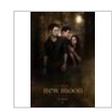


Bidding has ended on this item.
Item: Yamaha GT50 mini trail, 50cc minibike, supermotard

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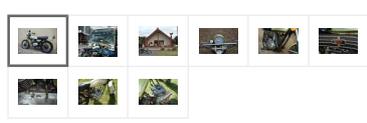
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Yamaha GT50 mini trail, 50cc minibike, supermotard

Item condition: **Used**
Ended: 15 Jan, 2010 22:46:30 GMT
Bid history: **1 bid**
Winning bid: **AU \$699.49**
Approximately £424.34
Postage: Local pick up offered. | See all details
Payments: Cash On Delivery, Bank Transfer | See details

Seller info
hollywoodbigshot (78 ★)
100% Positive feedback
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Other item info
Item number: 160392514698
Item location: Sydney, NSW, Australia
Post to: Local pick up only

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Description Postage and payments

Item specifics - Motorcycles			
Manufacturer:	Yamaha	Condition:	Used
Model:	--	Number of Previous Owners:	--
Type:	Motorcross (off-road)	Registration Number:	--
Kilometres:	--	VIN:	--
For sale by:	Private seller	Date of Manufacture:	--
Engine Size (cc):	--	Date of 1st Registration:	--
Power (Bhp):	--	Colour:	--
Warranty Information (Months Remaining):	--	Metallic Paint:	--
Gears:	--	Drive Type:	--
Start Type:	--	Customised Features:	--
Extra Features:	--		

Since the loss of my Chinese made minibike, pocket bike, kids motorbike, waste of money, I have been busy planning the motion picture "Destruction of a Chinese Pocket Bike" starring the Yamaha Trike of Death. The film has been kindly funded by Ebay member Joshfart who was the successful bidder on the bamboo framed pocket bike. But don't think I've spent all my time on film making, no

way. I've also been out there scouring the world, or at least my neighbourhood for cool but unnecessary items. And what a beauty I have for some lucky bidder in this superb item.

I knew that the guy selling this thing was lying to me about why it wouldn't start. He tried to tell me that it just needed a new battery, however my bullshit alert meter was ringing at full noise and I knew he was lying. The thing had about as much compression as a ceiling fan and I knew that it never had a chance of starting, not without magical intervention. I even showed the guy that no matter how much hocus pocus I threw at the bike, it wasn't going to start. I even filled the fuel tank with the blood from a pickled octopus and two hens teeth, but with such pathetically low compression I was sure that it wouldn't run on anything other than OP rum. The local bottle shop was closed and I had no choice but to accept that the guy was lying about the battery and pay him exactly what he was asking for it.

Unlike the Chinese pocket bike which is soon to become a Hollywoodbigshot in its own right, this Yamaha minibike is made in Japan, not China. Even the fireworks made in China are unreliable, most of them exploding or emitting sparks even if they just catch on fire. Japanese motorbikes don't even catch on fire that often, but if they do their warranty period lasts longer than the flames, and they are able to out-pace the flames. So I was convinced that there would be thousands of these things out there in the world, I mean I even lapped the world twice in the space of a suburban backyard on the 80cc version when I was a kid.

Oh how wrong was I. What I had bought was an extremely rare piece of machinery. In fact when I tried to google the model number, only a listing of hot Russian brides with mono-brows came up in the search results. I knew that I would need parts to get it running, even if it meant obtaining fast long make happy number 1 parts from China. Even China, who had copied everything from rice to itchy bites, didn't have a replica parts list for my machine. I was in strife. I thought that I may even have to fashion new parts for this thing myself, after all, I have a lathe I've never used, a drill which can go through brick walls and some chopsticks. I had everything a Chinese space lab needed so all I was lacking was time.

As the bike was a Yamaha, the spanners and sockets I had all fitted the nuts and bolts required to strip it down. On removing the top end, I was able to see why it had such little compression. Initially I thought the bike may have had a hole in the piston after ingesting some metal eating termites during its many years spent sitting in someone's shed. I was wrong, for the 238,652nd time this year I was so wrong. This poor little bike was merely suffering from a scored piston. Clearly, the sadistic beast that had owned this thing before me had let it run out of the precious two stroke oil in the fuel mix so vital to making the tell tale white smoke produced by such machines. They must have stupidly relied upon the autolube function and never bothered to actually fill the oil tank. As a result, the scuffing of the piston against the dry bore ended up with it having more scores than a cashed up DJ at a dance club. In China, such a piston would easily pass QC requirements, but not with the Yamaha, a machine that is so well made that the same company use parts of their motorcycles in their musical instruments. In fact, Yamaha clarinets are actually exhaust systems from a prototype no-wheeled trike that never left the factory.

