

ROYAL ENFIELD

# CRUISER

# CHRONICLES

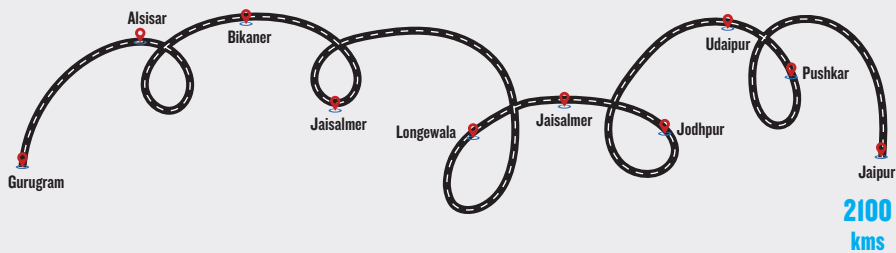
*Super*  
**METEOR 650**

When highways offer you vastness, and the journey treats you royally, think of Rajasthan. This cruiser chronicle edition brings you the journey of discovery, culture, camaraderie and the call of the Super Meteor 650

AUGUST 2025



## Ride Route





There's something magnetic about the call of the open road, especially when the road takes you across India's royal state—Rajasthan, decorated with the majestic Thar desert.

In February 2025, a group of riders from India, Brazil, and Italy answered that call astride their Royal Enfield Super Meteor 650s for a 10-day ride that wasn't just a journey, but a cinematic odyssey through culture, camaraderie, and cruiser-loving roads.

The journey kicked off from Gurugram, the engines echoing a collective heartbeat of excitement as they rode out of the urban maze into the grandeur of royalty and rawness of the desert. The initial chill of February mornings gradually gave way to the dry warmth of Rajasthan, and by late afternoon, the group had pulled into Alsisar Haveli—a palace seemingly frozen in time. We all were welcomed like royals knights and as we sipped high-tea on the rooftop with the sun melting into the desert beyond, the realization set in: this was going to be more than just a ride.





The Alsisar Haveli raised the curtain in style - immersing riders in regal vibes and setting the mood for the majestic ride ahead.





Bikaner offered rest and rejuvenation, but the desert had more in store. As we rode into Jaisalmer, the golden city lived up to its name, rising out of the sand like a mirage. The real thrill began with our excursion to the Longewala Border Post next morning, riding along the Swarnimala Road, a stretch tailor-made for cruisers—surrounded by sand dunes and soaked in silence. The entire group of riders were testing their limits on this stretch to touch the highest ever milestone of their odometer. No doubt, their machich was equally supportive to achieve that.

The patriotism was at its peak during our visit to the Longewala memorial. Way back to our base, the Sam Sand Dunes glowed under the afternoon sun, and a brief gathering around the bonfire in the dunes raised the bar. This was the kind of ride that turns first-timers into lifelong bikers.



Post Jaisalmer, the road led us deeper into Rajasthan's royal heart—Jodhpur. The approach to the blue city is something every rider should experience at least once: narrow lanes giving way to wide views of the Mehrangarh Fort, perched like a sentinel above the sandstone city. We wandered through the fort's majestic corridors, caught our breath at Umaid Bhavan Palace, and immersed ourselves in the sounds of folk musicians performing in courtyards lit by lanterns.

