

UniqueCycles



By Zephyrus
June, 2020

F. MYERS.
Velocipede.

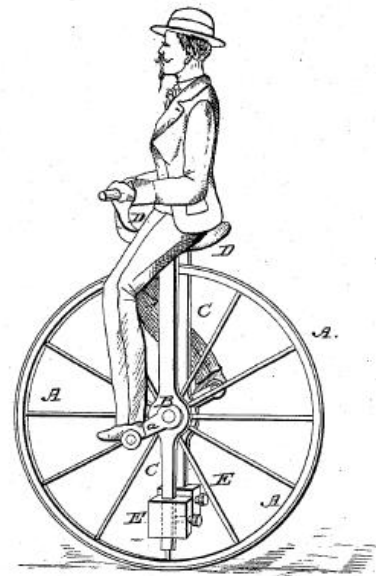
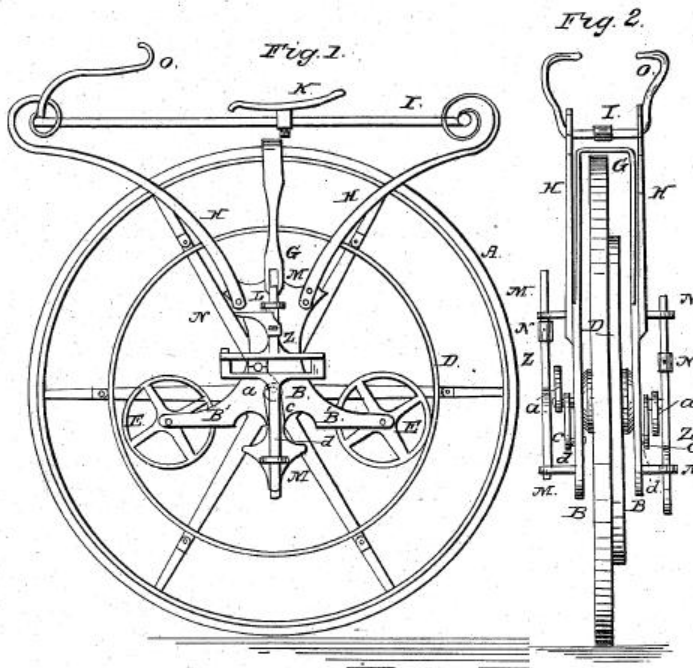
No. 87,355.

Patented March 2, 1869

No. 88,683.

T. W. WARD.
Velocipede.

Patented April 6, 1869.



(No Model.)

G. B. SCURI.
Velocipede.

No. 242,161.

Patented May 31, 1881.

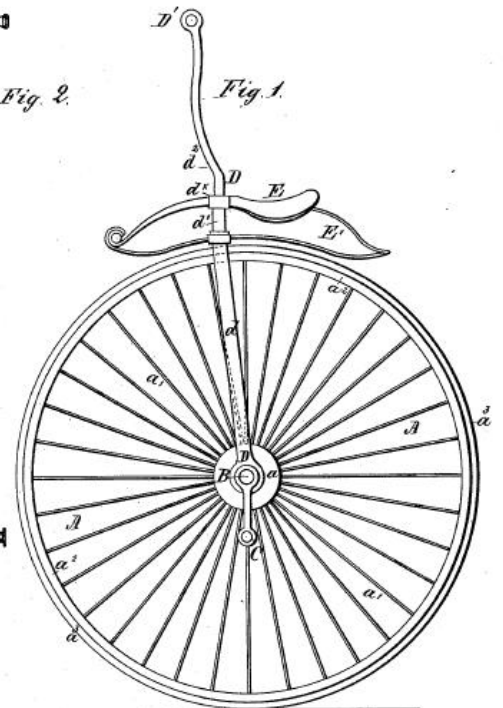
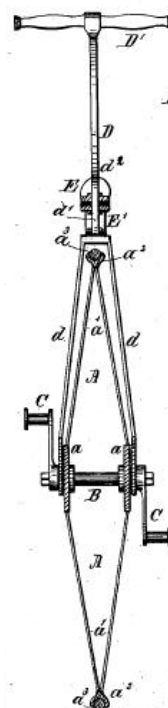
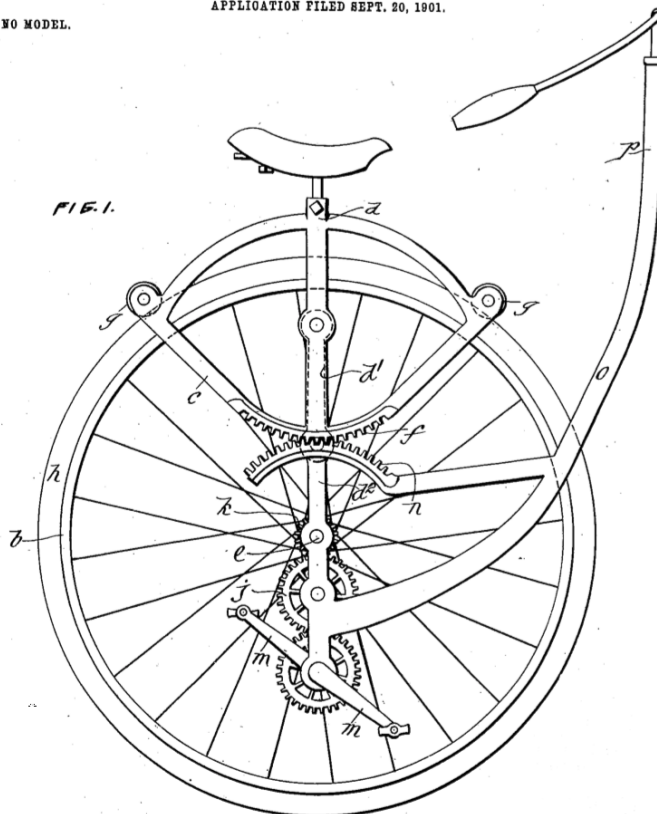
No. 734,109.

