

**Our intrepid team cover
1,700 miles to Scotland and
back aboard a Kawasaki
ZZR1100, BMW K1 and
Honda CBR1000**

TAKING THE HIGH ROADS

As a patriot Englishman from the Land of the Angles, my love for Scotland is well documented and well known. If I could, I would live there; eat haggis and 'neeps', drink Famous Grouse, enjoy the warmth and hospitality, photograph the spectacular landscape and ride the magnificent roads. Perhaps I really was Bonnie Prince Charlie in my previous life. I certainly agree the Jacobites and Stuarts received a raw deal in the 18th century, and in 1746 if I had been a resident of Derby, I would have joined the ill-fated march against the oppressive Hanoverians. But I wasn't, and I didn't, and the rest is history! (Sympathy for the Stuarts and their champions should in no way be taken to mean MCR endorses rebellion or the restoration of a Catholic monarchy, besides, James I was the Richard Nixon of his age! Dep Ed.)

I have to content myself with a yearly sojourn to where my heart spends most of its time. Indeed, I had just returned from a one-and-a-half thousand miles tour of the Western Highlands when I barely had time to repack and take the high-road again on behalf of MCR, but this time in the company of Editor Chris Frankland and his hard-charging friend, John Whitehouse. The idea was to take three desirable bikes and ride them over some of the most testing roads in the world. The bikes chosen were the well-established Honda CBR1000F, Kawasaki's new rocketship the ZZR1100 and BMW's prestigious K1.

The Honda was collected by Chris, and John went to Bourne End to pick up the ZZR1100. In the meantime, I was taking delivery of the K1 from BMW's Press Officer, the lovely Lorna Arnold. (I don't need a lot of persuading to go to Bracknell!)

The K was shod with a brand new set of Michelin radials, which badly needed 'scrubbing-in'. I did a 500 mile return trip to North Wales, the day before our Scotland run, so that was one problem taken care of. Unfortunately, there were others. At 6ft 3ins, my lanky frame was not well suited to the K1. The ride left me stiff-legged and with badly aching shoulders.

For an out-and-out sports motorcycle (BMW's designation), I thought the riding position was ridiculous. I think the K1 is the only sports bike where the rider sits bolt upright! This is bad enough, but when it is allied to wide bars, which force your arms out into the airflow from the fairing, and footrests which are much too high, you'll get some idea of what I mean. The latter problem was the worst. My knees were bent at such an acute angle that the muscles and flesh of my upper thighs and buttocks were stretched taut. This removed any softness from my not-too-ample seat and emphasised every bump and undulation in the road. The dual-seat is shaped in such a way that there is really only one place to sit. You cannot compensate for a tall stature (or short one) by moving slightly backwards or forwards. You are simply stuck where BMW have decided to put you! Not very clever!

DAY ONE - Friday

I had arranged to meet Chris and John at the Little Chef, at the Bedford turn-off, near Sandy on the A1, at 8:30am. I packed just enough clothes for 4 days into a BMW tank bag and fitted a small Tamrac camera bag inside the semi-soft (or is it semi-hard?) seat-case, which was part of a superb set of luggage that had been supplied with the bike. I elected not to use the twin saddle-bags - which could be zipped onto the side of this box-like case - reasoning that these might slightly affect the handling of the machine. At 7:30am I fired up the 16 valve motor and headed for London's North Circular. It had started to rain.

We all arrived within a few minutes of each other, ate a hearty breakfast and about an hour later joined an average flow of traffic heading north. The rain had turned into a fine, misty drizzle and some of the big rigs were spewing out so much spray that overtaking became a matter of 'point and shoot'. Just point the bike in the direction of the gap along the right hand side of the rig and shoot the bike through as quickly as possible. Not terribly precise perhaps, but mighty effective!

**The rain had turned
into a fine, misty
drizzle and some of
the big rigs were
spewing out so much
spray that overtaking
became a matter of
'point and shoot'**



I was thankful I had already 'scrubbed-in' the Michelins the previous day, because the KI was not at home in those sort of conditions. Each time I overtook a rig the buffeting I received also went right through the bike causing it to oscillate alarmingly. BMW's wind tunnel obviously doesn't have gusting sidewinds, a 6 ft 3in. rider and a water cannon. Pity really, because there could have learned a great deal and produced a really 'slippery' bike!

