

## WHY DO BIKERS DRESS LIKE THEY DO?

As the twig is bent ,so grows the biker. I always run into the same question. Why do bikers dress the way they do? Why do they look so mean and raunchy? Before answering these questions, let's ask and answer this. Why are they bikers to start with? Let's linger back in life. Your life, what was the most important gift that Santa ever brought? What else—a bike. Or maybe further back in life a tricycle. You joined with the other kids on the block to show off and to ride your bikes together. They didn't call you "biker trash" back then ,did they? Your parents would say, "look how cute they are playing and riding together" right?

What comes next in life? What else a bigger bike. Then a ten speed. The bike trails, fun and thrills, then bam—here you are on your very own motorcycle—"biker trash". You take your first spill in gravel or on blacktop. Not a bad one, but it hurts like hell. You lose half the hide off both hands and your back. You say, "Man, I got to go buy me some gloves and leather to save my hide next time". So next payday, you scoot on over to the local bike shop to get some leathers. You pick out \$300.00 worth, then reach for an empty back pocket to pay for them. I'll be damned if you didn't lose your wallet riding over. Four hundred bucks down the drain.

So what happens next payday? What else—a wallet chained to your belt. Then the high-topped gloves to keep the wind from blowing up your sleeves. Goggles to keep the bugs out of your eyes, and a leather Snoopy cap for cold riding.

Now what did we come up with? A mean, raunchy looking Biker with \$500.00 worth of clothes, riding a \$10,000.00+++ motorcycle. Riding free in the wind , having the best time anyone could have in a short lifetime. So the next time you here the age old question, you'll know how to answer. Tell them that the way to stop it is to have all the bicycle plants in the world shut down. Because some of us never lose that great feelin'- ridin' in the wind. That's why you'll see some of us dying in the wind, never really growing up, never losing the love of two wheels, and always having the gall to ride and dress as we damn

*well please.*

*POPS, Louisiana ABATE*