



The Crab Pot

The half-assed publication of the mid-Atlantic's most fully-assed moto club

May 2007

The Motorcycle Club Newsletter of Record

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Stupid Loser Driver Update

MIAMI, Florida (AP) -- For the second consecutive year, rude Miami drivers have earned the city the title of worst road rage in a survey released Tuesday.

Miami motorists said they saw other drivers slam on their brakes, run red lights and talk on cell phones, according to AutoVantage, a Connecticut-based automobile membership club offering travel services and roadside assistance.

Other cities near the top of the rude drivers list were **New York**, Boston, Los Angeles and **Washington, D.C.**

South Miami resident Erik Pinto told The Associated Press that he has probably seen every bad driving habit on Miami's roads.

"You don't want to know what I've seen," Pinto said. "I've seen everything. I'm from L.A., and we don't see the crazy drivers that you see here."

The most courteous drivers can be found in Portland, Oregon; Pittsburgh; the Seattle-Tacoma area; St. Louis; and Dallas-Fort Worth, the survey found.

Portland drivers were the least likely to see other motorists tailgating on the roadways, and St. Louis motorists were the least likely to swear at another driver, according to the survey.

Minneapolis-St. Paul was rated the most courteous city in 2006 but fell to No. 12 this year. The most frequent cause of road rage cited in the survey was impatient motorists. Drivers also said road rage can stem from poor driving in fast lanes and driving while stressed, frustrated or angry.

"The best piece of advice is to take a deep breath. Slow down, be aware and be careful," AutoVantage spokesman Todd Smith said, adding the aim of the survey is to increase driver safety across the nation.

More than 2,500 drivers who regularly commute in 25 major metropolitan areas were asked to rate road rage and rude driving in telephone surveys between January and March.

The survey was conducted by Prince Market Research has a margin of error of plus or minus 2 percentage points. 🏍️

(See the next page for rankings)

Worst Road Rage Rankings

1. Miami
2. **New York**
The "Big (Rotten) Apple"
3. Boston

4. Los Angeles
- 5. Washington, D.C.**
6. Phoenix
7. Chicago
8. Sacramento
- 9. Philadelphia**
The "City of Brotherly Love"
10. San Francisco
11. Houston
12. Atlanta
13. Detroit
14. Minneapolis-St. Paul
- 15. Baltimore**
"Charm City"

BUT WAIT, There's MORE...

NEW YORK (CNMoney.com) -- One out of six drivers on the road today would not pass a written driver's license test if they were given one today, according to a national survey conducted by GMAC Insurance.

The survey asked questions from actual state Department of Motor Vehicle tests. Questions covered both traffic laws and safe driving habits.

The average score nationwide was 77.1 (out of 100). Respondents from New York state had the lowest average score, answering just 71 percent of the questions correctly. New Yorkers also had the highest failure rate, with 36 percent failing to earn what would be considered a passing score on the test.

Idaho had the highest average score, at 87.1. At least 100 people from each state and Washington D.C. were asked 20 questions taken from actual DMV tests. The questions and answers were applicable to all states.

In general, residents in eastern states fared worst and residents of western states did best. The bottom five ranked states, from worst to best, were New York, New Jersey, Washington D.C., Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

The top five states, ranked from best to worst, were Idaho, Alaska, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Kansas. Questions included such things as "A traffic light with a flashing red signal means?" and "If, while driving, a tire suddenly blows out, you should..."

The test can be taken on-line at gmacinsurance.com

The Joyce Kilmer corner

"Triple Trees" by Roger Ball
I think that I shall never see,
A poem as lovely as a triple tree,
Machined from billet, oversize,
Titanium-nitrided and anodized.

I see radial calipers with wavy rotors,
Big-bore, water-cooled, thumper
motors,
Renthal bars with Domino throttles,
Remote-adjusting rear shock bottles.

Oh! How I'd love to rip and bore,
Above the triples, sail and soar,
To hail the crowd's salacious roar,
With a gratuitous Nac-Nac.

But alas, I'm bound to never ride,
A motocrosser that will slide,
Nor sail, nor jump, nor will I fly,
Because I'm too afraid to die.