PATENTED JULY 21, 1903.

H. TOLCHER.
MONOCYCLE.

APPLICATION FILED SEPT. 20, 1901.

NO MODEL.



Front cover and all art (except patents) made by Zephyrus

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Letter to my readers

Dear readers,

Over the course of my whole life, I have been learning about unicycles, riding them, and even making some custom ones. And now, it's time to share this legacy with someone who is worthy of keeping the knowledge. By choosing to pick up this magazine, you have passed my test. The issue you have before you today is a nearly-complete introduction to a cycling world you may never have known exists. My life goal is to release you from the shackles society imposes upon you, and to introduce you to the world of velocipedes to which you might be oblivious. In this issue, we will be treading light with the topic of unicycles, but in future issues, we will look at more complex cycles, such as the Otto Safety and the Penny Farthing.

For this issue, I tried to interview two of my unicycle heroes: Ed Pratt, who unicycled around the world during a three year span, and Charles Mitchell, founder of Thylacine Threadworks, who "handcrafts bags to support human-powered transportation and recreation." But sadly, due to Covid19's impact on small businesses, I have yet to hear back from them. I thank you immensely for sticking with me on this journey. I deeply hope that the knowledge doesn't go to waste. People have taken velocipedes for granted for way too long, but not any more, because with this magazine in your hands, you have the ability to change the way you think about them.

Ride on! Your editor, Zephyrus



FUN UNICYCLE

By Zephyrus, March 3, 2020

“Fun Unicycle,” a Review

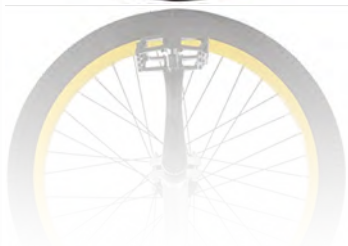
Of all the beginner unicycles out there, is the 20 inch **Fun Unicycle** the best choice? When you first get on the unicycle, you notice the seat; it's a comfortable foam and vinyl construction with a good plastic grip at the front to help you balance. The seat is not too soft, which gives a good amount of stability when you are riding on rough terrain such as gravel or dirt. The seat makes riding over long distances a piece of cake.

Going over rough surfaces is also made easier when you have a good wheel. The 20 inch wheel is a good size for going over any surface; because the rotation size is small enough to cover a lot of ground in a short time. The wheel has good tread, which keeps it from slipping around on wet or icy surfaces; concrete and asphalt are the best surfaces to ride on, regardless of weather.

The cranks and pedals of the **Fun Unicycle** have a good amount of grip, so you stay upright even when going down a steep hill; they allow you to achieve a lot of torque when you're going up a steep hill. The pedals unscrewed from the cranks, when I first started to ride, but the problem was easily fixed by turning the seat around. I feel the problem was caused by me, but a lack of clear written instructions contributed, as there was no indication of how the pedals were to go on.

The unicycle is a sturdy little cycle made from good materials. The metal frame is quite strong; so far the frame hasn't dented. Not to say that the paint hasn't scratched! It has obtained some small expected dings and scuffs for a beginner, but so far, nothing too major. The flashy yellow paint is sure to catch eyes when you are riding around.

All in all the **Fun Unicycle** is a great, well-built unicycle I recommend every one should try. To answer my initial question: yes, the **Fun Unicycle** is the best choice for beginners.



