



CAUTION: IDIOTS AHEAD

A field guide to bicyclists and the legal consequences of running them down

Most of us would have no problem sharing the road with cyclists, as long as there was some type of cash incentive. But let's face it: You're doing 75 in a 40-mph residential zone because you're 30 minutes late for work; your date from last night is stirring in the back seat, and you know it's just a matter of time before she realizes she's missing her eyebrows; you've got a cup of scalding Starbucks wedged precariously next to your balls that you're trying not to spill (after all, it cost nine bucks), and what, you're supposed to inch even *closer* to oncoming traffic because a grown man wearing tights, with a pot belly bigger than your own, is fooling himself into thinking he's working out?

No Jesus Fish on my car, you start to rationalize, scouring your mind for socially acceptable ways to run him over...

But recalling your mediocre success rate with local juries, you think better of any impulsive maneuvers and steer delicately around him, shouting merely, "Seat's

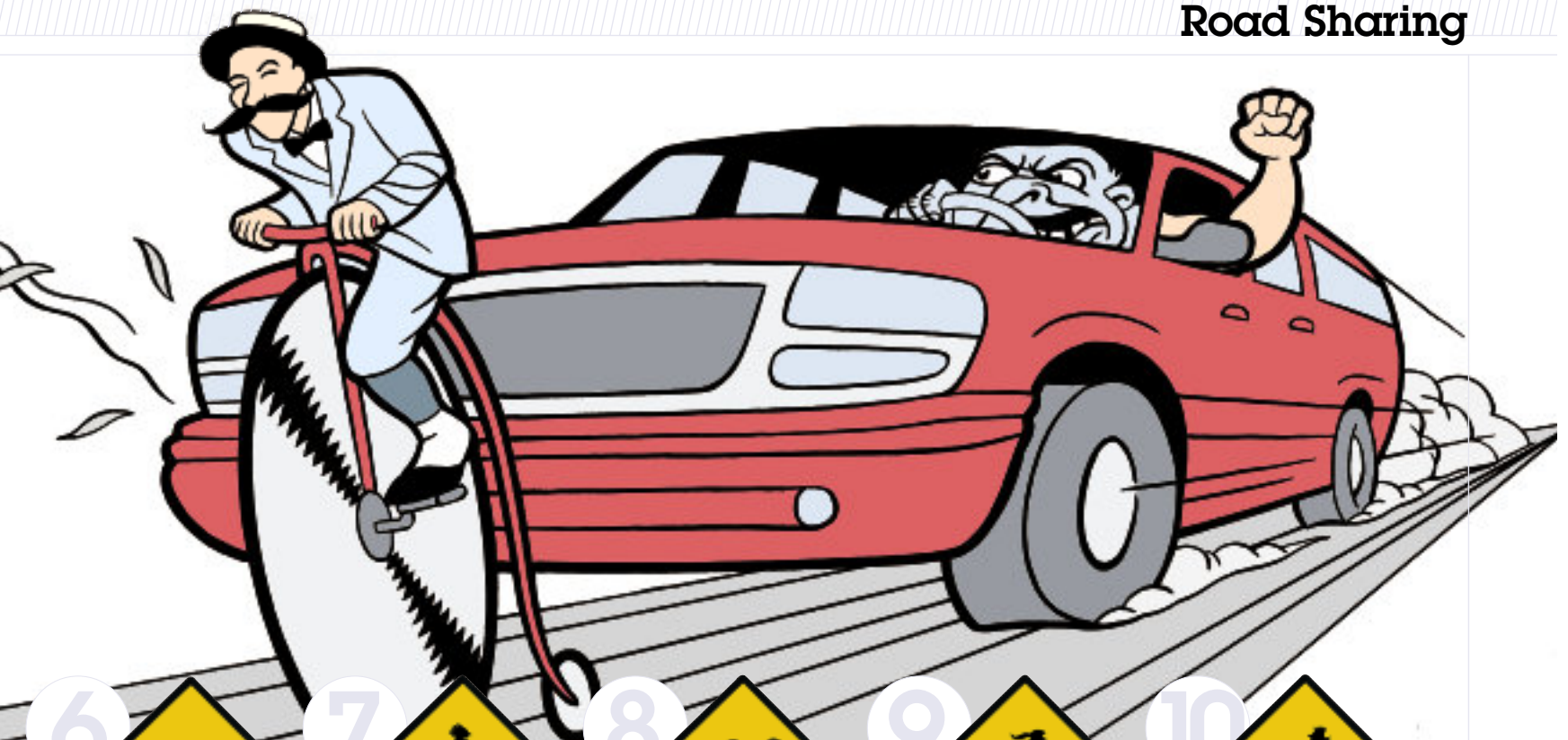
too low!" as you pass. (His seat height is actually spot-on, but if he raises it, he's bound for knee trouble. Finally, something to smile about.)

A reasonable coping strategy, to be sure, but one that still leaves you contemplating murder. And that's why we at *mph*, concerned as we are about an incarcerated readership, offer you this Comprehensive Guide To Understanding Our Self-Propelled Brethren (CGTUOSPB). For "Only Through Understanding Can There Come True Enlightenment," we learned long ago, as we came to terms with Fran Drescher's popularity. And only by understanding the cyclist will you feel at peace as you watch him rest his pus-filled elbow scabs on your side mirror as you're both stopped at a light.

