

This is an account of the ride I took on April 24th, 2009. It was my first time doing any serious long distance riding. It was always my theory that if I could get comfortable with riding long distances, then there would be no place, with time, I could not see and explore. Kentuckiana is great, but I want to see more than this area. Also, I have friends who live far away, and it would be nice to go see them. In the months up until this, I had taken rides from Louisville to Hoosier National Forest, Switzer Covered Bridge near Frankfort, and rode to the Cincinnati WKRP rally at the beginning of the month. I wasn't sure if I was ready, but I was pretty sure I was ready to discover my limitations.

As proof of my personal goal, I decided to attempt a ride with the Iron Butt Association. According to Wikipedia:

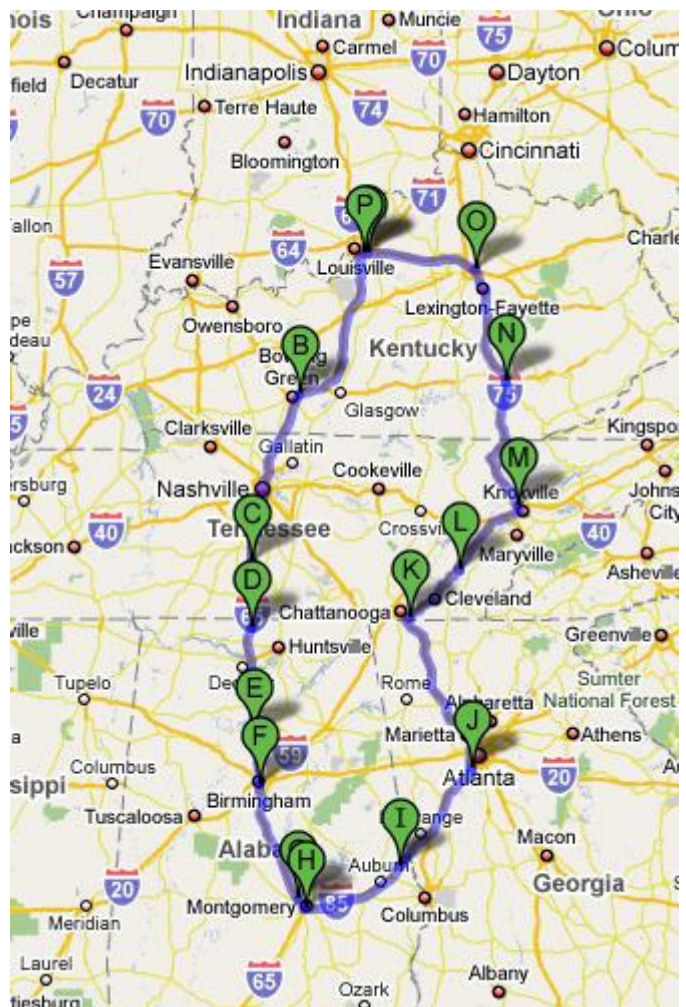
“The **Iron Butt Association (IBA)** is a US-based organization dedicated to safe, long-distance, endurance motorcycle riding with over 30,000 members world-wide. One of its more popular slogans is, "The World Is Our Playground."

The IBA does not have membership in a traditional sense. There are no formal meetings and no monthly newsletter. There are no mandatory yearly dues, although members can voluntarily pay an annual fee to become a Premiere member. Premiere members receive occasional news and information from the IBA staff, early notice of some events, additional chances to enter some events, discounted entry fees for some events, and access to special areas of the web-based discussion board.

The IBA is a loose knit organization with only one way to earn membership, ride 1,000 miles (1,600 km) in twenty four hours. Entry into the Iron Butt rally is by lottery only and every lottery entry must be an Iron Butt Member first. Rally workers and supporters (and Premiere members, as mentioned above) may be granted an extra entry in the rally lottery.”

I was ready to become a member. I chose their easiest ride, the Saddle Sore 1000. I wanted the world to be my playground. Also, I wanted some recognition that although I just ride a scooter and not a “big boy bike” that I am not a 2-wheel lightweight. There will always be more serious folks out there, like the true LD masters that participate in the Iron Butt Rally (which is 11,000 miles in 11 days!), but I wanted to prove I was at least (in some ways) more bad-ass than the trailering Harley rider or Sportbike hot-shot who gives us scooter riders the snub.

