The StellaB Story

The fever: DIRT BIKING.Â It's a throbbingÂ that circulates through our mind, body, and motorcycle with a kind of glue a hard spill can't seem to separate.Â The StellaB story is a one of a kind friendship between wo-man and her steel burro that only those with a sick mind can relate!Â Passion hurts, so grin and bare it.

The StellaB StoryBy Kacey SmithÂ

You know the kind of friend you can tell anything without judgment?Â The friend that listens whether you are sad, mad, or giddy with excitement.Â They support you on the bumpy roads and keep you straight when youâ€™re moving too fast.Â They never breakdown under pressure and seem to track perfectly, your intentions.Â If anyone were to get in your way, theyâ€™d run emâ€™ over in your defense.Â Itâ€™s friends that aim to please, like StellaB that come once, or in my case, twice, in a lifetime.Â And, I can honestly say, I wouldnâ€™t be the same without ever knowing her.

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Her sibling, Stella, lived a full life from 1996 to 2004, finally retiring to a calmer, license plated lifestyle.Â One of the same mold, she carried me over 70,000 miles during her years with me since 1999 with only one top end and minimal maintenance.Â She knew me better than Malcolm knows off road or Bubba knows the dirt, face down.Â Sadly, I replaced her.Â With gut-wrenching tears, I pulled all the new plastic and lights from the new bike and dolled her up for sale.Â I replaced the new bikeâ€™s plastic with Stellaâ€™s old plastic, her upgraded handlebars, oversized tank, pegs, black front fende and such.Â Stella still ran like a champ and now she looked like one too.Â It was an easy sale, to a friend who used her to commute in Denver, Colorado, her native home.Â I was happy to know she was in good hands and comfortably back to her roots.

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The first Baja trip was initiated with a sad heart, starting all over again with communication and control issues. The new girl wasnâ€™t the same as the old broken-in friend Iâ€™d come to know.Â We built a small wall between our stubborn ways un waaaaay into the depths of Baja, where our â€œneedâ€• for one another worked out our kinks.Â Since she wore Stellaâ€™s pla and armor, it was easy to slip and call her by that familiar name, but it just wasnâ€™t fair.Â Every week, a new name was created in hopes one would stick, but â€œBerthaâ€•, â€œLolaâ€•, and â€œJuanitaâ€• rolled off my tongue never to be said aga â€œSteeeeellllllaâ€•, Iâ€™d call her as we began to bond our idiosyncrasies of too small for the too tall and too short for the bea size she is.Â I was in the twilight zone re-living a soul mate, deja vu.Â It just didnâ€™t seem right.Â Â

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I over analyzed her right away and compared her to my EX; no wonder she gave me grief.Â Over the handlebars, she decided to hold her ground, snapping back some front fork force to teach me a lesson.Â As I lay in the dirt, she landed next to my side and cradled my broken body with a loving handle-grip.Â With a broken back, wrist, pelvis and a few internal bleeders, we found our peace, 3 months later, with a wheelie over the same trench that left us in the dirt.Â

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I never could stop calling her Stella, especially after such tough love tactics brought us so close together.Â Now we groove just like her sibling, so smooth and effortless in the desert.Â She earned her name, not as the second, but StellaB; rides like a butterfly and stings like a Bâ€¦.. and yeah, it hurt (just a little bit), but worth every moment we still have together.Â Now thatâ€™s friendship!

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Me & StellaB