Doomed to be a Harley geek,
Driving off to "Trailer Week,"
To drink, to gawk, to polish chrome,
Before I take my RV home.

I think that I shall never see,
A poem as lovely as a triple tree. 🍃

Bloo Lou Hanratty and the Amazing Trials of Death

By Mark Byers

PART I (repeated from March):

The last time we saw Bloo Lou Hanratty, he was making his mark on history (or leaving a dent in it) by being the first man to survive a 100 MPH impact with a flatbed trailer full of Looper's Sooper Loos on the approach to Washington's Woodrow Wilson Bridge. Recovered from the ensuing injuries, not to mention the fines for creating one of the biggest biohazards since Chernobyl, Lou began looking for a replacement for the Honda CBR he'd turned into a deep-fried Japanese Slinky. Thinking it might sharpen his skills and save him from certain death at the hands of a Hayabusa or some other powerful street machine, Captain Randy suggested Lou consider getting a trials bike (something he could ride far from civilization and people or structures to which he might do irreparable harm). The Captain showed Lou some film of Dougie Lampkin climbing sheer rock faces and doing otherworldly things with trials bikes and Lou's ego was hooked.

They say the road to hell is paved with good intentions, so Captain Randy's route South was being built as a freeway. Randy is an accomplished trials rider and has been nearly since birth: he grew up wheelying his crib across the nursery, riding his big wheel sideways on the kitchen cabinets, and hopping his bicycle backwards down the basement stairs. When astride a motorcycle, the Captain appears to be an alien gifted with the ability to suspend gravity for short periods while he takes ridiculously heavy, awkward, and ancient British bikes over terrain that would make a mountain goat shit his fur. The only problem with Captain Randy is that he

sometimes forgets others are mere mortals not granted the ability to fly a motorcycle. Even though the good Captain possessed more than a modicum of trepidation about Lou's riding skills, his incurable optimism and desire to do good made him sure he could turn Lou into a better rider. The rest of The Usual Suspects were immensely skeptical, but we knew ensuing events would be highly entertaining, so we went along with the idea.

If you recall, money is not a problem for Bloo Lou: his past as an accountant means his lottery winnings are invested well enough to keep him in fancy motorcycles for far longer than any of us expect Lou to survive given his lack of riding skill. Captain Randy's suggestion that Lou take the conservative route and buy a used, small-displacement vintage trials bike fell on deaf ears: Lou is "queer for the gear" as they say and he spares no expense getting into the accoutrements in a big way. One weekend, Lou went out and bought the latest, greatest, highest-tech, Spanish trials bike he could find: a Montesa Cota 4RT. The 4RT is 249 cc's of single-overhead-cam, liquid-cooled, fuel-injected, 4-stroke sex on wheels. True to form, Lou also blew a big wad on the fanciest Gaerne trials boots, Hebo trials helmet, jerseys, pants, and gloves (all color-matched to the bike, of course). When he was done, Lou was done up like a medieval knight (if they'd had day-glo plastic armor in the middle ages).

Given Lou's enthusiasm, he might have done irrevocable harm to himself with the Montesa in the Captain's absence were it not for one thing: he couldn't get it started. You see, Lou's ineptitude at riding is coupled with a complete lack of understanding of mechanics. Lou nearly wore out the new

Gaerne's trying to kick the Montesa to life, but at least he got a lot of practice donning his gear. Eager to get Lou started off on the right foot, Randy reprogrammed the fuel injection system to soften the bike's response as much as he could, set up the suspension damping to the most forgiving settings, and said prayers...lots and lots of prayers. Thus armed, the Captain agreed to start Lou's training the following Saturday at his brother Danger Dave's house.

If Captain Randy is an alien gifted with the powers of flight, Danger Dave is that alien on steroids. The moniker "Danger Dave" wasn't garnered for ineptitude, but rather from a complete mastery of offroad motorcycle skills that allow him to extricate himself from the most dangerous situations with ridiculous ease. Danger Dave is the anti-Lou: his diametric opposite. Randy scheduled Lou's first trials training session at Dave's in the fervent hope that some of Danger's mastery might rub off on Lou and prevent him from an immediate and grisly demise. It doesn't hurt that Danger's house backs up to county land that makes an extremely nice (if not totally legal) offroad riding area.

