## Page 11

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## **Biker's Perspective – Femalian Viewpoint** By Jynx

For you gals out there wondering whether it's too late to learn to ride, here's a story of Barb, my friend since 4th grade, aka Ms. Conservative. Constantly giving me static for riding, telling me I was foolish for taking such ridiculous chances, I was going to kill myself, and that it was about time I grew up! And we did grow up, in years only. I continued to ride, she continued to shake her head and call me crazy.



So, our group needed a couple of cool cars to lead and tail a (bike) parade. Barb owned a tricked-out TransAM and, reluctantly, agreed to help. We get together, do our thing, parade finishes,

she gets out of her car and the first thing out of her mouth is "I gotta get a Harley!"

We head off to a friend's house who was selling a shiny red Sportster 883. I tried to convince her that it might be wiser to start on a smaller, less expensive bike (as she had never ridden, and only passengered twice). Nearing her 50th birthday, she reasoned that it was time she had some fun. An hour later she was a Harley owner.

I gave her a few (very) basic instructions, she got on, started it up, chugged forward, killed it, nearly dumped it, but kept it sunny-side up, and sat there beaming from ear to ear. She was Hooked!

A few more tries and she had it down pretty well, but not quite well enough to ride the 30 miles home... that was my job. I will never forget that ride, never rode a Sportster before or since (Sportster riders have more guts than I do).

After professional motorcycle safety lessons (unlearning all I taught her) and getting her MC license (first try), she was off on a quest. No more Ms. Conservative, she was now to be known as BBB "Biker Bitch Barb" (nicknamed by yours truly), along with her personalized plate "PHOXY".

Here's the clincher, three months later, with less than 200 miles under her belt, clad in black, it's off to Sturgis, and NOT in a trailer! Through wind, rain, good roads and bad, she held her own, finding it curious that fellow riders would marvel at the fact that she was riding an 883 Sporty all the way to Sturgis (I silently agreed with them).

That was then, now (some 9 years later) she's joined the ranks and has lost it completely. Riding her Custom Fat Boy throughout the US, rain or shine, riding hard when most





Foxy's Maiden Voyage

would choose a cage or trailer. Mentally obsessed and suffering from chrome fever shewas forced to change vocation and is presently healing, employed by a motorcycle

transport outfit. Wishing she had started riding a lot sooner, she's catching up quick, loving each and every

moment, definitely a complete 180

I warmly recall Ms. Conservative, but continue to admire "Biker Bitch Barb" who taught me, it's never never too late to GO FOR IT! Ride safe, and until next time, my bike and I continue to Age Gracefully. Jvnx



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