My wonderful sister Patti agreed to be both my start and end witness. She is real cool like that. Besides my gear, the one true piece of equipment I had was my Tomtom One XL*S GPS. I had it hard-wired to the battery using a SAE connector then a 12v cigarette lighter style outlet (which is what the GPS charger uses). I had been having some trouble with the setup, even losing power twice. The Tomtom brand GPS car charger (ok actually two of them) ended up turning into actual cigarette lighters (i.e. they got hot, smoked, etc.) I replaced them with a generic USB charger from Wal-Mart. It was compact enough to fit in my fuel compartment under the door, so that way it would be protected from the weather. I also took my digital camera, MP3 player, and cell phone. I used all three!





I had planned to start early on Saturday morning from my favorite coffee shop, Highlands Coffee Company, but a friend told me that they were running a mini-marathon in the area, so I decided to avoid it. There are Starbucks all over Louisville, and although that is a least-favorite of mine, the location at 9306 Taylorsville Road (the corner of Taylorsville Road and Hurstbourne Parkway) was convenient. I was fiddling around with a camera mount on the Majesty, and got a later start than what I wanted. I was going to get up at 5AM and be gone by 6AM. I stayed up later than I wanted to so I could finish watching a movie, so I ended up sleeping in until almost 6AM. I got on the road and got to Starbucks and met my sister briefly for witness duty. I

didn't want to take time to drink coffee, so I bought chocolate biscotti, a bag of mixed nuts, and a bottle of water. Only at Starbucks would your bill for this bit of crap run you more than \$5. I could have had a deluxe McSomething... My start time was just after 7AM. I took a quick picture to post to my blog and I headed down Interstate 65 southbound with 2906 miles on the Majesty's odometer.

I had a plan to do a little extra documentation, and take some pictures. The extra documentation was in the form of post cards, which I would mail out from each of the three states I visited. I had been warned that in the wee hours of the long ride I might get a little scatterbrained, so I devised my IBA SS1K LOG BOOK. On the cover, it noted a reward of \$25 plus postage if found and returned. It was a half-page sized booklet I made using the plastic spiral binder device at work. Each page had blanks for the stop number (A through P), the date, time, odometer reading, location and then below this was on the right hand side a checklist and the right hand side a note reading "Attach Receipt Here". The checklist was my "to do" at each stop. It consisted of:

1. FILL UP GAS (obvious)
2. RECORD DATA (strictly necessary for documentation of the certified ride)
3. TAKE PIC OF ODO (extra measure of recording for my peace of mind)
4. ATTACH RECEIPT (also mandatory)
5. POSTCARD? (this was an optional thing, but I wanted to get a postmarked card from Tennessee, Alabama, and Georgia)
6. BLOG POST (my sister Patti, who was going to be my start and end witness, wanted to be able to track me somehow so she didn't worry)



There was a bit of space at the bottom of each page for quick notes, with more blank pages in the back for info if needed. On the inside cover (besides the REWARD info) was the address of Ann's Snack Bar in Atlanta which Jerry White was kind enough to tell me about. There were also a few notes with last minute instructions to charge the MP3 player, camera battery and cell phone. Lastly a note to myself that there might be some hairy NASCAR traffic around Birmingham that Andy Clark warned me about—some big race in Birmingham on Saturday.

I was off on my way to the first stop, wherever that might be. I had planned gas stops, but was not really 100% sure what kind of range I would get with each tank. I had a 22oz. MSR fuel canister for emergency (also I had originally forgotten it and had to run back and get it—another reason for the later start). The first stop ended up being right where I planned it, in Bowling Green, Kentucky. I had broken the 3K mark on my odometer and it was just after 9AM. I was ready to ride, so this was a quick stop. I pulled in to the IGA Express Shell and filled with 3.17 gallons of premium. I recorded my data, took a fine first picture of the odometer, attached the pump receipt, and did a quick blog post via phone “Gas in Bowling Green” I took a quick snapshot on my camera, being the first stop and all. I picked up a post card of Lost River Cave that said “Bowling Green Kentucky”, but I never really intended on mailing it. I live in Kentucky, so I don’t really have to prove I’ve been there.



Bowling Green as seen from the gas pump.

Just into Tennessee, I stopped along the highway to get the obligatory picture of the Welcome Sign.



