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Chasing Tales: Part III

Sep. 04, 2009

By Justin

Chasing Tales: Part III

Offering a Virgin SX-R Up for a Surf God Sacrifice

Text and Photography by Robby Myer

POLLS

What's your idea of the perfect PWC getaway?

- A week exploring the Colorado River, camping out each night under the stars.
- I want to circumnavigate New Zealand on my own. Anything less is for wimps.
- Chasing glacial waves in the Arctic Circle. Got a dry suit and tow board?
- Cruising around a nice resort, like Golden Eye or Atlantis, taking breaks for the occasional massage.
- I already live this vacation: It's called the National Tour.
- It doesn't matter where I go, as long as I get to ride my ski and leave everything and everyone else in my wake.

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"Why are you messing with these obsolete relics?" the voice on the other end howls. "Get an SX-R or a SuperJet. You're wasting both our time, those 550s are junk!"

Its John Dady's voice on the phone, chastising me for asking what footwells would be best in a 550 hull. He gave me the number for NorthWet in Portland where he shipped all his 550 baggage some time ago and tells

me, "Call Mike, he's got parts for the Flintstone stuff, call me when you get a real boat."

He might be right – if I'm really serious about trying to race again, I'll need modern equipment. I started perusing Craigslist just to see. It doesn't hurt to look...

I found myself looking regularly until I found a clean-looking SX-R in a nearby town. That Sunday, at the home of George - who refers to himself as "G3" – I looked over his girl's hardly-used SX-R. He wasn't too happy about selling it, but she wanted a runabout instead. From the look of the well-beaten SuperJet on the trailer next to this pristine SX-R, he, like I, was a stand-up aficionado.

This was a good start seeing as I was hoping to do a bit of horse trading, but G3 wasn't really biting. He wasn't trading anything for it; cash would be king. Knowing that I really shouldn't part with what little cash I have, I try to reason with myself, "It's only for one race. I can use the 750, and it isn't like I'm going to win anyway." I thought about my wife and what she'd say. "Don't spend the money."

"I dunno, George," I say. "With the economy falling apart, man, it's a lot of cash to part with. You got many calls on this?" I'm fishing, trying to see just how bad he wants this cream puff gone. He's good. This ain't his first rodeo. He tells me another guy is on his way to look at it today too. I counter with, "Yeah, but you know how Craigslist is, bro, lotsa flakes. I wouldn't hold my breath..."

"Oh here he is now," he says.

"%&\$#!" I mutter.

Sure enough, here comes a guy with a compression gauge and a hyperactive sidekick whose mouth must have had an air leak. I watch as my negotiating leverage swirled down the drain. I fade to the background while buyer number two begins his evaluation. The compression checks out, so he climbs on his back and checks the pump, all the while talking about how clean it is, how hard they are to find in California, and to make things worse his buddy jawing non-stop about how this guy needs this ski cause his over-modded 750 has left him sitting on the beach the last few times they rode. Sounds familiar. This isn't looking good; this bozo has all the same motivation I do, save the need for SurfSlam training part. He and George move on to price.

"What's the bottom line here?" he asks George, hands in pockets, rolling back on his heels. George drops a number and holds fast, saying with conviction he'll go back inside for anything less. I check buyer number two's pants for the obvious square bulge that a wad of this much cash would reveal. Nothing. I have the upper hand. Buyer number two hems and haws. I subconsciously react. I head for the truck.

I fold up the required Franklins to cover the bottom line number and walk right up to George with buyer number two mid-negotiation and drop the coin. "George," I said, interrupting. "Sold."



“Thanks for the compression test,” I say to the befuddled would-be buyer. “I’ll be back for it tomorrow,” I tell George, and it’s done. I’m the new owner of an SX-R 800 that looks like it just came off the showroom floor.

I await the buyers’ remorse all the way home, but it doesn’t come. I stay stoked on the fact that I actually found one, in the color I liked, local, and for less than an industry kingpin Steve Webster had to pay for one a few weeks prior. The great deal overwhelmed the fact that I really didn’t have the expendable cash to buy it. Now, I have to actually train and drop another unknown sum of money into making it quick enough to be competitive. At least this race is in the surf, so it won’t need as much. Maybe some of my old sponsors will remember me... doubtful. One thing I am certain of though – the wife is gonna kill me.

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“ Great purchase Robby! You certainly put it to good use at our Susuin City event. ”
Sorry to miss you and Johnny up at the Blowsion Jam but someone has to take care of the Kids! Good... [Read More](#)

A NOUN Sir!

“ Thanks Kurt! It was great to get back out there and hit some buoys. Look forward to seeing you... ” [Read More](#)

RobbyMyer

“ ... [Read More](#) ”

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