Unicycle Poetry



Balance

Tippy unicycle
Peddles swiftly onward
I sit on top and stay up
right, balanced

One rider, one wheel

The sun starts to set
on the long road ahead.
The unicycle festooned in chrome
shimmers in the waning sun.
As the moon starts to glow
the wind starts to whip.
He rides all alone
with the company of his cycle.
One rider, one wheel.
Alone but not lonely.

unicycle

One wheel on the ground.
One wheel that is so round.
Riding near, riding far,
Riding beside a speeding car.
Riding with the wind in my face.
Bikers make this ride a race.
People point and people wave.
People watch when I cave.
Riding up this hill is tough.
Riding on this gravel's rough.
But despite the trial of all this,
The unicycle, I'll never dis.





Flip

Zoom, past the bikers
Down the hill I see a ramp
flip, in to the tree

Tiger Pit

— A found poem

I'm asleep as they wake.
The sound of the cosmos
stirs, as thousands of
creatures race. My pack
is alert. The growl
of a Burmese tiger fills
my head. The pit is once
again silent.

change

It's so sunny
while I unicycle
I'm balanced too

Suddenly, the rain...
It's much too wet for me
I fall hard and fast.



Letter To The Editor

Dear Editor,

Your magazines are so riveting. My day is always so much better when I receive that month's new issue. My own experience with unicycles is somewhat mixed though; it might be that I have poor balance, but I have something in the back of my head saying that it is the unicycle that is the problem.

I started to unicycle in the winter; it wasn't snowy, instead it was rainy, so I thought I would give it a try. The unicycle that I started to ride was a 20 inch trick unicycle. After I got the basics down, I decided to go on to the road with the intention of doing a long distance ride. Unfortunately, about a mile down the road, I hit a rock and got unbalanced, which sent me careening down the side of a hill and breaking my ankle. This accident made me think that maybe if I were on a different unicycle that my getting unbalanced could have been avoided.

As soon as my ankle healed, I was outside again, trying my hardest to go long distance. In time I rode with some success, but with a lot more failure and many big bruises.

So, I have decided to ask you if, in your experience, small unicycles are bad long distance unicycles? And, is there a unicycle better than the 20 inch for riding long distances? Now, since it's spring, I'm going outside to ride my unicycle. I'm eagerly awaiting your response.

Yours truly, Sir Fenton Denton

Letter To The Reader

Dear Sir Denton,

I'm so glad to hear that you like my magazine. I love to learn that there are enthusiastic unicyclists out there. Now, since faddish bikes are back in style, I love to hear that a very unconventional way of transportation is the preferred choice of mobility.

Sorry to hear about your injury. I know how upsetting it can be getting hurt while learning, because you feel like you're so close to achieving balance, but instead, you end up on the ground. In my experience, I have had a number of injuries, some worse than others, that have kept me away from the unicycle for awhile. I'm glad your injury has healed, and that you will be able to ride again.

The 20 inch unicycle you have might not be the best unicycle for you. The 20 inch trick unicycle is not the best for long distance riding, because the wheel is too small to go fast for a long time. Usually when people go long distance riding, they choose a unicycle with a bigger wheel, because they allow you to go fast for a long time. The bigger unicycles are a little more expensive, though, but if your heart-set on long distance unicycling, by all means, you should totally purchase one. As for me, I'm going to stick with my 20 inch freestyle unicycle. I'll be course to here what you chose to get.

Ride on! Sincerely, Zephyrus

Cycles Of Life

By Zephyrus

It was raining; Hopley woke up. He was a mess of wet clothes and clown makeup from the night before. Around him, there were broken crates, littered in the field with peanut shells and wood chips; next to him lay a shiny yellow unicycle chromed out from saddle to wheel. With one look, he knew that he was alone, other than some birds in the sky, and a deer, looking for leftover peanuts. He had no idea why he was alone. Maybe the circus had ditched him because they didn't want a tired clown. They over-worked him a lot, but never thanked him for anything. A lot of the time, all of the dirty work would go to him, but he never complained. The night prior had been just like all the rest, except all he could remember was passing out really late, exhausted from a night of performing.

The sun came up above the mountains and the temperature got a little warmer. The wind was at a constant, though, which made Hopley really cold. A big gust of wind sent chills through his body; he knew that he had to get out of the field, but he didn't know where to go. He had only ever known the circus, with all the animals, performers, and the grouchy ringmaster. He had to find them, or else he had nothing; so, with some determination, he got on his unicycle and rode.