The next stop a couple of hours and over 100 miles from where I'd last set my feet down in Kentucky was Columbia Tennessee. It was 11:15AM by my watch and since I'd not gotten a real breakfast, I was hungry for something a little more substantial than the Starbucks nuts I munched on in Bowling Green. I pulled off and found another Shell station. This one had a sign that said "Deli". I thought to myself that was pretty convenient. When I go in, however, they have a steam table with fried chicken. Not only that, but legs only. "If you want to wait, we'll be fixing more in a few minutes." Said the cashier, but I told her legs were fine. I saw they had tables in the back along with video games, bathrooms, and one of those low-impact gambling machines where you stick the quarter in, and it can cause other quarters to spill out. While I was waiting to be rung up an old fellow was grousing "how much you going to charge me for water today?" and she explained his price would be \$10K. They were obviously just joking around and I figured he must be a regular. He came up to me while I was eating and asked "How's the turkey hunting today?" I kind of just looked at him and said "I don't know, I'm not hunting." He said "Well I seen your leggin's and thought you was out turkey hunting." (He was talking about my textile motorcycle chaps from Colorado Chaps) Around mouthfuls of a different bird, I just said "nope." To change the subject I said "I'm glad I didn't get a glass of water with this. I hear the price is pretty





steep around here.” He said that he was just put off about yesterday when they tried to charge him \$0.29 for a cup of ice water. He explained that instead, he just bought a bottle of juice and drank that, then filled it up for free “because it’s the damn cup and lid they’re charging you for.” He showed me he was using the same juice bottle today. I finished my hot and salty chicken legs pretty quick, went in and washed my hands (never put hands sticky from chicken grease inside your gloves—bacon grease seems to be ok) and on the way out got a diet soda for later in case I stopped somewhere and couldn’t find one. I asked the cashier if there was a place to mail a post card. She looked at me really odd and said there was a full

truck stop about three exits down that has everything. Hmm...maybe I should have waited and got off there instead. I sent my blog message “Columbia Tennessee”, saddled up and headed out. I didn’t stop at her exit. I figured there would be more Tennessee to mail a post card from.

I was wrong about that on this day. I didn’t really see anywhere that looked like they might have a mailbox. The next thing I did see was the welcome sign to Alabama, so I stopped to get my picture (or, like most of the opportunities, I did not have a person who could take the picture or a tripod, so I got a picture of the Majesty). Well, I say that, but I must note that a biker pulled up to me here (startled the hell out of me!) and asked if everything was ok. Now I say biker, denoting the classic stereotype...leather jacket, half-helmet, leather chaps and riding a big bike with lots of metal. I told him everything was cool and I was just getting my picture of the sign. He said “well any time I see a bike on the side of the road, I always stop to make sure everything is ok.” It’s people like this that give me some faith in the human race. Little did I know I would meet his opposite later on.



The next stop was the actual Welcome Center to Alabama. I thought they might have a mailbox there, so I pulled in. This is the stop where I spent a few minutes but forgot to document my miles and the time. It's easy when you're getting gas because that triggers the process. Plus, it was getting hot now (about noon or a little after) and I wanted to switch to my mesh jacket. The vents were just not getting me enough air. The mesh is a Power Trip jacket that I had altered because it was a bit too long. I would (in retrospect) not recommend this, or at least not my seamstress. She did a pretty poor job on the jacket. It fits uncomfortably and binds some around the arms. I was not playing basketball in the thing, so I didn't care that much, but I was not happy that she took a \$250 jacket and made it look and feel like a \$99 one. Oh well, hindsight/foresight. It was working for now.



This welcome center has a huge rocket. I didn't stop to read the significance of that, but I bet it has something to do with the NASA place I hear is in Alabama somewhere... I asked the attendant about a mailbox and he said they have one where they get their mail and its ok for the public to use it to send mail. He said it probably wouldn't go out until Monday, but that's no big deal for my purposes. It was all the way across the dog walk out by the service shed, but I needed the walk anyway. When I got there, there was already a personal letter outgoing and the flag was up. On my way back to the Majesty, a guy on his Harley pulled up and parked next to me, but he and his passenger never said anything. They looked to be in their late 20's or early 30's, and that's ok because I was mainly ready to keep moving.

