



**BARBER 2012**

## **Tuesday, Day One**

When the alarm went off at 7:30 it was too early. It's *always* too f\_\_in' early these days. Slapping the snooze button as I lay back for a few minutes of sweet rest I became aware of an incessant noise. Was that the wind rustling the trees? I wish! It was raining; NOT the way I wanted to start our 10 day odyssey.

Nick has flown in from his home in Honolulu for this trip. Where he lives it's not so easy to ride 100 miles at a shot unless you take several laps around the island. We were prepared to ride 300+ miles every day for ten days: round tripping from Kennett Square in southeastern PA to the Barber Motorcycle Museum in Leeds, Alabama. In the middle of October we needed to be ready to ride all day through temperatures in the 30's or in the 80's. We were equipped for rain riding as well but no one likes to set off in a rain shower.

Luckily this was one of those showers that comes at around sunrise and peters out before too long; just the morning dew dumping onto the ground. By the time we had eaten and packed it was 9:15. We stuck our noses outside the door and.....the rain had stopped. The roads were damp but the air was dry and we judged that our warm over-pants, heavy coats and water repellent boots would handle the road spray: no rain suits. Just as the weather man had predicted the skies kept brightening and the roads kept drying as we headed west and south on the BMW and Ducati until finally, near Frederick, MD, the sun popped out for a quick peek. An hour or two later and there were no clouds to be found.

Nick is obviously a very dedicated enthusiast, after all he flew half way around the world for this ride, and he is also a very competent rider. We are able to keep a respectable pace as we zig-zag south and west across Maryland, passing the Civil War Monument at Antietam. It is difficult to image that over 20,000 Americans were killed and maimed near here in *one morning* in the 1860's. How could so many have been killed in such a short time span with the primitive weaponry of the day? Considering the medical techniques of the era death may have been preferable to being severely wounded. It is sobering.

We cross the Potomac into West Virginia and miss a turn. Stopping for lunch, we decide to press on rather than backtrack and after 15 miles of dead reckoning we reach the tiny mountain village of Shanghai and are soon back on course on Route 45 which takes us into Virginia. Now we pick up Scenic Byway 600 which is a treat! Twisted asphalt and awesome autumn views abound as it climbs up and down a mountain then we finally gain Route 42 which parallels the Appalachian Ridge. We plan to follow it all the way to Tennessee and we reach our first day's goal, Harrisonburg, VA at 6 PM, finding a motel for \$25 each: NOT BAD!