The rain cleared up around noon, but it was still really windy. Hopley was getting sore from riding, when, in the distance, he saw a vehicle speeding up toward him. A jalopy pattered up to him, and then stopped. The driver was a middle-aged woman with long brown hair. Beside her sat a man around the same age, with short black hair. Both of them were dressed up, like they had just come from something formal.

"Good afternoon," Hopley said. The man sniffed.

"What are you doing this far out in the countryside, clown," the man said. Hopley could just feel they were jugging him.

"I'm looking for my circus. I woke up, and they were gone. They're all I have. Now I'm lost. I'm wondering if you can point me in the direction of the nearest town," Hopley said.

The couple looked at each other, and laughed.

"Ha, ha, you're just a clown! Why should we help you? Now we have to go to a party, so please get away from us," the woman said. The couple sped past him and away, laughing, leaving Hopley in the dust.

Hopley sighed, but he had kind of been expecting it; they were just like the ringmaster, cold and narcissistic. But then, why should they listen to a clown? He sighed. He would have to find the way alone. From the hilltop, he surveyed the horizon; behind him, he could see them shrinking. He mounted his unicycle, and started off in the opposite direction, to ride down into the valley from which they'd come.

Hopley rode all through the day, about fifteen miles, before the sun went down entirely. As he nervously made his way around a final hill he wondered if he's find his circus at the



bottom of the valley, and whether he'd find a place with them to stop for the night. But then, something in the distance caught his eye.

He realized he was looking at a city. Finally, a glimmer of hope in what he would consider a dark tragedy! As Hopley entered the city, he got distracted by all the flashing signs on the tall festooned buildings. Riding down the street was sort of a challenge, with vendors and salesmen trying to sell him their goods. Suddenly, a crowd started to form, as people eagerly gathered around to see what Hopley was doing. There were people of all ages, shouting and racing, shoving each other to get near Hopley. Claustrophobia was setting in for him, as masses of people closed around him, like a gilded cage from which he could never escape. He made a break for it, pushing his way out between a sneering little boy and his bedraggled tamer. With a mass of people on his tail, Hopley had to swerve through people ahead. Using the last of his energy to flee, he darted into an ally on his right. There, he crashed onto the ground, trying to catch his breath. With the last of his energy gone, he fell into a deep slumber.

Hopley was awoken to a tickle on his face. Around him, at least twenty cats were circling, some even rubbing on his coat. Hopley remembered that he had a bag of buttered popcorn, and a can of tuna in his pocket. "Should I give them the tuna?" he thought; there was a long day of riding ahead and he didn't have any money for more food. He looked at the cats. In their eyes he could see that they were hungry. He knew what he had to do. He cracked open the can of tuna, and scooped some out for each cat. When he reached the bottom of the can, the only one not fed was him.

The morning was cool and quiet. The street where he'd been swarmed by people the night before was empty, except for some shop owners, getting ready for the day. Hopley started down the city street again. A couple blocks further down, there was a train station. He walked up the stairs to the platform and looked around. On the left, there was a ticket booth and a map of the tracks. Hopley walked up to the ticket stand to see if any one was there. The booth was closed, but he found something else; posted on the glass he saw a flyer. In big font, the flyer read: "ONE NIGHT ONLY! BARLON CIRCUS performs in PEAR CITY!" His circus! Hopley looked at the train map. Pear City was only twenty miles away, but with no way of getting a ticket, he would have to make the journey on his unicycle.

The ride along the rail was arduous and rocky. Intermittently, Hopley would get off to catch his breath. Once, he slowed, hearing a creek, and stopped to take a drink, as well as to fill up on water for the ride ahead. It was a pleasant day out. The sky was blue with white tufted clouds, and a genial breeze blew through his hair.



Up the rail, about a mile from the creek, found himself in a town. Not anything really special, just a logging camp for the surrounding forests, that had grown over time. Hopley decided to stop there, to see if anyone would give him a ride to Pear City.

The town square was small but not quiet; people were on the sidewalks and in the shops, commuting and working. Children stopped playing and gazed in wonder at him and his unicycle as he rode through. Some people were even staring at him, but this time, it didn't make Hopley feel uncomfortable. Instead, he felt like he was accepted as a person, and not just a performer. Hopley rode up to a café, hopped off his unicycle, propped it against the wall, and went inside. As he entered, the place fell silent. People started to whisper among themselves.

Hopley walked up to a table with two men.

"Hi, my name is Hopley. I'm a clown, but I got separated from my circus, and I am wondering if anyone could get me to Pear City," he asked.

"A clown, wow, we haven't had a circus here in years! As for the ride, I think the barista might help you," one man said. Hopley thanked the men, then walked to the bar. The barista was a woman in her twenties; she had long blond hair in a bun and wore glasses.

"Hi, my name is Hopley," he said.

