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Grizz was there on his big Harley-Davidson, his ground-pounder exhaust belching deeply from the milled out 100 hp engine. Grizz liked to run some Michigan Gas in his bike, called Blue Nitro – 110 Octane, made his exhaust smell like jet fuel, and made the insides of his pipes run white.

Jonny J was there on his FZ1, stock horse power; 140 horses, and brakes that would send your underwear flying as you went to stop. He was going to run the shorter route with all of the curves; he certainly had the bike for it.

Lone Star was there with his VStar 650, 40 cubic inches stock; the guys were ribbing him that he was donating his entrance fee to the winner! He just smiled back at them and said; "We'll see..."

And I was there on the Limorod. Only I had a little trick up my sleeve for them this year, or should I say in my saddlebag? Inside of the right saddlebag was a nitrous bottle, the hose for the nitrous was run through a small hole in the bag on the inside, and the line was run to the engine up under the frame. So from the outside of the bike, it still looked bone stock. Who knows, maybe that little nitrous button would come in handy.

Everyone finished putting on the Sponsor Decals and started to head out, no one saw Lone Star slip away. And now they cursed to themselves as they realized he'd gotten a head start on them. Heading out of the parking lot they flew by Carl chuckling to themselves as they saw him writing out a citation to some new guy on the side of the road, as the new guy stood there waving his arms frantically and pointing at them to Carl. But you never could rush Carl, in fact, the more you yelled at him, the slower he got.

Waiting until they knew they were safely out of town, they started to lean on it a little, they all split up at the first chance they got, each taking a different course, each thinking they had the best chance to win! Dropping the hammer down, they flew along at 90 and 100 mph, sometimes hitting 110 or 120 on the straight-aways, easily passing some of the other riders who were not as familiar with the roads as they were.

Grizz had taken the longest route, but the straightest, which gave him plenty of opportunity to open up his big Harley and let it breathe. For the most part he had been cruising along around the 100 mph mark, he was making good time, and now he knew he had a good chance to win that 5 Grand. Just then he saw a semi barreling down on him from behind. He looked down at his speedometer, he was doing 95 mph, what did the driver of that semi think he was doing?! The semi swerved around him blowing its air horn. As the semi went by, the huge vacuum the semi's trailer caused,

shook Grizz's bike violently making him slow down to control it. The semi roared on past, still blasting its air horn at him. If Grizz ever came across that semi again, he planned to flatten more than the semi driver's tires! The semi blasted over the hill and slowly started to pull away from him and out of sight.

2 gas stops and 3 hours later, Grizz could see the horizon filled with the view of Lake Superior as he came up over one of Michigan's big hills. In his rear view mirrors he could see some of the other riders coming on strong; he knew that they could never catch him now. Laughing to himself, checking his rear view mirrors, was that Jonny J? Well it didn't matter, 2nd place was only the 1st one to come in last. Coming up over the last hill before Copper Harbor he couldn't believe his eyes?! There up ahead of him was another rider slamm'n through the gears for the Finish Line! Was that... no way! It couldn't be! Was that Lone Star?!

Sure enough, Lone Star had crossed the finish line just a ¼ of a mile ahead of Grizz, a ½ mile ahead of Jonny J (just too many curves) and a full 175 miles ahead of the Limorod (the nitrous had blown out one of the head gaskets). Lone Star stood smiling for the local newspaper pictures and held the big cardboard check for the \$5000 Dollar First Prize! Grizz just stood there next to Jonny J both shaking their heads in disbelief, how could a bike, with a 650 cc engine have beaten them both, and everybody else for that matter?

Then Grizz remembered... Hadn't Lone Star told him about 6 months ago, that he had an Uncle who lived in St. Louis, Missouri who owned one of the fastest semis in the Northwest? And in fact, if they hadn't been in such a hurry to get to the Finish Line, they would have noticed that, 5 miles out of town, a semi was pulled off the road into the trees and brush with its tailgate open and a bike ramp sticking out the back.

Grizz & Jonny J were planning on having a little chat with Lone Star; that was as soon as Lone Star was done hamming it up for the Local Newspapers...

Until the next road rally, Keep the Shiny Side Up, the Rubber to the Road, and Ride On!

Danmeister  
Border Boys MC  
Land O'Lakes, WI

Disclaimer: The Names, Places and Events have been changed to protect the innocent. Any likeness to any Persons, Places, or Events, whether living or dead, is purely coincidental.

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