

Ride Report
By Skippii

After work this morning, I felt like testing out my new throttle cable on my Ninja.

I headed west. I came up behind a guy towing an ATV. I figured I'd see where he goes. I mean, anywhere an ATV can go a Ninja can go, right?

He headed into west Virginia, through the serious twisties. Screw that. I love the twisties, but not when I'm behind a truck towing a trailer.

So I turned left. Gravel. Well, okay. Then dirt. That's alright. Then mud. Well, it had just rained for 3 days straight.

Then a big freaking river.

What the hell, I want to see what's on the other side.

Half way across: Damn! This is deeper than I thought. Oh, that's a pretty flat rock next to me--I bet I could put my kickstand down on that! So I flip the stand down, hit the kill switch, jump off, grab my camera and take a few pictures.



Whoopee, that was a fun break. Back on the bike.

Um...did you notice I said I hit the kill switch? But I didn't say anything about turning the keys...and more importantly, switching off the headlight?

Well, that's a freaking terrible place to get a dead battery!!!

I mean, really, can you think of a worse place to get a dead battery???

One of these days I'll learn.

Well, probably not. I mean, it's not the first time I've done that.

Switch everything off, wait 5 minutes. Still can't start it.

Get back off, and push the bike to the other side. On the other side, I ponder the logic of that, since this side is nothing but wilderness, while on the side from which I came there is a busy highway filled with lots of dirt capable trucks bound to have jumper cables. Now I'd have to talk them into not just giving me a boost, but driving through a freaking river.

But I really wanted to know what was on the other side

So what is on the other side? Well, a really muddy, slippery hill. Uphill, of course. I remember hearing that you can bump-start a bike by riding it down a hill and dropping the clutch. So, I pick up my Ninja and carry it to the top of the hill, and roll it back down, dropping the clutch while pressing the starter button. Finally, at the very bottom of the hill, as I'm about to go back into the river, it starts. I actually really didn't expect that, but I'm not complaining. At this point I tear off the headlight plug. Don't want to go through that again.

So, what is on the other side?



Rocks. And a dead end, about 25 feet past the hill. There are big downed logs and trees blocking any way further--not that there's a trail past that. The logs look tempting, but really, the Ninja is a motocross bike, not a hillclimb bike. (Well, okay, actually it's a sport bike.) So I turn around and go back over the river, and try another route.

Great, no rivers to cross on this route!

Why not? Because the entire route is flooded, so even if there were any rivers, I wouldn't know about it. I go through anyway. I mean, hey, it's not like a wet road could be deeper than the freaking river I just went through, right?



Well, that marks the first time I've ever had both mufflers completely submerged. Screw what those Harley folks say about the sound of their bikes...nothing beats the sound of a bike's exhaust bubbling up from underwater.

After another 1/4 mile or so of incinerating my clutch at 13,000rpm to break out of the quicksand-like mud at the bottom, I finally emerge only a few small boulders away from the main road. So I went home.