I had been charged with planning the routes for all four days and Chris asked me to include the A15 and A19 in the trip up to Scotland. It was with some relief I led the other two bikes off the A1 at Norman Cross and onto the A15. On the twisty Lincolnshire and Yorkshire roads the KI was much more at home and the Michelins evoked confidence in the whole plot. Despite the rain I was beginning to experience a perverse pleasure in riding the beast. At medium road speeds the bike was at its best, the Michelins clung tenaciously to all surfaces and rapid overtakes could be carried out with supreme confidence. The over-light steering and general 'floppiness' of the bike could actually be used to advantage when 'traffic hopping'.

KI Flat Spot

One curious phenomenon I noticed, confirmed by Chris and John later, was a flat-spot in the BMW's 16-valve engine which the 8-valver lacks. It sets in around 5,000rpm, and power does not really get going again until 7,000rpm, leaving a nasty midrange flatspot just where you need a good spread of power for overtakes.

Behind me Chris was finding the Bridgestone radials of the CBR a superb match. The combination of a smooth power delivery, a comfortable riding position and good tyres gave the bike a safe, rock-like quality. John, on the other hand, was having a less than enjoyable ride on the ZZR. Of the three bikes this was the one that needed most concentration in the wet. The awesome power delivery had to be carefully controlled in these conditions and the Dunlop radials made the task even harder. Having experienced them myself I could imagine the problems John was having. What makes a tyre good (or bad) in the wet isn't down to whether they grip or 'let go', it is more a matter of how much feel, or feedback, you get from the rubber. Dunlop radials don't appear to have the ability to communicate with the rider in this way, and in consequence you are never quite sure how far you can push them. Perhaps it is something to do with what seems to be a hard compound, but in fairness they never slid once and neither John nor myself (later) experienced any real 'moments'. I guess we both erred on the side of safety.

Delights of Hull

The Humber bridge was the first of four spectacular bridges we were to cross during the four days. It was the only one in England and the only one which charged a toll for motorcycles. In this case it was 70p for bike and rider. Shortly after this I lead us into Hull by mistake, and this was costly in terms of time and frustrating in the extreme. The traffic was appalling and the awful one-way system didn't help! We had one of those situations where we could see the road we wanted and couldn't reach it! Ten minutes and two U-turns later we

were back on course and taking the long road out of Hull (and high water?).

By the time we reached Scotch Corner the rain had virtually stopped. Wind was the only problem now, but then it always is on the A66. We decided the bikes would be swapped at every fuel stop and therefore we would enjoy equal mileage on each. Heading for Penrith and the last 20 miles of the M6, I was aboard the ZZR.

Unfortunately, the A66 has now become a much wider road due to constant improvement, and these days is over-populated by more of the big rigs we had previously encountered on the A1. Nevertheless, the three bikes in echelon had few problems with the sporadic knots of congestion, which was invariably led by one of those rigs. We were even able to let the machines 'stretch-out' for a few miles - here and there.

The ZZR is one of those bikes which is easy to adapt to. Predictable and neutral steering, allied to a good riding position, provided feel and control within minutes of climbing aboard. The confidence the rider had in the bike could easily prove his undoing! I was very conscious of the thundering power delivery of which the bike was capable. I knew it would deliver whatever I wanted, when I wanted - and it did!

The time lost in bad weather and heavy traffic - during the early part of the ride - was partially made-up by a fast charge down the A74, through the Scottish borders. During this period I was on the CBR and, to my surprise, found the fairing to be the best of the three bikes. Both the BMW and Kawasaki screens were inadequate at speed and let through a great deal of wind pressure onto my shoulders. Despite a heaviness in steering (or under-steer?), which I dislike intensely, the CBR had no vices and was a very civilised machine. It seemed to accommodate my size better than the other two bikes, and at high revs in the upper gears was more stable than any machine I had ever ridden.

During the last 12 months the Scots have abolished the 10p toll for motorcycles on the Erskine Bridge and we were able to ride through without that irritating search for money. With the inside lane closed because of road works, that fabulous view of the Clyde estuary was not quite as accessible as usual.

Thirty minutes later we arrived at our destination, which was the Winnock Hotel in the small village of Drymen, situated close to the south-east bank of Loch Lomond. The ride had taken 11 hours, including stops and the mileage readouts were a little in excess of 550 miles. Our 'roundabout' trip had added almost 110 miles to the more direct motorway route.