At the appointed hour the next Saturday, Bloo Lou arrived at Danger's with the Montesa inexpertly strapped in the back of his pickup. The whole business looked as if the bike had been entombed in random nylon webs of various colors spun by a giant, psychedelic spider on acid. It took a full half hour to extricate the poor machine and another half hour for Lou to don his dizzying array of fancy new trials gear (at which point he discovered he had to take a dump, necessitating the removal of part of it for the deed). Captain Randy was unfazed, as he is the most

patient of men, but Danger was all business (his riding time is now precious following the birth of his first) and the delay was putting him on edge. In the Navy, they say each catastrophe is preceded by a chain of events and Danger's impatience was boiling the metal to cast the first link.

Finally, Lou was ready and the Captain and Danger started his training with some engine-off balancing while commenting on Lou's body position, knee and elbow bending, and so forth. Eager to please, Lou allowed himself to be contorted into various positions like a day-glo Gumby (without understanding because in his mind he was already scaling vertical cliffs and performing unbelievable acts of off-road daring). Even so, eventually the Captain and Danger could let go of the bike for a few seconds without him pitching over, so they deemed Lou ready to go to the next level: riding the bike.

The Montesa is fuel injected but without the benefit of a battery, so it requires a particular sequence to start. Lou's recent lack of success at bringing the beast to life was a result of misunderstanding the procedure. Captain Randy had the good sense to have Lou dismount so he could demonstrate the feat and once started and warmed, the Captain let Lou mount the machine (the forge is now pouring the molten metal to make the second link in the chain of events). Lou assumed the position on the bike and, with it blessedly in neutral, began to wring the throttle to "get a feel" for the response. Captain Randy had "dumbed down" the fuel injection system as much as the factory limits would allow, but the 4RT still had the response of a scared-shitless monkey if the throttle was suddenly opened. Danger Dave was trying to

advise Lou of the alacrity of the response, but his admonishments did not burn through the thought-jamming going on inside Lou's head as he pictured himself leaping huge logs to the delight of thronged spectators.

"OK Lou," the Captain finally said, "Let's try some big circles." With what he hoped was a confident smile, the Captain directed Lou to ride circles around a cone he'd placed in the center of Danger's yard. To understand the scene, you have to know that Danger has enough yard in which to run a monster truck rodeo and still have room for a swingset and a dog run. Both of them figured it would take some real work for Lou to do any serious harm to anything given the vast expanse of real estate with which he was working. Surprisingly, they were right: as dismal as Lou's riding skills are and as little as he was paying attention to their admonitions, the length of time Lou has spent saving himself from certain death on the road translated into a basic ability to ride around an acre of ground on the Montesa without doing serious damage to himself or the planet. That's not to say he was smooth, however, or that his feet were able to stay on the pegs for any length of time. Each attempt to start or stop brought on a lurch as either the powerful motor or the magnificent brakes were abused. Lou's circles looked a little like a horse on a carousel that bounces up and down in time with the calliope, but at the end of a quarter hour, they were passably round and notably smoother, albeit still giant in size.

Encouraged by Lou's progress, Captain Randy left Lou in the capable hands of an impatient Danger Dave and ran off to collect his kids from soccer. Another link was thereby cast in the chain of events. Danger, anxious to

finish the lesson with his inept student, said "Awright, let's try some more advanced maneuvers." [Insert ominous movie music here.] Danger led Lou to the middle of the yard and, with the bike started, said "Why don't you start trying to get a feel for the power response and try to lift the front wheel just a little." [Cue "Jaws" music and cast another link in that chain.]

When Randy returned about a half hour later, Lou's bike was strapped securely and professionally in the back of his pickup. Lou was hurriedly putting his gear in the cab as he prepared to beat a hasty retreat. Randy was somewhat puzzled until he got a look at Danger, whose appearance spoke volumes. Danger was sprawled in a lawn chair, looking particularly pissed off, with a beer dangling from his paw. It wasn't the beer or the look, however, that told the story: it was the appearance of Danger's shirt. You see, running up the front of Danger's shirt at an angle not unlike a stripe on a medieval coat of arms was a perfect imprint of a front Michelin trials tire.

