

The adventures of G.W. Biker

G.W. Biker is a Goldwing rider who lives to ride and works hard in order to pursue his passion. He is just an average man who has a passion for riding his Goldwing motorcycle. His mild mannered, caring personality lets people relax when they are around him. His sense of humor borders on disgusting without hurting people's feelings. G.W. Biker lives where the weather is always warm and sunny. His Goldwing is always polished and ready to go in case the mood strikes him.

This morning was going to be special, he and his chapter were going to capture the wanderer. Donning his custom leather jacket, his riding boots, leather gloves, sunglasses, and helmet; G.W. was ready to ride.

Backing out of his driveway ever so slowly, he noticed how cool the morning breeze was. The sun riding low in the sky, the birds singing their morning songs and the occasional dog barking gave G.W. the feeling that this was the perfect place to live and ride. With a smile on his face, G.W. sped off like someone who had someplace to go.

Turning left out of the complex and coming up to speed, feeling the cool breeze on his face relaxed him. All of a sudden, he felt a sharp pain under his jacket. He figured it must be a bee sting and reach under his jacket to swish it away. At 60 mph wrestling with a bee and keeping your eyes on the road kept G.W. very busy. G.W. figured that it would be much safer to pull over and take care of the situation before it got worse.

He got off his bike and as luck would have it, his custom made leather jacket zipper got stuck. Yanking on that zipper made the bee angrier. While struggling

with his jacket zipper, he felt another sting giving him the impression that this thing must be a wasp not a bee. Realizing what he had, he decided not to mess around with that zipper any more and try to pull his jacket off over his head.

Of course he couldn't pull his jacket off without taking off his helmet. So he reached up and undid his chinstrap and slid his helmet off. Unfortunately, he forgot to undo his radio cord and ripped the jack out from the bike. Realizing what he had done made him so angry, that he threw his helmet down to the ground cracking the face shield, making his helmet and face shield totally unusable.

By this time he was so angry that he reached up and slid his jacket off over his head. This made the wasp even angrier. The jacket was half way over his head when he realized that he had forgotten to unzip his sleeve zippers. Sliding the jacket back over his head, he looked down to unzip his sleeve zippers and felt another sting.

While pulling the jacket over his head again and getting madder every minute, he lost his balance and fell against his Goldwing, knocking it off its kickstand and onto the ground. At this point, G.W. was helpless. His bike was on the ground, his jacket was over his head, and he was thrashing around on the ground trying to pull his jacket off.

It was clear to him at this point that he was going to get that wasp no matter what it took. Rolling around on the ground with his jacket pulled over his head and getting stung was NOT what he wanted to do today.

As he was struggling to pull the jacket off and swatting the area where the wasp was, he inadvertently kick his headlight, cracking the lens all the way

across. When he finally got the jacket off he reached down to locate that wasp and send him to the happy hunting grounds in the sky. Lifting up his shirt and just as he was about to bring the wrath of God upon him, the wasp flew off.

Exhausted, G.W. laid there contemplating what had gone down. He got stung several times, his helmet was ruined, his face shield was cracked, his radio jack was ripped from the bike, his kickstand was bent, his headlight lens was cracked, and his Goldwing was lying on the ground like a walrus sunning itself on the beach. All the result of one wasp.

With the help of strangers, he got the bike upright and started. While heading home G.W. realized what started out as a good day turned into an all out fight with Mother Nature. When he pulled into the garage, he was thinking of how much damage there was because of a little wasp. Nursing his wounds, G.W. couldn't help but think the next trip would be better, it couldn't get any worse.

Will G.W. Biker's next trip be less eventful? We'll see!
