

## She Said, He Said

### WE ALL KNOW ABOUT MARS AND VENUS

when it comes to men and women, and those differences don't stay at home when you're riding together. To prove my point, I asked my husband-in-waiting, Norm, the man

I've been with for five years, to give me his version of a motorcycle trip we took on separate bikes a few years ago. A lot of couples are riding these days, and Mars and Venus are alive and well out on the highway.

Here's what we both knew going into the trip: We'd ride from Los Angeles to Glacier National Park in Montana, taking two weeks to get there and back; we planned to camp most of the way with some hotel stays sprinkled in; we made no reservations and chose our route and places to stop as we went. We ended up riding 4,000 miles in two weeks.

#### *My expectations of the trip:*

I was looking forward to not having a schedule, to riding leisurely 300 to 400-mile days, stopping at cute shops and scenery pull-offs. I figured we'd stop at a decent hour each night, grab dinner, and then I'd write in my journal. I even fantasized about getting a massage somewhere midway through the journey.

#### *Norm's expectations of the trip:*

I wanted to experience the West by being outdoors as much as possible. I had no expectations of the details of the trip except we needed to be back in LA by a certain date. In hindsight, that deadline put some restrictions on the trip by making us always watch the calendar. I had no expectations of Genevieve either. I knew she was a good rider and was excited about the trip.

#### *What actually happened (my version):*

I came down with a nasty cold the first night, which only got worse sleeping under the stars. Thanks to echinacea, vitamin C and zinc, I staved off the worst until day seven when it really hit me hard. I kept our flow, however, I got no sympathy from Norm, who felt compelled to ride until dusk many nights. We averaged 500 to 600-mile days! Riding an Electra Glide Classic and Gold Wing, we could do it, no problem, but why? I've concluded that riding all day and racking up the miles must be a man thing. By the time I closed my eyes at midnight, I was exhausted.

#### *What actually happened (Norm's version):*

We had an unbelievably great trip with excellent (but hot) weather. We were also blessed with an accident-free and a mechanically problem-free trip.

#### *The best part of the trip, in my opinion:*

We hit no rain the entire time. I also proved to myself I could ride hard, handling a very large bike with only half my physical energy. Because I had a sore throat,



a nasty cough, and a runny nose (Ever had a runny nose wearing a helmet with a face shield? It ain't pretty), I had to muster extra mental fortitude to keep up our pace.

#### *The best part of the trip, in Norm's opinion:*

Riding through some of the most beautiful places in the country. Cruising highways like Going-to-the-Sun and the Beartooth was even more gratifying because I was sharing the road with my life's partner next to me. It doesn't get much better than that.

#### *The worst part of the trip, in my opinion:*

Our riding pace, which I felt was dictated by Norm. For some reason, I gave in to his wishes more than I should have. I went beyond my limitations to please him, which made me resent him at the end of the day. Don't get me wrong. Norm is a loving, rational man, but he often talked me into "Let's just ride another 80 miles to the next town," which left me that much more exhausted when we finally stopped. There wasn't much activity in our sleeping quarters most evenings.

#### *The worst part of the trip, in Norm's opinion:*

Realizing that despite the out-in-the-Wild-West trip this was, I was also traveling with a woman. Don't get me wrong. Genevieve can hold her own when it comes to riding, especially endurance riding. However, even she has her limits, and I had to consider her needs as a woman on several occasions. I didn't mind camping most, if not all the time, but women need to be pampered more than men, and I had to go along with that, especially when she wasn't feeling well from a respiratory bug or a female thing. In addition, riding 500 to 600 miles a day in God's country was no problem for me, but for Genevieve and probably most women, that's asking a lot. I had to adjust to that.

#### *My last thoughts:*

I'd do it again with Norm, but be more forthright about my expectations.

#### *Norm's last thoughts:*

This was not our first long-distance road trip, but it was the longest over the shortest period of time. I know Genevieve's limitations now and can adjust to them if I want to continue riding with her ... which I do. **AIM**

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