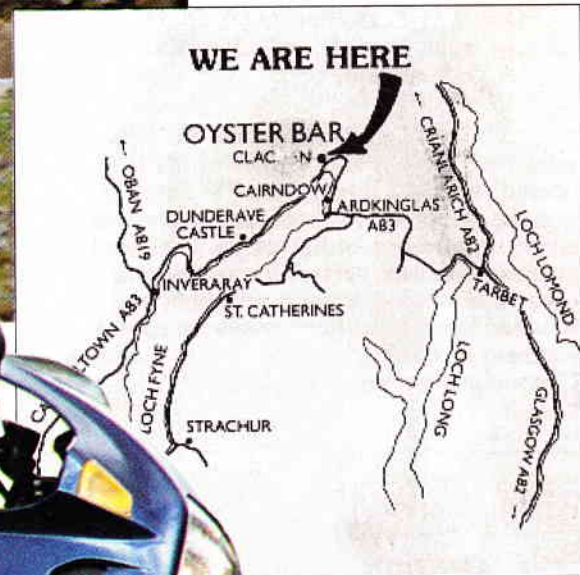
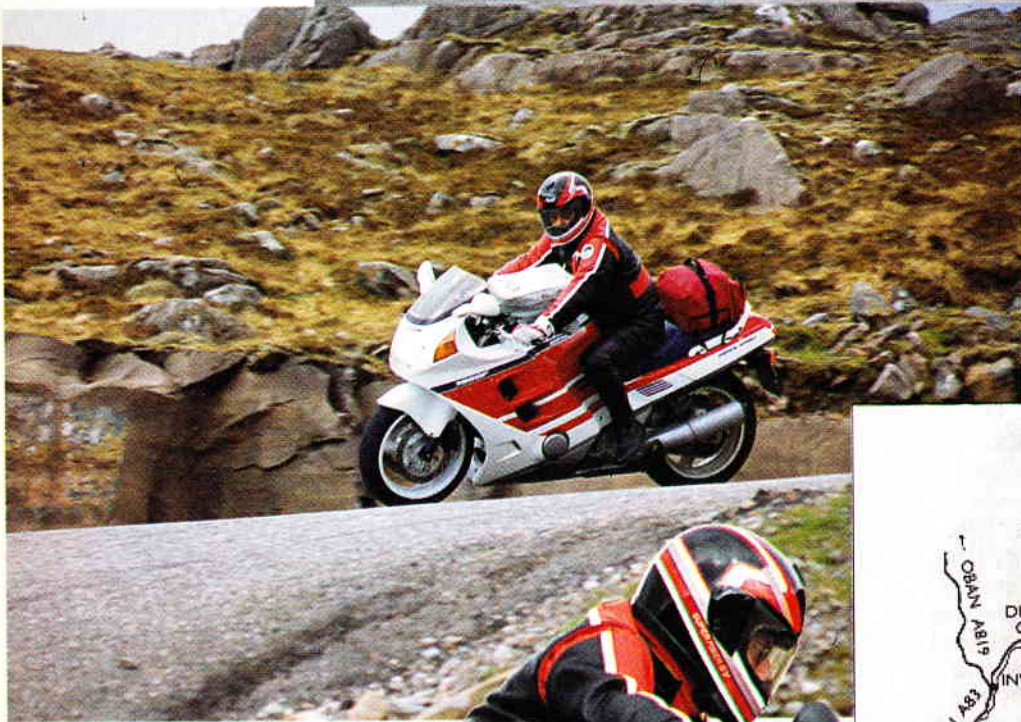
The aftermath of the ride had left me feeling very stiff around the shoulders and this was almost certainly due to that early stint on the KI. My cure for this particular problem is one I can heartily recommend. It starts with a long soak in a hot bath, with everything but the head submerged. This is followed by a truly excellent meal, washed down with good wine or drink, and then a 'few' leisurely drams of Famous Grouse. Follow this procedure and you will retire feeling absolutely no pain!

DAY TWO - Saturday

Our destination was Invergarry, the sun was shining and the route anything but direct. Chris and John wanted a variety of all types of road







and I was determined they were going to get it!

I fitted BMW's smart luggage onto the K1, whilst Chris and John loaded the other two bikes with identical (and extremely good) Baglux magnetic tank bags, courtesy of Abasport. On the dual seats were RaceMate carry-alls (just how much clothing do these guys need for four days!?).