## Wednesday, Day Two

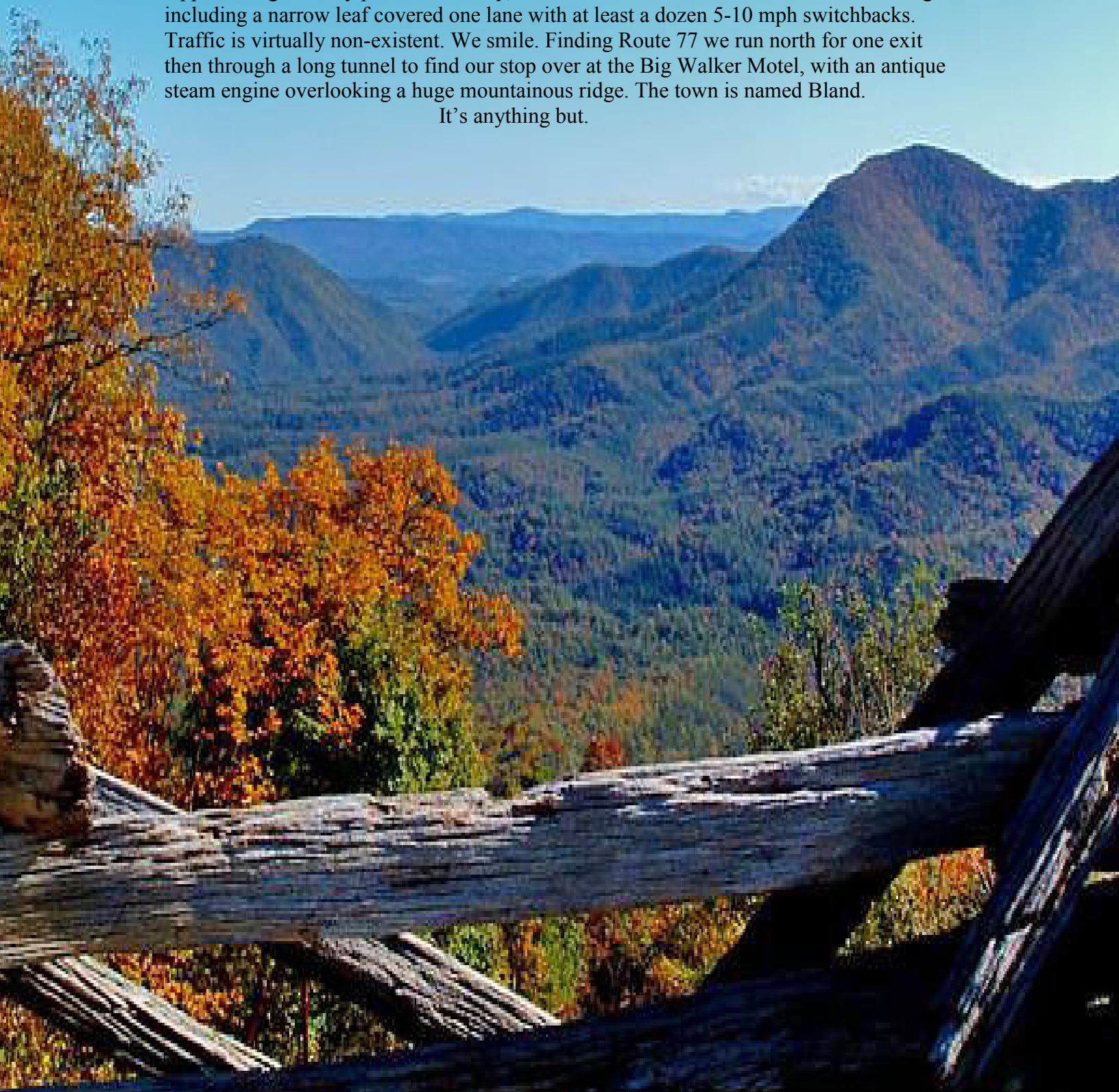
We eat an apple and a cup of coffee each and leave Harrisonburg at 9 AM beneath a sky that is screaming “BLUE!” at us. It feels great to be in a warmer, drier place and we quickly pick up Route 42 again and head southwest with the Appalachian Ridge on our left, the Shenendoah Mountains and West Virginia on our right. The 4 lane turns into 2 lane as the city recedes in our mirrors then the 2 lane makes it’s way up and down hills and the valleys in between the big mountains, crossing fertile farmlands dotted with cows and affording glorious views at every crest and turn. We stay in top gear, partly tucked in against the cool morning air and at exactly 50 miles we enter the village of Goshen where friendly southern belles cheerfully agree to make us breakfast even though their café doesn’t officially open for business until lunchtime. We are the only patrons and every item on the menu includes ham, pork, or sausage. This is *not* a good place to live if you happen to be a pig.

Suitably fortified we return to the task at hand: moving ourselves southwest. Route 42 peters out here so we jog west 3 exits on Highway 64 and try to meander through the foothills to regain 42 at New Castle. It seemed straightforward enough on Map Quest but these single lane country roads go every which way and are not well marked but neither of us minds a bit; we just use the sun and maintain a heading as best we can. These unplanned diversions often reward with the best roads and today this is indeed the case. We use a 10 mile long dirt road to cross one mountain and with only a few wrong turns eventually we pop out onto Route 18: not on our original itinerary but still a fabulous road that takes us to Paint Bank on the WV border. There is a cool lodge and restaurant here and little else but all we need is gas. These are great roads. We want more.



We switch bikes and finally regain Route 42 where we plan to jog west again on 460 at Newport. First though we stop for lunch at a local-organic-foods type diner where the proprietor suggests a wonderful 'diversionary route' that takes us past a film crew shooting a movie: "Wishing You Well". Watch for it in a theatre near you soon, especially the scene in a run down cabin/shack on a tiny back road. That road ends at the New River which is actually a very *old* river and peculiar in that it runs from north to south, bucking the norm. We follow the river as the road climbs and enjoy views of rope bridges over flowing waters on the way past Eggleston, VA to again find Route 42. Approaching our way point for the day, we make a final diversion from Mechanicsburg including a narrow leaf covered one lane with at least a dozen 5-10 mph switchbacks. Traffic is virtually non-existent. We smile. Finding Route 77 we run north for one exit then through a long tunnel to find our stop over at the Big Walker Motel, with an antique steam engine overlooking a huge mountainous ridge. The town is named Bland.

It's anything but.



### Thursday, Day Three

We awaken to temperatures in the upper thirties: serious mountain air! We plug into our electric vests and shove off at 9 after coffee. The sky holds absolutely no moisture and the blue-ness above the mountains all around us is intense. Just looking at the sky makes my heart beat faster. It's just that kind of morning.

