on petrol! Why on earth did I pass that station? And now I am going to run out of petrol in the middle of nowhere! And I don't even have my "auxiliary" can anymore! What to do?!

I drop my speed to 80 km/h, and watch my figures! Nothing really changes! So I begin to devise a plan! I will simply ride until my machine comes to a stop! Then I will hitch a ride with any of the truckers on the road to the next town, fill up a can, hitch a ride back, and it's done! In my mind, the goal now is to get as close as possible to the town so that I will reduce the distance that I would need to hike back and forth! Because I am going much slower than the limit (~100 km/h,) I am constantly looking in my mirrors to see what's happening behind me!

Soon enough I see a big shadow closing in on me. A truck is about to pass me, and I think about it for a while as the truck looms larger and larger in my mirrors. If my increase in consumption is on account of the cross/head winds, then if I have someone in front of me, I shouldn't have any problems! Ok! So the plan is hatched! As the truck passes, I will slip in behind it and see what happens!

I motion the truck to pass as I put on my right blinkers, and he passes. I immediately tuck in behind him with about 1 or 2 meters between us, and check my performance figures! Wow! My consumption figures now read 31 km/L... and that was from a figure of between 9 and 10 km/L! I ride this way for the next 40 km to the next stop, a police checkpoint! By this time I have no bars left on my fuel gauge. Which means my "official" range is 0 km. The police motion the truck on and ask for my passport. I watch as the truck disappears with my hope of reaching the next town, while the policeman leafs through the passport. He is done, and wishes me "*Bon voyage*". I start Blanks, wondering if I can still catch up with the truck. It's a battle, but eventually I catch him, and again my consumption figures improve!

One drawback of this my solution for the bike is an increase in temperature. I guess I was so well shielded by the truck that there was even not enough air blowing through to cool my engine! Oh well! Small price to pay! I keep my eyes on the temperature gauge though! Furthermore, I also observe that I am feeling quite tense! And why shouldn't I be?! Only two metres behind a truck,

zooming at 100 km/h! And with my brake lever covered by my throttle hand! But I realize that I have not seen a single pothole on the road since I got into Morocco, and I relax a bit!

We continue like this, and I figure I must be riding on vapours now, as the truck starts slowing down! Are we there yet? No we are not! Another checkpoint, but this time I can see the town in the distance! I come off the bike as my details are filled into this “*register*”! The policeman is very friendly! So friendly that he offers me a cigarette and tea before he asks for a gift! I give him 20 DH “for the Ramadan”, and ask where the next petrol station is! He points, and I can even see the signboard in the distance. So I am getting ready to leave, when the other police man at the post, the one who actually stopped me, comes over and says some stuff to my “*friend*,” who then turns to me and informs me that the minimum following distance is 30 metres, and that I had been too close to the truck!

Wow! These guys are on top of their game! Anyway, all is well, and I am off to buy some precious fuel! Blanks refuses to start until the fourth attempt, and I take it easy to the fuel station! Fill up with 18.3 litres! Means I had 0.2 litres or so left! Never again! New rule- fill up every 100 to 150 km. Period!

The riding conditions and the landscape don’t change much... more and more empty landscapes, and major head/cross winds. I do observe that some cars have covers over their head lamps. I can imagine that with the winds picking up sand, the drive can simulate a sand blasting process!



I arrive at *Laayoune*, which is a town even bigger than *Dakhla*. It’s 4-ish, and the town is beginning to stir. It’s also the Ramadan now, so there is virtually no activity until about 10/11 am. As I ride through the town I figure I should find something to eat, so I stop at a café. There appears to be some food ready, so I order lunch. A salad, some fish, and some hot soup. Its good, and I wolf it down!

I don't really have a target for today, as I decide to ride for as long as possible to get to the big town. Carry on out of *Laayoune*, and fill up on the outskirts. At the fuel station I meet an older man who speaks English. He tells me of a time when the Paris-Dakar race ran through here. He used to be a mechanic, and the best bike for the race then was Honda's *African Twin*. He also confirms the "wind situation", but tells me that when I am coming back, the wind will be working for me and not against me, as it is doing now. I have another drink while he fills me with stories of a different time. Interesting.

He tells me to be patient on the road, as he bids me farewell, and I am off again. I have noticed that here the road runs by the coast as it has been doing since Mauritania, but the elevation is about 30 metres or so. Once in a while I see some folks close to the edge. I can imagine it looks awesome. But somehow, I just can't get out of my mind the thought of slipping off and no-one knowing I had slipped. And my solitary bike standing on the road for God knows how long! No, I am not that curious!

