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The Sheriff pays a visit to the Tuesday/Thursday-morning ride

30+ years and today was the first time we've been hassled by the Sheriff. It was at the top of Olive Hill Road, where yes, there's a stop sign, and we're going maybe 2mph through it, coming in the first couple hundred meters of the ride and quite a steep (but thankfully short) hill. We never noticed the Sheriff sneaking up on us from behind; nobody's out there at that hour of the morning, and if they are, we hear them and move out of the way. But not today.

He wasn't particularly nasty, which in retrospect is a bit surprising because I think he really wanted to give us a ticket for blowing through a stop sign. We didn't. I've got the video to prove it, but unfortunately, not time right now to edit it down. Soon. He got on his exterior speaker and told us to ride single file (which is not the law) and to make sure we stop at stop signs. At this point Karl started getting a bit upset and says something to the Sheriff, who couldn't quite hear him so he puts on his lights & sirens and pulls Karl over. Just to talk. Most everyone in the group rode on except myself and Kevin (pilot); my job was to make sure Karl didn't get too hot and blow it with the Sheriff. To me, it was pretty clear nobody was getting a ticket, but things can change...

I would have loved to engage the Sheriff in a friendly discussion about the way people ride and drive, that we have a lot of respect for the local residents, that we aren't one of the groups blowing through stop signs and holding up traffic riding three abreast. But, since the rest had taken off, I really didn't want to have to play catch-up on Kings. In fairly short order Karl and the Sheriff had finished their exchange, likely to the satisfaction of neither party, and we continued the ride on a pretty spectacular morning, warmer than we've had lately, clearer, just plain nice. Another great day to be out on a bike.