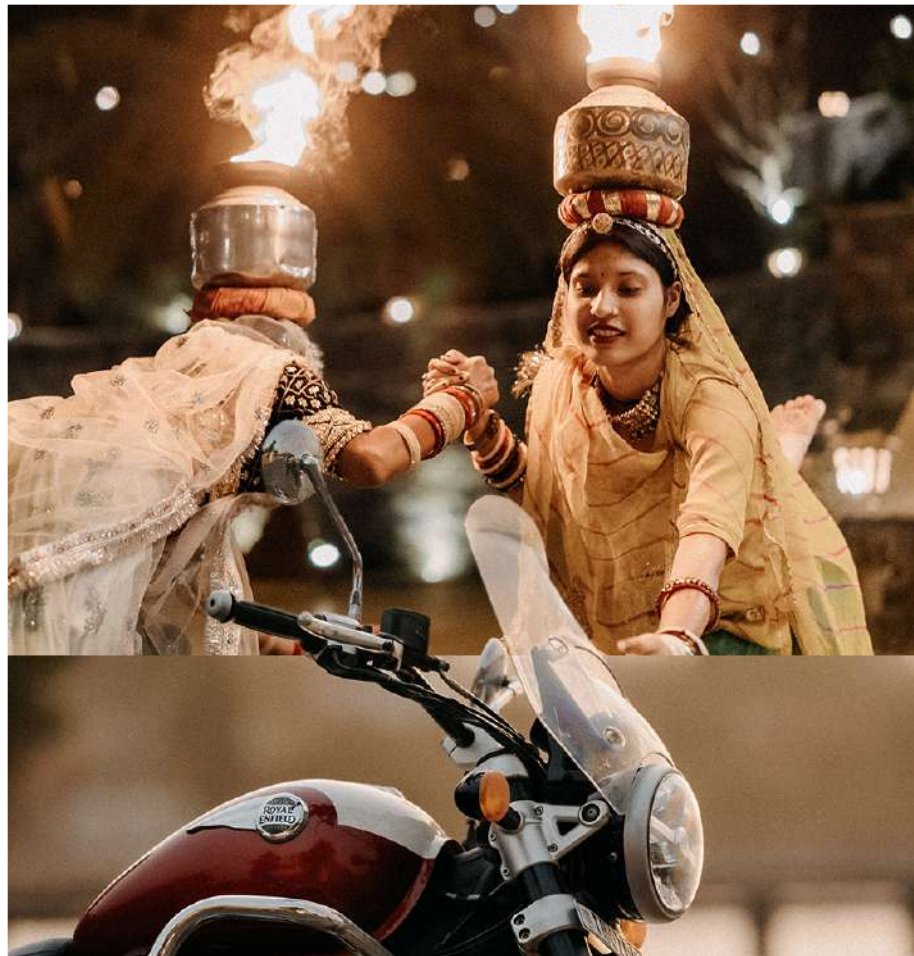


Melodious afternoons in Jodhpur





*Enroute city of lakes*



Leaving Jodhpur behind, we took the smooth ribbon of highway leading into the hills, where the Om Banna Temple stood like a spiritual checkpoint for Royal Enfield riders. Stories of a mystical Bullet bike and local reverence made it a fitting stop before entering the artistic embrace of Udaipur.

If Jodhpur was bold and blue, Udaipur was serene and silver. Our Super Meteor bikes denied to rest and took us in a tranquil sunset at Fateh Sagar Lake. A folk dance performance filled the night with rhythm, and a birthday celebration for one of our own turned into a family gathering under the stars. This wasn't just a group of riders anymore—it was a brotherhood.



As we headed toward Pushkar, the terrain softened—our Super Meteor 650 bikes were negotiating really well on the rolling hills, the curvy ghats, and winding roads that seemed to lean with our bikes. Settled in nature, our resort offered a breather, while some of us ventured to the Brahma Temple early in the morning, one of the only ones of its kind in the world. A place that held stillness in contrast to the steady hum of our engines. Finally, the ride curved toward its last destination—Jaipur. The pink city welcomed us with open arms and a sense of completion. Helmets came off, hugs were shared, and there was a quiet pride in each face with a mixed feeling of accomplishment and departing from each other at the same time. We had done it. Ten days, thousands of stories, countless throttle twists—and one unforgettable journey.



This ride wasn't about ticking destinations off a map. It was about feeling the wind of the desert and testing our limits on endless highways. Each rider came with their own stories, and somewhere in between the roar of the engine and quiet desert, those stories blended into a shared purpose and collective rhythm. This Super Meteor expedition offered each one of us more than a route— a time for self expression and realisation. It offered a narrative, one only the road could write.

As the engines fell silent in Jaipur, the memories kept humming. This wasn't the end. It was the beginning of many more stories to come—on the Super Meteor 650, where every ride becomes a legacy.



