

# Things that could only happen to Peck.



## Powder Puff

One day in Lafayette I was with several Acadian Dirt Bike Club members and we were talking about plans for the weekend. Several of the guys and their families were going to a Powder Puff Family Enduro Motorcycle Race sponsored by a New Orleans dirt bike club, a yearly event for women and children. A Powder Puff is a race that includes female riders.

Enduros involve going to a remote forest location with your family or friends. A lot of folks arrive at a campground on Saturday and spend the night in tents, vans, and motorhomes. Sunday morning the race begins at 8 o'clock with four riders taking off every minute. Enduros are a race against time, and the course is 100 plus miles through the forest. Each rider has a chart that gives the miles per hour required in each section. At the end of a section is an unknown checkpoint where a card that a rider has on the bike will be marked with arrival time. If a rider averages the mph required in a section and arrives at the 8 to 10 possible checkpoints at the correct time the score will be zero points. If the rider gets to a checkpoint early, it's two points for every minute and one point for every minute late. A score of zero at the end would be perfect, but that's very hard to do.

That is probably more than you want to know about Enduros, so back to the Powder Puff. Over a few beers, several guys and I decided to ride the Powder Puff Enduro dressed as girls. This seemed like a fun time, but when we got to the campground, I was the only one who brought clothes to dress as a female. Another of my famous plans that was not going by its script.

But I was determined to do this. The women in our club were very anxious to apply my makeup, give me eye shadow and rosy cheeks, lipstick, bra, and blond pigtails hanging out of my helmet. I must have looked good because at the start nobody recognized me. This event was only about 50 miles long and I had a lot of fun passing the women and kids. When I am seriously riding in other enduros, my method for warning slower riders that I was going to pass them was a rebel yell. This ride I did a high voice, "Yoo-Hoo" passing the women and kids. When I came into checkpoints, I raised my jersey, showing my bra and shocking the scorecard markers. By the time I got to the finish line, everyone knew that it was me, and spectators were falling down laughing. I know that everyone had a fun and memorable time.