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The Bikers Realm

March 2011 Newsletter



From the President

Spring has sprung. Daylight Savings Time starts March 19th. This is a month ahead of time so don't forget to set your clocks ahead. This month has not been so bad, but I have yet to get my bike out of the garage. Rainy weekends and lack of time and energy has kept me off the bike. I've also been told by the wife that the Christmas decorations have to come down first before I ride. I would like to keep them up year-round and just call it a happy house. Well maybe this weekend.

I will be going up to the Bronx with our Sergeant At Arms Anthony for an AMA 34 District Meeting on the 12th. See what they have to offer our Club and bring a bunch of flyers for the Bike Blessing with me. See if we can get a few AMA clubs to attend. Always promoting this event it seems. I would love a large turnout for this event as it is the first one I am doing as President. Please get

the word out, all bikes are welcome. This blessing is the start of our year...let's make it a good one.

Also, we need donations for the raffles at the blessing. Anything and everything will be appreciated...stuff you don't use, stuff collecting dust, anything. We need donations bad, so bring some goodies for the raffle.

One last item - our weekend rides will begin soon and I know a lot of you are chomping at the bit to ride. April is Bike Registration Month so get your bike re-registered and inspected. Make sure all your stickers are current.

That's it for now, hope to be riding with you guys soon!



Frank and Dave's Excellent Vacation



The planning all done, now what time to leave was the question—5:15 a.m. worked for both of us, so Nathan's 86th Street was the place. The attendant at the Sunoco Gas Station would have nothing to do with signing anything for us. So off we go, tonight we touchdown in Daytona Beach, FL. The first stop was Jersey—I wanted to call it quits already—nice warm bed at home, glad Frank was stronger than me. Okay, get into a grove, every 150 miles stop—gas, stretch and back on the bike. Maryland Welcome House—first gas up—it's finally light out. Boy this is fun, aren't we having fun yet—another 150 miles. Coffee, lots of coffee, where is that power bar???

Fredericksburg, VA, now old man butt starts to kick in, OUCH!!! You know what I'm talking about. It's now painfully later and we are only 1/2 way there. Here comes Pedro's South of the Border. We have what's called a "large burger", YUCK! Not even fresh cat is this bad!! The weather starts to warm up...Georgia on my mind. I-95 goes on forever. Dark again, follow that truck...stay close. 75, 80 miles an hour...follow that truck. Did we just cross into Florida? 9:30 p.m. still a ways to go. Here comes Jacksonville and, unbelievable-no construction. Zoom last stop 80 miles to Daytona, we're not at all in our right minds, numbness of the brain sets in now. 12:45 a.m. we pull into Destination Daytona and the first motel is full, okay. The next motel—full—we're not going another mile. Finally the 3rd and final motel has a room. Okay so it's 19 1/2 hours later, we're checked in, we did it IBA for us, that was easy, right, NOT!!!!



Group Riding



There are just a few things I want to say here about riding in a group before our season starts. To be a safe rider in a group is to know the main person in the group responsible for your safety. You. You are in charge of watching out for yourself and taking your own safety into your hands. I don't want to hear I had to lay down my bike. Why? Because you weren't being safe. Insurance statistics in motorcycle involved accidents show that 50 percent of these accidents are the fault of the rider. Of the other 50 percent, 25 percent of them the rider bares some fault. That means 75 percent of these are rider at fault. You didn't have to lay your bike down, you had an accident.

Now here is where it gets weird. Harley club rider's average age is 50 years old. That's about right with our group. And we are all getting older. With that comes a slowing of the reflexes, if only a little. Eyesight begins to get a little worse, and response time grows. So if some morning before a ride you might be feeling a new ache here or there give yourself a little more room between you and the guy in front of you.

If when riding with the group you get split up or a car cuts into the line, don't get angry or pissed off. This is going to happen. When it does happen concentrate on you, what you have to do to remain safe. Don't worry about getting separated from the group. We all have cell phones and we all can reach each other. Before each ride know the destination of where we are going to eat. Write it down. Have someone in the rides cell number with you. The road captain's job is not to pull over on a piece of two foot medium to wait for you. It's not safe. The road captain is in charge of one thing. His safety. Not every rider on the ride. If you have to go (pee) inform the lead rider or have someone inform him. To pull over and pee on the side of a highway is not safe. Don't expect the rest of the ride to pull over on the shoulder and wait while you go so they can get hit waiting for you. Wait till the lead rider pulls the ride over where it is safe to go.

New riders, until they feel like they are up to riding with the group at the groups, level should be put up front right behind the leader. This way as we ride staggered they have nothing in front of them to worry about hitting and just get used to riding with the group. Unless they feel more comfortable in the back but not as where they hold up the ride.