We resume our journey on Scenic Route 52/42, making our way 45 miles to Saltville. Claim to fame: "The Salt Capital of the Confederacy". We look for breakfast but all the restaurants have gone out of business. OK, there was only ever one restaurant but it is *definitely* out of business. With some help from a friendly local we manage to find Route 700, a tiny 1 lane county road: very bumpy and rutted, but it leads us through attractive farm country, dead on course, ending at Route 421. We find our breakfast at Big John's where the in house promotional "radio station" insures that

everyone within earshot knows that sausage biscuits are available 24/7. Basically a pork-burger in a deep fried bun, preferably buried in gravy made primarily from lard. It's not just for breakfast anymore!! It actually tastes mighty fine though and it sure fills the hole. Now 421 cuts against the grain of the mountains taking us through Bristol into Tennessee, across Soah Hooolsac Lake and into Shady Valley.





Here the road (known as The Snake) goes all serpentine: about 30 miles of totally ridiculous curves, transitioning from left to right so hard the front wheel momentarily leaves the ground..... it's a giddy feeling but last week I watched several u-tubes of people crashing on this very road so we ease off and leave a margin, cruising through Mountain City and then gas up and switch bikes.



Route 421 then takes us into North Carolina and after Boone, a very artsy-fartsy pseudo hip-touristic looking place where neuvo-hippies can be seen playing music in the street for loose change, we turn south on the Blue Ridge Parkway. There is more traffic than I expected and it's going nowhere fast. On the plus side, this leaves us lots of opportunities to rubberneck and the views are otherworldly; it's like descending from orbit. We spend miles and miles a mile high or more. After a few hours the traffic thins as most tourists head for the Hoilday Inns but we push on and on and on some more. We catch a Parkway snack bar at 4:30 as it's closing then, with our electric vests turned to high, we roll on past sunset, finally reaching the end of the parkway after 120 miles, in Cherokee, NC.



Alas, Cherokee has changed dramatically since I was last here 8 or 10 years ago. Several high rise casinos seem to have sprung up, changing a frontier like town with lots of cute motels, restaurants and Cherokee shlock stands into a mini Las Vegas, Native American style. After our 340 mile day we hole up at the Frontier Motel, one of the originals, and have Pizza Hut deliver. Did you know that you can get spaghetti in a bowl made out of pizza dough? That's some serious carbo-loading!

### **Friday, Day Four**

An epic day! We just arrived at Cove Cottage, 40 miles north of the Barber Museum: our home for 3 nights. The clock says 9:30 PM but we crossed into Central Time at the AL border so for us it's an hour later: a very long day. We left Cherokee at 9 AM after a large pancake breakfast. We would need it. Every bit of it. The weather was warm: 50-ish and moist. There was a thick cloud cover, 'smoke' on the mountains and the distinct threat of rain. We were heading up; up into the great Smokey Mountain National Park on the road to Gatlinburg.

We are on the two lane that follows a pretty mountain creek which rushes down, cascading and bubbling over rocks as we rush up, enjoying the curves despite a damp coating that leaves the road feeling a bit slick. In summertime this road is bumper to bumper, stop and go, with cars and tourists overheating on a regular basis. Today the traffic is noticeable but not so bad. Every time we catch a group of cars creeping along at the speed limit or less we just stop at a pull out and admire the scenery, waiting until there is a gap. Then we wait some more until we see the next car coming and we pull out as late as possible to maximize the gap in front of us. In this manner we are able to leap frog our way along the park roads, enjoying a reasonably brisk pace while avoiding myopic cage bound tourists.

We buy gasoline in Gatlinburg then head west, finally exiting the park and picking up the Foothills Parkway: 20 miles of smooth sweepers, negligible traffic and excellent views from a narrow ridge that affords clear panoramas to the left and to the right and sometimes both at once. We wish the Blue Ridge Parkway had been more like this! The Foothills takes us out to a huge reservoir on the Little Tennessee River and we turn south for The Dragon.

The Tail of the Dragon: everyone has heard of it and most everyone has been there. Even though it can be very crowded and heavily patrolled at times, Nick HAS to ride it. He came all the way from Hawaii to experience mainland motorcycling and 283 curves in 11 miles cannot be ignored; it has to be experienced. The road here is still damp in spots, which gives us the perfect excuse to ride at a sensible pace. Well, maybe not *totally* sensible. I'm on the BMW. There's this guy on a Harley in front of me. I keep on his tail and show him a wheel several times but he is yielding not an inch. I have to say that he rides the beast very well and probably scrapes off a good ½ pound of floor board carving the slippery turns. I really try hard to control my natural 'racer's instinct' and I absolutely do not want to crash or make him crash; the people making and selling videos along the roadside have more than enough material as it is. My patience finally pays off as I see an opportunity to get by safely. Thusly, my barely contained race lust is at last satiated.



