

Keep An Eye Out For Me

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My name is Shawna and my mom rides her own motorcycle. I probably rode as a passenger while I was in mom's belly. At that time she still rode as a passenger behind my dad. I was born in 2001; mom took the MSF class in May of 2002. The first summer I was scared of the sound of the motorcycles and would run to my big brothers whenever mom and dad started the bikes. That has changed. Now I LOVE the sound of motorcycles and beg to "run away" with mom. (That's what she says when she wants to go for a motorcycle ride.) I first started out helping clean the bikes after rides. Yucky bugs from the lights and windshields are tough to get off.

We started out riding around the neighborhood, and now venture out for short rides. We have to do short rides cause the ride and rumble of the bike seems to put me to sleep. When riding behind mom I like to pretend I'm flying, sticking

my arms out to catch the wind. I also like to play with mom's hair and draw pretend pictures on her back. Mom makes sure I have my pink boots and black chaps on when we ride. Oh yea, and my "RED" helmet. I don't get to ride as much as I would like to. Mom says I need to grow up some more, and then she tells me I'm growing up to fast. I wish she would make up her mind.

Keep an eye out for me; I will be on the front of the bike before you know it!!!!