Leading, once again on the BMW, I turned off the main A82 trunk road at the village of Arden and headed cross-country to Gairlochhead. The road was one of those twisting, diving singletrack roads which abound in Scotland. Great care must be taken on these because of unseen, oncoming traffic and sheep which stroll around with complete disregard for their safety, as well as anyone else's!

From Gairlochhead, the A814 to Tarbet is 10 miles of pure torture, fun and concentration. There cannot be more than 50 yards of straight road without encountering a tight, hairpin bend, or blind hump. Pushing hard on the K1 was easy. The bike revelled in this sort of road and was at its very best. The extraordinary lightness of steering was now a decided advantage and as I enjoy this kind of riding, we were both in our element! The only thing that marred the ride were a few errant sheep and a couple of errant motorists, but they were minor irritations and easily dealt with. Meanwhile, both Chris and John were having their moments. Chris getting the CBR airborne at one stage and John braking to avoid a bemused and obviously deaf sheep! Despite this, both bikes behaved well and proved they could also cope with Scotland's 'eccentric' roads.

The Old & The New

Hitting the 30mph restriction we cruised sedately into the small town of Tarbet, at the southern tip of the beautiful Loch Long. On the wide pavement, right in front of the loch's shore were about a dozen, old British and other classic bikes. We parked amongst them and started a prolonged 'eyeballing' and photographic interlude. After about fifteen minutes their owners appeared and a number of animated conversations started. How old was this? How fast was that? Where did you get those Amal carbs? What is it worth these days? Is that original equipment, etc etc? They were members of the West Scotland Classic Motorcycle Club and were on their way to Lochgoilhead (about 30 miles) to link up with a similar Irish group.

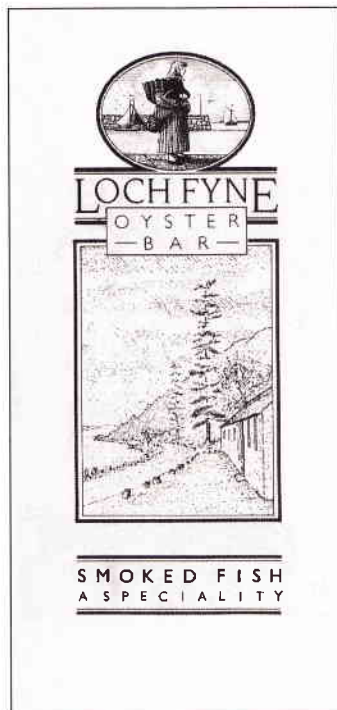
After a home-made ice cream, dispensed from a small van by a lovely Scots lady, the WSCMC departed in clouds of smoke and scores of nostalgic decibels. It brought back a few memories, but I refuse to go into further detail!

Following a visit to the only public convenience I have ever been in with a reception area, we refuelled and swapped bikes. I was back on the ZZR and, with little prospect of the group getting lost, it was my turn to be 'tail-end' Charlie. But lunch was required before the serious business of the afternoon. Just down the road, a few miles ahead, was Loch Fyne's renowned Oyster Bar, situated on the banks of Loch Fyne, amazingly enough! John led on the CBR and from the way he rode, was obviously very hungry!

The Oyster Bar must be one of the best seafood restaurants anywhere. The meal we had was unbelievable. I decided on a plate of

Langoustines (like large King Prawns), whilst Chris and John attacked a seafood platter consisting of oysters, prawns, dressed crab and salad. We washed it all down with a glass of Smithwick's alcohol-free bitter, which is probably the best of this type of drink I have yet tasted (it's a hard life - road testing motorcycles!).

Back on the road to Inveraray and John had previously complained that the CBR felt 'gutless' after a stint on the ZZR! He wasn't doing too bad though and at the back I was having to work very hard to stay in touch. Initially, I was erring on the side of safety. Throughout the trip it always took me a few miles to adjust to the



ZZR's rapid approach to corners. To make sure I was judging speed correctly I found it necessary to brake early and change down an extra gear. Gradually though, I was able to get used to the 'performance shock' and exploiting the ZZR's tremendous power, slowly pulled back the gap which usually opened between us.

The bends in Scotland are often constant radius and very rarely tighten-up on you, and the surface is invariably good. This road - the A83 - was a good example and most corners were taken high in the rev band, in fourth or fifth gear. The Kawasaki (shod with Dunlop radials) handled well, and on tighter, sweeping bends felt like it was boring a hole in the ground, so tenacious was its road holding ability. We certainly weren't getting much chance to admire the spectacular scenery.

