

In my experience, most people believe that this is a guy thing. I'm here to tell you there is opportunity for everyone.

My story began when I was 14 years old and a friend came by my house riding a Yamaha 80 Trial Master. I saw that chrome expansion chamber and I had to have it. So I asked, "Do you want to sell it?" \$50 bucks later, an empty piggy bank, plus some borrowed money, and I had my first bike.



Dad came home from work that evening and I did everything I could to keep him out of the garage. When he finally saw it I knew I was in deep ****. I had three days until the weekend, and I begged every day for him to take me to the desert. He finally gave in and we loaded into the trunk of his Buick. We had no gloves, no helmet, and I wore an old pair of hiking boots. I was the first to go; my father demanded a turn next, I think because he saw the big grin on my face. Then my brother took a spin. And just like that, a new era had begun.

It wasn't long before we had a collection of old used bikes in the garage. I graduated to a DT 250 that sported a fiberglass desert tank that I scored off a buddy for \$10 bucks. It had a Preston Petty Fender out front – I was bad ass! Dad came home with a YZ 400, that we named Killer. (Gotta tell ya, Dad is gone now, but the fondest memory of him is a picture in my mind with his two feet sticking high in the air as he super- manned that thing off a jump – it was ugly haha.)



Time moves on and I'm married with two kids.... I haven't gone riding in a long time. Then one day, there it was at a garage sale: a PW 50. And it was cheap! I picked it up and brought it home. My daughter learned to ride it, my son learned to ride it. I had to borrow a bike so I could take them out.

We bartered and traded and came up with a stable of two bikes. My son's junior high graduation rolled around – my wife says, "Get the kid a graduation present." I was drawn to the dealer on a tractor beam. I sat in the dealer for an hour and then went crazy. I said "Look, I need one of those 250's for a graduation present, and I want a new bike too." Knowing full well I would be in deep **** when I got home with two brand new bikes for my son and I, I bought 2 more bikes for the wife and the daughter.

I loaded the new 250 in the truck and placed it in the driveway. My plan was to go back the next day and get the others. I told my wife, "Your son's present is in the drive way." Her chain came off and the battle began. I said, "Look, go get him and you can give it to him." My son was in tears hugging his mom, all was good.

The next day I picked up the other bikes at lunch and put them in the garage where my wife parks. And like a chicken ****, I left and went back to work. My son called me at later that afternoon and said, "Dad, there are 3 more bikes in the garage!" I said, "I know. Your mom will be home in fifteen minutes - handle it! All I heard as I was hanging up the phone was "Nooooo...." I hurried home to find the garage left wide open with 3 bikes missing! In my mind I thought "Oh crap! She took them back!"

A few minutes later I could hear the sound of the bikes coming down the street. My wife road in first, then my daughter, and finally my son. My wife pulled her helmet off and said, "This is going to be really fun!" I almost fell to my knees. Since then, we purchased a toy box and we have many great family trips. I truly believe this sport has changed our lives. There is nothing better than sitting around camp with your wife and kids telling stories about the day's adventure.

