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... heat hit me like a wall when I stepped out of the airport. No worries, though, because Rob pulled up 2 minutes later in his lovely air conditioned box truck. Ahhhh....After he picked me up, we stopped for lunch and headed to the track to set up. After set up we hung around the track for a bit, then headed to our hotel. That night we had dinner at an Irish pub that is next to our hotel called The Loafing Leprechaun. We have eaten there in previous years and always enjoyed the food. This year was a bit different. The soda bread, which is the menu item we look most forward to, was not the same as it had been in previous years. It was so crumbly we couldn't even butter it. But the time I finished my slice, my plate was completely covered in crumbs. I think those crumbs comprised half of the original slice! But whatever, no big deal. Rob ordered a burger, I ordered something called a "traditional cornish pastie". I have to admit, I felt a little funny ordering something called a pastie, but it sounded good, so i went with it (don't worry, this story is going somewhere).

When I was about a third of the way through eating the pastie, I noticed that I didn't see any carrots. The menu specifically mentioned carrots as being part of this meal. Although I had no intentions of sending the meal back, I did want to ask the waitress about the carrots. So I said to her "I don't want to send this back, but aren't there supposed to be carrots in this?" She said she would go ask someone in the kitchen. She came back, and this is what the chef told her: "The carrots are diced up really, really small and they cook with the beef for 4 hours, so you just can't see them." Okay, well let me tell you, these carrots would have to have been cut up so small that they were invisible. Or otherwise this restaurant has some kind of amazing dissolving carrot. Rob told the waitress that it sounded like bull to him. I thought the explanation was pretty strange, but initially just shrugged it off. As I continued to eat, I thought about it, though, and realized that the description of the pastie was word for word the same as their shepard's pie, except the pastie was in a pastry pocket rather than topped with mashed potatoes. Having ordered the shepard's pie in previous years, I knew that it always had carrots that were clearly visible to the naked eye. So a few minutes later Rob spotted the manager walking by and stopped him. The manager agreed that we should definitely be able to see carrots and that a mistake was made. The amazing thing to me is that the guy in the kitchen totally and completely made up some lame story about why there weren't carrots in my meal. And it's not even like I was trying to send it back! So it had nothing to do with him not wanting to make it over again. He just completely lied for who knows what reason...So, as for the event...it was pretty much what we expected it to be. Road Atlanta is a tough event. First of all, it's on Labor Day weekend. Second, the opening season football game for the big, local

Universities is that weekend. And people in Atlanta REALLY like their college football. Add on to that the fact that Indy Moto GP is only two weeks away, and you have a very poorly attended event.

So, as always, we did our best. It was definitely tough as it seemed that very few of the spectators that were there were actually coming through the vendor row. Then, of course, only a certain percentage of those spectators are interested in Arai helmets. We did get to see our friends Doug and Ted, though, and that is always fun. We know them solely from the races, and we see them at numerous races each summer. They are super nice and definitely entertaining. We also had a really interesting experience with a consumer. Generally, I won't talk about specific people because 1. it's not nice, 2. it's not professional, 3. I don't want to seem like a jerk. But I am going to break my own rule for this one. On Saturday a guy came up to our booth, pretty upset because someone stole his helmet. Let me point out that at Road Atlanta, you have to wear a helmet anytime you are on your bike within the facility. So this guy needed a helmet. I knew that he was upset about his helmet being stolen and probably just wanted to something to get him home. So I pointed out our sale rack to him. He then said "it has to be a 3/4 helmet." Okay, well how about this one? I showed him an Arai SZ/c with a communication system already installed. It was a GREAT deal. He instantly said "no, it can't have a shield". At this point, we could tell the guy may not realize what he was looking at. Before we got into measuring his head and fitting him for a helmet, Rob let him know what price the open face helmets started at. The guy instantly went "Pssshh" and started to walk away. Rob being Rob, he immediately made the same noise back to the guy. The two of them bickered for a bit, then the guy started to walk away. As he was walking away he let us know that his previous helmet was 10 years old. He bought it from JC Whitney for \$85. Then he walked away and left his bike parked right in front of our display, blocking our merchandise. He disappeared for a few minutes, then came back. He and Rob went back and forth for a bit, then the guy asked where the bar was. Rob told him that he shouldn't be riding if he is drinking - he didn't like that too much. I think at that point he told Rob that he didn't like him. Rob then asked him to move his bike before he left, as it was blocking our display. He looked a little steamed, but attempted to move the bike. That's when karma came back to bite him. The bike wouldn't start. It was awesome (see this is where I seem like a jerk). Eventually someone from a booth across the walkway came to help him start the bike. He took off and that was the end of it. or so we thought..... on Sunday, the same guy came up to our booth and said "still looking". But he had a helmet in his hand. It looked like a 10 year old helmet from JC Whitney. The best part about the helmet was the the guy drilled a metal handle into the top of it

so he could carry it! Wow. So then Rob asked him if he found his helmet, to which he didn't reply. Then he asked how much the helmets were. Rob said "the same price as they were yesterday." Then the guy said "Well, I wouldn't know since I wasn't here yesterday." WHAT?! Seriously, this guy had no recollection of being at our booth the day before. He told us he didn't remember anything he said or anything that happened there. The sad part is this guy was riding his bike the day before. I really, really have no tolerance for people who drink and drive.

It makes me crazy. So I was pretty bummed about that. Other than that, nothing memorable really happened. It was a weird row of vendors, with three different cigarette companies being there. And there were also many vendors giving away free stuff. We literally had four booths within sight of our booth that were giving away free stuff. That makes it a little trickier to sell an item that starts at \$400! I guess that's really it. Next weekend is Indianapolis Moto GP and I cannot wait! I would like to say that I'll definitely post a nice, long blog about Indy, but I am not going to make any promises....haha. I will make an effort, though. Until next time!! Bye for now!