

Stupid Site

Contributed by Ryan Bohnert
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We all are guilty of it at one time or another, it grasp us by our teeth and whisks us into a world we do know better of being in but just cannot seem to overcome the pull of it. Try as we may the overwhelming nature to be stupid usually wins. It does not matter if you have the brain power of a scientist or mathematician you will at some point in time be taken by stupidity.

Case in point. At my home we have 10 acres of which I personally have made a riding area on this acreage for myself and friends. I have dug out a mud pit of around 200 feet long and 10 feet wide, built a table top 7 foot high by about 15 foot long as well as some smaller jumps. I also have a 1/8 mile oval track I built going through a wooded area along with a area of our pond we go into for water wheelie's. Along with this our neighbor has 1000 acres we have full rights to ride anywhere on we choose depending on whether crops are in or out at the time we go riding. During summer months the 1000 acres is cut in half due to crops. After harvest all is open which is what it is at this time. In this acreage there is a wooded area of about 100 acres I with the help of the neighbors sons have cut out trails to ride. Some up pretty good hills and some along swamp bottoms. There is a creek that runs through our are that we have cut access to and run in it when the water level allows. Then there are the crop fields, pasture and there own MX Bike track they have made for there sons as they do the racing circuits.

This is where stupid starts… Every year is about the same but as one gets older a little is lost from the ability stand point, the brain says yes but the body says no! Having waited all year for the crops to be removed so a new riding area would open for us it was pleasing to see this past week that they have been cut now. You might be wondering why all the fuss about flat crop land. Well the creek runs through this part of the land, we ride the north part during the summer as we cannot get to the south part due to some very deep holes. The crop side entrance is in the very back of the field so we must wait until harvest to enter it. Now the south side has some wonderful runs, scenery to look at and is just 4 times better than the north so I look very forward to harvest. Now to get to the area to enter the creek as said is all the way at the rear of the land, about 3 quarters of a mile ride through the field. This year was beans. Any farmers reading this know what is left once harvested if your not let me tell you. After beans are harvested there is about a 5 inch stalk left this stalk is about a quarter inch in diameter and sticking straight up every say 8 inches in about 2 foot rows for as far as the eye can see.

Those that have read my postings know I own a 800 Can-Am Outlander a Suzuki 400 DRZ and my brother-in-law owns a Can-Am Renegade. All of which can be very fast and very fun. The Atv's we ride hard all the time, the dirt bike I am a little conservative on as I just cannot seem to get us to it due to age I am sure. Beans cut, field open and time to play. First the creek so Atv's ready we go to the creek, ride it for a few hours enjoying what we have not been able to do all summer. It's like a present you look at all year but cannot open, you know it's there may even no what it is but cannot touch it oh the excitement of it just tears you up inside.

After riding the creek it is now race time. My wife's Grizzly 660 verse's her sister's Honda 700. 1 … 2.… 3.… Go! There off! Now the Honda is stock, the Grizzly has been so modified by me it is not even fair. The wife (the older sister) just bets her so bad it is not funny which makes them race 3 more times to be sure each the same ending. Now Jimmie (the husband) is a little upset as he really thought this new Honda would win. So he decides to race my wife on the Honda, thinking is Vicki just did not push it hard enough. Same scenario he loses to the wife pretty badly, by about 20 feet is my guess. Now he gets his Renegade and races, well no contest as he passes her within 20 feet of the start. Top speed of the Renegade is around 89 mph, Grizzly is 60mph. This makes me get the Outlander out and race Jimmie I know the outcome, he will win but not by much. Outlander top speed around 75mph with my fat but on it as well as the Kenda Executioners I have for tread. Full length race, bets me. Half length, again bets me. Quarter length closer but bets me. Now I am the one upset! “Be right back” I say… Up to the garage I go, park the Atv and get on the bike. Oh yeah now I am going to control the race. The DRZ, has no speedo but I have run it with Jimmie behind me and know it will reach 100mph (yep stupid #1). So I get her started, warm her up and take off for the field all while thinking I am just going to obliterate him on his Renegade, no other thought in mind (stupid #2). I get down to the field and begin my BS talk to him of how bad he is going to lose with statements of this Old Man is going to show you how to ride (stupid #3). So begins the race, 1... 2... 3... Go! He pulls a wheelie and is off, I am as well riding a wheelie higher than normal. Wheels touch down and we are off…. Dust behind us, leaning forward on the bike, butt in the air to help smooth the ride. I pass him in about 20 yards but he is still on me close behind. I hit 3rd and begin to pull, 4th comes and now I am in control. 5th gear now begging to engage, full throttle I engage 5th. Warp speed now, no contest as I am clearly in the lead. “Oh crap!” I begin to sway side to side as I hit a combine rut from the harvest. I slow as fast as I can but not fast enough. 50 year old man is going down and in the back of my mind I hear my body telling my brain “Told You So”…. There is no doubt in my mind this is going to hurt but with all I have I try to maintain control or at the least get the speed down fast, this I accomplish but control I do not. At about 30

mph the end comes, down I go. Having had numerous tumbles over the years one more so what. Then it hits me as I reach the ground, those spikes of beans, those 1000's of needles sticking out of the ground. I become the bean fields personal pin cushion. I roll about 20 yards (felt like a mile) “Oh, Ouch, Oh, Crap” the words were much more profane than that. When I come to a stop I just laid there, made sure all worked before getting up, not really true I laid there because I did not want to get up thought all functions worked. The wife, Jimmie, Vicki all now perched above me looking down with the usual comment one gets. “You ok”? “Do I look OK”? I say as I can feel things stuck in me and warmth on my body. I get up, I think all in all we pulled 15 bean steams from various parts of my body all missing anything vital but all stuck about ½ inch inside me. Could have been worse. Then it gets worse, “Told you not to, told you stupid hurts blah blah blah” the wife starts in on me.

All now ok, pain gone, wounds healed except for 1 thing. After I fell after I got up and cleaned up a bit with the knowledge all was ok I heard this. “Beat you”. Jimmie beat me in his mind as I did not finish the race. Those words, “Beat You” made all the pain go away as those words invite a re-match and next time no bean field (stupid #4)……