"Hi, I'm Violet, how can I help you?" she said.

"Well, I'm a clown who got separated from my circus, and those gentleman over there," he said, gesturing, "thought that maybe you could help me get to Pear City." Hopley smiled hopefully.

"Yeah, I can take you up to Pear City," she said.

"Really? You would do that?" Hopley said.

"Yeah, let me just finish my shift," she said.

Hopley walked out of the café. Two little kids were bent over, looking at the unicycle admiringly.

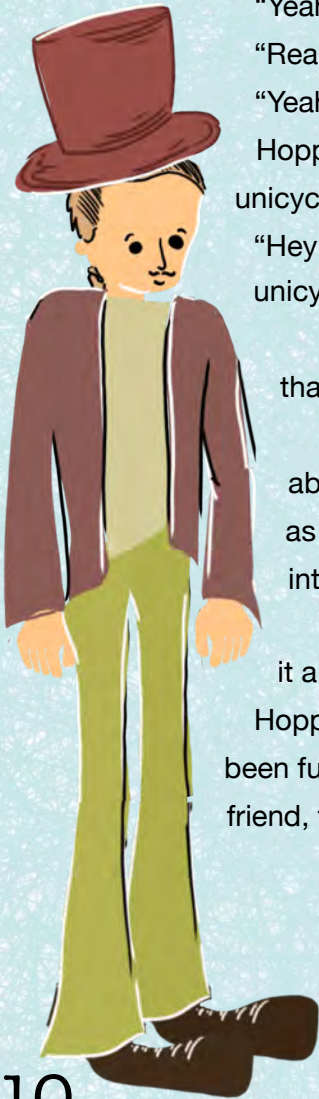
"Hey mister, that's so cool you can ride that!" one said, as Hopley loaded his unicycle into Violet's truck. They weren't laughing and pointing.

"Yeah," said the other, as Hopley climbed in, "I wish I could do that!" Hopley found himself smiling.

"Thanks," he said, nodding toward them. He was still thinking about the little guys when Violet appeared. They got onto the highway as the sun was going down and the stars were coming out. A little ways into the drive, Violet's curiosity spilled over.

"So, Hopley... You must have the best time working for a circus; is it a lot of fun?"

Hopley fell silent; he never really let himself think about it. For awhile, it had been fun, but when the ringmaster got rid of the circus elephant, Hopley's only friend, for not bringing in enough money,



he'd fallen into a deep depression. As he thought about it now, the only thing he could say was, "It used to be."

"Hmmmmm, well, have you ever thought about doing any thing else?" Violet said.

"Like a different circus?" Hopley asked

"I guess, but other things, too, like living in a new town or city," Violet said, " and doing something other than the circus?"

Hopley thought for a second. He had never had any desire to move to a city, for fear that the people would only see him as a clown, but in a small town, people seemed to see him as something special.

"If I ever left the circus, I would want to live in a small town, I think," Hopley said. The moon came out and lit up the road ahead. Every once in a while, a car would pass by, but for the most part, the drive was empty. As the truck pattered along, Hopley got a feeling of comfort that he would see his circus again. The lights of Pear City came in to view on the horizon as soon as they drove down into another valley.

On the outskirts of the city there was some activity. A big crowd of people and cars clustered around a tent.

"My circus," Hopley thought.

They came down the winding entrance road to the parking lot where the crowd loitered. Violet pulled into a parking space.

Hopley was about to reach for the door, when Violet said, "if you ever want something more than the circus, you're always welcome in my town." Hopley nodded.

"I'll keep that in mind," He said.

Hopley got out of the truck, and retrieved his unicycle. He waved to Violet then walked toward the back of the tent. Hopley knew that he would see the ringmaster back there. He could hear the crowd going wild. Suddenly, the tent door lifted.

The ringmaster stormed out of the tent, muttering something under his breath. He was a short, 4'8" man, with thinning gray hair and beard, named Barlon.

"Sir," Hopley said. Barlon turned around.

"Hopley, what the heck are you doing here," Barlon said.

Hopley was stunned; he'd been expecting a warmer welcome, even if that welcome was Barlon saying, "get back to work."

"You left me in a field, and I came all this way to find you!" Hopley said.

"We didn't need you any more," Barlon said, " and we still don't."

Hopley was now heartbroken, but furious. The realization hit him like a bus; he was unwanted, by his own circus. He whipped around and stormed away from the tent. He was nothing, with nowhere to go!



Except: what Violet had said; it came back to him: “If you ever want something more than the circus, you’re always welcome in my town.”

