

How I started riding..... there is so much to say!! My story starts in Basalt, CO.

It began back in 2004, when I was a senior in high school I had this job at a full Service gas station. This woman rode in to fill up her Honda Rebel 250 and it had a for sale sign on it. I always had an attraction for street bikes. At the time I had a little 150 Suzuki dirt bike at home so I knew how to ride. I had just lost my license so I had this great idea that this little bike could get me around town and escape trouble, if need be. The bike was in poor condition but the engine purred like a kitten so I bought it and made it my own. The Rebel was a good bike for me! As I was only 90lbs at the time, I had a wild side so no matter how many times I crashed that bike, I never got hurt. Well, I didn't break anything. I loved the size of the bike I would take it down alley ways and cut through people's lawns. It was a lot of fun!!! That bike made me feel like the rules didn't apply to me. I beat the hell out of that thing for one summer and it took it like a champ. Well nothing lasts forever, winter came and I sold the bike to a local bike shop for very little money.

I did a bit of traveling after high school and when I settled down for a bit I got myself a 2004 Honda Shadow 750, with only 765 miles on her. She was a much bigger bike than I was used to, it had a bigger gas tank and a lot more power!! I was living in small town in Colorado called Grand Junction, it had a tourist spot called the Flat Tops it was a nice drive up a canyon to the Flat Top Hills. After I purchased the 750 I took her to the Flat Tops so we could get to know each other. Well, half way up I ran out of gas and had to coast my way down, where I then push my newly purchased bike to the closest gas station.

I learned my lesson that day and always count the miles on a tank. That bike was not like pushing the rebel around at all.

The Honda Shadow was the first bike I started to modify. It didn't snow as much in Grand Junction so there were a lot more bikes on the road. I started noticing and hearing all the different kinds of bikes out there. That summer I started working for Aspen Valley Harley-Davidson and the techs started giving me tips for modifying my motorcycle to look meaner and sound louder!!! I started by taking my fenders off and taking a saw to them. They were only fiberglass so it was easy. Then I took scotch bright to my gloss black paint and dulled it up. I ended up sawing off the mufflers on the bike and welded straight pipes that shot up straight behind me; I also took the shocks off and welded twisted metal to the frame. It was my rat bike. I LOVED THAT BIKE!!! I soon realized, working at the dealership, that modifying bikes is what I wanted to be doing with my time.

Things were going nowhere for me in Colorado. My bike, my dog and I got on the road and headed to Texas hoping to find some school or shop where I could learn how to wrench on motorcycles. Well I didn't find anything in Texas but cowboys and guns so I packed up and headed to Phoenix, Arizona were I planed on attending M.M.I.

I was living in Arizona for about 4 months when I was hit by a 20 year old boy in a 1987 Chrysler 5th Avenue. My motorcycle was destroyed... He hit me while he was making a left hand turn and I went flying across the intersection. My bike went flying over the Chrysler spilling gas all over him and the car. When my bike and I met the ground I

jumped up to put her on the kick stand but she burst into flames along with the Chrysler and driver. I was rushed to the hospital just in time to watch the 10:00 news reporting the incident filming what was left of my bike being drug onto some pickup bed. It wasn't one of my best nights.

After some bed rest and a few tears I was back on my feet. Luckily the boy that hit me had insurance so I was in the market for a new bike. April 4th 2010 I purchased my first Harley-Davidson. I found a killer deal on an 02 Sporty 883 with 500 miles on her, the bike had a skull painted on the tank and some "Willy G" accessories on it, all my tattoos are skulls and crossbones so the

bike and I looked good together. The Sportster also had an evolution motor in it; Harley-Davidson produced the Evolution XL motor in 1986 the same year I was born. The bike even had short shot pipes on it so it was loud, and I liked that! Soon as I saw the bike and took it for a spin I purchased it.

Heartbreak Hayley and her Harley-Davidson have been a pair to this day. My Sporty is now an 883 with 1200 jugs on her and I'm in the market for some thunder headers. I am now attending M.M.I. and working at Buddy Stubbs Arizona Harley-Davidson. And the Story continues.....

**KEEP YOUR KNUCKLES TO THE
WIND!!!!**