But I stop at this place. A hole in the ground. It's been created by the sea having eaten away the earth beneath. It's amazing!



As dusk approaches I fix my target for today on *Tan-Tan*, a small town a couple more kilometres ahead. It's soon night, and I am riding with headlights on. There has been some considerable traffic since *Laayoune*, and it is a comforting feeling, not to be the only one for miles around. I ride round a corner, and see *Tan-Tan* laid out! It's quite a sight!



As I ride into town, I find a lot of shops still open! I stop at the first store selling car products, and ask for fuel Injector cleaner... perhaps this will help with the hesitation I am experiencing. I am offered tea, and wait while it's gotten from a neighbour's store. We talk a while, and I find out there is a hotel on the next street, and that also during the Ramadan, there is more happening at night than during the day. We take a picture together with me holding my prize, and I am off to the hotel.



Hotel located, I pay and am shown my room. I have seen better, but I am too tired, and didn't really notice any better options as I rode into town. It will have to do! Have a bath, a look at my maps, and its lights-out for me!!

July the 21st.

Day 8, Tan-Tan to Rabat, Morocco

Temps: low- 26° | high- 48°

Distance covered- 877 kilometres

Set out really early today, leaving *Tan-Tan's* best behind. The night before I had been asked to park the bike in a more secure manner.



I want to avoid riding at night, even though it is much cooler and the risk of running into an animal in the middle of the desert is next to nil. My thinking is that I need to get to *Rabat* early enough to rest enough. Pass through the city gates, and I am on my way.



It's all quite uneventful, and I make my first stop for fuel at a Shell fuel station. Have been meaning to clean the windshield and headlamp, so now is as good a time as any. Water from the station, and I am wetting the screen to soften the insects from Bamako. Two young boys appear from nowhere, and offer to help. I politely decline, but they insist. One produces a napkin and the other gets more water, and they start washing with me. I like their spirit, so after all their effort, I give them 5 DH each, mount up, and am off.



I am feeling quiet this morning, so a calm 100 km/h... with the sound of the passing air as my companion, I proceed. The rising sun sets the mood, and I follow... it's so beautiful. Pictures are just not good enough!



Very soon I come upon an accident. A truck has overturned. I must say that this is the first accident I'm seeing since I started my journey, and I now understand why! Already there are two Royal Gendarmerie officers at the spot taking pictures and measurements. They do this while also coordinating the traffic! The tow truck that will tow away the wreck is also on standby, waiting for them to finish their documenting, and I can imagine that in an hour, there will probably be no sign at all that anything had ever happened here! As I pass the wreck, I see that they came to the scene on two motorcycles- a BMW R1200, and a Honda ST1300 or something like that! Neat!

Now we hit the mountain range going to *Tiznit*! The road has been carved out of the side of the mountain, and as is typical with such roads, it twists and turns as it changes elevation.



Some turns are so tight that I have to slow down to 40 km/h! However, the tar is perfect and there is almost no debris on the road. Nevertheless, I reason that I would rather take it slow than risk ending my trip by enjoying the corners too much! The view is breathtaking, and I have to struggle to keep my eyes on the road, remembering the number one riding rule- you will go where you look! Lol!!



I pass several trucks, even though the unbroken white line in the middle of the road *officially tells me that* passing is forbidden. They are all labouring downhill like snails in first gear, with constant

breaking, and there's no way I'm suffering that tedious speed! Funny sight at the exit of the pass... a truck garage!

Passing through *Tiznit*, I notice it's about 9 am, and no one is out and about yet! This is a big town, and I spot several nice looking hotels along the main road. It's a definite likely stop on my return trip! It's the *Ramadan*, and today is a non-working day, so I guess that explains the morning 'ghost-town'! I have also been very particular about obeying the speed limit signs! There are also signs warning road users of radar checks! I have decided I won't be paying for any speeding tickets, but we shall see!

So I am moving along behind a truck doing 30 km/h in a 60 km/h zone, and I am wondering why? The cameras on the road are not on my mind as I decide I have had enough, and pull out to overtake. The good thing is that I waited for the white line to change to broken before I pulled out! My speed was approaching 60 when I sighted the radar gun aimed at me! I look again at my *speedo*, just to check that I am good, and keep at it. As I approach the police post, an officer motions me to pull over! No problem! He walks to me as I come to a stop and asks the usual question: "Nationality?!" I reply with the usual answer, and he motions me to proceed, so I am off.

