

1984 Honda CB900 Custom

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A friend in San Diego had an old rat bike in his garage. He asked if I wanted it for \$300 delivered running. I took it. I didn't have a motorcycle license. I had wrecked or dropped every bike I'd ever ridden. What the heck, it was a vehicle and I needed one.

Slowly but surely over time I rebuilt the whole thing. A good friend with a hog shop did a trade-job for some nice paint. I went to cycle salvage on the weekends looking for better parts than I had. I rode that bike for almost two years, everyday about 30 miles each way to work.

Sometimes it was cold, dark and rainy. I got the hang of it before too long. Eventually, I would white-line everywhere and cut to the front at all signals. It took about half the time to get wherever I was going. I got a little crazy but not too bad, not as crazy as many of my friends. It was fun. Perhaps a little scary at first but then freedom! I sold it to a local kid for \$500 when I didn't need it anymore.