My next stop for gas was Hanceville, Alabama. I can't believe at this point I've wandered into yet another Shell station. It's about 1:45PM and this is a no-nonsense quick stop. I've now got 3257 on the odometer! I filled up, recorded my data in the trusty log book, and affixed my receipt. I am using 3M sticky-tab things (like you would mark "sign here" spots or parts of a book with) to adhere my receipts. This is so I can pull them back off later and Xerox them for the Iron



Butt Association requirements. Shell should be sponsoring my ride with free gasoline and fried chicken! I also got a bottle of water and drank the whole thing. I know I have to keep hydrated. I am tired, but it's merely "tired of sitting" not really fatigue or drowsiness. In Hanceville, the Shell was also a truck stop. I heard the employees all talking on their cell phones about a trucker who was wanted by the police. Apparently, he'd been found barricaded in his tractor trailer and they sent in the SWAT team to get him out. From what I could gather, this happened just before I got there! I also found (wonder of wonders) postcard stamps at this Shell. I purchased an Alabama postcard, filled it out and the clerk was nice enough to



say he'd put it with their outgoing mail on Monday. When I sent my short blog message "Hanceville alabama" it was at this point I realized that I had been relying completely on my Tomtom GPS to tell me where to go. Anyone will tell you this is not really a good thing. I forgot and left my map at home. With the map, I had my mandatory stops planned out where I MUST get receipts. I simply forgot where the next one was. I knew the main one was Montgomery, but I was coming up on Birmingham and thought I had to stop there too. That was less than 50 miles away, so I stopped at Church's Fried Chicken.

I already had my fill of the bird, so just for a receipt I got fries and a diet Pepsi. I noted my time of 3:00PM, my

odometer reading of 3290, and I send off a blog post with the Majesty in front of the bright yellow fast food joint, and the message "Birmingham al at church fried chicken getting receipt forgot base map at home think this is a corner!"



This is also the city where I realized that I was the minority. As you can tell, I don't get far from home often, and it was an unusual feeling for me. At first, I felt a little uncomfortable, but then it was no big deal. The experience merely reinforces the fact that people are really just people anywhere you go. They might talk, act or look a little different than you, but we're all just human beings trying to fry our own fish.



I did not quite make it to Montgomery like I had planned. I ended up having to stop short in Prattville for gas, at 4:20PM and 3373 on the odometer. I stopped this time at the USA Travel Centers. At least it wasn't owned by Shell! And I liked the fact that their pumps matched the paint job on the Majesty! Prattville, Alabama was the place where I came to a revelation. It was the third place I stopped to use the john (I blame the fried chicken) and the toilet paper is all screwed up at every place I stop. Either folks from Alabama don't know how to properly use the invention of toilet paper, or it is perhaps a humidity issue. I am not sure, but you have to claw and rip and tear like some sort of animal to get any toilet paper off the roll. It's never

hanging down like it should be. At first I thought it might be a new roll, but the amount missing indicates otherwise. So there is someone knocking and bitching about how long I'm taking and when I leave the john, scraps of TP everywhere, I'm in the mood to just let him wonder. The attendant at the counter quizzed me about the MPG on the Majesty. I took my standard line. "Well, the damn thing's supposed to get 65 miles per gallon, but I've been averaging 55...but that's with my fat ass on it..." That usually gets an "only 55?!?!?!?" and this time was no different. He told me he owned a 1200 that only gets 40mpg, and his van outside only gets about 9.



At a little after 5PM, I finally made Montgomery. This was my half-way point—at least geographically it was. It was also, at 3382 miles on my odometer, my southern most point. It was basically

back home from here. I stopped at a Beeline station (also not affiliated with Shell). I didn't need gas, since I just got some 9 miles ago in Prattville. There were a bunch of guys outside pressure-spraying the whole place. I parked in the far end to avoid the water. I went in to grab a \$0.99 soda and realized their tax here is \$0.10 on the dollar. I will try to remember not to complain about Kentucky's 6%!! This is one of several places I stopped where the attendant is behind what seems like bullet-proof glass, and takes your money through a banker-type window. Is crime really that bad down south? I quickly jotted down my data in the log book, took a picture of the odo, and send off a blog post. On the way out, a rather scary looking worker says "Hey man, you got eighty-six cent I can have?" I didn't know the area and was afraid to give away all my change. I might eventually run into a toll road and I admit I had been hoarding the change. I gave him a dollar instead. My blog post read "Montgomery scary! Can I have some change? Here man, take a dollar!" Well, it really wasn't that scary, but it was after 5PM and I needed to get back on the road—this time Interstate 85 for Atlanta!



