

## Crazy AI Goes to the Dark Side

By Crazy AI #55



All my life I have been riding Honda Motorcycles. I have been very proud to ride on a Honda. My first bike was a Mini Trail 50 sitting under the Christmas tree when I was only in third grade. I only had it three days before I was convinced I could do my first Evil Knievel jump! It did not go that well. I wrecked it! After that I went on to own just about every Honda ever made. As soon as I could touch the ground on a bigger model I moved up! For the last ten years I have been riding a 2000 Honda Shadow Aero. And yes that baby still sits in my garage as I write this! Damn Harley folks told me they would give me 1,200 bucks for my pride and joy! Are you kidding me! The windshield is worth more than that to me!

I was in the Honda shop getting a new tire put on the bike when I asked them what's it take to purchase one of those shiny new Gold Wings? The salesman said lets run it through finance and see what comes back. About ten minutes later they came back and flat out told me no! What? NO! Seems they were going to hold it against me for having a couple of ugly spots on my credit. Hell... who doesn't have a few ugly spots these days! So feeling dejected I went outside to have a smoke when this ray of sunshine hit me from the north. I could barely see from the bright light that was shining on my face. I squinted my eyes, strained to focus, and the letters started to appear before my eyes! ... "

HARLEY-DAVIDSON."

It's like a tractor beam started to tug at my feet! I didn't try to fight it! A warm calm began to cover my whole body! I could hear small voices in my head ringing out "We don't care that you didn't pay the dentist." As I walked in the door I was immediately greeted by the friendliest salesman you have ever met. Can you imagine that? His name was Randy Mitchell and from that moment he became my best friend in the whole wide world! I told him I wanted no sales mumbo jumbo; that I was looking to buy a Harley that would take my lovely wife and me on all our future travels. He said "Ultra Classic." I said let's roll! They had a great selection of used Ultra's to pick from. As we walked by the bikes it's like I felt a tug on my jeans when my pants got caught on the highway peg from the most beautiful thing I have ever seen in my life! It was a 2005 Electra Glide, Ultra Classic, FLHTCUI Special Edition Shrine Model, Peace Officer Special! And I want to tell you right now the longer it takes to say the whole name of your motorcycle, the more times you want to repeat it! OK I'm a motorcycle geek! I can't help it! Next thing you know I hear the words that would change my life forever! "You have been approved." You're pulling my leg

right? Holy crap this is the best day of my life!

From that moment on I felt like a celebrity. My wife and I were led around to every department in the building; we were introduced to every department head. Shawna was



our tour guide. The insurance lady was named Faith. I think they hired her for that name! We went all the way up the ladder to the big cheese herself, the General Manager, Kim Briggs. Turns out she is the sister of a very good friend of mine. Small world stuff for sure! We were taken out to the front of the store and got our picture taken that would end up on our very own plaque to hang in my living room.

Got two free T-Shirts! And last but not least the keys to my new motorcycle! How am I going to get my Honda home? Screw it! I'll figure that out later! I want to say thank you to the whole crew of Fort Worth Harley-Davidson for making my purchase of a Harley-Davidson something I will never forget. And... I am now a member of the Harley Owners Group (HOG)! A free membership came with the bike!

The next day off my wife and I had, we looked on the HOG Chapter calendar and found that they were having a dinner ride that very day. These poor people... they have no idea who they have allowed to join their organization! I will pray for them all! I have to say I was blown away by the pure organization of this event. Even though I was scolded by Kim less than five minutes of me arriving to the ride! I loved it! Did they not think about the fact that my name is "Crazy" AI? Seems they don't care for the riders to be wearing short pants and checkered Vans. For the rest of the day I am going to try and be a good boy.

This ride was really cool. It was a progressive dinner ride. They had three houses we were going to visit and be served a part of a meal at each one with dessert at the last stop. We traveled awesome back roads throughout the whole ride. And we were split into groups for safety reasons. These guys are so professional. Shelly you would be proud to ride with this group! I didn't want to make an impression that day. I just wanted to be part of the group. Well it didn't turn out that way.

Being new to my bike I misjudged my gas consumption and thought a quarter of a tank would last me the whole day. I was wrong. All of a sudden, the bike started spitting and the fear of God rushed over

my whole body! I'm going to run out of gas on my first ride with the Fort Worth Chapter of the Harley Owners Group! Please, God, don't let this happen to me! I can just hear the comments. "It was the dude with the short pants and the stupid shoes." I waved everyone by as my bike started to coast. When they all passed by except Big Dave, the tail gunner, I shook the bike from side to side and hit the start switch. It fired back up! At that very moment God showed up! A gas station was just a few blocks down the road. Then the bike stopped again. I shook it again and once more my new steed roared back to life. I threw on the throttle and got just enough speed to coast into the station! Dave had a huge smile on his face as he rolled up beside me at the pump. That's because he didn't have to push my bike! By the end of the day everyone had a good laugh. They tried to give me a new road name but I declined. I told them my name still fits me just fine. I am Crazy AI.

When it comes to motorcycles I have always said life begins when you get one! But now your second childhood begins when you get your first Harley-Davidson! God Bless America!