Once past Loch Fyne, after the run into Inveraray, we turned right onto the A819 for a fifteen mile blast to Dalmally. The roads continued to be quick and smooth, apart from one five-mile stretch, which had just been resurfaced with granite chips. The surplus still lay on the surface and speeds dropped rapidly as we treated this surprise packet with the utmost respect.

The weather was at its best now with bright, warm sunlight, spoilt only by gusting side winds. We made rapid progress and picked-up the

A82 once again at Tyndrum. Gradually the roads became straighter and straighter and for the first time I thought Rannock Moor looked beautiful. I had always crossed this bumpy, forbidding stretch of moorland in bad weather, usually rain, but today it was magnificent. However, the speed of travel didn't afford me much time to enjoy the panoramic splendour that dominated my forward and peripheral vision. Instead, I had to concentrate hard on controlling the bucking ZZR and on a number of occasions found my backside lifted clear of the seat. There is no doubt that the suspension is a little hard and not very forgiving, but this obviously contributes to the excellent handling in all other respects. It was (for my taste) preferable to that of the K1, which had a tendency to skip over small humps and almost leap over larger one, even with the setting on soft. The CBR was probably the best compromise of the three bikes, with good comfort and good all-round handling.

Wind on this stretch also showed up another problem. The fairing of the ZZR wasn't entirely adequate for high-speed road use and a terrific amount of pressure was once again hitting me square on the shoulders. Throttling back a bit for Glencoe, the descent was a little slower, not because of the famous views, but because the bends tighten up quite a lot.

Instead of continuing over the bridge at Ballachulish and into Fort William, we took the old road to Kinlochleven. This is a 15 mile loop around even more stunning scenery and the road is winding, undulating and fast. Simply terrific!

K1 Capers!

John set a fast pace on the CBR, with Chris following on the K1. This little jaunt provided me with the best entertainment of the whole trip. The pace was so hot poor Chris was having to 'wring the neck' of the K1 and the beast didn't like it one little bit! It not only threatened to get out of shape more than once, it did get out of shape! From the rear I could see the bike twist and buck, the whole combination of bike and rider a straining, weaving unit as it went deep into the corners, hard on the brakes, ABS working overtime. But Chris wouldn't give best to the beast, he just drove it through everything. Perhaps sitting on the K1 wasn't as bad as sitting behind it (don't you believe it! - Ed) and I guess I had it easy, because the ZZR gave me time to observe the antics in front!

After Chris's ride on the BMW, anything would have been an anti-climax and we arrived at the Craigard Guest House in Invergarry in good time for a bath and dinner.

DAY THREE - Sunday

Our luck was holding. It was another fine, sunny day and we started the ride on my favourite Scottish road, the A87. I was on the CBR for the first part of day and slotted-in behind Chris on the ZZR and John on the K1. We took the long climb out of Invergarry fairly leisurely, but on the descent down through the Beinneun Forest the pace started to hot up. This was only interrupted by yet another stretch of those loose granite chips, liberally coating the road surface. This stretch was appalling and even riding with the utmost care I could feel the back end of the Honda sliding and wiggling beneath me. Peace of mind was just a matter of ignoring

what was happening and in reality this wasn't as bad as it actually felt. Luckily we only had to ride on this surface for a few miles and then it was back on the gas!

As usual I was a little slow getting in the groove and the other two bikes started to pull away. I knuckled down to some intense concentration and started to push the CBR a bit harder. Slowly I worked myself into some sort of rhythm and began to close the gap. Then it happened.

From sixth gear I braked and changed into fifth on the approach to a partially blind, sweeping righthander. As the bend unfolded it was a little tighter than I had estimated. I shifted down another gear and cranked into the bend with the bike pulling hard in fourth. I cut the apex about right, and noticing the wider exit to the bend, purposely allowed the bike to drift a little so that I could feed in more power. Just as the tyres reached the edge of the tarmac the back end 'let go'.

Everything happened so quickly I am still not quite sure what actually occurred. My bottom came right out of the seat to such an extent that my legs completely straightened. The bike suddenly gripped and flicked upright and the bars kicked violently left and right. I came down, back into the seat, with a bang. The CBR was upright and pointing straight down the road and by some miracle I was still aboard and still in control. I think the rear tyre probably slid on a small patch of gravel (or silt) as there were definitely no 'marbles' on the edge of the road. Perhaps when it 'gripped' the rear wheel actually clipped the side verge, but I'm not sure.

