

# MIKE BRIDGER'S TRIUMPH TRIKE

A STORY OF BROKEN BONES AND BB CUSTOMS

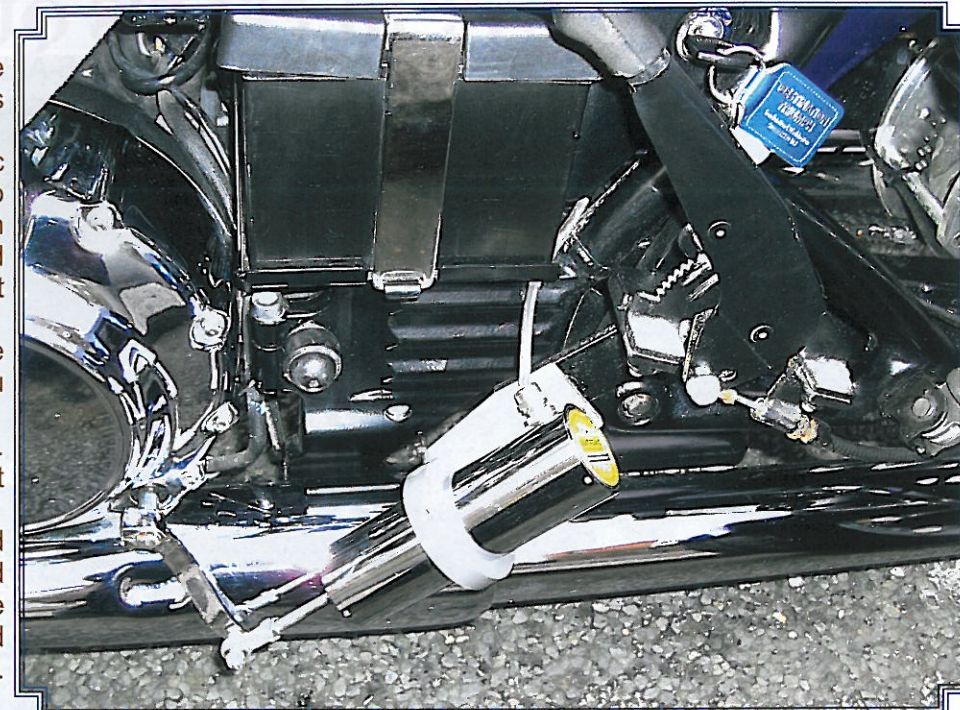


Hi my name is Mike Bridger and I live in east Sussex. I am originally from Clacton on sea in Essex I am 59 years old and married with five grown up brats. In the summer of 1995 I was doing what I always did when free, taking my kids for a long bike ride, either along the sea front or over the downs getting very muddy, whilst messing about weaving in and out and generally being a hooligan while trying to be a super cool dad (and showing off a little maybe) when I collided with my youngest son. I lay there there on the floor not sure what day of the week it was not sure if I had hurt myself or not. I was feeling very hot but not sure if I could stand up or not. My oldest son noticed that I had a bulge in the top of my leg. Steady girls, don't get excited; I had a bone stuck out of my leg! Anyway my son said "I am going to call an ambulance dad". I said, "You are not going to call nothing! get me up." So he did, and then said "I don't like the look of that". I insisted on trying to walk home or should I say 'try to'? Leaning on my bike I

tried but no-go. To cut a long story short (I hope I am not boring all you guys out there to tears), a friend who lives very close to my home had heard what had happened and jumped in his car. When he found us he insisted that I was going to get in his car and go to hospital. By the way I should explain, I had never broken anything in my life even when I was a rocker in Essex in the sixties. I had fallen off bikes, been trapped between falling bikes and god knows what else. But now I am afraid I'm a bit of a wimp, because I have a deep fear of needles and what do you think the first thing they wanted to do when I eventually arrived at the hospital? It was to get to lines into my arm; I said "No chance!" Anyway they found that I had snapped the ball joint in my hip and I would have to have an operation first thing in the morning. Then they also tell me that I had broken both my wrists just for good measure! I was stunned! They did what they had to (I was in hospital for one month but that was mainly because

of a blood clot). I was also left with severe panic attacks and very bad nerves. Here are the good bits now.... I looked at getting a trike back in 2000, but found them way out of my league so I did nothing for another few years. I had a 500cc bike, which I was occasionally trying to ride but I kept falling off when coming to a stop. I looked at many trikes, second hand and new, I really liked the Trike Shop in Wales but there was no way. I eventually found two companies that would build me a trike at sensible price and I decided on BB Customs down in Ferndown in Dorset. I agreed to meet Bruce from BB Customs at the Brighton Burn-Up and he would ride my bike down to Dorset. He eventually completed the build and sent me some photos. The build of the mechanical parts is very clever and it's got a very clever limited slip diff. The only thing I was not happy about was he mucked up the paint on the mudguards and scratched the bikes mudguard.

I was awarded a grant from the NABD for a Klicktronic, which I was so grateful for. BB Customs fitted the Klicktronic for me as well. He was supposed to construct a wheelchair rack within the price but this has not happened as yet. The overall work carried out was ok for the price I suppose. My son in law and my best mate said "we will come down with you and escort you home". So Saturday morning, off we went. It was raining cats and dog and it was freezing. We arrived about 12.30pm, had coffee nice chat and that. I was told to ride around the industrial estate for a hour to get use to it as I had not ridden a trike before, so off I go.



Anyway that's it! I hope I have not bored you too much and I hope you all enjoy reading my story. And a big thanks to the NABD! I hope to see some of you out there soon. Kind regards

*Mike Bridger*

**This NABD grant of  
£350.00  
was sponsored by a  
donation in memory of  
George Small (aka Foxy)**

"Oh my god what is this?" Was my first thought. Then I started to get use to it and we left the industrial estate and went to Mac Donald's for a warm. So, off we went with my son in law behind in the car and my mate on his bike in front down the M27 the journey was quite uneventful apart from the brass monkeys and that dam rain. I have had my trike about a month now and I'm really getting used to it. (Apart from running my other foot over and forgetting to take of the hand brake off! Please don't laugh..).

