

## E-Bike FAQ

### How fast do they go?

To be legally deemed an e-bike (and not a motorcycle) it can't exceed a motorized speed of 20 mph. You can pedal to go faster.

### Where can I ride?

Each state sets its own laws. But generally, e-bikes can go wherever bikes go.

### How far can I ride?

Most e-bikes can travel 10 to 20 miles per charge, depending on how much you pedal. Batteries typically recharge in two to six hours.

# EAT MY DUST, MR. SPANDEX

On my e-bicycle, I  
reign on the streets.  
The pleasure is  
immeasurable.



BY ERIK HEDEGAARD

**Y**OU REALLY haven't lived until you've hurtled past some obnoxious, spandex-wearing kid on a \$10,000 bicycle, with you sitting upright on your own two-wheeler, 62 years old, legs withered with age, cheerfully tooling along at 20 mph and offering the sap a fare-thee-well wave as you leave him in the dust.

This is one among the many joys of owning an electric bicycle.

Actually, I have two e-bikes—a big one made by Pedego and a smaller, folding model for travel from e-JOE—and they have changed my life. On a standard bike, I couldn't make it two blocks before I had to pull over for a nap and a box of Sugar Babies. Now I'm cruising all over my Narragansett, R.I., beach community.

I'm riding my Pedego to Belmont Market for groceries. I've become a habitué of a local, tree-lined bike path, seven miles long, which I can ride on legally because e-bikes aren't regulated as motorcycles and scooters are. I

bolt into the parking lot at Narragansett Town Beach, sticking it to The Man as I pass up paying the \$10 parking fee levied on gas eaters.

Looking at it, you can't tell that my bike is electric. The motor and battery are hidden in the frame; plus, it has pedals, which I use about half the time to build up my leg muscles. Even with the motor, the thing is almost silent, allowing me to bask in a newfound appreciation of nature—the birds chirping,

“**On a standard bike, I couldn't make it two blocks before I had to pull over.**”

the leaves rustling, the pretty girls strolling, my eyes wandering. The money spent on the bikes has been worth it, despite my daughter's complaints regarding a future inheritance diminished by a few thousand dollars.

My primary joy, however, and the real rea-

son for my e-bike passion, is how it's allowed me to slenderize my dog, Lily. She was getting to be 22 pounds of unhealthy waddle. But when I got an e-bike, I bought a bike cart from Amazon, hooked it to the rear axle and started taking her to the park. There I'd toss her out and drift around on the bike in grand lazy circles, as she raced to keep up.

Afterward, we'd stop at Brickley's Ice Cream for a cup of low-carb pistachio, which I'd share with her—she's lost two pounds, so why not? We'd sit in the sunlight and marvel at the changes to our lives. Then we'd get back at it, hunting for pedalers wearing shiny outfits and looking too fit for words. Lily has joined me in this pursuit. As I said, there's nothing like being an old dude with bad legs on an e-bike blowing the mud flaps off a young, fancy-pants bicycling athlete. Unless, of course, you do it with a dog in a cart hitched to the back. It tickles me to no end. Seriously, I haven't felt this good in years.

*Erik Hedegaard's articles appear frequently in Rolling Stone and Men's Journal.*