I went in too hard on the next bend and had to overbrake. For the following fifteen miles I did not ride well and eventually, just as I started to get back to normality, John and Chris slowed for me. We rode at a slightly reduced pace for the next ten miles and after turning off onto the A890, I took the lead. I was okay now and we were back on a winding, demanding road that required all my concentration. By way of compensation I set a hot pace as we skirted the banks of Loch Carron and headed for Applecross.

Pass of Cattle

Turning left at Tornapress onto a minor road took us past Kishorn Bay where there are usually a number of oil rigs being refitted. Today the bay was clear and open, and looked beautiful in the weak, hazy sun. The single-track road was too demanding to afford more than a quick glance at the scenery and I had little option but concentrate on the blind corners that led us gradually higher towards the famous, 'Pass of Cattle'.

The pass reaches a height of nearly 3,000 feet and is not as forbidding as would seem. The climb is at first gradual, with bends that are not too demanding, but there is a sheer drop for hundreds of feet if you do get them wrong. The last half-dozen hairpins are vaguely alpine, but extensively widened so that even a vehicle with limited lock can negotiate them. The experience is pure spectacle. Instead of looking at magnificent mountain scenery, you are a part of it, and it surrounds and encompasses your very being. It is an experience which is uplifting and immensely humbling and nature's longevity becomes the mother of man's insignificance.

Once over the pass the single-track roads continue down through the Applecross Forest

and into the tiny village. Turning right at the post office took us around the periphery of the bar and a further 25 miles to the fairy-tale village of Shieldaig. This was the most variable scenery of the whole trip. It starts with what appear to be a 'moon-like' terrain with scattered boulders, isolated trees and the occasional derelict house. This gives way to stunning coastal views of tiny islets and sheer cliffs. Finally there are brief excursions into forest and scrub, before Shieldaig Bay commands your attention with its Shangri-La like quality.

After lunch, John left us to return home and took the ZZR with him! Chris was aboard the CBR now and I had drawn the short straw - the K1! We headed for Loch Torridon, the Kessock Bridge (toll free) and ultimately Inverness.

From the rear I could see the bike twist and buck, the whole combination of bike and rider a straining, weaving unit as it went deep into the corners, hard on the brakes, ABS working overtime

DAY FOUR - Monday

Bikes carefully loaded, we left the Windsor House Hotel on Ness Bank at 9:30am with the usual excellent Scottish breakfast inside us. With another 550+ miles to go we were well fortified...and the sun was shining! No 'fancy' routes this time, just a hard charge to get us home.

The A9 to Perth is one of the fastest trunk roads in Britain and can be ridden with the engine pulling high revs in sixth gear (or fifth on the BMW). Although it is possible to get to Perth in 'double-quick' time this advantage can easily be negated if you require fuel, as we did. There isn't one filling station on the road itself and a diversion - often a few miles through traffic - has to be taken into one of the towns which the road by-passes. We visited Dalwhinnie.

Across the Forth Road Bridge, which is also toll free to motorcyclists, we picked up the A71 at Shotts and headed for the A74. There were a couple of police traffic patrol cars on this stretch and at least one of them was using a radar gun. Naturally, we were observing the legal limit. Shortly after this we encountered a swarm of greenfly, at speed, and a few miles later had to stop to remove three thick layers and an undercoat!

Once again we left the M6 and sped across the A66 to Scotch Corner. We had the best of the traffic as there were huge knots of congestion heading west, and probably north.

The rest of the trip along the A1 was virtually incident-free and arrival time in smokey

old London was 7:15pm.

Total mileage for the four days had been just over 1,700 hard-ridden miles. Petrol consumption figures were finally worked out and proved quite revealing and a little surprising.

We knew the CBR was the most thirsty of the three bikes. All our petrol stops were dictated by whoever was riding the Honda. At its worst, when hard-ridden, the bike returned 32.7 mpg and this was on those fast, high-speed Scottish 'sweepers'. On the trip up to Scotland, in the rain, the CBR managed a high of 44.7 mpg and the overall average for 1,700 miles was 38.7 mpg. The fuel gauge is hopelessly inaccurate, but expect to go onto reserve at around 120 - 130 miles.