Down at the bottom, motorcyclists of all sorts gather to swap lies. We visit the 'Tree of Shame' where broken bits of crashed motorcycles hang for all to see. We check out 'rat café customs' hastily fabricated from Honda 350's, V-8 choppers, flashy turbocharged sport bikes with and without nitrous oxide boost, highly tuned drift cars, 3 wheeled spiders, trikes and all manner of 2, 3 and 4 wheeled vehicle. One wheelchair bound rider has ridden his very trick BMW powered three wheeled rig from the Midwest. Inspirational! The sun finally breaks through; it's time to move on.

A short pleasant ride continuing south on 129 brings us to the Cherohala Skyway. This is a high voltage 50 mile run with a bazillion smooth high speed sweepers, mostly at around 5,000 feet, against a backdrop of jaw-dropping mountain vistas colored intensely by the autumnal foliage. It's very lightly traveled with no intersections and today at least, no visible law enforcement. It's like: "Go have fun kids, just be careful." And we do just that.

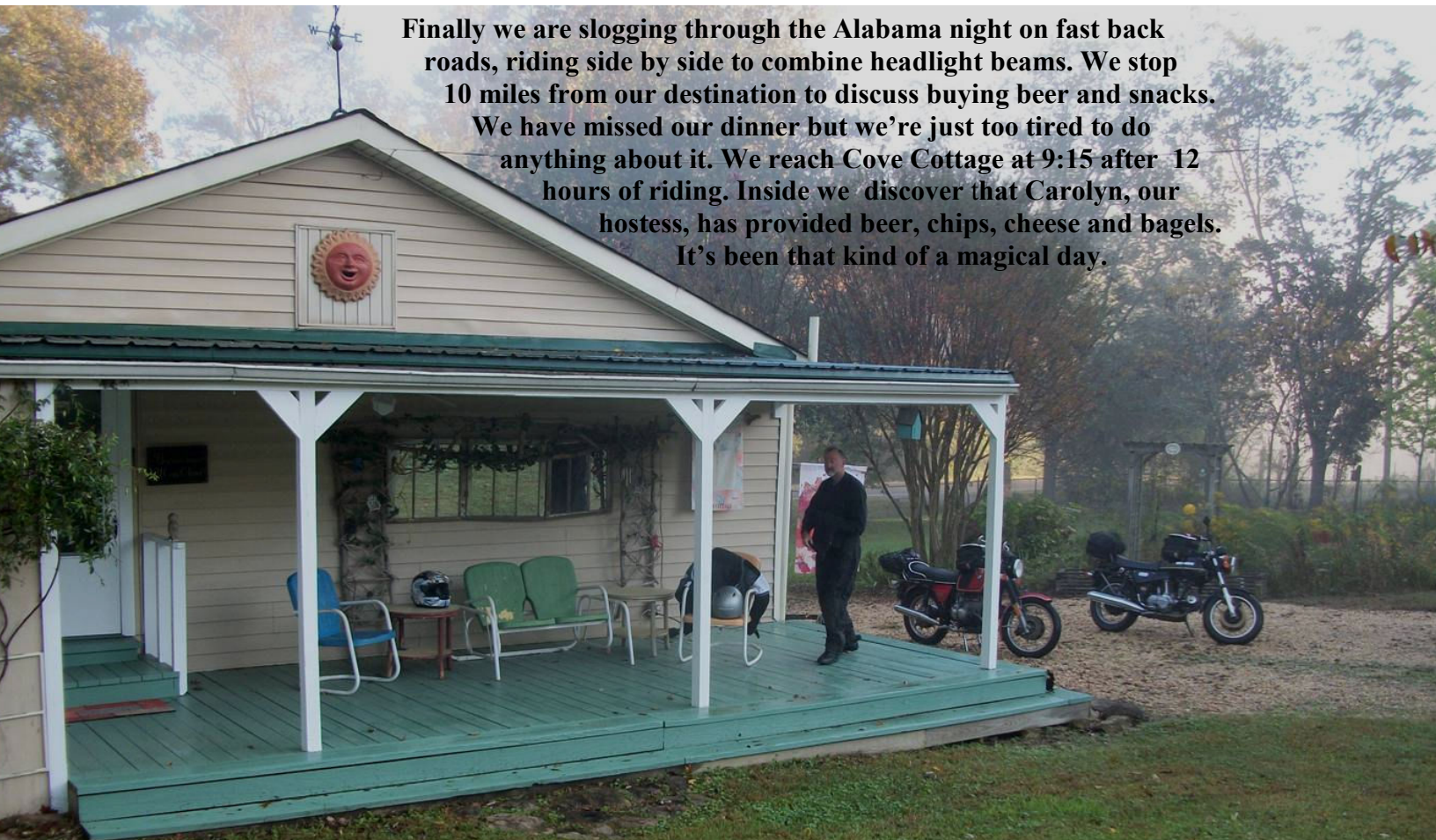




Lunch in Tellico Plains is breathtakingly expensive then we bee-line south on Route 68; even more fun! This road is one of the undiscovered joys of North Carolina, Tennessee and Georgia, where it becomes Route 5 across the Chattahoochee National Forest. After Blue Ridge the road becomes a divided 4 lane and we alternate between wide 2 lane and 4 lane across northwest Georgia and into Alabama. We gain an hour crossing the border and we need it as we ride well into the night.

