

This article came from ["Every Miles a Memory"](#)

Jim had asked me at dinner last night if I was interested in going out on a guided tour he was doing today. This is like showing a dog a juicy steak and asking if its hungry.

He said I had to be ready around 8am this morning, but I had been up since 6am getting my stuff ready and was out helping him load up the KTM's and gear and I was chomping at the bit to get out on the trail.

I should say right now since I'm typing this after the fact, if I was to never get on another motorcycle for as long as I live, I think I would be more than satisfied after my day spent with Jim, Chad and Colleen in the Moab Desert with [DualSport Utah](#).



Jim in Orange behind Chad & Colleen ready to head out in the Desert

Problem is after you spend 8 full hours logging some 60 some odd miles of trail, it only feeds a hunger I didn't even know I had for adventure riding.



I've been born and raised on motorcycles. My brothers and sisters and I have always owned numerous bikes, four wheelers or some other form of motor you put between your legs to race around the backyard or local trails for our entire lives.

Growing up, I spent countless days riding the trails and woods around our house with my friends. But all of that riding put together couldn't compare to the first few hours riding with Jim in Moab.

I should first tell you that Jim is an amazing rider, he's raced in the Baja 250 down in Mexico, he's been a guide in Moab for years now and has probably logged more miles around this area than multiple guides put together. Jim would be guiding for Chad and Colleen, a couple who was visiting from St. Louis Missouri and were both very talented riders

themselves. They both had their own bikes, and Jim was going to let me ride one of his rental bikes....a 4-stroke [KTM 450 EX](#).

Granted, this bike is just a tad bit too tall for me and would leave me on the ground numerous times during our day spent on the trail, but I wasn't complaining one bit.

We had the bikes loaded up in Jim's trailer and were headed out into the desert just as the sun was starting to crest the mountains on the horizon. The morning started out on the chilly side, but this is totally the norm for temperatures in the desert so we were all dressed properly for the day.

We got the bikes fueled up and as soon as possible started to put some distance between us and the truck in a fast way. First thing I noticed about this KTM was its torque. Its not like my Suzuki DRZ which is geared for street riding and seems much more mellow.



Chad Going Down 'Big Drop' Like Its Nothing

It seemed like I could point this bike in any direction, up any incline and tap the throttle and it would climb right up. If only I could touch the ground so every time I came to a stop, I didn't have to find a rock or ledge to put my foot on to keep from falling over....although I'm sure this was very funny for Jim, Chad and Colleen who watched me pick the bike up so many times throughout the day I lost count.

Each time Jim would bring us up to a different overlook, I would think to myself "*The view cant get any better than this....This is the type of views postcards, movie posters, tourism advertisements and dreams are made of!*" yet each new stop seemed to get better and better looking.



Colleen Riding Through the Miles of Sugar Sand

After numerous miles of single track and slick rock, we hit what is known as the 10 mile wash. This was mile after mile of deep sugar sand. The type that leaves a skinny wheeled motorcycle pretty useless. But Jim promised us the payoff would be worth it and we should just take it easy, keep our speed up to drift over the top of the sand and keep our weight on the back wheel.

That sounds very easy and even though I could recite those words in my head, when you're flying along in 3rd gear, floating over the sand and the bike decides it wants to go one direction, if you try and turn the front wheel to turn yourself out of that unintended direction, it doesn't do any good to actually turn the wheel.

Turning the wheel only acts as a plow and you soon find yourself lying in the sand spitting out gritty granules of Utah quartz and cussing Jim for this route.



It doesn't help that while you're fighting the handle bars that feel like they weigh a few thousand pounds, Jim will come riding up beside you with one hand up in the air like he's questioning what the problem is only to dump the clutch and wheelie ahead of you like he's on pavement.

Once the 10 mile wash was finished, we hit the spot that leaves a seasoned rider feeling like they found the Holy Grail of trail riding. A very narrow slot canyon with tons of big drops, deep puddles and slick rock walls that you can ride up like you're on a roller coaster ride....only you have the controls at your finger tips.

Colleen stayed at the entrance to let Chad go in first with Jim and I to see if she could handle this section. This gave us boys a few times to ride up and down the slot canyon soaking our hot, worn out bodies with the cool water and deep puddles that lie in the bottom of the deep canyon.



Chad Dropping off of one of the Many Drops on our Ride

There were a few times I'd watch as Jim would drop off a big ledge only to sink up to the middle of his bike in a puddle when I'd be thinking to myself "*I dont think I can do that!*" I'd then remember that I had Chad rolling right behind me with the helmet cam recording and peer pressure is a bitch.

