

FROM DIAPERS TO DIVA

Many moons ago, when I was at the inquisitive age of four, I remember wanting to ride the carousel at an amusement park in Germany. My biggest dilemma at the time was whether I should choose the car, the



plane or the bike to ride. (Ride the horse on the carousel? What's that? Horsepower? Well, now you've got my attention!) So what do you think I chose?

Many dilemma's have come and gone since those innocent days i.e. who do I marry Mr. X or Mr. Y? (Hindsight speaking: You should have waited for Mr. Z!!) but alas to a crucial dilemma... Ducati, BMW, Yamaha, Suzuki. The list is endless. So many bikes so little time!

I finally decided on the Ducati. Poor Baby, her first bike was a Ducati. How do you go on living? Yeah, yeah I know... but I saw her and I had to have her. Hey, what's another monthly payment right? The truth is at the time I didn't know the difference between the Ducati, Suzuki or Yamaha. My monster just looked the part. I didn't just want a cruiser or a crotch rocket as they call them. The monster was a bit of both. Perfecto for this Shero!

Thus was born the Diva... DucatiDiva as I like to call her. 2001 - 2002 I was going through many trials and tribulations. I don't know what I would have done had I not had my Monstro!!! My Diva became my best friend. We had countless number of solo soul-searching trips outside the city. She led me to the banks of the Fraser River where I laid back took out my scratch pad and doodled away. And there was Anderson Lake where she patiently waited as I grabbed a power snooze on a picnic table and woke up to half hour of stretching exercises... (ooh I never knew what my derriere would go through but it was worth it!) She led me to fellow Ducatisti... the big brothers who acknowledged her and treated her with respect. Of course we shmoozed with other bikes as well... this Diva is not a snob!!! It's amazing the number of interesting people you meet when you're on the road on a

motorcycle. Don't misunderstand me... it's not to say that interesting people don't drive cars and trucks, but how many times do you see people in cars high fiving each other or passing each other with a cool peace sign. I'm yet to see a GMC driver giving the peace sign to a FORD driver... if anything it's usually the middle finger!! Where's the love people, where's the love!



So there you have it. I chose to ride the bike on the carousel that beautiful sunny day in Germany and many moons later I figured I'd do it again because I wanted to re-create that happiness I had back then. I succeeded! I recommend it to all of you out there who have the heart of a Shero! If it's one thing I learned during those two years is that you shouldn't measure yourself by what others think. Do what you want whether it is going

motorcycling, rock climbing, starting your own business etc. There is truth and happiness out there and there is a meaning to life. The kicker is that there isn't one truth that applies to all. Everyone's individual truth is exactly that... individual! Life is meant to be fun and as long as you're not hurting anyone what's holding you back? If there is something that puts a smile on your face and brings you inner peace then go for it. You only live once... or do you???

Wow all this from two summers of Shero and her Diva. Imagine what a lifetime of riding will do??? Hmmmm....

-Rebecca Moradoghli