About an hour and 70 miles later, I decided I would look down at the good old odometer. Flashing right above the readout was the "OIL" light. I couldn't remember if this meant CHANGE OIL or LOW OIL. I figured my ass had better pull in somewhere. That somewhere was The Bridges Travel Plaza and Country Pride Restaurant in Cusseta, Alabama. It was after 6PM and I was thinking the engine could cool down while I ate so I could check the oil properly. Just before was also the time my eye started itching really bad. To scratch it, I would squeeze my eye shut. I didn't want to touch it and make it worse. I knew allergies coming on, but had not thought about that prior to leaving. I went in and avoided the buffet. While waiting for service, I sent

my blog message "Supper break and stop because oil indicator blinks. Probably change light but will check 4 low in a minute" I ended up with Chicken Fried steak which was pretty good. Servings were huge and the waitress was like somebody's mom. She even looked at my eye and said that I might be getting a sty. I didn't think so because this was just like last fall. I ate some of the dinner (one steak with gravy and some green beans) and went over to the store. They were well stocked! Not only did they have NON-DROWSY Tylenol for allergies, but they had Visine A.C.! I got another soda too, and a bottle of water. I kept forgetting the soda (now two sodas) I already had under the seat warm. I was drinking mostly water. I ate the Tylenol with water, put in some of the drops and checked my oil. It was fine, so I got out the manual which told me the blinking indicator meant I was due for an oil change. I thought that was at 4K, but it says the oil is due at like every 3125 miles. Wonder why Yamaha makes the service interval at 4000 then... I believe Cusseta was also where I saw the boiled peanuts for the first time. I wanted to try some, but I was full, and it's not something you can haul along with you. I did get a cool Alabama fridge magnet... I blogged one more time before I left so Patti would not worry, "Oil ok eye itching like mad! Took non drowsy allergy med and visine." I continued up I-85.



Next stop was mandatory—Atlanta, Georgia—another “corner” of my ride. Along my route though (planned courtesy of Tomtom), Atlanta was not easy to find. I first came to the Welcome Sign, so got the snapshot.



I pulled off an exit from the bypass where I thought Atlanta might be. It was about 8:30PM and I ended up in East Point which is just about 8 miles south and west of Atlanta. It was a nicely developed area right off I-285 which is the Atlanta bypass. The only trouble was I drove probably a mile with no gas station in sight. There were tons of malls and restaurants, but no gas. I finally rolled up to a stop and asked the SUV guy where gas was at. He wanted to chat at length about miles per gallon, etc, but finally gave up the info. I had to go back down the street, cross 285 and on the other side was a gas station. I found it; it was an Exxon Food Shop. It was just like several other gas stations. There were mostly African-American shoppers, an Indian guy behind the thick plexi-glass wall, and they had boiled peanuts. I had already gotten gas, but I went in for yet another drink. This time I got sugar free sports drink. Electrolytes...yum. I also found what turned out to be the “Holy Grail” of my ride. A CAN of BOILED PEANUTS!! I asked for the receipt instinctively (although I already had the one the pump spit out at me) and also “Do you know where there is a mailbox?” Everywhere I asked, I got the



same reaction—like I basically had two heads. He pointed a direction and said some words that were distorted probably more by the plexi than his accent. On the way out, a guy with flyers approached me. He saw the Kentucky license plate and did a “never-mind”. A fellow in an SUV pulled up as I was gearing up. He commented on the Majesty, where was I from, etc. He confessed he owned a Harley of some sort. I acted a suitable level of impressed and he went in the store. I did my bookkeeping, noted 3543 miles on the odometer, and then scooted off in search of the hidden mailbox. I rode through the mall and finally found one! Now I have Alabama and Georgia! I only need Tennessee, which I’m hoping to get on the way back. I get back on 285, finish cutting around Atlanta, and then it’s back onto I-75 toward Chattanooga!



I made it almost 125 miles into Chattanooga before needing to stop for gas. It was now pretty late at 10:50PM and I had been up for 17 hours. I was pretty beat. I stopped at the first gas station off the road, called the Pantry. Again, I was the only white guy around, but at this point it was not a big deal to me. After fueling, I went in for a soda. Diet Mountain Dew this time. They make it very clear at the Iron Butt Association that these rides are supposed to be conducted safely and at no time should you continue if you are too fatigued. Also, it is against the rules to use drugs (even caffeine) to push past your normal capabilities. Doing this will disqualify you immediately. I gave this a lot of thought, and

decided that having the normal amount of caffeine in my system that I would generally expect if I were at home and awake at this hour would not be breaking the rules. I have several cups of half-decaf coffee and a couple sodas during the day. If I were staying up late playing cards or something, I might have more. I did not go beyond my abilities using soda. At least not with a couple extra Diet Mountain Dews. I actually think drinking and keeping a half-full bladder most the time did more to keep me alert! Anyway, here I am back in Tennessee! That’s gotta be almost home, and not having my map, and being somewhat tired, I was able to fool myself. It was a good attitude boost. I sent my blog post “Chattanooga TN where they at least know how to use the toilet paper dispensers!”

