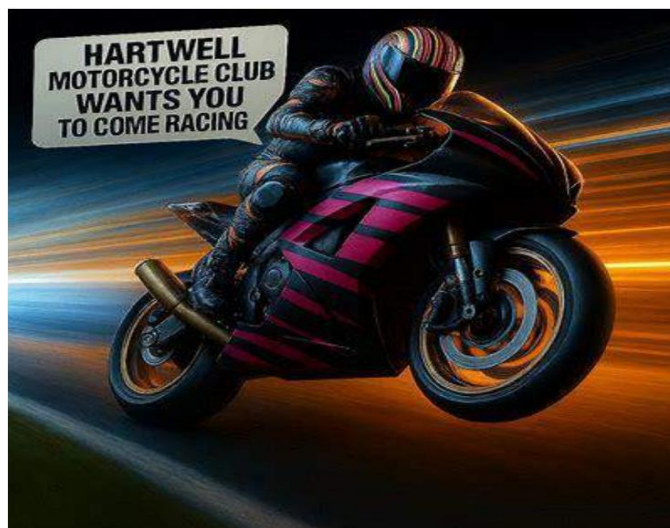




The Blurb



"Where the Truth never gets in the way of a Good Story..... this is for entertainment purposes only."



The "Island Magic" Wrap-Up: Hartwell Round 2 at Phillip Island

To the Hartwell Faithful, the Interstate Invaders, and the Survivors of the Mechanical Apocalypse,

If you weren't at the Phillip Island Grand Prix Circuit last weekend, you missed an event so spectacular that even the local seagulls stopped stealing chips for five minutes to watch the action. We've had a look through the data (by which we mean squinting at the cold, hard numbers on Computime while nursing a victory coffee), and the consensus is in: Round 2 was a literal masterclass in how to burn rubber and look good doing it.

The Weather: A Miracle at the Island

Usually, Phillip Island weather has a personality disorder—four seasons in one lap is the standard. But this weekend? *The Big Guy Upstairs clearly has a Hartwell membership.* The sun was out, the track was fast, and the wind was just strong enough to blow the interstate riders' minds but not their bikes. We had riders coming in from across the borders and locals alike telling us this was, hands down, one of the best events they've ever attended. We'd like to say it was our meticulous planning, but we'll settle for "the Island Magic."

The Points, the Tallies, and the "Jovial" Chaos

The championship tables are currently looking like a game of Tetris played by someone who's had three too many espressos. The points tallies are tighter than a pair of brand-new leathers after Christmas lunch.

While the official results are all there on [Computime](#) for those who enjoy spreadsheets, the real story was out on the tarmac. We saw manoeuvres that defied the laws of physics and a few that definitely ignored the laws of common sense. Whether you're sitting at the top of the leaderboard or currently occupying the "at least I had fun" bracket, the championship is wide open as we look toward the next round.

A Special Tribute: The Superbike Masters' Great Attrition

We need to take a collective moment to pour one out for the Superbike Masters.

It started as a glorious grid of roaring beasts, ready to tear up the asphalt. Then, the Mechanical Gremlins decided to host their own private party in the paddock.

By the time the final grid rolled out, the beasts had dwindled down to a lonely one or two. It wasn't so much a race as it was a high-speed game of "Last Man Standing."

To the Masters who spent more time under their fairings with a spanner than on their seats with a throttle: we salute your spirit, your patience, and your likely very high credit card bills for replacement parts. *You may have finished with a skeleton crew, but you finished with style.*

The Verdict

A massive shout-out to the officials, the marshals at RMV, and the legendary [Hartwell Motorcycle Club](#) for keeping the vibes high and the event running like a well-oiled (and hopefully not leaking) machine.

To the riders who travelled from afar—thanks for making the trip; we hope your trophies fit in your carry-on.

Round 2 is officially in the books.

It was fast, it was loud, and it was glorious. Keep the rubber side down until we meet again!

Yours in High-Octane Hysteria,

The Hartwell Motorcycle Club