Lou left and when the beer had taken effect on Danger, he explained to Randy what happened. When Danger suggested Lou get a feel for the power and try to lift the front end a little, he forgot that the words "gentle" and "nuance" aren't in Lou's vocabulary. With Danger standing what he thought was a respectable distance away, Lou opened the throttle on the Montesa what he reported as "just a dab" (which in actuality amounted to...all the way). The fuel injection computer operates at about a hundred billion times the speed of Lou's brain, so it whacked open the throttle body and ejaculated a torrent of high-octane fuel into the intake tract. The resulting acceleration and wheelie

ejected Lou from the bike so neatly, he found himself simply standing there in the yard in complete stupefaction at what happened. The riderless bike headed for Danger like a heat-seeking missile for a bonfire. Just before impact, the throttle closed and the front end started coming down so that the front tire left a perfect mark on Danger's chest as it knocked him flat. Danger ended up on the ground, between the wheels, with the bike lying on his legs.

Decorum prevents reporting the invective that spouted forth from the prostrate form of Danger as he extricated himself from beneath the Montesa. The look he gave Lou must have been absolutely murderous, because Lou made a run for the house and locked himself in the bathroom before he could be torn asunder by Danger's gorilla-sized arms. When a suitable amount of time had passed, Lou emerged from the head to find his bike firmly secured in the back of his truck and Danger prostrate in a lawn chair with a bottle of "nerve medicine." Lou promptly donned his regular clothes and was putting his gear in the truck when Captain Randy appeared. (End of Part I from March)

PART II: The Trials of Death

Bloo Lou, in possession of the means to start the Montesa, decided it was time to ride a trials. Captain Randy, well aware of Lou's lack of acumen, gently tried to dissuade him, but to no avail. Potomac Vintage Riders was holding a trials at Thurmont the following weekend and Lou was hell-bent to compete. Danger Dave simply told Randy to keep Lou away from him lest he wrest Lou's arms from their sockets.

Lou showed up at the trials with the Montesa again entombed in a hopelessly disorganized web of colored nylon, but he managed to disentangle it from the

bed of his truck prior to the close of registration. He even fueled it, although in the bargain he spilled about a gallon of high-test down the leg of his fancy Hebo trials pants. Armed with a score card for the "Novice Monoshock" class, Lou set out at the appointed hour to begin his trials-riding career.

The Usual Suspects, having heard of Lou's impending death...er...trials, had shown up en masse on a variety of offroad ratbikes and vintage trials machines to ride the loop and watch. Captain Randy was there on his Beezer Wheezer, partly to hand out his normal ass-kicking to those on fancier machines but also to keep a weather eye on Lou. Danger Dave gave Lou a wide berth, hot-footing it down the loop on his Montesa to start at the other end of the line. The stage was set for an epic, grandiose, Lou-style catastrophe.

It didn't take long for the links in the disaster chain of events to start being forged: Lou got lost in the first section and tried to ride the expert "1" line instead of the novice "4" line at one juncture, resulting in a huge backwards flip that a Russian diving judge would have given a 10. The betting line among the Usual Suspects was 5:1 against Lou surviving the day, with Stan – generally considered the most honest of the U.S.'s – holding the money. The side bets on dabs per section, number of "fives," and even which portion of the section would eventually result in Lou's demise were keeping Stan busier than a croupier at a hot Vegas craps table.

The Usual Suspects weren't the only ones clued into Lou's proclivities and a morbid gallery of spectators began to assemble, growing with each section and each successive stunt by Lou. Section two saw Lou in a spirited discussion with the checker over whether smashing

one's face into the side of a tree constituted "fiving" the section. Section three saw Lou's attempt at a log crossing so thoroughly rejected that his front axle actually passed through the starting tape backwards before the bike deposited him unceremoniously on the ground at the feet of riders waiting to enter the section. Even the checker had to call on a more experienced judge to determine whether crashing OUTSIDE a section constituted a five. It did: something about riding backwards or the like.

