

Why do I ride? - Christopher Peterman, 55 MXS

This is the easiest question for me to answer, yet the hardest for a non-rider to understand. I'll begin by explaining my riding career. I've been on two wheels for over 30 years. I started off in motocross as young pup. My first vehicle was a motorcycle and since I lived in Vegas I "could" ride all year, and that's exactly what I did as I did not have another vehicle. Over the years I couldn't even tell you how many motorcycles I've owned. Everything from cruisers, to naked, sport bikes, super sports, commuters, and whatever else is in between. It wasn't long until I found myself at the track putting laps in and taking instruction as often as I could afford.

Then life happened and I took a hiatus. I didn't realize how much I missed it nor the hole it was creating inside me. I fell into addiction and because of severe alcoholism my life was spinning out of control, to the point that I attempted to take my own life. I lost everything. After a long battle with sobriety, I finally got back in the saddle, and back on the track. I race in two leagues and my passion for motorcycles is so infectious that those close to me started getting into the sport. My community was growing. I belonged to something again and the hole that I tried to fill with abuse for years was closing.

This year alone I had two horrendous wrecks, one on the track and one on the street. During a race while apexing a wide left I low sided my bike at about 80 mph. I took quite the tumble before skidding into the sandpit. I walked away from the accident without sustaining an injury outside of some body soreness for the next couple of days. I was glad to have spent the money on **quality gear**.

Fast forward a couple months, I was traveling at about 40-45 mph on the street and a half dozen or so deer came out of nowhere. I had a quick reaction time and tried my best, but it was inevitable, and I struck one of them. I flipped over my handlebars and landed face first while the bike ran me over. I endured broken ribs, separated chest cavity cartilage, a broken clavicle in two places, and a fractured foot. Again, it was because of my **head-to-toe quality protective equipment** that I didn't have a scratch and probably was still alive.

Many asked if I would ever ride again but getting back on a motorcycle was all I could think about while laid up in the hospital. "But you almost died!" they said. Well, to answer the question as to why I ride... it's because it's why I live. The throttle has felt my pain, my helmet has heard my thoughts and my exhaust has screamed my fears.