
NINETEEN 96
HONDA
Scooters
a tale of intrigue, suspense, & steamy performances on two wheels
YOU WON'T WANT TO PUT IT DOWN—UNLESS IT'S TO GO FOR A RIDE

IN THIS TOWN, YOU ARE WHAT YOU RIDE. AND IF YOU'RE RIDING A HONDA SCOOTER, DON'T EXPECT TO BLEND IN.



The Helix® Even though it looks red hot, this sleek denizen of the scooter world runs cool, thanks to its powerful 244cc liquid-cooled four-stroke engine. A locking front storage compartment and a huge rear trunk will hold tons of sensitive evidence. Freeway legal and big enough to carry a passenger with ease, it makes the perfect getaway vehicle.



The Elite® 80 Its 80cc air-cooled four-stroke engine makes it the strong, silent type you can depend on to get you out of a tough jam—a traffic jam. Like the rest of the Honda scooter line, it features an automatic choke and automatic transmission. Turn a key and push a button, and you're good to go.



Elite 50 S & Elite 50 SR
You'd need a detective to tell these two handy haulers apart. Both have a unique underseat trunk and automatic oil injection for their enthusiastic two-stroke engines. But the Elite 50 S qualifies as a moped in most states, and that means you can start running your own operation at an earlier age.

Specifications and availability subject to change with-out notice. *Financing available on approved credit. †See your Honda Dealer for complete details. California version of Elite 80 may differ slightly due to emissions equipment. Elite,® Helix,® Hondaline® HondaCare,® Pro-Honda,® and Music Pak™ are Honda trademarks. ©1995 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. (12/95) Printed in U.S.A. A0919



chapter one

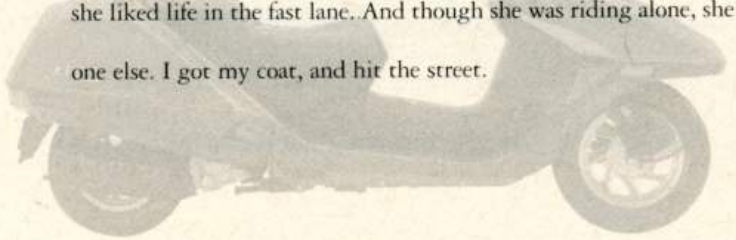
Outside, it looked like one of those days you see on a vacation postcard. But I wasn't outside. My car was in the shop, the building manager called asking not very politely about my back rent, and it wasn't even ten o'clock yet. I hadn't had a case in more than a week, and I was thinking about giving up on this detective business when she pulled into the parking lot.

She was five-seven if she was an inch, and looked like she'd been poured into her black leather outfit. A cascade of spun gold tumbled down when she took off her helmet. She was riding a **Honda Helix,** the stretch limo of scooters. Total class, I thought, and smart too. Only the best for her. That didn't explain why she was coming to see me, but she sure had my attention.

"Mr. Carson," she breathed, "I want something very badly, and I hope you can help." I wanted something too, I thought, and settled back in the leather office chair and loosened my tie.

She told me she'd lost a book. I told her this sounded like a job for a librarian, not a private eye. She told me this book was her diary, and she described some of what was in it. I loosened my tie some more. Then as a retainer she pulled out a wad of cash thick enough to pay my rent, get my car fixed, and buy a retirement condo overlooking the links at Pebble Beach. I told her I thought I might be able to work her in.

As she rode off, I checked out the Helix and wrote down the license number. This wasn't going to be easy. She hadn't told me much about herself, but the Helix did. She was used to the best, and liked to ride in comfort and style. She liked freedom and adventure. She liked power, and she liked life in the fast lane. And though she was riding alone, she had room for someone else. I got my coat, and hit the street.



two



In this town, not even the cockroaches walk. So first off, I knew I was going to need some wheels. I called the garage and told them to keep the wreck and send me the bill—that old heap was spewing smog and sucking up fossil fuel the way my pet cat Mojo coughs up hairballs and laps up scotch and milk. Then I decided my client might be on to something, so I checked out my Honda motorcycle dealer.

