



New 2015 Ducati Multistrada 1200 Have everything. Will travel.

More than ever before, the new 2015 Multistrada 1200 is four bikes in one: fun on the tarmac, comfortable over long distance, capable off-road and nimble around town. All thanks to the revolutionary Ducati Testastretta DVT, the world's first ever motorcycle engine with double continuously variable valve timing, which instantly adjusts to riding conditions: becoming smooth and regular at low rpm, and powerful and aggressive when the revs climb.

Maximum control, true fun and real safety are ensured by electronics based on the new Bosch inertial measurement unit. With four Ducati Riding Modes, just one push of a button changes the bike to suit all needs. Have everything. Will travel.

Contact your local authorised dealer to book your demo ride



PRONTO

The magazine of the **Ducati Sporting Club UK**



Issue 54. Spring 2015

**NEW YEAR
NEW BIKES**

**MOTO GP 2015
TEAM LAUNCH**

**MOTO GP
VALENCIA ROAD
TRIP**

**THE SPECIALISTS
THE FINISHING
TOUCH**

**READERS RIDES
DIAVEL CARBON**



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www.ducatisportingclub.com

MotoGP Valencia

Andy Hind responds to the Ducatistas call for duty!

Following on from my trip to Italy for WDW I've stayed in contact with DOC Presidents from around the world via a Facebook group. On 29 October Spanish club Ducatistas posted;

“*Hola a todos!!!*

Anyone is going to assist to the MotoGP RACE in Valencia? We are preparing a dinner on Saturday and we would love to have you or your members with us.

If you want more info just let me know!!!”

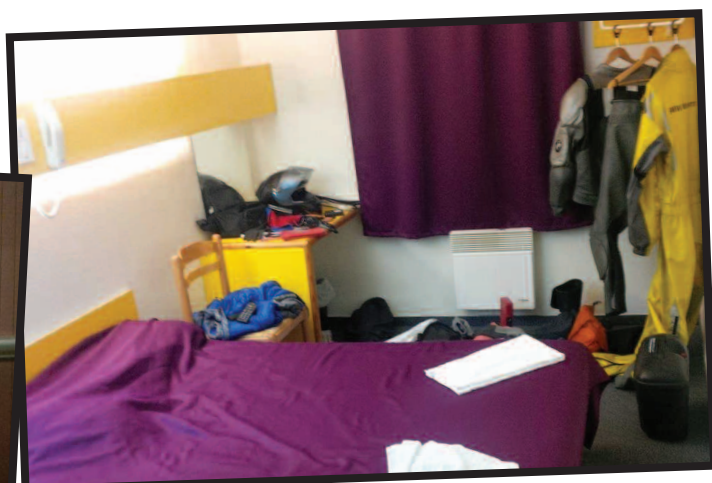
The temptation was too great and despite not previously having any intention of heading to Valencia I did as requested and asked for more info.....



On 31 October the decision to go was made when the Ducatistas confirmed they'd rented a large house with a double garage 15 minutes from the track and that there was a spare bed for me for a EUR 25 contribution. That coupled with a discounted EUR 25, 3 day ticket had me sold, all I had to do was get there!

The Ducatistas were arriving in Valencia on Thursday evening, flying would have been a sensible choice but flights and times either didn't work out or would have cost the earth so I had to make the decision to go by bike, the ST4s was the obvious choice but hadn't been ridden further than the petrol station since returning from Italy so would need a full service, service parts were duly ordered and arrived within 48 hours. Unfortunately that plan fell flat when I walked into the garage and saw the small weep of oil from the right fork leg with less than 2 days till departure I had to find an alternate ride or scrap the plan.

That left me with the decision to take either the 750 ssie road legal track bike, the daily commuter BMW F650GS or as a last resort the indestructible Honda C90. Unfortunately the BMW won on a number of counts, better weather protection, luggage capacity and heated grips being the ones I ended up being most grateful for.



Having booked a 6am ferry to Calais for Wednesday 5th November I set about preparing the bimmer for the longest trip of its life including new tyres and some handlebar muffs to cope with the horrific weather that was forecast for the entire length of France.

Having 1150 miles to cover in two days of riding left little time for sightseeing which was lucky because as predicted it rained non-stop until I had eventually had enough and started to look for somewhere to stop for the night just outside Bordeaux, out of a misted visor I spotted the neon green of the "Quick Palace" which turned out to be entertaining for those following the Facebook posts of my journey!

Needless to say, I slept in my sleeping bag that night after a cursory review of the sheets and carpet left me undecided about the origins of the stains I found!

Thursday 6th started early and I headed for Spain on the A63 with the rush hour traffic, the sun eventually started to shine near Biarritz and the best roads of the journey down were found just over the Spanish border where the undulating terrain and dry twisty roads enabled me to do something other than motorway riding.

On arriving in Sant Antoni de Benaxeve, the village outside Valencia where we were staying I was told that we were heading straight to the track to have dinner in the Ducati hospitality tent and a garage tour, a complete surprise! Dovi and Cal were both present and posed for pictures and signed memorabilia, all I had on me was my DSC membership card which Cal duly signed.

Friday practice was superb and I was lucky enough to be able to borrow a pit pass for an hour to have a wander around the pit lane and watch everyone finalising their preparations for qualifying.

Having lunch in the grandstands in the glorious sunshine made the ride down in the rain worth it. That evening we headed out to the Valencia Motor Show, and back stage passes to the Emilio Zamora (www.emiliozamora.com)



indoor stunt show! The guy does some amazing things with all types of bikes! Afterwards we had dinner at a local restaurant with more of the Ducatistas club who were arriving for the weekend.

Despite my very limited Spanish speaking capabilities everyone made sure I was keeping up with the conversation and they also ensured my glass never emptied!

I was woken up on Saturday morning with a can of beer for breakfast and headed to the track once again for another day of bikes in the sun; it doesn't get better than that! Everyone in the grandstand seemed to know everyone else and sitting opposite the large screen on the back straight meant I could keep up with things on track even though all of the tannoy announcements were in Spanish.

Saturday night was dinner in a restaurant in the heart of Valencia with Ducati branding everywhere and a few VIP guests for the mother of all club meals. I was nominated at

the designated driver for the evening having made public that I couldn't handle another night of unlimited alcohol. My hosts took full advantage of this and navigating someone else's BMW M5 through the streets of Valencia with 3 drunk Spaniards giving me directions in broken english was undoubtedly an experience I won't forget. I did get my own back the next morning when I woke my 3 roommates up with a can of beer for breakfast – luckily I couldn't understand what they mumbled at me.



Sundays MotoGP was brilliant, more sunshine, more Spanish picnics and more bikes, loads more bikes! Some of our group left the house 2 hours before we did in a car and we got to the circuit 15 minutes away first on the bikes. The racing was good and Cal gave Dovi a good run for his money in his last outing on the Ducati. I'll never understand Lorenzo's wet bike decision as there were a few spots of drizzle and a very grey cloud on the horizon but nowhere near enough to go to wet bike. After the racing it looked increasingly overcast then just as we were leaving the circuit it poured it down and didn't stop till about 8pm.

Monday morning saw me head off via Andorra (another country ticked off the European bike tour list) on the journey back to Blighty. An overnight stop in Toulouse and the reurn journey via the very picturesque D820 whilst the sun was out followed by more motorway as the weather started to get more British the further north I went.

Massive thanks to the Ducatistas family for putting me up and making me feel so welcome at their MotoGP. I really hope I can make it an annual pilgrimage!