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## Biker's Perspective – Femalian Viewpoint

By Jynx

Most of us ride with friends, a designated group or club, some choose to ride solo. No matter what, we all share one thing in common... we enjoy the ride. I have found, after attending just about every kind of biker event, buying the patches, T-shirts, "chrome fever" accessories, leather stuff and of course the fingerless-gloves, that over the years one rally seems to replicate all the others. It's not the event that makes it fun, it's the people you share it with, memories they help create, and what we take home from it that make it truly memorable.

Years ago, it was difficult for a female biker to find people (then primarily male riders) that would invite her to join in. I was lucky. Adopted by three great guys who were open to having a gal invade their once private domain and ride with them as an (almost) equal. They took me in as their big sister and, for years, we shared good times and bad, over thousands of miles, just me and the guys. We shared communal accommodations. Three men and "that" woman were questioned and smirked at by outsiders, as we laughed and did our best to keep them guessing. We hit the bars, girlie joints, and all the other stuff that goes along with biker events, but we looked after one another, respected one another, and survived,



for-the-most-part, unscathed. A perfect team, they lifted heavy objects, I tidied-up and kept them out of jail! Years have passed. Along with the years, our ages, health issues, distance, and the family obligations have unfortunately taken precedence over those remarkable adventures, never-the-less nothing can ever erase the memories. It seems all too often we take our friendships for granted. For me, as years pass, I realize more than ever how important my "true" friendships really are and how dramatically they impact my life. I will always carry the fond memories of those trips I shared with my adopted brothers, Rusty, Ron, and Jake. I know they sincerely believe and take pride in the fact that for years they protected and watched-over their big "sister", however, I will now reveal that I was actually sent by your wives to watch-over the three of you!

Ride safe, and until next time, my bike and I continue to Age Gracefully. Jynx

*Lonely Midnight Riders continued from page 7*

do with that ghostly green fog.

Stepping off of his bike he felt dizzy and thought he was going to fall over. Walking unsteadily into the Hitching Post he found himself a place to sit and ordered himself a cup of coffee. Sticking a pencil behind her ear, the waitress poured him a cup of strong black coffee as she asked him; "What's wrong Honey, you look as if you've seen a ghost?" Rubbing his head Carter smiled to her saying; "Oh, no I... I was wondering, do you know who a... a ways back, riding in this fog... I thought I saw a young woman on a white Harley, she has long black hair and..."

You could have heard a pin drop in the place! Everyone turned to look at him, other bikers, some truckers, and the other patrons of the place. "What is it?" Carter asked the waitress. Kind of startled the waitress smoothed out her shirt and stuffed her order booklet into her apron pouch as she looked Carter in the eye and said; "Well its just kind of weird Honey... you're the 2nd biker this month that's come in here who claimed to have seen the young Lewis girl, that's all." Carter, excited now; "Do you know her? Do you know where she lives?" He was hoping he could find her again and ask her out, to see if she would go out with him. He knew he was dreaming, but he wanted to try! Him, going out with a beautiful woman like that, who could ride like that.

The waitress stammered now, feeling awkward and a little embarrassed for him; "Well, you see Honey, that's the thing... The Lewis girl was killed two years ago in a single motorcycle accident. Up on old Highway 13, somewhere up north around the town of Spirit it happened. As the story goes... seems she was always lonesome and would go out riding late at night, the craziest thing. I've been told that the night was a lot like it is now, dark and foggy. So you see, you couldn't have seen her out riding tonight on the road." Leaving him she put some cream on the table for his coffee, she left him to go and check on her other customers.

Feeling the warm cup of coffee in his hands, he stared out the window into the foggy darkness thinking to himself; "But she couldn't be dead, she seemed so real, it must have been a different girl, or the guys must have slipped something into my drink?" "Well in any case..." he thought to himself as he swirled his coffee slowly with a spoon; "Tonight there were two lonely riders out riding around at midnight... and at least for a little while tonight... I wasn't alone anymore." Staring out of the window, stirring his coffee slowly, he didn't even notice the other people in the building staring at him, whispering and pointing...

He could see her as clear as day now in his mind, spotlighted in his headlights as he chased after her. She turned to look over her shoulder at him, riding that white Heritage Softail, her long black hair shimmering in the light, to smile back at him laughing playfully...

**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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