Still close to the border we stop at a traffic light and I smell burning electrics, or is that someone's overheated brakes? Looking down at the Ducati I see nothing amiss and everything works so we continue several miles until I pull over for a map check when I smell it again. This time I see smoke coming out of the countershaft sprocket cover. FIRE IN THE HOLE! I quickly switch of the ignition key, deploy the side stand and unplug the neutral switch wires which makes the smoke stop. I guess we really don't *need* a neutral light.

**Finally we are slogging through the Alabama night on fast back roads, riding side by side to combine headlight beams. We stop 10 miles from our destination to discuss buying beer and snacks. We have missed our dinner but we're just too tired to do anything about it. We reach Cove Cottage at 9:15 after 12 hours of riding. Inside we discover that Carolyn, our hostess, has provided beer, chips, cheese and bagels. It's been that kind of a magical day.**





### Saturday, Day Five

We sleep the sleep of the righteous dead, have breakfast in our colorful Cove Cottage and chat with our hosts, Bernard

and Carolyn then run down the highway 40 miles to the Barber Museum. WHAT A ZOO! So many people are pouring into the Barber facility that it takes 30 minutes just to get past the gate. We park our bikes at the Motorcycle Classics Magazine booth where Editor Richard Backus insists we enter them in the show. We each get a ribbon for entering but alas no trophies. If there had been a class for the longest distance ridden we might have had a chance, but our bikes are covered with baggage, road grunge and crankcase splooge. At least we get to park inside.



The swap meet is very, very large; maybe not quite as big as the Mid-America rally, but it's getting close. There are road races and Motocross races for vintage bikes being run all day. There is an air show and there are fireworks and there are so many motorcycles ridden in from everywhere that this is like Motorcycle Disneyland.

We walk around the entire swap meet then spend several hours barely scratching the surface inside the museum. We check out a Jerry Woods Auction of over 150 vintage machines. We walk and walk and my poor feet are killing me. I see a 1971 Harley Super Glide. I will admit to a certain weakness when it comes to AMF Harleys. I am seriously lusting for this machine. It will take \$10,000 to buy it which I really don't have. I tell the seller I will call when I get home but I know in my heart that it will be too late. It is. Did I mention the weather?



I rode in this morning in my jeans and just an air jacket with no liner, the warm southern air penetrating my vented coat easily and caressing my skin. It is like being kissed all over by the sun. It is my liberation from the relentless advance of winter. It is a reprieve from the inevitable; a last taste of summer and a sublime joy. Walking all day in jeans and riding boots I actually get too hot and my face is sunburned but I mind not one bit. Riding back after dark is only slightly chilly as I drink in the summer-like conditions, greedily exceeding my capacity as I try to store some of this delicious warmth for the 5 frigid months that lie ahead, not to mention the potentially frigid run home beginning Monday morning.

## Sunday, Day Six

We leave at 8 this morning. In part we are trying to acclimate to rising early so we can get an early start tomorrow, especially since we will lose an hour early in the day. Also, I had laid out an ‘adventure loop’ option for traveling to the museum grounds and we decide to try it today. It is overcast and threatening to rain but it will remain only a threat. Walking around all day yesterday in the hot sun, temperatures in the 80’s, wearing Kevlar re-enforced jeans and heavy boots was pretty uncomfortable so I pack my sandals this time and wear my light weight safari pants under my First Gear pants so I can be comfortable walking through the heat of the day. I had consulted extensively with Google earth to plan our route and it worked well, letting us climb some low mountains, discover a sizeable lake and really, just get a good feel for the countryside that is impossible to attain riding the superslab. Highways look and feel pretty much the same everywhere, but Blount County, Alabama is unique. For example: it’s a ‘dry’ county as evidenced by political placards that read: “Keep Blount County special, no alcohol sold here.”

