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Pulling back into the garage, the wind had picked up and was starting to blow some of the rain into the garage door's opening. "Maybe your right," he said to himself. "Maybe it is time for a wet one." Looking at his bike he walked over to Old Faithful and yanked the door open. Without even looking to see which brand of beer he grabbed, he pulled a beer from the refrigerator still looking at his bike, his cigarette hanging at the corner of his mouth.

Twisting the top off the bottle, he threw back a couple good swallows of beer and said to his bike; "Yep, looks like all day rain to me buddy, guess we'll just have to hang-out here, look at some of these old rags, and drink beer... sound good to you?" Answering himself, as if it were his bike talking back to him he said; "I know... but what do you want me to do? Do you want to go out and get your carburetors all wet, do you remember what happened last time?!"

Sitting down in the leather recliner he threw his feet up and threw back another swallow of beer. He took a deep drag off the Marlboro Red as he looked over his bike and back out into the rain dreaming. Thinking about those long wide open roads of South Dakota again, running through the prairies... he down shifted his bike and pulled out around his buddies to pass...

Taking the lead he laid on the throttle and started to pull away from the pack. 90, 100, 120, 130 m.p.h.! And still he kept on the throttle, rocketing down the highway. As far as the eye could see, the highway ran straight as an arrow, seeming to flow out into infinity itself. Just then a bug hit him on the side of his face, exploding its blood running down his left cheek. Then another bug struck him in the face, and another. More and more bugs were hitting him in the face, their blood running all over his face and back into his ears. He threw up his arm to try and shield his face from the thousands of bugs that were pelting him.

There were so many bugs hitting him in the face that they were flying up his nose and into his mouth choking him!... Sitting up in his sleeping bag choking and gagging, he could hear his buddy laughing as he continued to nail him in the face with the Squirt Gun, a Power Commander 5000, which held a full quart of water with each filling. Coughing and sputtering he looked around and saw that he was in South Dakota, just 16 miles outside of Sturgis at the campground that he and his buddies had rented for the Sturgis Rally.

Laughing his buddy said; "I thought you were never going to wake up, come on, let's go, we're heading into Sturgis, you coming?!" as he finally stopped spraying him in the face with the water pistol.

Realizing that he had only been dreaming, that he was still on his vacation in South Dakota with his buddies! That it had only been a dream that he was at home in his garage alone on a rainy day, during the week of Sturgis. He was already out of his sleeping bag pulling on his pants laughing and saying to his buddy; "Just see if you can beat me into town!"

And behind them all, sitting strapped down to the trailer that was hooked to the old red Chevy pickup used to haul all of their camping equipment, plugged into the campsite's electrical hookup, was 'Old Faithful' his garage refrigerator. Holding all of their cold beer, the Budweiser, Miller, Red White & Blue, Papst, Old Style, Michelob, Old Milwaukee and Coors, and on the inside of the door was the bottle of Jack Daniels Old #7 now empty, a bottle of cheap Tequila with it's paper seal now broken, a large bottle of Tabasco Sauce over half gone... and 1 shriveling green lime.

**Days gone by, or have they?**

Do you remember that first bike ride you had. Some of us were very young while others were adults. The outcome was the same for most of us I'm thinking. The exhilaration of the ride, the power in the twist of a throttle or a push of a lever with your thumb. No matter what that ride was, it still lives vividly in the mind of most.

My first action on two wheels powered by more than my own legs was a small arctic cat mini-bike. The time I spent riding was to say the least, the first taste of freedom I encountered. The hours spent on that leopard patterned seat on all kinds of terrains, that made up my imaginary race tracks.

At 6 years old the smallest mound of dirt made for the biggest air ever to be had. The turned up corners that are constantly driven over by the knobby tires cutting a groove in the dirt that enabled the machine to slingshot through gracefully. With what seemed like an endless supply of power at my disposal, launched the bike forward towards the finish line to win the motocross championship.

Did I really win a race? Were the thousands of cheering fans in the stands rooting me on? Not really, but they're might have well been. As the years fly by, we tend to forget the things from our childhood that I believe could keep us feeling young. As a kid, there are so many memories stored in the back of each of our brains, that we could probably write dozens of books. This is just one of the many memories I have of my first time riding. What's yours?

Send me an e-mail of a memory you have when you were riding. Preacher@freeriderspress.us

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