

Jordan Bruce

#810: An Essay

If you wipe out, you get back up and get back in the saddle. So let me tell you something about wiping out—it hurts, bad. Not only physical but mental, sometimes spiritual—all depends on how hard you slam. Slammin's all part of the game. You get knocked down, you get back up, unless you're riding stuff out like Morgan was, forget about it.

It's all about pinning it to win it, but for me I'm still down in prison, no busting laps wide open this winter. Only gym time—gotta get up! Gotta stay up and keep digging.

Now I've been lined up and competed with guys from X-Games, guys that competed with Tucker Hibbert, fastest guy alive on a sled. I'm coming for you #68. Promise. So don't slow down. Better grab another gear cuz I have no fear and I don't break check corners. I rail them so if you're railing like the T-train usually does, have fun catching my lines WFO.

That being said, I'd like to thank you for risking your life year after year. Since I was a child I've watched you race in Gaylord versus Blair Morgan #7C, and remember telling my dad I was gonna be here one day.

I made it there, to be landed on by #787 Scott Rosebush and that's why I haven't been able to catch you yet, but I'm coming—off the drugs and I'm getting my mind frame back while getting physically healthy. I don't back up and I don't back down. I'm a Yooper.