



Bikers

Karak Highway – 2002



I was driving up the Karak Highway the other day with The Wife, when a most extraordinary thing happened. You see, we were going to visit Dato' Johari (Pahang's renowned nature conservationist, property developer and logger), when The Wife suddenly gripped my arm.

“Slow down, Hamid!” squealed The Wife, and then in

between bursts of her unpronounceable European language she added, “There is trouble ahead!”

Sure enough, before us was an enormous ugly-looking group of bikers. Like a dark menace covering the road as far as the eye could see, stretched a convoy of men on huge motorcycles.

“Don’t worry *sayang*,” I soothed, “I’m sure they mean us no harm.”

But The Wife quickly whipped herself into a state of near-hysteria.

“How can you be so sure? They might be a one of those Negro motorcycle gangs!”

“*Sayang*, there is no such thing as a Negro motorcycle gang, and certainly not in Temerloh.”

Every time we edged our car forward to overtake, these blasted bikers would block our way. Eventually, I found a gap between the motorcycles and the oncoming Perwaja Steel lorries and dashed past with The Wife screaming for me to go faster.

There ensued a short chase with these terrifying motorcycles until one of their lead riders crashed into a roadside durian stall, creating one of the smelliest auto accidents in Malaysian history.

The Wife and I were in a terrible state and decided to stop at the Temerloh rest house for some tea and their splendid fish and chips. I remember this serene rest house atop a hill overlooking the majestic Pahang river from when I was a youngster.

It was here that we would stop on our way to MCKK after the holidays. There was Hassan (ADO, Raub), Nasaruddin (KCMG and HH, of course), Yeop (MBE and Secretary to HH, Kelantan) and ‘Donny’ Othman (DADO, Kuala Lipis). I remember the laughter, the tears and the carsickness like it was yesterday.