The road turns into a dual carriage pretty soon, and I am heading into *Agadir*! The weather has been quite cool, and I have been thanking God for the seemingly cloudy skies! But all that is about to change, as I get onto the highway to *Marrakesh*. Make a stop for petrol, some snacks, and a drink! Fill up and offer my card! Sorry boss, we accept only cash! And I am fresh out of cash! Ok, what do we do? "Can you guys hold on while I go to an ATM?" "No problem!" "Really?" "Really!" "Ok!" So to the ATM I go, draw some cash, and dash back to pay my debt! Fill up with chips, yoghurt and Sprite. Temperature is now about 36°, and I have a brainstorm! What's wrong with dousing myself with water? So I go to the car wash and ask the guys washing a pay-loader to use the hose on me! They are surprised at my request, but oblige me, and we all have a laugh as they hose me down! I am now well soaked as I jump on the bike!

It feels so good to be cool again! The temperature keeps on rising on the tolled dual carriage, and eventually I see 48° C as I approach *Marrakesh*. But that's ok. In Tan-Tan the day before, I was told the temps had reached 54° C! In about 30 to 40 minutes, I am totally dry again, so it's time for another carwash stop! This becomes my new *eureka* routine, and I am wondering why I have never thought of it before! I promise to make this a habit, even when I get back to Nigeria. Riding in the low and high temps has different effects on me, I observe! Hot makes me drowsy! Cold keeps me alert and on point! So this is how I proceed to *Rabat*, and my night stop for the day!



I follow the road into the town and stop at the first hotel I see... *Oscar Hotel*. I am received so warmly by the staff that it's simply impossible to walk away in search of an alternative. They know their business! The promise of a good meal and accommodation are more than I can resist, and I am checking in immediately.



Fantastic Moroccan meal and tea.





Along with a 4-star accommodation, this soothes me, and I am in bed pretty early for the night. Tomorrow is going to be a slow push to *Tangier*, so it's all good!

July the 22nd.

Day 9- Rabat to Tangier, Morocco

Temps: low- 26° | high- 37°

Distance covered- 277 kilometres

I just don't get it! Breakfast consisting of just a bun or two, and some jam or butter along with a cup of coffee! This is certainly not the kind of breakfast I need, but what to do?! Apparently it's the French style. I have mine, smile, and step out of the hotel for a walk in the city! I might have been walking in the middle of the night for all the activity I saw! It was unbelievable. Almost everywhere was closed, and that is at 9:30 am! The Ramadan has serious implications for the socio-economic life here, and I can imagine that more or less, everything stands still during this month of fasting!

As there is nothing to see, I find my way back to the hotel, and get ready to leave! My goal is to get to Barcelona by ferry. However my search on the Internet has shown me that there is no service today, and the next ferry goes out tomorrow! So no hurry at all! I get on the road, and follow the main flow of traffic, keeping my heading in a north-easterly direction! I don't want to go on the expressway today (it being tolled

Has nothing to do with my decision, ☺), so I will avoid it as much as possible. As I make my way through *Rabat*, following the signs, I can see that this is a very modern city, complete with a very new and modern tram system.

I continue to follow the signs, and pretty soon I am at the city limits and on the road to *Tangier*! However, it becomes pretty clear that I will need to get off as soon as possible! The speed limit on this stretch is set at 60 or 80 at most sections of the road, and even though I am in no hurry, this speed is a bit too slow for me. And the police checks! Wow! Almost every 10 km. And the radar traps? On this short stretch of road, there were two! So I bide my time, and ponder on the reason why I should be on the expressway.

It is completely fenced in, so there is very low possibility of anything going across your path. It winds its way through the countryside, and avoids towns, so there are no distractions. The speed limit there is set at 120 km/h, so you can actually just pin it and forget about it. Nothing is going to cause you to need to slow down except you decide to. All good reasons to get on it. Only down side is that it's tolled! No wonder it's tolled!

At Kinitra, I join the expressway and immediately remember *WHY* I didn't want to be on it in the first place! There is absolutely nothing to stimulate one... except the road itself! And try as I may, I just can't find anything stimulating enough about the asphalt! Approaching *Tangier*, the road takes quite an engaging twist as it winds between railway bridges and over deep ravines. I wanted to stop for some pictures but I just knew that I mustn't. One interesting thing was all the farming that was going on. On one side there was the desert, and on the other was a lush farm, complete with a sprinkler system and all!