Also what comes into play here with the more experienced riders is ego. Don't let that get in your way either. "I ride better than that guy I should be upfront" or "I'm not riding behind him he doesn't know what he's doing." If you took the ERC class and learned the proper braking and swerving techniques and don't practice them then all you have done is get a break on your bike insurance. Proper braking and swerving techniques can save your life. Practice what you have learned and you will be ready when you need the skills. Don't let ego get in your way of being safe. "I've been riding for years" Again I don't want to hear I had to lay my bike down. No you didn't. You had an accident. You didn't practice or pay attention and it will happen. Just looking off the road at a nice house or view and you can lose it. Stay safe. Practice what you have learned. Be a safe rider and let's have safe season, accident free.

The Lighter Side

A man is stranded on a desert island, all alone for 10 years. One day, he sees a speck in the horizon. He thinks to himself, "It's not a ship." The speck gets a little closer and he thinks "It's not a boat." The speck gets even closer and he thinks "It's not a raft."

Then, out of the surf comes this gorgeous blonde woman, wearing a wet suit and scuba gear. She comes up to the guy and she says "How long has it been since you've had a cigarette?" "Ten years!" he says.

She reaches over, unzips a waterproof pocket on her left sleeve and pulls out a pack of fresh cigarettes. He takes one, lights it, takes a long drag and says, "Man, oh man! Is that good!" Then she asks, "How long has it been since you've had a drink of whiskey?" He replies, "Ten years!"

She reaches over, unzips her waterproof pocket on the right, pulls out a flask and gives it to him. He takes a long swig and says, "Wow, that's fantastic!"

Then she starts unzipping this long zipper that runs down the front of her wet suit and she says to him, "And how long has it been since you've had some real fun?"

And the man replies, "My God! Don't tell me you've got a motorcycle in there!"



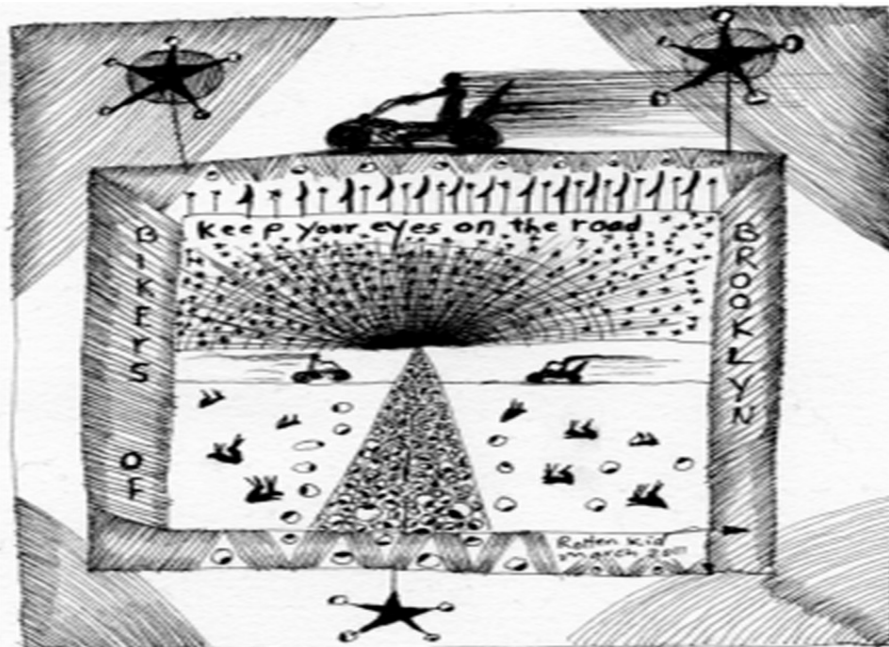
Birthday Dinner



The birthday dinner this month will be at Bratva Café located at 1205 Surf Ave in Coney Island. This will be on the last Tuesday of the month, March 29th at 7:30p.m. Everyone is welcome to come. If you plan to attend please call me at 917-771-3973 so we know how many to make the reservation for.

By the Artist

Hammer





Sparky's Corner



Hi everyone, well another riding season is about to start. I hope everyone will be getting their bikes checked and read to go. I've been riding the past 2 weeks, going to and from work, and there are still a lot of idiots and morons out there. It seems to me it just gets worse as time goes by. Whoever said that loud pipes saves lives - they hit the nail on the head.

With all that's going on with Robin's mom, I really have to hand it to her. She's been unbelievable as to holding it together and doing all the volunteering, not only with this club, but with the Guild.

On Saturday March 6, I went with Alex on a mission run with the PGR Org. They escort families and friends of service men and women who fought for our country's freedom and was killed in combat. They ride to the funeral homes and after the services they escort the procession to the cemeteries. It was a very touching experience for me. I also learned how to hold a flag at attention. If anyone has time during the day, join the Patriot Guard Riders. Its free to join and the cause is just

Now for lighter things.....

