

What's it Like to Ride a Trike?

OK, so the unfortunate or fortunate time arrives when you realize that it might be more hazardous to ride a bicycle than you or your spouse/significant other is willing to accept. Just how big a come down is it to go bent on three wheels? In the case of my Greenspeed tadpole trike it's quite a come down. My sitter is now 11" off the ground and my running lights are 37" from terra firma. That starts you off with a toddler's view of the world feeding an adult brain. The most obvious thing is how much more aware of undulations in the terrain you are. My driveway looks like the road up Independence Pass. The second big difference you notice is



Did he say "snooze"?

common to all recumbent human powered vehicles. Moving that thing down the road is all quadriceps and calf exercise. Oh yes, you can jam your backside into the seat for extra leverage but for some riders that's inviting knee problems but there's no getting out of the saddle for that final grunt over the hill. Spinning is still the name of the game unless you want to fry the quads but you can recover with a snooze aside the road without getting off the machine. Don't try this on a recumbent bicycle! Thirdly, unless you want to lift that inside wheel on the turns and risk a case of road rash you have to lean into them just like on a bicycle.

Now, with the basics out of the way here's what the dealer didn't tell you. When you look in your rear view mirror and see that concrete mixer bearing down on you it looks like an M1 tank on wheels. Before you have the time for a big "OH, s---t!" he's past you and, by golly, he went wider than he probably would have were you on a two-wheeler. No kidding, even the famous *redneckans americanus* in his country Cadillac leaning on his horn and flipping you the Hawaiian good luck sign gives you more room. It's something you have to experience to believe. The trike generally gets more road space. However, when *redneckans* pulls up along side at a stoplight in his diesel-powered CC that old exhaust pipe is belching noxious fumes right at snoot level. Tasty, NOT! What happens when you swap that truck for Fido coming from out of nowhere hell-bent for choice meat? There's nothing like being eyeball to snapping fangs with a BIG angry cur to wake you up to one of life's more unpleasant experiences. That's exactly how my first canine interaction went down at about 18 mph. Where's the Halt, where's the Halt, oh, *##*%&*\$%!!! Can't reach it and he's after that spinning right front tire! Honest, not me but the darn tire. What to do? The only obvious thing – punch him! Got gloves, DO IT! You wouldn't believe what a glancing right jab did, stopped him COLD! No kidding, don't know if he really came to a dead stop but he disappeared in another flash and I wasn't about to slow down and check on his welfare. Man, I need a clip for that Halt right on the front of my jersey. And how about a mini automatic external defibrillator to get the ticker back to normal too!



Tune in next month. There may be more exploits. |

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