I was parked off to the side, sipping my soda and debating whether or not I should try to take a nap at the Iron Butt Motel. For those who’ve never heard of this, it is basically racking out on a park bench, picnic table, or on the ground next to your bike for a while. I wanted to do it, but the place I was at was pretty busy, and there was no place I would feel comfortable enough to actually sleep. Besides, I had this massive energy boost from the Diet Mountain Dew... So I decided to forego the rest. Instead, I went up to this guy who was looking at me, decided to ask him about a mailbox, since I was now back in Tennessee. The guy was in his car, having just come out of the store. I asked “You live around here?” and he said yes, so I asked him if he knew of a mailbox around anywhere. He said “I just threw three dollars out my window.” I looked down and saw one of them. “You can have ‘em if you want.” I was puzzled, and told him that was ok. “I thought you was broke down and needed gas, so I threw the money out the window.” The man was pretty clearly intoxicated. I just indicated that I was fine and only needed to find a mailbox. At this point another guy comes out of the Pantry with a case of beer. My guy yells at him “Hey man! Let me buy two of them cold beers off you!” The quibble back and forth about the beer and he gives up. “That’s ok. I got one getting cold in the box!” he points to the back seat. “And I’ve already had me some anyways!” He attempts to give me directions to a mailbox “just down past the Sonic” but I don’t understand him 100%. He throws a couple more dollar bills out his window onto the ground and says “Ok man!” and drives off. I see the clerk come out a few minutes later and pick up the dollar bills. If they would have been

Lincolns I would have nabbed them! I went back in before I left, grabbed some beef jerky and cheese. It's what a good friend of mine used to call "Astronaut Food". I didn't eat them; just put them with the sodas I'd been hoarding. I also got a small can of Pringles, ate about 2/3 of it and threw the rest away. After all the sodas and now Astronaut Food, I was running out of room. I got suited up and went down the road a bit looking for the mailbox. I had the post card in the small side glove box on the Majesty. I found the Sonic, but no mailbox. I got back on 75 northbound for home.

At this point as Interstate 75 got closer to the Great Smoky Mountains, it got pitch black (no lights) and winding. Not like backroads Kentucky 30mph max twisty, but still, for going down the road at 70+mph it was a little unnerving. I was starting to worry more about the deer signs, and getting especially paranoid about "road gators". Road gators are like a little mythology I made up for the kids on our way to Florida a couple years ago. They are a specific species of alligator that live their entire lives unseen by the interstates of America. At the time of death—like elephants to the fabled Elephant Graveyard, they use their last remaining strength to crawl up onto the road—usually the brake down lane but sometimes out in the road. All road gators are flat black in color. Sometimes they are small and stringy, but sometimes they are pretty huge. My fear of nailing one of these carcasses in the super dark of the winding I-75 was increasing as time went by. I didn't know (never having hit anything big) what effect it would have on the Majesty. The same could be said for deer meat. The huge red greasy spots in the road and the opossums I had seen numerous times during daylight hours were not helping the little movie playing in my mind. I fully realized that it might not have to be a live animal I hit to take out the scooter. With the unknown road, the GPS was great—telling me of any upcoming twists to the right or left. After a while I decided it was good it was too dark to see scenery and I could focus on the road itself. I was imagining something very beautiful, but also with Great Smoky Dropoffs. I decided that if I were ever going to use my brights, now would be the good time. Up until this point the lights on the Majesty had been great and I not once wished for anything more. But now it was like driving through ink. I wanted the lines as bright as I could get them for as far out as possible. I flicked the switch, and the result was amazing. I could see a lot further, and wider than before. This was going to keep me safe from the animals, real and mythical, alive and dead!



I had been running on the rationality that I would keep my mesh jacket on with no chaps and that the extra cold would keep me alert. It was a good theory for a few miles until I decided I was freezing my arse off. I made it to Athens, Tennessee unscathed at 12:25AM on Sunday April 26th. I was now into the second calendar day! Another milestone! Luck of all luck! Right outside the Kangaroo station there was a big beautiful blue U.S. Postal Service mailbox! I got the post card out of the glove box and put it in the mailbox! I went in to the store (not yet needing gas at only 3776 on the odometer) and bought a pair of brown jersey gloves to go over my summer Olympia Gel gloves. I put on my other jacket (vents zipped up tight), and my chaps. This helped a lot! I recorded my data, attached the receipt for the gloves and

posted to my blog, “Athens tn cold stop to change jackets and buy gloves” There was an older woman there who after waiting on me went out to smoke a cigarette and sweep up the parking lot. She asked a few usual questions about where was I from, where did I ride, etc. It was a new day, I was happy, and I chatted with her for a few minutes while getting my gear on. As I left, she said to be careful and good luck. Little did I know how soon that would come into play.