I had to get a piston, and the thoughts of casting my own like the hero who created the world's fastest Indian entered my mind for five seconds, then I thought about making my own world's fastest Indian by sending a container of Hayabusas to Mumbai and getting a few street kids to race to the finish line, where a Trike of Death T shirt waited for the winner. I realised my mind had wandered, so I let my fingers do the walking and searched the net. After two hours of searching; nothing. So I tried my local bike shops, nope, never heard of the GT50. I was in serious trouble. I couldn't allow such a sensational bike sit in my shed with its poor little conrod hanging out like me that time I went to the dunny at the pub and forgot to do my fly up. I had to try harder, think laterally. Maybe I could do what the Chinese do when they construct their bike engines; just stomp on some aluminium cans and fashion them into something about the size and shape of the piston - but then I remembered I needed rings too.

During another five hour stint on the internet, I found some vital information on the particular motor that is fitted to this bike. Armed with enough secrets to sink a golfer, I was now in a position to order the new parts. I could have gone to the first size oversize, but there would be little improvement on power. I opted for the third oversize, which is a whopping, wait for it, 0.5mm larger in diameter than the original piston. I thought that with a bore that massive, I may even need a decompression lever. I may have to put a smaller carby on it just so that it didn't make the earth spin faster when I took off. I even thought about not putting a piston in it at all and let another fool like me accept that a motor with as much compression as a pair of undies around your ankle would start with just a new battery.

I found the genuine replacement piston, rings and pin in Singapore of all places. So after a quick but expensive rebore and port job, this little bike was ready to go together. I've taken a shot of the barrel and piston just to prove that it has in fact had a top end rebuild. I can tell you now that many a top end rebuild out there has involved nothing more than a \$5 can of degreaser, but not me. I fix things properly just in case I can't sell them, like the Trike of Death for instance.

Once together, the bike started on the second kick. On the first kick, my foot slipped off and the kick lever almost punched a hole through my ankle, I just wasn't expecting that much compression. I did the second kick with my hand and it ticked over like a clock. It was time for its maiden voyage and what happened next was amazing.

As I gently squeezed the clutch lever in and clicked the gear lever into first, I was suddenly taken back to 1978, the year I first rode my mate's GT80. At the time, his was near new and it was one of the most modern looking bikes around. Being 1978, you could get away with riding minibikes in parks and on footpaths, nobody cared. Back then, you had your milk delivered in bottles and the only thing that would steal it would be a thirsty magpie. In 1978, the summer was longer than these modern summers, everyone had a big backyard and lucky for me we had a workshop on 5 acres of land. That little 80 was ridden all day and into the night at every opportunity we had. No, it didn't have a savage power band, upside down forks, disc brakes or anything else special, but it drew a crowd of people just happy to have a few laps. In the delusional state of imagining I was back in 1978 I took the GT50 for a ride around the block. Strangely, the kids across the road didn't want a ride, the lady two doors down put the hose on me, three people rang the police, a dog ran away from me, someone wrote a letter to the Environmental Protection Agency, warning signs banning riding were erected, a big fat bloke shook his head in disbelief, a car swerved to miss me, boom gates were placed at the entrance to the fire trail, a block of units were built on the vacant block down the road, the local carpark was chained closed and another guy yelled out, "Hey dickhead, why don't you just get off that thing and go inside and play a computer game."

The next thing I knew there was a police car in my imaginary rear vision mirror and it was on for young and old. I knew the GT50 would be able to out run the V8 highway patrol car, but I decided to play with them a bit. I clicked it into second gear and opened the throttle on the freshly honed motor. I struggled to hold on to the handgrips as the reed valves (ex Yamaha saxophone) opened wide and the bike hit its 2,500 rpm power band. My arms started to stretch and my fingers started to straighten and before I knew it I was travelling at jogging pace. Fortunately for me I wasn't wearing a helmet, as the added weight to my head would have either a) ripped my head off, or b) slowed the bike down a bit. The smoke generated by the sudden burst of power was enough to calm the bees for a 400 km radius, so I robbed a hive I was passing by and had myself a nice honey sandwich.

