MY OH MY

Well on Friday I got a call from Carroll askin' me ifn I'd take out a buncha girls on the local trails at three in the afternoon. So, I said sure. What the hell could a buncha girls do? I got ta thinkin', why didn't he wanna take out these here girls? There's more here than meets the eye. Kinda like when you notice a fine lookin' beauty from a distance an then ya get close. Holy horse shit! She's a tender eye fer sure! Oh, he has ta werk an can't get out. Now that's an excuse if I 'ave ever heard one. I figured, I take them over to Rice Canyon. Maybe the Hoo Hoo. An then back ta Mission. No sweat. It would be like a goofoff ride. Well, they had some class on nutrition er somethin' er like that an didn't make it. It figures. So, I stopped by Donnys to have a cup of the special concoction he makes fer me. This kinda of thing 'as happen 'fore you know. I get all ready to take some folks out on the local trails ta show them a good time an something happens that they can't make it. Well, Saturday night Carroll called sayin' that these particular girls were college girls. Now 'fore ya start rollin' yer eyes back sayin "Yeah a bunch of silly ass'ed girl on the trails. Yeah right". I'll tell ya somethin' right now. These girls are the racer kind! Like NORBA expert girls. Fact of the matter is, they are expert's! So, that kinda made me a tad more interested. Not that takin' anybody out isn't interestin'. I was kinda hopin' ta see what kinda savvy these here racers girls had. It had rained Saturday night. So, Sunday mornin' Carroll, bunch locals, an I went out to prerun the hills an hollers, ta see how muddy it was an if would be able even take these here girls out. The only bad place was Black Beauty. It was like this, we were a comin' down the 'beauty doin' a fine dabbless ride so far when I noticed that the front tire was collectin' more dirt an mud than the National Enquirer durin' election year. A coupla of us had the front ends pack up an we endoed. Fer the most part, the trails were in good shape. Not quite as good as Thursday. But pretty damn good. I finished my first ride an was sittin' at Donnys havin' a cup of Joe with my wife enjoyin' the time between rides. I was tellin' her that there had been conflictin' plans 'fore so fer her not ta leave yet cause there was a chance that the girls would show up. I had no sooner closed my word hole when these two huge ass'ed Chevy vans were pullin' in filled ta the brim with all those girls an their bikes. They was packed tighter than ticks on a hound dawg. I says," Well it's time fer me ta go ta werk babe, I'll be home later." She was still laughin' when she was pullin Dewy out of the parkin' lot. I walked over an introduced myself to the coach, Jake, an to the girls who was standin' there lookin' at me. They was probably thinkin "This is the person that's going to be leading this ride?" I was parleyin' the trails I had in mind an they didn't even bat an eye. Oh oh I thought, what have I got myself into? I looked over ta see what they were ridin'. Moots, Bontrager signature edition, GT's, a coupla custom jobs, an Cannondale's. Spuds everywhere. Hell, I was on overload. There was some righteous scoots here. These were racin' hardtails. I gazed aroun at the girls who were anxious ta go, they was bouncin' aroun, doin' wheelie's, an playin' grab ass. Hell, they were doin' all the stuff we do 'fore a ride! So, then I thought, hey this is goin' ta be some kinda fun! Toby, Peter, an Chip offered ta help with the werk an ta make sure that the ride went smoothly. Much thanks guy. We rode every where I could think of in the little time that they had an them girls didn't miss a lick. Nary a one I'm here ta tell ya. What ever I rode inta they were right behind me. This a no shitter folks. I dropped into Pablos' at speed an the girls would be right at my wheel. I'd hop over a gutter. Yep, there'd be one them right there. Shit, these people are good. It wouldn't matter what I did. There they were. Now, I wasn't tryin ta drop them er get them hurt er anything like that. I was showin' them the technical trails that we have in the Chula Vista area. It was like a good ride with the locals. These girls were as good as us, if not little better. I was climbin' New Mexico doin' fairly well when one of them passed me with her coach in tow. You know, I tried ta block her an make her dab but she was too good fer this old timer. She just did a little twitch an snap she was gone. Man, they were quick. Really quick. We moseyed over ta Ol' Mexico next an I wanted them ta have some fun on the downhill. Swish, is all I heard from them. I got to the bottom an looked up an it was a freight train comin' down that sandy rock covered hill. We were runnin low on time, so we hoofed it on the pavement back ta Linda's Pass an on to the Cemetery hill. I was jawin' with a coupla of em on the way there an asked if they was in the big hole. Cause if they wasn't, they better be slippin' it in, cause the next section was really fast an' fun. Not the one next ta the cement coffins but the one that goes

‘round the west side. Blazin’! That’s all I can say. Them girls pulled up an they was a grinnin’ like they just found a secret sale at the mall. It was a pleasure ta ride with ‘em. I have ridden with many people over the years an all kinds of ability’s. It’s always a pleasure ta ride with people that have the same skill’s ‘er better than myself. These people had fun an I had a good time showin’ them the stuff we have roun here. If they happen ta read these here lines, congratulations on a fine ride. Now they’ll be tellin’ yarns an lies ‘bout this ride they had down this away. Hell, I’ll be doin’ the same. That’s fer sure. Hoser