The next stop happened and the time was a little fuzzy. It was a “rolling stop” and I did not make a record of it because it was just off the exit and back on. Here’s the reason:



It was either before or after Knoxville that I got my first dose of road rage in this 24 hour period. I had been riding with the brights on, but very conscious of other people on the road. Whenever I could see oncoming traffic, I would douse the brights. It was dark, twisty, and I was not trying to piss anybody off. I-75 was either 2 or 3 lanes. I would usually take the middle if there was one. If not, I would stay in the right, only using left to pass. After a while I was passed by a car. No big deal, I was not watching my speedometer really close relying mainly on my Kuryakyn Throttle Boss to keep me at a somewhat constant speed. I would lean on it before hills and let up a little after the top, but for the most part I let the throttle lay where it liked. The guy passed me—as I said no big deal there—and then got back in the right lane and slowed down. I have seen this many times. I theorize that this is the win-win type A personality. They cannot stand to have somebody in front of them, and must always lead and never follow. It doesn’t matter if they want to comfortably go 60, 65, or 70. They will speed up to pass you, then slow back down to their comfort speed. As I contemplated what this guy’s malfunction was, I realized I still had my brights on. I immediately turned them off. I felt bad about it, so even though he was doing almost 60mph in a 70mph zone (with minimum speed 40 signs posted everywhere) I stayed behind him, brights off and at a respectable distance) for several miles. Needless to say, I wasn’t in the mood to waste time, so eventually I decided to pass him. I got over with plenty of room. When I got beside him, the jackass quickly swerved part over in my lane! It was like he was warning me not to pass. There were three lanes now, so I got over in the extreme left hand lane and went wide open up the hill. Keep in mind, up a hill with a good running start the bike tops out at 75-80mph. People were doing 80 in the 70mph zone all day long so I didn’t worry about the short burst of excessive speed. I got way out in front of him and just kept going.



After several miles I felt more comfortable, so I eased back over. That is when he sped up again. He proceeded to hover over the rear end of my scooter for a long while. At first I didn’t know if it was coincidence, so I decided to slow down. He slowed down. Then I sped up, and he kept pace. I got up right behind a semi going uphill at 45mph. I slowed down and stayed behind the semi, and he kept right on my rear tire the whole time. I knew he was messing with me. It’s at this point I regretted leaving my S&W .380 auto at home. I shot over into the middle lane and quickly around the semi. I put a couple car lengths between myself and the semi before getting back over. He swerved in front of the semi and continued to tail gate me. I had just passed an exit doing all this. I could pull off—in which case he had a bigger vehicle than me and I was at a severe disadvantage. I decided to go as quickly as was safe to the next exit. If it was vacant and everything was closed, I would pull out my only weapon—the cell phone. That way I could at least act like I was calling the cops even if I had no signal. Luckily I got off the exit and turned right toward the lights of a gas station. He turned left. I watched for a few minutes and then got back on I-75. I will admit for a while I was moving pretty good hoping to put

some distance in between me and that crazy person with nothing better to do besides terrorize a scooterist. Had I been on a big-boy bike, I doubt this would have ever happened.

My next stop was in Knoxville for gas. I made it in at 1:27AM at 3776 on the odometer. I was still pretty cold, so at the Pilot I got hot coffee. It was getting late now—closer to my 24 hours, and I filled up, recorded my data and took my last shot of the odometer. I also had to use the restroom and warm up, so I got a cup of hot coffee. It was not bad. My blog message was “Knoxville tn gas and drop off dinner. Tired but still alert...” I didn’t want to worry my sister with telling her about the crazy-possibly-drunk-and-definitely-belligerent guy in the cage. I was tired enough at this point to want to just keep moving. After finishing most of the coffee, I was back northbound.