I'd tap the throttle and be airborne one second only to be cooled off with steam rising off the motor the next as I plunged into the deep puddles. I kept thinking to myself, "*Ok, this is the spot I want to get off and sit to take some photos of these guys riding.*" That is till we'd round the next turn and hit something even more spectacular.

The hits just kept on rolling and each new drop was better than the last. When we hit the end of the slot canyon, we all sat exhilarated and out of breath throwing around High Five's and talking about how amazing that was.

We then turned the bikes around and went back at it in reverse. This time climbing up many of those steep drops and launching ourselves into the air out of the water rather than into it.



Colleen Choosing to Ride Through the Water while Chad Chooses to Jump Over It

When we reached the mouth of the canyon, we all sat on some slick rock and took our first break of the day. We scarfed down some snickers bars for that sugar buzz and talked about the highlights of the ride so far. There were too many to talk about and we were all spouting off like kids on Christmas morning talking about what our favorite sections had been.

While they sat putting their gear back on, I rode on ahead to scout out a spot to set up so I could get some photos of everyone coming back down the slot canyon.

Even Colleen rode down the big drops and despite her short size, which meant like me, rather than being submerged up to their motors like Jim and Chad were, Colleen and I were submerged well over the tops of our boots. But that didn't stop her and she rode through like a champ.

Numerous times throughout the day she'd amaze me at the climbs, the drops and the sand traps she'd ride through. Don't get me wrong, there wasn't one of us who didn't take our turn at eating some dirt as we would lay on the ground cussing the Gravity Gods, but that's just part of riding, especially when you're riding trails this technical.



Jim Picking up the Bike After one of Many Times it was on the Ground

Even Jim, the guy that can ride up and over things most people wouldn't think rideable was on the ground almost as much as I was. But that's just showing that he too is human. Of course the rest of us would heckle, hoot and holler each time Jim would hit the ground and he would look at me right away yelling "*Get that damn camera away from me!*"

I cant wait to see the Helmet Cam footage because as Jim would be yelling at me for snapping pictures of him on the ground, Chad would be right there silently filming the entire thing with just his helmet pointed in that direction.

I could make this post last for days as we spent over 8 hours out riding the Moab desert. We rode along some trails that left my arms like jell-o. We rode along some areas that made me stop and just sit for a minute to take in the beauty. At one point we were riding along a fire road when a herd of Prong Horn came running beside us spooked by the sounds of the motorcycles.

It was a very awesome feeling to be racing down a dirt road with wild animals running at speeds of 30mph right beside you with the herd kicking up more dust that my rear tire was. I was a little ahead of the pack as I smacked the throttle to get in front of them, which made the herd turn right behind me and cross the road in front of Chad, Colleen and Jim.

At another point in the day, as we were flying down one dirt road that happened to be cutting through some open cattle range, we spooked a herd of cattle. I was at a loss when a few of the steer came charging up onto the road as one came right for me. When I slowed down, it too slowed down, when I sped up, it too sped up. I finally down shifted thinking I was about to get gored and punched the throttle



which left the scared cow far behind me in a wake of my dust.

Something tells me being trampled in the desert by a spooked cow while on a motorcycle isn't something Cindy wants to be getting a phone call about. I'm not even sure if my Life Insurance company would believe that story...LOL

By the time we got back to the truck and trailer, my odometer told me we had logged some 63 miles. By butt hurt, my arms were like rubber and my back felt like I had been hit by a baseball bat, but if you would have asked if I wanted to go back out again the next day, I would be waiting with bells on for another experience like today.



Chad & Jim Cooling Off the Dual Sport Utah Way

We came back into town, picked Cindy up at the camper and went over to Jim's house for another gourmet feast. Normally I try and monitor my intake of food to keep my girlish figure in check, but tonight I scarfed down anything that was put on my plate. I think my exact words to Cindy when we walked in the camper and cracked open a couple of ice cold beers was *"I'm so damn hungry right now, I could eat the ass end out of a mule!"*

Luckily, our two beautiful wives had been home slaving over the kitchen counters and had a meal fit for kings ready for Jim and I. Home made spaghetti sauce, a big salad with tons of fresh vegetables and mouth watering Pineapple for dessert.

Jim barely made it through Dinner because of how heavy his eyelids were, and I wasn't too far behind him. Once we were fed up, we said a heart felt **"Thank You"** to our Gracious hosts and rode the scooter back to the camper. I was almost asleep while I was brushing my teeth and hit the pillow within seconds of putting the tooth brush down.

Cindy asked me if I was going to check my emails or update my blog since I had been away from the computer all day long...to which I replied "*The last thing I'm worried about right now is that damn computer!*" and I think I was snoring within seconds of saying that.

**Today was another Good Day!!**