The cops were hot on my tail, and it was time for some tactics which mainly included escape. I swerved violently from the road in a gentle arc and headed down the nature strip. I had a plan. I was going to lead the cops onto the front lawn of old Ma Simpson's three doors down. She had the worst bindii patch this side of Stringy Bark Creek. The local kids would only attempt to cross it if their new six stitcher was on the other side of it, even then only with desert boots on. This was 1978. The cops followed, but the bindii didn't puncture their tyres like I thought it would. Both my thongs were filled with bindii as I did a toe dragging victory wheelie in front of them, but they kept coming. I needed to give the bindii time to work, hopefully the RE71s would succumb to nature's road spikes.

Swerving between two shopping trolleys bought me a bit of time and a broken elbow. The cops had to stop to move the trolleys and by the time they caught up I was in 3rd gear. I slip-streamed a guy on a skateboard for some extra speed and just when I thought my luck had run out, I spotted a milk crate. I rode close to the milk crate and kicked it up into the air with my left foot. The cops hit the milk crate and both airbags deployed, leaving the cops to fill out accident forms for the next hour while I rode the back streets home.

Returning from my test ride, I was suddenly transported back to 2009 and reality when the under-inflated front tyre lost traction on the left hander into my driveway. In an effort to control the high-side, I put my body weight over the tank and hoped for the best. I forgot that I'd built up a significant amount of muscle in the form of a beer gut since 1978. During the mayhem of the slow speed high-side, I managed to pinch my gut between the tank and the seat. I also put two distinctive grazes on my arse after the unsecured seat fell from the frame. After tearing a small hole in my Kmart jeans, I realised that 1970s minibikes just weren't for me. I had lost the ability to safely control one of these old world beasts, and it was time for it to go.

I must also note here that the massive tail light on this thing has a bracket which was purposely designed to provide a free vasectomy to any rider doing anything other than reading about the bike. I have the scar to prove it.

Now that it runs well, it is the perfect time of year to sell it. You may have some spoilt little kid who all year has been pestering you for a minibike, but you know that their behaviour doesn't justify such a present. You've thought about buying a Chinese minibike because they are cheaper than some bird seed and a flat white. You know that kids only stay excited about a present for as long as it takes to remove the wrapping paper, which happens to coincide with the need to replace the chain and sprockets on the Chinese minibikes. But you are clever because you read about my Chinese bike and now steer well clear of them. You have considered a gaming console, but you can't jump a tabletop on a PS3. You have locked yourself into getting them a bike and this may just be the one. Sure, they'll say something like, "But dad, this is crap, look how old it is, it's like, 50 years old or something, you're fired."

That's when you'll be glad you didn't buy the spoilt little brat with anything nice and you can smile happily knowing that the bike is now yours. Your own time machine back to the 70s. You could even use it to go back in time and show those girls at school what you have learnt.

I had to make my own minibikes when I was a kid, the first one was made entirely of imagination and some staples. The second one was fashioned from six cicada shells - that's how poor we were. The third was made of dreams and an old three speed Malvern Star dragster with an ill fitting and slippery right hand grip as a throttle. I even used to pretend to put petrol in it. It wasn't until I was old that I could afford my own minibike, so I bought three Honda XR75s and they still sit in the shed. You see, I don't have the time to ride them any more, and as much as I would like to think that one day my kids may like to, I'm wrong. In this modern world there is no appreciation for old and inefficient items which were a good idea at the time. I think that there's probably a kid out there just like me; hair moving from the top of the head to the inside of the ears. Unlike those Chinese things with bamboo frames disguised as steel that have invaded the modern world, this minibike is the real deal. It is an appreciating asset because everyone who sees it will appreciate the era it represents.

Now the starting price may seem high if you multiply it by five, you're right. I don't really want to sell this thing because now that I know how rare it is, I'm unlikely to ever see another one. If I had \$1 for every time I had said, "If only I had have kept that thing." I'd have about \$8. Unlike a laptop computer, this will be something to look at and think, 'wow, I only paid that much for it, now look what it's worth'. I do that now with my laptop, but not in a happy way.

It has matching engine and frame numbers, beginning with FT1, that probably means something to someone.

I will box it up and for transport to anywhere at the buyers expense and upon prior arrangement.

Questions and answers about this item

Q: My name is Svetlana I am in Vladivostok I dont have much money as my lada niva break down just like my electric shaver thats why I have a monobrow .will u post item to russia and is there any damage from the bus or... [Continue reading](#) 10 Jan, 2010

A: Svetlana, of course I will post to Russia. How do you say, no problemski. Everyone on the bus survived, but the bike looks older from the crash. I would like to sit on your strong lap while you tell me stories about what... [Continue reading](#)

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