Meanwhile, the "gallery" was growing like Arnie's Army the last time he played Augusta National. The side betting had spread far outside the circle of the Usual Suspects and Stan was no longer able to keep track of all the money coming and going, so he just gave up and let people run their own games. Section four had a water crossing and a huge throng was on hand to see Lou drop his front wheel into the only sinkhole the creek possessed, rotate beautifully about the front axle in a graceful nose-wheelie, and plant his face firmly in the muddy terra firma on the other side. The chinbar of Lou's helmet was so thoroughly buried in the muck that it took a crew of three or four guys a couple minutes to extricate Lou from the embankment.

The entertainment value of Lou's riding was becoming so great that people in "the gallery" were doing serious damage to the loop, tear-assing to the next section for a grandstand seat at the point they felt Lou would make his next face plant. The mud caked on Lou's face began to dry into a semblance of a tribal death mask. His wild eyes staring out of the holes in the muddy mask gave Lou an aboriginal look that was mildly disconcerting to some of the younger spectators. The score on Lou's card

began to resemble the numbers on the board at the end of a Laker's game.

Captain Randy approached Lou and tried to gently dissuade him from continuing. Now Lou is a nice guy, but beneath what is left of his mild accountant's skin, he still possesses a male ego. A wild-eyed, aboriginal Lou declared "I'll be damned if I'm a QUITTER! Now GET OUT OF MY WAY!" The cheering, leering, jeering crowd was beginning to get the better of Lou and he felt that he somehow had to redeem himself or die trying (the betting line heavily favored the latter).

The entry to section five was in front of a vertical rock face about twelve feet high. All the trials lines on this particular day were around the sides of the face on lesser climbs, with the "4" line snaking around it in a series of tight turns that avoided any serious rock-climbing. Whoever set up the section included a little log crossing right before the rocks so the more experienced riders could use it as a "kicker" to get their front wheels up in the air prior to starting up the lesser rocks on either side of the big face. The little log shouldn't have given the novices any trouble either. "Shouldn't have" doesn't know Lou.

With Captain Randy still pleading with him to stop, Lou lined up at the start of section five surrounded by a huge gallery of morbidly curious "fans." The checker, standing atop the big rock wall, was using one hand to form a closed fist above his head (indicating a score of zero) and was peering between the fingers of the other hand, half-hiding his eyes from what he was sure would be a fatal accident. Fired by anger, frustration, and an injured male ego, Lou began wringing the throttle on the Montesa. His plan was to fire over the little log crossing

with enough momentum to carry him up the twisting novice line to the top of the climb, where he would exit the section and collect his "clean" ride punch from the stupid checker: he'd show them all what Bloo Lou Hanratty was made of!

On their part, the gallery had become strangely silent, for even the most morbidly curious have a limit to their bloodlust. Only one guy, a mohawked X-gamer on a ratbike motocrosser that had seen one too many crashes, was still in it, saying "DUUUUUUUUUUUUDE! GO FOR IT!!!" That was all Lou needed and with a final wring of the throttle, Lou dumped the clutch on the Montesa and headed off in a cloud of dust and exhaust smoke to his glory.

The Montesa is an intelligent bike, with a brain that not only functions well, but very rapidly compared to Lou's. When he wrung the throttle the last time before dumping the clutch, the bike's computer brain vomited a huge gob of high-octane down the throat of the throttle body like a mechanical cormorant feeding its young. The engine digested the torrent of combustible mixture and, just as the designers imagined, produced a huge gob of power and torque in return, accompanied by an enormous belch from the exhaust pipe. The countershaft sprocket transmitted the huge torque spike to the rear wheel via the chain and the rear sprocket. Inertia being what it is, the bike stood straight up as it rocketed toward the sheer rock wall.

Normally, that sort of acceleration would have simply left Lou standing there looking stupid, but he'd established a death grip on the bars and much to his surprise and dismay, he went along for the ride this time. As he hurtled toward the rock wall, old instincts kicked in and he began to emit his normal

otherworldly woman-scream. His terrified eyes enlarged to dimensions that cracked the muddy mask on his face and onlookers reported seeing a blast of brown dust coming off his face as he rode "the wheelie of certain death."

That's when the rear wheel of the bike hit the little log. Just like the section designers wanted, the little log acted like the perfect "kicker" and it launched the vertical Montesa into the air in a ballistic path, straight for the sheer rock wall. Unlike the section designers wanted, Lou was headed straight for the biggest, baddest, most vertical section of the wall rather than any of the lines they'd chosen for the experts, much less the novices. In his terror, he froze and kept the throttle of the roaring four-stroker pinned all the way against the stop.

