



NOBODY WAS LOOKING, so I figured I could get away with it, sneaking a dime into the meter, while he was diggin' on my Kawasaki. No such luck. I'm out five bucks. Which doesn't seem fair somehow... I mean over-parked bikes costin' as much as over-parked cars. Then again, the ticket didn't hurt so bad because he liked my bike so much. In fact, I felt kinda good when he started asking me questions about it.

At first he asked the sort of nuts and bolts things you'd expect. And I told him, yeah, it's a KZ-400D, with the 398cc 4-stroke engine, 5-speed trans, electric starter and front-disc brake.

Then he really did a number on my head.

Did I like the handling? What about in traffic? Would it make a good tourer? How's the suspension? How's the ground clearance when it's really laid over? Did I like the layout of the controls? How's the throttle response? What about vibration? How was the saddle for long rides? Did I like the positioning of the bars? Is there any lurch in the drive train? What about this? What about that?

He really knew bikes. And by the time we finished, I definitely felt he wanted a KZ-400D for himself. I don't blame him, either. After tooling around all day on a 3-wheeler, cops should have fun, too. Excuse me, I mean police officers.

Kawasaki
lets the good times roll.