

Yeovil Varns

Biker

Motorcycles, motorbikes, bikes, scooters; call them what you like but there is nothing that causes such an array of emotions as these two wheeled vehicles.

They are in my opinion (and many thousands of others) the greatest invention after the wheel. I personally have known absolute joy, suffered frustration, fear, pain and grief and shed blood, sweat and tears because of my bikes; and although at times it has been hard, I would not trade one moment of my biking life for all the gold in the world.

A bold but nonetheless true statement. Memories cannot be bought and some of the memories I have still bring up the feelings I had at the time (although tempered with age) and I look back on my life with bikes and think to myself, 'What would I have ever done or how would I ever have got through my life if I hadn't had a motorbike?

To a lot of people (non-bikers) bikes are a penis extension, a phallic statement declaring to the world a lack of manhood which is made up for with rubber and steel. I say it is an extension of a person's soul, a window to view the dreams one may have which are only truly obtainable when the ignition is on and the engine is running...

Guy Martin (Isle of Man TT racer and all-round excellent bloke) once said, "Cars move the body, bikes move the soul."

At the time of writing this, I personally have covered in the region of 200,000 miles in around 30 years on the bikes I've owned. There have been times I wished I was doing something else (at the time) but always after, I look back and realise that I have achieved something important and worthwhile.

The best thing for me is when I have been out on a ride and everything has gone really well. The engine feels smooth and responsive, the bike is handling well and the exhaust is singing up and down the scales with a passion. When I stop and I feel that buzz through my entire body and realise just how good that ride was and want to go do it again just for the fun of it, THAT, to me, is what motorbikes are all about.

I hope none of this comes across too much as me being a liability on the roads, although we all did wilder things in our youth than we would now. I look back and wonder how the hell I've survived so long. I'm sure a few readers will identify with how I feel about bikes, have similar memories and have a laugh at the events of which they can say "That happened to me." We've all been there because we ride bikes, long may it continue.