The Montesa hit the wall precisely parallel to the vertical face in what would have been a perfect "splatter" maneuver if the bike's pilot had been a world-class trials rider rather than a frozen, terrified moron. Time slowed down and I watched in slow-motion as the bike hit the wall. The tires compressed all the way to the rims. The suspension compressed all the way to the stops. Finally, Lou's legs compressed all the way until his crotch met the tank of the bike with a resounding "THWACK." People who inspected the bike later said there were two tiny indentations in the plastic of the tank (but I have no independent data to confirm or deny that claim).

All that mass being pressed into the rock gave the tires immense traction and the pinned throttle imparted some serious torque to the rear wheel, so the Montesa shot straight up the rock wall with the speed of a Saturn Five. None of us knows the precise condition of Lou at

this point, but the screaming had stopped with an audible "URK!" the moment his nads met the tank and the smart money is that he was no longer conscious. His prostrate form was draped over the bars, however and when the Montesa reached the top of the rock wall, the weight shift caused the bike to rotate forward and land flat on its wheels right at the feet of the now-terrified checker.

The rotation of Lou's body on the bike had also closed the throttle and the now-idling bike rolled several feet forward, through the exit gate in the ribbon, and fell over unceremoniously on Lou's leg. The checker was standing there, closed fist still raised, staring in stupefaction at the scene before him, oblivious to the dark stain on the front of his trousers. The gallery was silent save for the X-gamer, who, when he recovered his voice said "DUUUUUUUUUUDE, THAT WAS AWESOME!!!"

The Usual Suspects stood there in shocked silence, listening to the sound of an idling Montesa coming from the cliff top. Suddenly, the checker found his voice, saying "OH SHIT!" as he disappeared from the top of the rock and ran in the direction of the idling sound. That galvanized us into action and we dropped our mounts and started running up the 4-line to the top. When we got there, it was to witness a scene so surreal that it's hard to describe: the checker was beating the crap out of Lou's leg with a pine bough he'd wrenched from a tree...and smoke was rising from the leg.

It defied explanation at the time, but we later learned that when the bike landed on top of Lou, the hot exhaust was situated right on top of the pant leg that had absorbed about a gallon of spilled high-test. The checker had seen

Lou's leg burst into flame and was doing the only thing he knew to put it out when we got there. By this time, the large crowd had moved to the top of the hill and people began to pitch in to clean up the mess. Someone pulled the idling Montesa off to the side and shut it down (it seemed no worse for wear other than the aforementioned little dents). An EMT was soon on hand to tend to the smoldering, unconscious Lou and he left the scene in an all-too-familiar form of conveyance for him.

Lou regained consciousness in strangely familiar circumstances as well, staring at a high-intensity light being shined into his pupils. Lou was no stranger to the sights, sounds, and smells of a hospital emergency room and it was comforting to him to be "home" as it were. The doctor injected Lou with something he said would "make him more comfortable" and went to tend another patient. As Lou lay there waiting for the magic elixir to take effect, the young X-gamer was wheeled in on a gurney to the adjacent treatment area. Inspired by Lou, he'd apparently lost it trying to do a backflip and broken his femur.

As the nurse cut Lou's pants off, the X-gamer noticed that Lou's leg had the word "HEBO" firmly burned into it. "DUUUUUUUUUUUUDE!" he said in that way such people have of making it sound like a multi-syllable word, "I thought having a tatt was cool, but you're BRANDED! I really liked that Xena Princess Warrior yell you gave before you hit the wall, too. You're my HERO!" As the Demerol took effect and Lou drifted off into that familiar place, a slight smile played upon his lips. Ahhhhhh, legends... 🤖

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Most of our male readers can relate...🏍️

Next Month:

I have absolutely no friggin' idea... If I can't think of anything, there might be more poetry, so for goodness sake submit something (other than stuff that's already been around the Internerd so many times that it's on the fifth or sixth revolution – hey, I have SOME standards).

Norm Smith: Get back on your bike!

Nate Kern: Ditto!