



SCOOTER PHILOSOPHY

In a car, everybody is safe and sound. A climate controlled, weather resistant compartment, listening to a tune on the radio and watching the scenery through the windows. Watching the Movie pass them by. And they're inside. All buckled up and cozy. Detached. I mean, don't get me wrong, it's a fine experience.

But on a bike, you're not *watching* the Movie—you're *in* the Movie. The wind is whipping. The bugs are kissing. You're in it. The Movie is everywhere you are. It rains, you get wet. Sun shines, you get dry. Oil slick on a curve, and you're tasting gravel for a mid-day snack.

That family in the minivan, or the elderly couple in the luxury sedan, is getting along just fine. They might not even realize that they're missing out on the Experience. An opportunity that only two wheels can provide. The kids in the backseat bickering over who touched who. The wife next to ya bitching bout being lost and not asking for directions. Yeah, they're doing just fine.

And although you may be traveling upon the same road, the perspective behind a pair of handlebars as opposed to a steering wheel is a whole nother ride.

It takes a particular type of individual who wants to live life to its fullest. And though there are many roads, there are but few travelers—*true* travelers; those who have tasted the gravel and dirt and concrete slabs of miles gone by and made the most of each meal.

Leather n chains and tattoos abound. The longhairs, the greasers, the jack-booted hoodlums. And although the mythos of riding a bike still exists (and probably always will), you're more likely to run into a doctor or a lawyer riding a motorcycle these days than a true one percenter.

“SEE THE USA FROM YOUR CHEVROLET”

Ah, fuck that! See the USA astride a seven hundred pound rumblin and vibratin chromed out American made V-Twin Harley-Davidson. Nuthin better.

The danger factor tends to get bandied about. To ride lid-less or not. Is it my choice or not. But the main thing is to keep your eyes open and always have an out. You're more apt to get killed on a motorcycle riding to and from work in the city you live than on the open roads of America.

The dreaded left turn cutting your groove. Coming in too strong in a curve too soon. That cager on a cell phone with a cup of coffee jotting down a few notes thinking about the upcoming meeting instead of the here and now while bleeding into your lane. There's no room for 'thoughts of death' in the mind of a biker while riding. Sure, the possibility of death is ever present. But there's no need to dwell on it. Accept and move on. It's just part of the Deal.

Look, I'm just as screwed up as the rest of you. But instead of a head-shrinker (not that we necessarily need one), I just swing a leg over that saddle and go for a Ride. Need to clear your thoughts, get your head straight? Put two wheels to the asphalt and roll it on. Just you and you alone living the Dream. You *are* the Dream—the Experience. You get to make the choices, then deal with the consequences. Hey, it's your Movie—you're the Star.

So, get on that bad motor scooter and ride till the credits roll.