I needed something that was hip looking, but still made sense. An **Elite 80** looked like it'd fill the bill. Black or white, its maneuverability was just the ticket for tailing someone. You'd practically need a stethoscope to hear the thing run, and that automatic trans was perfect for the gridlock that passes for traffic around here.

The sales guy came up. I unbuttoned my jacket, and got ready to wrestle him down on the price. "How much?" I growled. He told me. I paid him in cash, and the roll of bills in my pocket didn't feel appreciably lighter.

Next stop was the university library. That's where she'd last seen the diary. I parked right up front with about 10,000 other scooters, and strolled in.

The place looked like it had been built about the time the Visigoths sacked the Holy Roman Empire: ivy-covered walls, the smell of old books. But the coed at the front desk was considerably younger. At least I never remembered librarians who wore spandex and looked like they could spike a volleyball down your throat without breaking a sweat.

I asked her where the lost and found was. She directed me down a dark stairwell leading into the basement. I was about halfway down when I thought I heard someone behind me, and as I turned my head I saw a blinding flash and felt an explosion in my skull, the marble steps rushed up to greet me, and everything turned black.

three



I came to with the spandex librarian/volleyball goddess leaning over me. I liked the view enough to enroll in classes and maybe do some post-graduate research on the Applicability of Contemporary Deconstructive Theory on the Lives of the Etruscans. Well, maybe not that much.

"Someone slugged me with a blackjack," I said. "I must be hot on the trail of that diary."

"You bumped your head on that fire-sprinkler pipe," snipped the goddess. "It happens all the time. You shouldn't have taken off your helmet."

She hoisted me with one arm and dragged me up the stairs like I was her handbag. I'd hate to see what she could do to a guy who turned in a library book late, and I told her so. She told me that I should see what she could do to a guy who turned in a book on time. I told her I'd had enough adventure for one day.

My client had said her diary was bound in a lipstick-red leather cover. I decided to check out a used-book store I knew not very far from the library. But when I walked up to my scooter, I found a note on it:

Shamus–Listen, if you know what's good for you, you'll forget all about the diary.

I asked one of the students in the parking lot if he'd seen who'd put it there. "Yeah, it was some kid on a scooter. A Honda **Elite 50 SR,** I think. They're real popular around here. They're easy to park, they get about a billion miles to the gallon, and you don't have to wait for the bus so you can pretty much go anywhere you want whenever you want."

I told him thanks for the sales pitch, but I already had a scooter. What color was this Elite 50 SR, I asked. He told me yellow. Then the light went on, and I knew I had my man. I eased my helmet over the knot on my head and rode.

four



I pulled the cellular out of my jacket pocket and told my client to meet me over at her kid brother's—pronto. The traffic wasn't any better than it had been earlier, but the Elite sliced through it like a Hollywood starlet goes through husbands.

We got over to the kid's house, and it was just as I thought. The minute the kid answered the door, I had the little twerp by the ear and out in the garage. There was a brand-new Elite 50 S parked there—a yellow one. "Open it," I said.

"Open what?"

"Listen punk, don't play smart with me. Open that trunk under the seat."

He did. Underneath the week's worth of dirty gym clothes and the schoolbooks was the diary. The kid's face was the same color as the red leather cover.

"How did you know?" my client asked.

"Simple. The **Elite 50 S** looks just like the Elite 50 SR, with all the same features, like the trunk. Only it's designed to meet the moped laws in most states, so younger riders like your brother can ride one. And I knew it had to be a younger rider because the guy at the college said he saw a yellow Elite 50 SR. This Elite 50 S comes in both purple and yellow, but the Elite 50 SR only comes in purple."

People always think it's the butler. A younger rider, a missing diary–when you've been in this business as long as I have, you know little brothers make butlers look like angels, and trial lawyers look like Mother Teresa.

My client said she wanted to thank me personally, and asked what I was doing tonight. I told her where I was going, and she agreed to meet me there. I didn't bother calling ahead. After all, Mojo likes company.

ROUND UP THE USUAL SUSPECTS: HONDA SCOOTERS HAVE A RAP SHEET THAT'S A MILE LONG. HERE ARE SOME OF THE HIGHLIGHTS.