For me the more pertinent unique features include very low income looking trailer homes, hairpin turns to help the road climb the small mountains, and the large lake: Highland Lake. As we roll through this scenic lakeshore town of 400 residents I notice blue lights in my mirrors. The local sheriff has never seen purple license plates before (PA antique plates) and/or he’s interested in us and our (admittedly very interesting) bikes. We chat cordially while he runs our licenses. He is originally from Pittsburg, has just sold his own bike, wants to know what year our Ducati 860GT is and blah, blah, blah until we are off and running again. I think we even shake hands. He has a dream job: in the summer he spends 50% of his time cruising the lake on a Jet-ski and gets paid for it.

The countryside hereabouts is really quite lovely and more isolated than one would think considering its proximity to big cities like Birmingham and Gadsden; there is not a lot going on out here. But at the Barber, though things have thinned out considerably since yesterday, it’s still going on. We walk the swap meet rows again. There is a ‘Wall of



Death’ and a ‘Ball of Steel’. There are seminars. We visit the Ace Café Corner where the \$10 admission price gets you a look at some interesting café bikes, a chance to buy a box set of the TV show ‘Café Racer’ and a \$2 hot dog or a \$7 fish ‘n chips with malt vinegar, of course. You also get to sit on a chair in the shade at a choice spot for race watching and we do just that for a restful half hour.

Then it's back to the museum until we are totally sated and we return to our colorful crooked cottage on the cove to clean up a bit before heading up the hill to the house of our hosts.



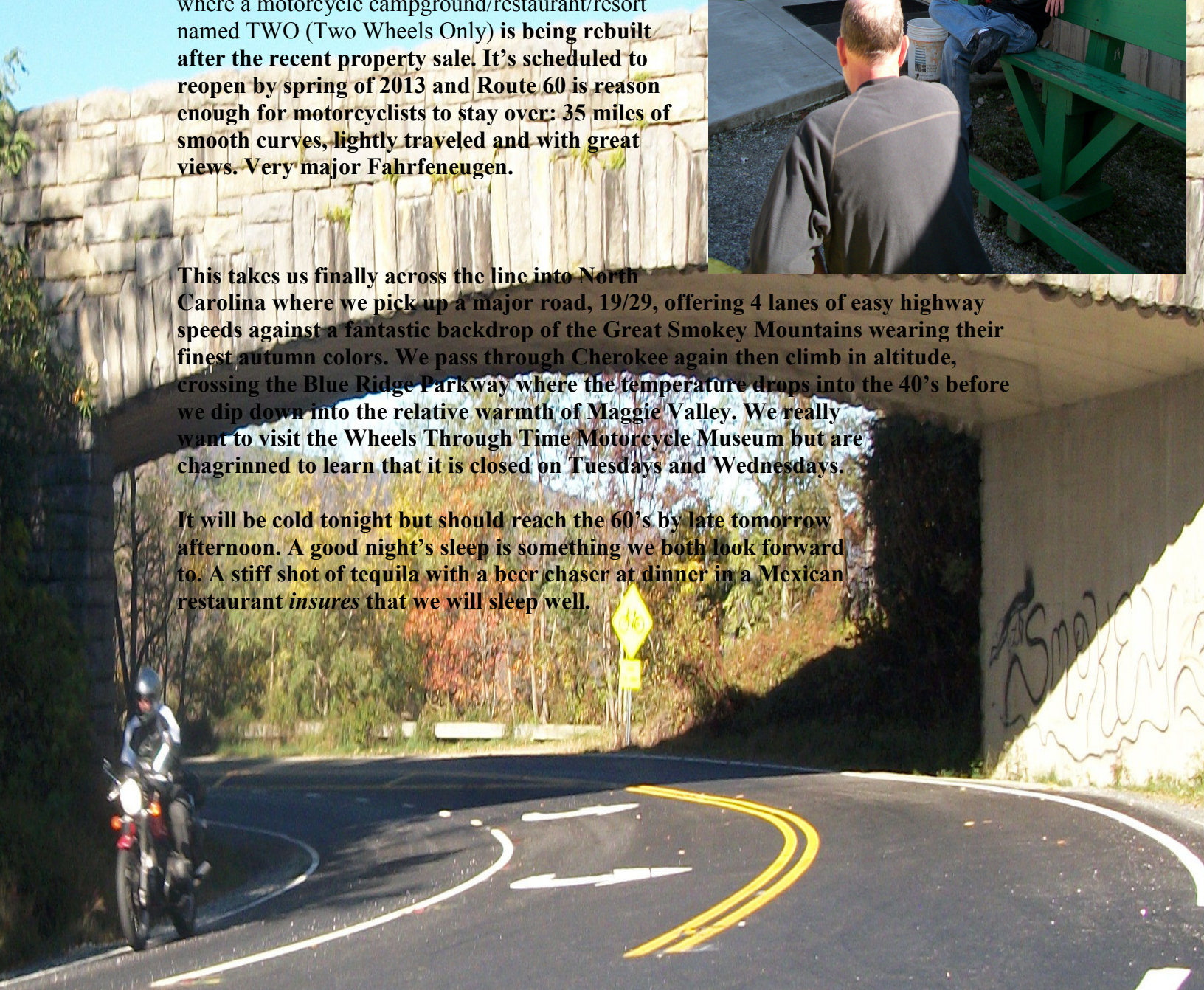
Bernard and Carolyn tell us the history of this property and we get the grand tour of the main house before piling into their car to visit a decent restaurant for steaks and seafood and a real local delicacy: green fried tomatoes. The meal is tasty and much needed, and the good company is a real treat. Tomorrow morning we hope to leave early enough to ride through the Chattahoochee National Park in north central Georgia and still reach Maggie Valley, NC by sundown, more or less.