By the time everyone reads this everyone will know that the Bike Blessing is a go for April 30. Last, but not least, I'm working with George on a fundraiser for the Guild For Exceptional Children. My daughter attends the Guild, with about 500 other children and adults who are handicapped. We are trying for June. The run will start at Jr. past the Guild and end at Baron DeKalb in Sheepshead Bay. That's about it for now, until next time ride safe and no rain for the summer.

Thanks, Mark (Sparky)

The Lighter Side

A biker went to a bar and ordered a drink. As he sat sipping his whiskey, a young lady sat down next to him. She turned to the biker and asked, "Are you a real biker?" He replied, "Well, I've spent my whole life on Harleys. My momma was pregnant with me when she rode on the back of my Daddy's Harley, then as a little boy I rode on the back with my Daddy until I finally got my own Harley. I've been riding a Harley ever since. So yes, I guess I am a real biker."

She said, "I'm a lesbian. I spend my whole day thinking about women. As soon as I get up in the morning, I think about women; when I shower, watch TV, eat, whatever, everything seems to make me think of women." Then she got up and left.

The biker was thinking about what just happened when a man sat down next to the biker and asked, "Are you a real biker?"

He replied, "I always thought I was, but I just found out I'm a lesbian."



Lacey's Pen



After much arm-twisting by folks who will remain nameless, I've written part of a short story. Generally I write about monsters and kissing and I write it for teen girls, so you guys are a much different audience, but I hope you enjoy nonetheless. I'll be writing this in parts, a segment each month, until I feel the story is finished. Or until George tells me to stop.

Thanks!

Shift Part 1

The direction the pack was taking was way off my chartered course. I sat in the back corner, cloaked in the shadows of the clubhouse watching the new packmaster make his speech. He was too scrawny to lead us, too liberal in pack politics. I'd seen him on the hunts; the smallest of all the wolves, slicked back fur that never seemed to have a drop of blood. A muzzle without a single scar.

"What'd ya think of the new pup?" Troy asked from beside me.

I snickered, but didn't answer. Troy thinks I should be running the pack, but I'm not my father. I don't want to lead. I just want to ride my bike and run once a month with my brothers and sisters and just *be*.

"And now I open the floor to any grievances." Packmaster opened his hands in a welcoming way but there was challenge in his eyes. The room fell quiet.

"Yeah, I got one." A voice from across the clubhouse broke the silence. Ben, a big wolf and second in command to my father, stood up. He glanced in my direction and I sunk down into my seat. This couldn't be good.

"Oh?" Packmaster grinned.

"Yeah. I'd like to know exactly what happened on that last hunt."

There was a collective inhale of breath. The last hunt. The last time anyone had seen my father.

"I've given you my account. Karen and Alaric have given sworn witness testimony. I was appointed Packmaster in his absence." "I call bullshit," Ben growled. "And so does everybody else."

"What are you saying, brother?"

"I'm just saying what everybody is thinking." Ben's eyes flashed from brown to gold, his fangs and fur fluctuated in length. The tension in the air was almost a concrete thing.

"And would anyone like to second this...complaint? No? Good. Karen, Alaric, please take Brother Ben back to my office so we may discuss this matter privately, as it seems to be personal and not pack related." "The hell it isn't!"

Karen, one of the few females involved in pack politics, and Alaric, a new wolf that rose to Omega overnight, descended on Ben, just as he shifted. They followed suit, and like everyone else, I jolted out of my chair and backed against the wall.

The two silver wolves circled Ben, the large russet wolf in the center. Karen went after him first, then Alaric flanked. They moved so fast it was hard to tell exactly what was happening, but whatever it was it was loud and bloody. Shouts rose all around the room, everyone hyped-up and focused on the fight. Everyone but me and the Packmaster.

He stood behind the podium glaring at the brawl, but making no attempt to regain control and establish order, like a real leader should. It was hard to ignore the pull of the shift when so much energy flowed through the pack, but he didn't seem affected.

Alaric, with Karen's help, grabbed Ben by the scruff and pinned him to the ground. Packmaster leaped from the podium, still in human form, grabbed Ben's front legs and twisted. The crack of bone echoed across the suddenly silent room.

Ben shifted back, screaming and rolling on the floor with both arms pointing in different directions at unnatural angles.

All eyes zeroed in on the new Packmaster. He'd completely resisted the change, something while not impossible, was extremely difficult when all the pack was feeling it. He appeared as calm and unruffled as ever.

"Anymore complaints?" This time nobody spoke up.

I'll have a continuation next month. Thanks for reading!

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