

WHATEVER COLUMN

Joels'900SS Has Something To Say

I am Joels' Ducati 900 Super Sport and the reason for this it to tell you all out there in the club that Joel and I are breaking up. I don't mean that I am falling apart and neither is Joel. He is in good shape and so am I. We are splitting up. I don't mean that we both have a crack down the middle and falling in two pieces I mean.....Oh heck you know what I mean. Joel has not shown a great deal of love for me, he has other bikes in mind, and has shown very little enthusiasm and concern for things that I care to do.

I thought, when I first met Joel in the dealers showroom that since he was the DIOC director that he would look grand riding and owning me. The Director and 900 Super Sport. Mmm. Every body watch OUT! But things have not turned out that way. I have a awkward riding position and gave him a pain in his shoulder, he had a habit of looking over the windshield and I gave him a pain in the neck, on long rides my seat was too hard and I gave him a pain in the.....er excuse me but you all know what I mean. I don't know what went wrong. I tried so hard to please him. I never broke down. My electrics always worked except for a few minor problems, like the azzoles at the factory put 6v idiot light bulbs in me and I quickly burned those out. And the taillight bulb took a breather a few days ago. Now I ask you, is that any reason why to get rid of me? HUH? sob sob....sob... you all will excuse me my carburator floats are leaking I always get this when I get very emotional.

How many times did I want him to take me out. We never went out much. Except to and from work or to the store. One day he went shopping for groceries and I thought some cans of beans would put a dent on my tank. But many nights I would sit at home and wish he would take me to Chrome Avenue and run me hard. I wanted to eat Kommonsakis for breakfast, for dinner for snacks.....you know what I got nothing. I never ran up against one of those Jap craps. If had to depend of having Jap bikes for breakfast I would have starved. Not one race. We would go to the races at West Palm Beach and I would watch all those Ducatis out there tearing those other bikes apart and I would just sit under a tree while people came by and looked at me and wondered why I wasn't out there racing. I tell you folks it was embarrassing. The only racing I got to do was against Joels brother when he used to ride with us on a Falcoon, you know one of those inflated Harley Sprints. Yeech! That thing was as slow as Harley oil in Alaska.

I knew things weren't goin right when Joel wrote that piece on his Ducati Sport. That was Joels Ex. When I read that letter I cried and cried. I almost drained my gas tank that night on the garage floor from crying so much. After all this time he was still in love with that orange hussy. He was always complaining about the way my chest looked. It was squared off. He claims he liked the round voluptuous cases on the Sport...I'll have to admit I was a bit jealous of those round cases but you can't have everything. I thought I made up for it with my Desmo valves, my fairing and my speed. I am a fast little mother if you want to take time to run me.

The other day Russ Bellew came by with the Sport, and Joel almost cried. Jeez have you guys ever seen a grown man cry? It was disgusting. The minute Russ turned around he climbed on her and made beleive he was riding her. Aaargh! I could see our relationship was going down the drain and I was right. Of course I haven't told you, he thinks I don't know, he is also living with that Guzzi Falcone, that little Italian home breaker. She's single you know.

Well, he would be putting me off saying. Oh you better stay home tonight dear, it looks like its goin to rain and I'll be goin to work on the Dodge Clarinet. I would listen through the garage door and hear a thump thump thump. Who's he kidding I never heard

a eight cylinder Dodge Clarinet go thump thump thump
What a clown.

One day my friend Mike the Psyche read the 14th issue to me. I was so pissed. To think he would go around telling everybody that he had a mistress. No respect He couldn't keep the dirty linen at home. No oooooo he had to splash it all over town. But that is not all of it, he put a double seat on me. Jeez that has got to be the pits. I was so embarrassed when we would go out, those other bikes would look at me and say, gee, a 900SS with a dual seat, thats supposta be a racing bike or somt'm. I couldn't find a rock big enough to crawl under. I begged him to put the solo seat on me but no, I ended up with that dual seat. Yeeech! He rode this fat friend of his once to the Dolphin game in Miami, jeez Ethrough my shocks were gonna bust. I had to strain to keep up to the speed limit. I was sweating like a pig, he had to Gunk me down when we got home cause I was sweating so much oil. And speaking of speed limit I wish that Peanut brained Carter would do something about this 55 MPH speed limit crap. Is he nuts or what? Over in Europe where I come from, we can haul-ass as fast as we want. Like in Germany on the Autobahns, man.. I would pass those BMWs like theys were parked. Oh well no sense in getting all excited over those places. I'm here in the US, and I don't see much of a chance of clearing my plugs and keeping them that way.

This fellow from Tallahassee Florida is picking me up next monday and I'm looking forward to a meaningful relationship with him. I don't think its going to be very exciting there either. If I could just meet someone from the St. Petersburg area where Syd's Cycles has the Duke shop. Now those guys really know how to treat a bike like me. They all like to race. Yeah! I could just imagine myself with S&W shocks, racing slicks, tuned up-swept exhaust, Imola Cams.... a racing number...Ahhhh.. but to dream....Oh well, I'll just hope for the best.

Well, this is about it. Joel and I never had any little ones. ..I wanted to have a baby single, like a little 125CC, but thats all gone now. It's better this way, I would hate to have him grow up thinking he came from a broken home....not that Joel's house is breaking.....that he is from a broken family.... you know? I don't think there's any hard feeling between the both of us anymore. Today he gave me a thorough cleaning and polishing so the guy from Tallahassee will be impressed with me. I want to get off to a good start with this fellow. I also wish Joel a lot of luck with his Falcone, although I know that is just infatuation and not real love. Somewhere out there is another Sport and he'll find it, and it'll have round cases and be school bus yellow....yech! And Joel will be happy again. I'll get this new fellow to join the DIOC so I can keep track of what is going on with brothers and sisters. I wish you all good electrics, good guides, good grief, and good bye.....jeez I'm begining to sound like Joel.....he's not a well man.....