## Monday, Day Seven

Ashville, Alabama is warm and moist this morning. It rained overnight but now the sky is blue and misty. Everything glistens with water droplets and the roads are damp as we take back roads through little towns like Ragland, an old coal mining center, angling southwest a bit before picking up a northeast route which carries us into Georgia. A convoluted path gets us positioned at the edge of the Chattahoochee near the town of Dahlonega. Here, we pause at a roadside dam and reservoir before heading up into the sky on Route 19/60. Climbing rapidly enough into the rugged mountains to make my ears pop, Route 60 breaks off towards the northwest through Suches, where a motorcycle campground/restaurant/resort named TWO (Two Wheels Only) is being rebuilt after the recent property sale. It's scheduled to reopen by spring of 2013 and Route 60 is reason enough for motorcyclists to stay over: 35 miles of smooth curves, lightly traveled and with great views. Very major Fahrfeuegen.

This takes us finally across the line into North Carolina where we pick up a major road, 19/29, offering 4 lanes of easy highway speeds against a fantastic backdrop of the Great Smokey Mountains wearing their finest autumn colors. We pass through Cherokee again then climb in altitude, crossing the Blue Ridge Parkway where the temperature drops into the 40's before we dip down into the relative warmth of Maggie Valley. We really want to visit the Wheels Through Time Motorcycle Museum but are chagrined to learn that it is closed on Tuesdays and Wednesdays.

It will be cold tonight but should reach the 60's by late tomorrow afternoon. A good night's sleep is something we both look forward to. A stiff shot of tequila with a beer chaser at dinner in a Mexican restaurant *insures* that we will sleep well.



## **Tuesday, Day Eight**

Maggie Valley seems frigid this morning. Thermometers show low 40's when we wake up so we drag our feet a bit, enjoying a relaxed breakfast then walking over to Wheels Through Time where I had hoped to spend an hour or two. I feel terrible for Nick who has come all the way from Honolulu for this trip. When will he have the opportunity again? It just hasn't occurred to me that the museum would be closed on a weekday. My bad.

We bundle up and plug in our electric vests then head north as the sun finally begins to reach into the valley, lighting up the yellow, red and orange foliage for us. Following Route 276 through the Pisgah National forest we angle east and slightly south, the tarmac glistening with morning dew as we pick our way around the curves cautiously, climbing once again to the top of the Blue Ridge, re-crossing the Parkway and descending into brilliant sunshine. Route 276 takes us to Route 64 and we alternate between fast open sections across the valleys and technical climbs and descents leading to a fuel and rest stop and bike swap at Lake Lure, NC. What a jewel. Our bikes are running strong and steady and we give them some love with an engine oil top up.

Maybe it's less peaceful in the summer but today the placid lake is a tranquil and naturally beautiful spot. While we are fettling the bikes a woman rolls down her car window and says, "Nice day for a ride, isn't it?" Of course we agree then she continues: "Four years ago my husband and I rode through and we loved it so much we moved here." The lake and the road wrap around each other like two strands of DNA, affording remarkable views for several miles and I think I could move here too. Now the road turns directly northeast and opens up into a 55 mph zone. Unfortunately I must make an unscheduled stop to discuss the details with a very serious state trooper and I will be soon be making a contribution to the state of North Carolina as a result. I am careful to moderate my speed thereafter. At Wilksboro we switch to Route 268, maintaining our easterly progress as the road once again becomes more technical and we finally run out of North Carolina and into Virginia. We continue to parallel the Blue Ridge by following entertaining back roads just southeast of the Parkway until the daily trip meter crosses 300 miles and we seek shelter at Rocky Mount, VA.