It was clear now; he knew what he wanted. He raced to the parking lot, scouring the field to see if he could see Violet’s truck. As he was losing all hope, he spied it. Out by the turn-off, ready to drive back, Violet’s truck sat idling. Blinded by determination, he leapt onto his unicycle, and pedaled frantically, as fast as he could, to catch Violet before she disappeared.

As the last car passed by on the highway, Violet took her foot off the brake, and started to pull out, but she screeched to a stop when she heard a noise. She looked out the back window, shocked to see Hopley, careening in zigzags toward her.

She leaned across to open the passenger door, as Hopley sped up to her. He skidded on the gravel, and dove with his unicycle through the opening. He collapsed into the passenger seat, trying to catch his breath, just as she had the chance to pull out.

He slowly gathered himself as they drove. Hopley explained what had happened with Barlon. He thought about everything. He saw the cars pass, their wheels spinning like his mind. His life in the circus... he’d been always been going in circles, constantly in motion and juggling. People were always coming and going; sometimes even his friends had gotten injured and had had to leave, or been abandoned, like his beloved elephant for growing too old. All he really wanted was to stay in one place, to see what life was like in the center of the circle.

“Where do you want to go?” Violet asked, interrupting his thoughts.

Hopley was done with Barlon and his old life. There was something calming about being in the truck with Violet. He thought about the kids outside the café, how they might want to learn to ride. He could teach them. It would be nice not to have to pack up to leave every other day. Maybe he would give that little town a try after all.



Velocipedeia

Velocipedes are an early form of bicycle, powered by humans, with one or more wheels. Some famous velocipedes include: the Penny Farthing, the Unicycle, and the Otto Safety. A lot of these cycles are now out of fashion, but some have evolved into what we have today; the penny farthing, for instance, provided inspiration for the modern day bicycle. Of course, one must look back further, since the unicycle provided inspiration for the penny farthing. On April 6, 1869, T. W. Ward had a patent for a mono-wheeled velocipede similar to the modern unicycle, but not quite there. Also in 1869, a patent for a single-wheeled cycle was submitted by one Frederick Myers. A month later, the Soule's simultaneous-movement velocipede emerged, which eventually would lead to the penny farthing, 2 years later. Then finely, in 1881, a little over 12 years after Myers' patent, G. Battista Scuri applied for a patent for a simple, one-wheeled cycle, that we all know and love: the unicycle!

As an avid unicyclist, I was ecstatic to learn about a whole world of velocipedes lost to history. By learning about these cycles, I began to design my own; the one that stuck in my head the most was the Otto Safety. The Otto Safety is a 2-wheeled cycle that was popular in the 1870s. The design has 2 wheels on either side of the seat, with a complex gear system below the rider that would propel the cycle forward. Once I saw it, I knew I had to build it. So far, I'm 2 months into the project. I've had to continuously rethink my design. I've added a back wheel, and employed a small boat as a frame. I plan to take it to Burning Man. As for the other cycles, I'm also designing a mono-wheel, in which a rider sits.

The 1800s were the heyday of cycle innovation, and we can definitely thank the inventors of the past for the work they did. Velocipedes shouldn't be looked at as archaic forms of bicycles; instead, they should be known as the inventions that paved the way for future cycles. —Zephyrus

Facts cited esnpc.blogspot.com Early Sports and Pop Culture History Blog
One-Wheeled Velocipedes and Penny-Farthings - a Circular History of the Unicycle
March 28, 2015

Fessy's Story



Spinning a Tale

I'm a retired circus performer, and even though I left the circus, I still like to ride my unicycle. Once a clown, always a clown, I suppose. It's true that unicycles are a strange form of transportation, so I understand people's reaction when they see me ride by, but this woman definitely had never seen a unicycle, not even once in her life.

I like to take a new route every time I ride, because it makes it interesting every day, and I get to see more of my town that way my ride. A block down from my house, there is an apple orchard, and because my hands are free, I like to snag an apple or two from my friend Violet's tree, so, that's a route I do take with some regularity. But there are always new side and back alleys to explore. Usually, people wave or say hello, but this time, I rode up toward a woman who didn't wave. She had short blond hair, and a dog to match. I smiled and kept pedaling, but just before I passed her, I was tugged by my sleeve off my unicycle. As I rose from the ground, brushing off leaves and dust from my pant legs, ready to give her a piece of my mind, she silenced me with her long manicured finger, and a woof from her dog. So, I just stood there, waiting for her to tell me how I was in the wrong.

She glared at me, and said, "Good grief! Where is your other wheel?"

With that, I started to laugh. She gave me a look of disgust, which made me realize that she was serious, which in turn made me laugh even more.

I controlled myself, and tried my best to look at her without laughing. I looked at her dog, to see what he was doing, and clearly he found this altercation amusing as well, because he looked to be laughing, too, snorting and sniffing, though he could just have been eager to get on to squirrel chasing.