The BMW returned an overall average consumption of 43.5mpg. Its best performance was on the trip home, where its aerodynamics enabled a figure of 49.1mpg. Driven hard it returned a worst of 38.2mpg. Low fuel is indicated by a glowing red light set into the speedometer, and this will come on anytime after 130 - 150 miles. There is no reserve tap.

Apart from being the quickest of the three bikes, the Kawasaki ZZR was also the most economical. Its best consumption was obviously in the rain, with an excellent 51.4mpg! Hard ridden it was about the same as the BMW, returning 38.9mpg. There are two low fuel lights on the ZZR, which come on in unison anytime after 140 miles. Usefully, Kawasaki provide two trip mileometers, so that one may be zeroed when you fill up, and the other left to record the total mileage of your journey. Overall average was a surprising (to me) 44.1mpg, though Chris tells me that when he owned a ZX10 he often achieved similar returns.

Conclusions

In our own way, we enjoyed all three bikes. Even the BMW, which came in for a lot of criticism, had its moments. I personally enjoyed riding it over tight, demanding roads and (earlier) I discovered that it could be zipped through London traffic with ease. Its fairing left a lot to be desired, however, and its knife-edge feel did not always inspire confidence.

But when we returned the K1 to Bracknell, the mechanic informed us that it was leaking oil from its steering damper, and that this may have explained our comments about 'knife-edge' steering. We will be riding the K1 again for the next issue, and will report further. Its midband flatspot was also intensely annoying, especially for brisk overtakes, but on the plus side, its brakes are an immense improvement over those of the K100, being amongst the most progressive we have ever used.

The CBR was all things to all riders (!) and a superb, fast and civilised machine. It had the best fairing of all, which was a bit of a surprise. It did however lack the top end poke of the superb Kawasaki engine.

The ZZR though, was the bike that got the adrenaline pumping, but was much more than just a 'mean machine'. It was good mannered, tractable and comfortable, although its suspension was hard. Shame about the useless fairing, which means that nobody will ever be able to take advantage of the high speeds of which the machine is reputedly capable. Mind you, the engine though was the sweetest and torquiest of the three, and it seems Kawasaki will doubtless sell them by the truck load! ■



Above: Tiring work this roadtesting - the horizontal Whitehouse



Right: Pass the insect repellent - a swarm of greenfly commits mass suicide!



HONDA CBR1000F

Engine	Water-cooled in line 4cyl
Power	127.2PS @ 9,500rpm
Torque	10.4kg/m @ 8,000rpm
Capacity	998.4cc
Bore/stroke	77mm x 53.6mm
Compression ratio	10.5:1
Carburation	4 x 39mm Keihin
Transmission	6 speed
Suspension (front)	41mm teleforks
	(rear) Pro-Link monoshock
Brakes (front)	4-piston 2x296mm disc
	(rear) 1x 2-piston 276mm disc
Tyres (front)	120/70VR17 radial
	(rear) 170/60VR17 radial
Dry weight	232.4kg
Wheelbase	1512mm
Seat height	760mm
Fuel capacity	21 litres
Price	£5899

BMW K1

Engine	watercooled longitudinal 4cyl
Power	100bhp @ 8,000rpm
Torque	10.2kg/m @ 6,750rpm
Capacity	987cc
Bore/stroke	76mm x 70mm
Compression ratio	11:1
Carburation	Motronic fuel injection
Transmission	5 speed
Suspension (front)	Teleforks
	(rear) Monolever
Brakes (front)	2x285mm discs
	(rear) 1x285mm disc
Tyres (front)	120/70VR17 radials
	(rear) 160/60VR18 radials
Dry weight	258kg with oil/petrol
Wheelbase	1560
Seat height	780mm
Fuel capacity	22 litres
Price	£7799 (ABS £625 extra)

KAWASAKI ZZR1100

Engine	watercooled in-line 4cyl
Power	125PS @ 10,500 rpm
Torque	11.2kg/m @ 8,500rpm
Capacity	1052cc
Bore/stroke	76mm x 58mm
Compression ratio	11:1
Carburation	4xKeihin CVKD40
Transmission	6 speed
Suspension (front)	43mm telescopic forks
	(rear) Uni-Trak Monoshock
Brakes (front)	Twin disc, 4 piston
	(rear) Single disc
Tyres (front)	120/70VR17 radials
	(rear) 170/60VR17 radials
Dry weight	228kg
Wheelbase	1480mm
Seat height	780mm
Fuel capacity	21 litres
Price	£6499