### **Wednesday, Day Nine**

We're getting close to home. The bikes continue to run well, requiring only that we keep up with their appetite for oil: the BMW with 75,000+ miles is using  $\frac{3}{4}$  quart per 1,000 miles while the Ducati with just 25,000 miles takes the remaining  $\frac{1}{4}$  quart per 1,000 miles. Both bikes need daily mopping up of sundry minor oil leaks and the Ducati left caliper has developed a wee drip so we keep an eye on its master cylinder brake fluid level. Lastly the BMW tail/brake light has required minor attention due to a weak ground contact between the bulb and the socket which is resolved by forcing a short length of solder between the two. The end of these trips is always laced with anxiety as people begin to realize with dread that their email has been piling up for 10 days and soon it will be necessary to put our lives back together. On top of this we begin to hear noises that have probably been there all along, and we fear a mechanical failure more as we near the end of our trip.

We leave Rocky Mount at 9 after a light motel breakfast. It is cool but warming rapidly as our route takes us across Smith Mountain Lake then once again to the Blue Ridge Parkway at Big Island, Virginia. The name seems appropriate for Nick from Hawaii. This time we follow the Parkway for just 18 miles then descend from the Blue Ridge via Route 60, an enjoyable run some 22 miles long.







Next we follow a series of well traveled secondary roads paralleling the Parkway on its eastern flank and bypassing Charlottesville to finally pick up scenic VA Byway 231, due north. As the sun prepares to drop below the ridge the temperature begins to plummet but I feel the need for a short diversion and we veer off through the mountains towards Syria, VA. A dead end dirt road makes this scenic loop a bit longer than planned and the sun has disappeared by the time we reach Sperryville but there are no motels here. The next medium dot on the map is Washington, VA but there are also no motels, just expensive looking B&B's and one restaurant whose patrons are dressed in full formals. It is dark and cold but we must press on.

It may have hit 70 degrees today but now we pull on all of our cold riding gear as we stick to our planned route, taking 647 until we cross Route 66 where we hoped to find lodging but still, incredibly, no motels so now we take to Route 66 west, a major highway (alas, with no motels) until we are funneled into Front Royal which is apparently where all the motels have gone. There are dozens but we are cold, hungry and tired and make a bee line to the first motel we see. After a nice hot meal we will fall pleasantly asleep.

Our mileage today was only 250 but we arrived late because we had stopped for 2 hours at Montpelier, the home of President James Madison. Only 2 miles off route and an interesting history lesson as well as a much needed off bike activity. I call my friend Justin who lives nearby and we make a plan to visit him in the morning.

## Thursday, Day Ten



It's a short ride to White Post, Virginia where Justin and Meridith show us some southern hospitality. We catch up on family and friends over hot coffee, then Justin agrees to give us a tour of his garage which houses two Vincents and a KTM or three.

We take all this in then bid our friends adieu after asking for and receiving an interesting route to White's Ferry, a very inefficient but entertaining way to get home. Several back roads lead us there and after the quick Potomac River crossing we stop for a lunch break at the ferry crossing store.



A meandering route east and north across Maryland and Pennsylvania soon has us back at home where Lynn has thoughtfully lit a fire and prepared a delicious dinner for us. I am a bit run down after 10 days on the road but it somehow feels pleasant. Tomorrow I will return to my 'normal' life and Nick gets a ride in the sidecar as I transport him to the Wilmington train station. He will spend several more days in the area tending to family business then return to Hawaii. He is a great traveling companion, very intelligent and witty as well as generous and considerate. A talented rider, I never felt that he got over his head and we were able to make very good progress. He never batted an eyelash at long days, cold temperatures, dirt roads, or riding after dark. I hope we can ride together again someday and if it were in Hawaii I would certainly not complain!

The BMW R90/6 and the Ducati 860GT both ran well for 2600 miles. They were relatively comfortable and happy to carry us and our baggage all day long. We rode mainly on smaller secondary roads where our bikes were happy to cruise at 50 mph but when asked to, the bikes took to the highways and cruised easily at 70 mph. We averaged 45 miles per gallon. While the kick start only Ducati required some effort to lite off at times, we both enjoyed both bikes a bunch. Nick managed to master the starting technique on the Duc and preferred to ride the more plush BMW at the end of our longer days.

**This was our fourth RetroTour to the Barber Museum. Two of us went down before the current facility was built. The museum was in a warehouse in downtown Birmingham back then. Three of us rode down to the new museum for opening day; I still have my ticket stub. Seven of us rode to the museum one February after trailer-ing the bikes to Georgia. A third rider who was signed up for this year's 10 day ride unfortunately became quite sick at the last minute and had to cancel. If we run down to Barber again I hope more people will participate. I realize that it's difficult to take 10 days for a trip like this. Maybe it could be done in 8 days but either way, you should put this one on your bucket list, and then do what you have to do to get it off of the list. Before it's too late.**