She got huffy, and started to point out what she saw as flaws of my unicycle: "Again, where is your other wheel?" and "What happened to your handlebars?" I had the perfect opportunity...

"Oh, you're mistaken! My handlebars are up here," I said, pointing up to my handlebar mustache.

She was not amused in the slightest. I asked her why she was upset.

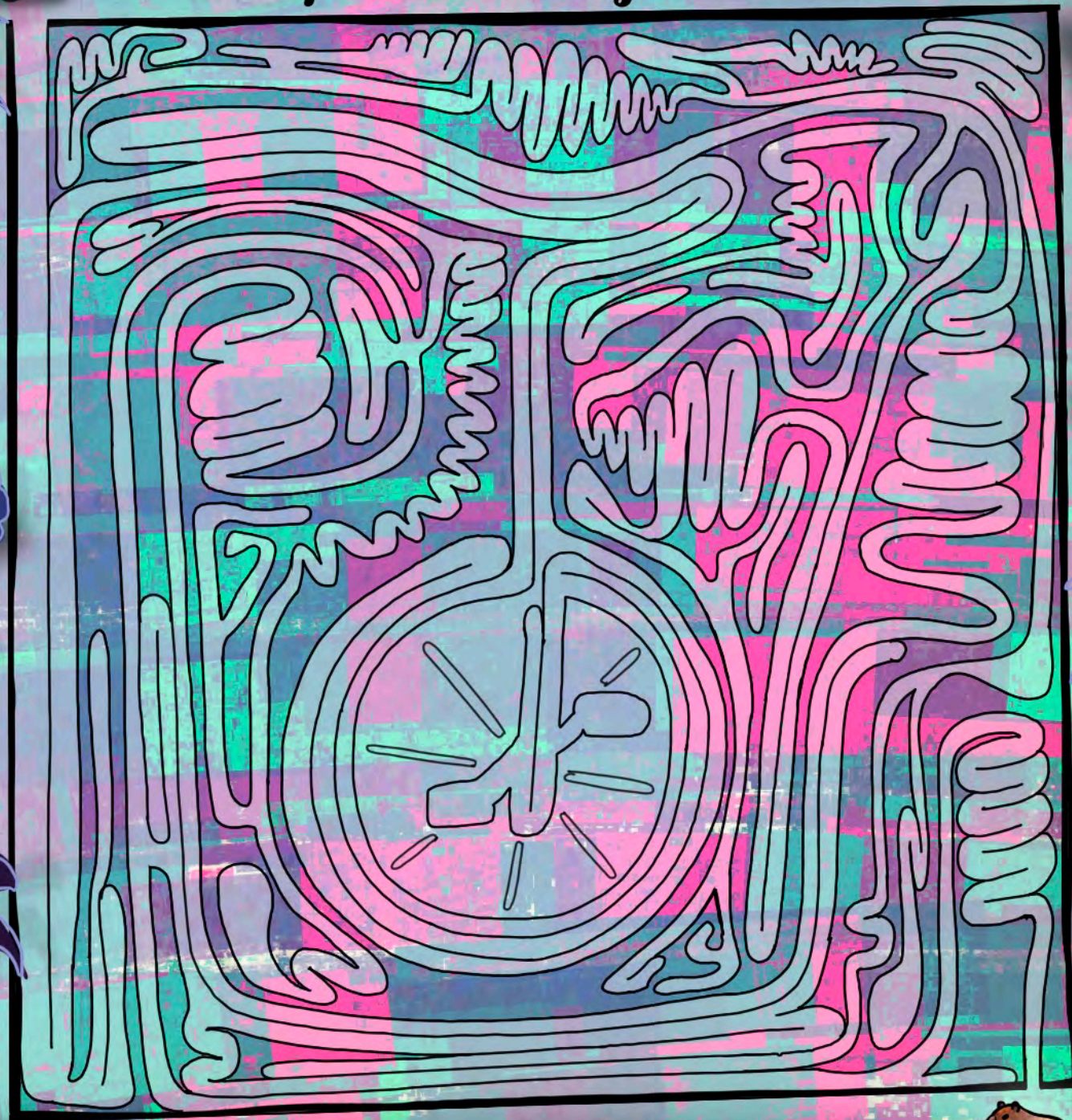
"It's not a real bike," she said. I asked why she thought that; maybe she had a good reason. But no! In the most condescending way, she said, "I take spin class once a month, so I would know what a real bike is."

"But spin class bikes aren't real bikes; they can't take you anywhere," I said. With that, I wiggled the tips of my mustache, tossed a biscuit to her poor pup, from the stash I keep in my pocket for just this purpose, and rolled away. Behind me, I could hear her shouting, "Get back here," but I kept pedaling.