On and on I go, and pretty soon I am in Tangier, but I need to be at the new port, so I follow the signs to *Tangier Med*. On the last stretch of road before the port itself there is a long building, almost built into the hillside. There are agencies that are almost all selling tickets for the ferries. I ride past until I get to the end, and I figure I have time, so I might as well stop and ask some questions and see what's up. I come to a stop at the last agency, and walk into the office!

Mohammed greets me, and we start discussing pricing and routes! I find this young man very amiable, and explain my plan to him. He makes the suggestion of taking a ferry to *Sète* instead of *Barcelona*! This was also an option for me, except that I could not find any ferry that was going there from *Tangier*. He got on his computer, and pretty soon showed me the options. The ferry to *Sète* would leave 2 hours earlier than the one to Barcelona, and the price difference wasn't so much.

I considered the options and decided for *Sète*! What would I really miss in Spain? I had been told that everyone there spoke only Spanish anyway, and Mohamed had said the same thing too...

without my even asking! So Sète it is, and my ticket is ready! I ask for a hotel to spend the night in, and he tells me there is one just 100 metres back. No problem there either! Fantastic!

I stay with him and we chat a bit! Eventually our conversation comes back to ferries and travel, and he asks about my return. I explain that I have no set plans, but I might be taking a ferry from *Genova*. So again we get on the computer and pick a date and check the pricing. It's quite a sum, but it's two days on the ferry, and I have the cheapest ticket possible! Wow! "What other options are there?" I ask, and we look again! He shows me the prices from another Italian port, *Livorno*, and seeing that this one is \$100 cheaper, I take it. So now I have a set return date! All is well!

Mohammed invites me to come back to the office at 7:30 pm so I can share dinner with him as he breaks his fast. I promise to do just that, and head to the hotel! Very nice, clean room I have! Take a shower, and go for a very late lunch, overlooking the Spanish coast! It's really nice! I laze around, and soon it's 7:30 pm, and I am at Mohammed's. He explains to me that he is open 24 hours a day, because there are ferries leaving and arriving all day and night, and potential ticket sales always.

We eat together and spend a lot of time talking. This, for me, is the first time I have been able to have a real chat with anyone since I left Nigeria, and I am enjoying myself in our conversation!



It's 10 pm very quickly, and I prepare to return to the hotel, but not before we make the plans for tomorrow. He lets me know that we have to confirm the ticket, so I should come out around 10 am, as he closes at that time. I will then have to go to the port proper and confirm all the tickets, and I will be good to go! I bid him farewell, and go back to my hotel, my room and my bed! Thank you Jesus for a great day!

July the 23rd.

Day 10- The Crossing to Europe!

Today I cross into Europe! My ferry leaves at 8 pm, and I feel I have so much time on my hands! I have some “to-dos” for the day, and since I have so much time, I lie in bed till 8:30 am! Go to the restaurant and have the usual complimentary breakfast, and it’s off to the port for my ticket confirmations! Pass by Mohammed’s, and spend some time chatting! They show me a shrub growing by the side of the container office... turns out it’s marijuana!

Lol! Apparently, it grows wild here! I stay and watch the container (which is the second office) moved to a better position for “better publicity”, then bid them farewell!





Am at the port, and my ticket is confirmed. Also, I am told to come early as everything closes earlier than usual on account of the Ramadan! So item one, done! Now fill up with fuel! At the hotel, I have been told where to find the fuel station, so I cruise down there like I own the place! Pass several “*lavage*” points, and make a mental note they will help with my third “to-do”! The fuel station is just as described, and I have a full tank to hit Europe with! Now item 3... “*lavage*”, which means “*wash*”, and in my case, it’s bike wash! Stop at the place which I had marked earlier, and three guys pounce on *BLANKS* as I look on.



When they are done, I realize that my boys back home do a much better job. It's actually much more difficult to wash a bike than a car, as it has so many nooks and crannies where dirt can get into, and which then become almost impossible to reach to clean! But they have done the best they can, and I pay the bill like it's a car that was washed... 20 DH!

As I get back to the hotel, I am amazed at the extent to which this lady is taking her job of cleaning windows seriously. I take a picture to show her dedication to folks back home. And all for a monthly wage of less than 1,500 DH (I am told).