Not really. But at least you'll know what you're up against as you help your attorney *voire dire* the jury pool.

—Words By Jerry Soverinsky • Illustrations By Mark Dancey

	1	2	3	4	5
	HIGH-END RACING BIKE	CHEAP RACING BIKE	SCHWINN BANANA SEAT	UNICYCLE	TRIBIKE
OWNER PROFILE	Anorexic white male, upper-income level; knows nothing about bikes; claims to be a jazz fan (though looks puzzled when you mention Miles Davis).	Out of shape white male; goatee; wears Lycra shorts purchased on eBay; has never used deodorant; collects pebbles; no friends.	Child or filthy-rich dot.com 30-something; no concept of traffic laws or riding etiquette; has a brother or sister named Kelly; has never met his father; cries frequently.	White male, age unknown; freakishly tall; rarely speaks, possibly mute.	Geriatric woman, more than likely a widow.
	Most cards interpreted as "My wife burning my wallet." Test took four weeks to administer, owing to extended bouts of uncontrollable weeping.	Everything seen as a female sex organ. Even blank placebo card.	Child: Most responses within acceptable range of personality variance, except for card #7, which he interpreted as "Mark McGwire." Dot.com guy: Paid psychiatrist to fudge his answers and publish an article comparing his personality to that of a "young Charles Barkley without the bling."	Never showed up for evaluation. Frustrated, the testing psychiatrist left for the day, and upon reaching the staff parking lot, discovered his black Lexus had been severely keyed along the driver's side, the words "DIE SHRINK!" etched in handwriting that loosely resembled the Helvetica font.	Responded to each card by querying, "William Frawley, how come you never write?"
DOWNSIDE OF HITTING	Plays tennis with the judge. You'll fry.	You'll never get the smell off your car.	Trial will become a media circus, and passing by Katie Couric's arrogant mug every day will leave you begging for death ("I want to talk to you" she whispers, forefinger and pinky pressed to her ear as you make eye contact during a break. "Call me...") Don't worry, it'll all be over soon—you'll get the chair.	None. No public record of his existence.	Once you get past the persistent baby-powder smell that will forever haunt your car, you'll be able to enjoy the parade her kids and grandkids will throw you ("Finally, we get our guest room back!").



RECUMBENT

MOUNTAIN BIKE

TANDEM

TREK: ANY MODEL

NO BRAND: ANY MODEL

46-year-old white male; mid- to senior-level executive; watches *World Series of Poker* religiously; never flosses.



Shown first card and responded, "a cloud." Watched suspiciously as psychiatrist nodded and jotted notes. "What's that bullshit?!" he challenged, "You're grading me?!" Lawsuit against psychiatrist promptly filed; remaining test cards canceled pending legal resolution.



Mow away—this guy is such a detestable tool, you'd have to be named Bin Laden to lose a jury trial on American soil to this guy.

14- to 24-year-old white male; perpetual Bar Mitzvah moustache (but is 100-percent gentile); wallet contains less than \$2, but is attached to baggy jeans with a steel chain.

When shown first card, quickly covered his eyes and screamed wildly, "Not the auger!!!" Session suspended.



A non-issue. He's miles away on a dirt trail where he should be, drinking Mountain Dew and daydreaming about boobs.



Front rider: 50- to 65-year-old white male, graying beard and moustache. Rear rider: 30- to 38-year-old white female; has never worked; cottage-cheese thighs overshadowed by an otherwise killer bod.

Male: Test not yet administered—still trying to arrange suitable evaluation time. When queried with each proposed date, typical response is "I don't know... this month looks crazy!" Female: Inconclusive—got as far as saying hello to the shrink, before letting him mount her from behind.

Oh, how nice it would be. But the male is a P.I. attorney, and even though he attended a directional law school (i.e., North Minnesota State), his wife has probably gotten it on with the judge. You'll never get less than 20 to life.

Yuppie, hot female; tells everyone how much she "adores" NPR; IQ borderline imbecile, but she's got a cushy job that pays her \$250K/year.

Showed up to testing wearing a short skirt and no panties; psychiatrist neglected to record responses.



Not even O.J. could get off after hitting this broad. She'll hypnotize every juror with her Sunkist-sweet ass cheeks. Let this one go—or you'll never see daylight again.



50-year-old zaftig lesbian.



Card 1: Ellen DeGeneres flying. **Card 2:** The Indigo Girls gardening, using only their toes. **Card 3:** Rosie O'Donnell playing Moses in a *Ten Commandments* remake. **Card 4:** Drew Barrymore eating Cheerios, while smoking German cigarettes. **Card 5:** Rosie Jones teaching me how to hit a 2 iron. Guess what—no more slice! **Card 6:** Martina Navratilova doing hack squats. **Card 7:** kd lang using a fork to eat edamame. **Card 8:** Gertrude Stein speaking flawless Eastern Arabic, while trying on hats at Barney's. **Card 9:** Sandra Bernhard being interviewed on *Nightline*, by a clearly overmatched Ted Koppel. **Card 10:** My daddy kissing me while whispering, "You don't look fat."

And ruin your \$80,000 car? Are you high? You'd risk less damage plowing through a field of deer. Not to mention, she's got a gazillion friends who can shout like coyotes; you'll go deaf pushing your way through the poly-slacked wymyn clogging the courtroom steps, accusing you of a hate crime.