"Definitely a hot performer, and a good looker, too." D.A.–Long Beach, CA

Helix

Specifications	Helix
ENGINE	244CC LIQUID-COOLED FOUR-STROKE SINGLE
SEAT HEIGHT	26.2 INCHES
FUEL CAPACITY	3.2 GALLONS
DRY WEIGHT	349.4 POUNDS
COLOR	RED
OPTIONAL HONDALINE® ACCESSORIES	BACKREST, SCOOTER COVER

Specifications	Elite 80
ENGINE	80CC AIR-COOLED FOUR-STROKE SINGLE
SEAT HEIGHT	29.7 INCHES
FUEL CAPACITY	1.3 GALLONS
DRY WEIGHT	172.0 POUNDS
COLORS	BLACK, WHITE
OPTIONAL HONDALINE ACCESSORIES	WINDSHIELD, SIDE VISOR,REAR BASKET, MUD GUARD, SCOOTER COVER



"I couldn't stand the suspense– I had to get out and ride one for myself." M.P.–St. Louis, MO

Elite 80



"It gave me the freedom I needed to change my life." P.N.–Canton, OH

Elite 50 SR

Specifications	Elite 50 SR
ENGINE	49CC AIR-COOLED TWO-STROKE SINGLE
SEAT HEIGHT	28.7 INCHES
FUEL CAPACITY	1.2 GALLONS
DRY WEIGHT	143.3 POUNDS
COLOR	PEARL PURPLE
OPTIONAL HONDALINE ACCESSORIES	MUSIC PAK,™ SCOOTER COVER

Specifications	Elite 50 S
ENGINE	49CC AIR-COOLED TWO-STROKE SINGLE
SEAT HEIGHT	28.7 INCHES
FUEL CAPACITY	1.2 GALLONS
DRY WEIGHT	145.5 POUNDS
COLORS	PEARL PURPLE, PEARL YELLOW
OPTIONAL HONDALINE ACCESSORIES	MUSIC PAK, SCOOTER COVER



"Now I can carry all of my pulp mysteries with me wherever I go." S.C.–Roanoke Rapids, NC

Elite 50 S



YOUNG, STREETWISE, AND READY TO RIDE, THEY WERE OUT ON THE TOWN AND LOOKING FOR ACTION

What's In A Name For more than a generation, people have come to associate one name more than any other with life on two wheels: Honda.

Year after year, we build performance, innovation, quality, and value into every Honda—qualities rare in themselves, and almost impossible to find together.

But when you choose a Honda, you've done more than just choose a scooter. You've become part of the Honda family.

So to get off to a great start, we'd like to welcome you to join the Honda Rider's Club of America (call 1-800-847-HRCA for more information). Qualified buyers* can finance their purchase through the American Honda Finance Corporation. When it comes to service, don't settle for anything less than Pro-Honda® Oils and Chemicals and Genuine Honda Parts. Honda apparel and Hondaline accessories let you dress up both your Honda and yourself, while only the HondaCare® Protection Plan lets you rely on Honda to extend virtually all your scooter's warranty coverage.† And if you want to share your enthusiasm and help out a good cause too, Honda invites all motorcyclists to join us in the Ride For Kids. Just ask your dealer for details on all of these programs.

And when you ride, ride proud. Because when you've chosen a Honda, you've chosen the most important name in scooters today, and for years to come.

Be A Responsible Rider Riding a scooter is an exercise in responsibility—to yourself, to others, to the environment, and to the sport. So remember, wear a helmet, eye protection, and protective clothing whenever you ride. Never ride under the influence of drugs or alcohol. Read your owner's manual, and inspect your scooter before riding. See your local Honda Scooter Dealer and view the special scooter video "Street Wise—An Introduction to Scooter Riding," and ask him about reimbursement through the Honda Rider's Club of America for Motorcycle Safety Foundation rider training. You can also call the MSF directly at 1-800-447-4700 for the location of a training course near you.

Always obey local laws, and make sure you have a proper license. Use common sense, and respect the rights of others when you ride.

HONDA
Come ride with us.