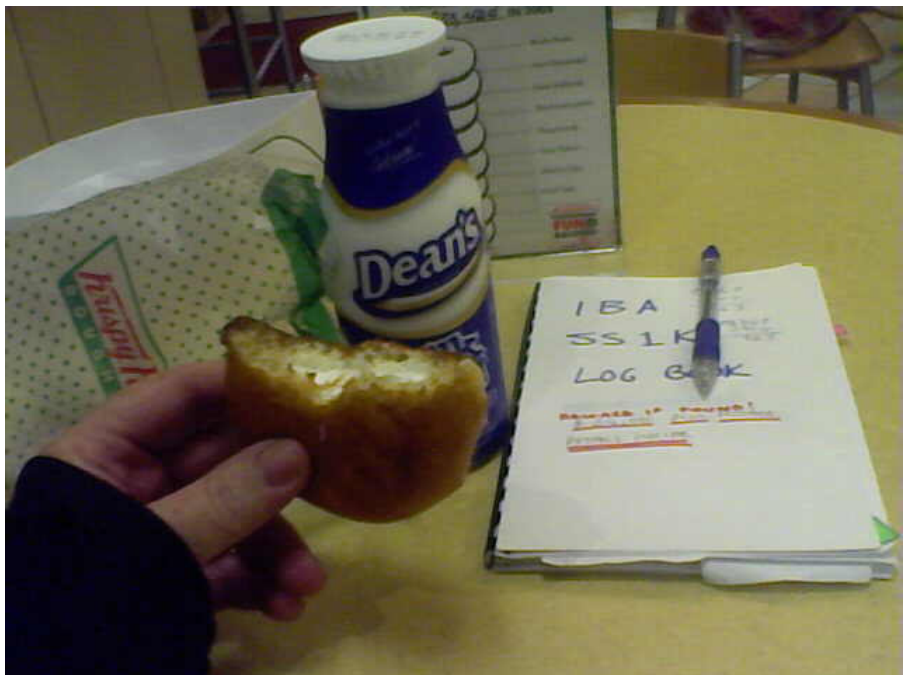
I stopped at 3AM, finally back in Kentucky. I hit the London Speedway on Hwy192 at 3869 miles on my odometer. I got some more Astronaut Food and actually ate it this time, and a big 20 ounce coffee. At this point I felt I needed the coffee more to warm up than to stay awake. I was again getting really tired, but I felt like my alertness level stayed up. I gassed up and moved on pretty quickly. I did record my mandatory info, but that was about it. No picture of the beautiful Majesty odometer this time.

Next stop I could smell the blue grass. I was in another Speedway—this time at 4:35AM and 3947 miles on the odometer in Lexington, Kentucky. I was almost home. I sent my blog message “I am in Lexington KY! I HAVE ABOUT 2 HOURS TO GET TO LOUISVILLE!!!” I filled up, recorded my data, warmed up and chatted with the boy who was the attendant. He asked all about the “mission” and I told him the full story. He explained how 1000 miles in 24 hours would not be hard at all. He furthermore expounded on that by saying “somebody should do it on a bicycle.” When I explained that you have to average 50 miles per hour, he kept insisting it could be done, and that he could probably do it. I didn’t need any signs, GPS or maps to tell...I was definitely back in Kentucky, running down Interstate 64—my final main drag.

The last jaunt was pretty flatline. I knew I had it beat, which energized me, but I was really tired and now starting to get drowsy. I had yawned about a half-dozen times between London and Lexington. Now I was yawning every few minutes it seemed. I had the MP3 player going and I was singing full blast, which helped. I passed the Gene Snyder (I-265) and headed toward Louisville proper. I got off I-64 onto the Watterson Expressway, or I-264. I only had a handful of miles to go. I was minutes away from my doughnut—incidentally the first serious carbohydrate I’d had in the ride. I’m not counting the Pringles!

I rolled off the Watterson and onto Bardstown road just before 6AM. I parked in the Krispy Kreme lot and went inside. There were only a couple people there. I got two doughnuts and a bottle of 2% milk. This was my time. I looked at my receipt. Krispy Kreme #76 at 3000 Bardstown road put \$3.49 worth of breakfast on my MasterCard on 4/26/09 at 5:59:35 AM. My order number was 2675501. I got this nice lady to take my picture. She told me to be careful getting home. I must have looked tired.

Sis came and did my end witness paperwork. I went home to bed. In retrospect, I believe if I had to do this again, I would try to make my stops more quickly and thus make the entire ride take a shorter time. The main obstacle was my comfort level while riding. At one point I had gotten the rubber floorboard pad loose because I was moving my foot around in different positions trying to take pressure off my right knee and my arse. I think I seat which would allow me a little more room to stretch out—or some equivalent of highway pegs might do the trick.





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