A final check on my e-mail and stuff, and I am ready to roll! I pack my bags, load up, and head for the port! Bikes are given priority here, because the rider is exposed to the elements, and so the security officials motion me to come to the head of the Immigration queue, where my passport is promptly stamped out! Then it's up to Customs, and very quickly, they are done with me too! Shock of shocks! A temporary Moroccan license didn't cost me a dime! I had thought that I will be billed on exit, but nothing like that! So I am out of the control points, and ride to *Pier 8*, where my ferry, *The Fantastic*, sits!

Now we all wait to board! And of course, I have ridden easily to the head of the queue!





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Boarding starts at about 3 hours to departure, and the ferry doors are not shut till about 3 minutes to departure. We wait another 15 minutes, as another ferry has entered the harbour, and is berthing! Shortly we start to move... painstakingly slowly at first (so there is no chance of hitting the pier) then once we are cleared of the harbour mouth, its full speed ahead! I check with the GPS and find that we are doing ~ 45 km/h.

Nothing more to see, as it is dark already, and I go to look for something to eat!

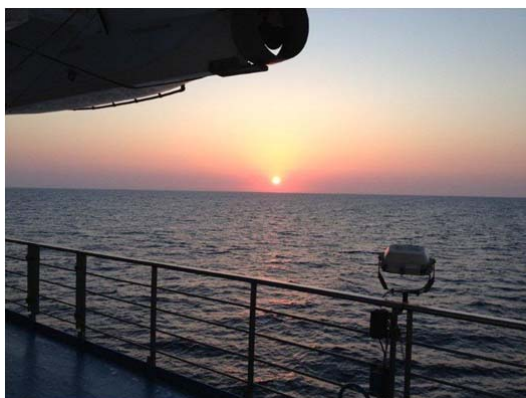


Sorry, but no Nigerian food in any of the three restaurants on board, and I have to settle for a kebab... which turns out fairly ok! Dinner done, try to buy some wifi credit, but when that fails, I go off to sleep! In the “*pullman*” seats! Sleep could be better, as it gets pretty cold during the night, but I manage to get about 5 hours in before it’s 7 am, and all the activity around me makes it impossible to continue. So off for some breakfast, and to see what the day will bring! I feel I have about 8 hours of riding to get to Paris from Sète, but I have to check with the map! I would love to see my girls tonight! That thought has me smiling already!

July the 24th.

Day 11

But I have miscalculated, and we arrive Sète tomorrow, and not today! Oh well!! What to do?! Spend the day loafing around, and capturing the view. A chat with one of the crew tells me that the ferry is less than 30% full! Really!



Soon enough nighttime comes, and it's back to my "Pullman accommodation". Try to get some sleep with minimal success, and can hardly wait for the next day, when we arrive Sète.

July the 25th.

Day 12

It's so good to see the harbour that is Sète!



Formalities only consist of a stamp in my passport, and I am riding in Europe in no time. The GPS plots the fastest way to Roissy, and I am off!



I must confess that I do end up having my photo taken once... but that's not important, ☺ !!



Evening finds me in Paris and with my Family, and the start of my rest days!

July the 26th.

Day 13

Fix the Hesitation!

Blanks had actually been acting up all the way from Mauritania. The hesitation has not gone away! So my first goal for today is to get this sorted. I spend some time on the internet, and find the closest dealer to Roissy, where my family has hired an apartment. "*BM Bymycar Noisy*", on Rue de Paris. Great! Enter the address on the GPS, and about 15 minutes later, I am there!

To put it mildly... I have never been so well catered for by any Dealer... ever!

The head mechanic, Rudy, got on my bike, and didn't let up till about 1:30 pm... well after his lunch break had started!



He plugged Blanks into the diagnostic equipment and that did everything that the GS911 would have done, but no joy. Recall was done, fuel pump controller, fuel pump, throttle body sync... we even put in new plugs... but nothing would solve the problem.



After a brainstorming session, the workshop manager, Cedric, goes to the showroom and returns with a brand spanking new GS, and proceeds to take out the fuel tank. Changing the tanks finally solved the problem, and we realized that even though the fuel pump was running, it obviously was not delivering the right pressure. New fuel pump installed, and all is well!



I also ask Cedric to reprogram the bike and remove the *RDC (TPMS)* from the *CAN*! The wheel sensors had failed a long time ago, and I had since changed to an after-market system from Orange.