MAZE



Help the unicyclist 888



get to his capybara friends



LEARN TO JUGGLE

By Zephyrus



Put hands out, waist high, as flat as you can. Take one ball and toss it just above eye level to the opposite hand. Try to make consistent throws.



Do the same starting with your other hand. Practice both these steps for several minutes until you are throwing at the same height with both hands.



Take one ball in each hand. Throw the first. When it gets to the top of the arch, throw the second ball toward the empty hand. Catch the first ball in the opposite hand, and then the second, in the other.



Be careful not to "two-ball shuffle." That is when you throw from one hand to the other, and then shuffle the second ball to your first hand. Each hand's throw should mirror the other's.



If you think you're ready to throw three balls, then let's do it. Place two balls in one hand, and one ball in the other. You must start with the hand with two balls.



Repeat as with two balls. Toss your first two balls, but when the second ball gets to the top of the arch, throw the third ball. Now repeat the cycle. **Congratulations, you're now juggling!**

Unicycle Cherry Pie

AFTER A LONG DAY OF RIDING YOUR UNICYCLE, A PIE IS A PERFECT TREAT FOR YOU.

INGREDIENTS

12 TABLESPOONS (1 1/2 STICKS)
VERY COLD UNSALTED BUTTER
3 CUPS ALL-PURPOSE FLOUR
1 TEASPOON KOSHER SALT
1 TABLESPOON SUGAR
1/3 CUP VERY COLD VEGETABLE
SHORTENING
6 TO 8 TABLESPOONS (ABOUT 1/2
CUP) ICE WATER
ANY FILLING WORKS

DICE THE BUTTER AND RETURN IT TO THE REFRIGERATOR WHILE YOU PREPARE THE FLOUR MIXTURE. PLACE THE FLOUR, SALT, AND SUGAR IN THE BOWL OF A FOOD PROCESSOR FITTED WITH A STEEL BLADE AND PULSE A FEW TIMES TO MIX. ADD THE BUTTER AND SHORTENING. PULSE 8 TO 12 TIMES, UNTIL THE BUTTER IS THE SIZE OF PEAS. WITH THE MACHINE RUNNING, POUR THE ICE WATER DOWN THE FEED TUBE AND PULSE THE MACHINE UNTIL THE DOUGH BEGINS TO FORM A BALL. DUMP OUT ON A FLOURED BOARD AND ROLL INTO A BALL. WRAP IN PLASTIC WRAP AND REFRIGERATE FOR 30 MINUTES.

2

CUT THE DOUGH IN HALF. ROLL EACH PIECE ON A WELL-FLOURED BOARD INTO A CIRCLE, ROLLING FROM THE CENTER TO THE EDGE, TURNING AND FLOURING THE DOUGH TO MAKE SURE IT DOESN'T STICK TO THE BOARD. FOLD THE DOUGH IN HALF, PLACE IN A PIE PAN, AND UNFOLD TO FIT THE PAN. REPEAT WITH THE TOP CRUST. BUT BEFORE YOU PLACE IT ON CUT OUT A UNICYCLE



Ride On!



Club 5' Deluxe Giraffe Unicycle

Can be purchased at
<https://www.unicycle.com>

PRODUCT DESCRIPTION

The Club 5' Deluxe Giraffe Unicycle, is the perfect unicycle for social distancing. The high seat lets you look down on the crowds of people below, while not getting claustrophobic. The seat can be adjusted for added speed or higher vantage. The unicycle is very practical; with the lack of another wheel, the repair time is half of what it would be on a common bike.

\$235.00



Unicycle.com Unicycle Helmet

Can be purchased at
<https://www.unicycle.com>

\$30.00



PRODUCT DESCRIPTION

This helmet is perfect for absorbing impacts that a regular noggin can't withstand. The sleek exterior is sure to turn heads, while you're out there on your unicycle.

Can be purchased at

<https://www.unicycle.com>

PRODUCT DESCRIPTION:

juggling clubs are a great tool to add to your performance repertoire. The shiny metal finish is sure to dazzle the crowds that will flock over to cheer you on.



\$39.99

Can be purchased at <https://www.amazon.com>

Nostalgia Retro Hard & Sugar Free Cotton Candy Maker

This cotton candy machine is the perfect size for a small counter or desk. It makes a favorite treat with quick easy steps, for unicyclists back from rides.

\$57.64



NOTE:
WHILE
UNICYCLES
ARE SEEN AS
A CIRCUS
PROPS, I DO
NOT SUPPORT
CIRCUSES IN
ANY WAY,
GIVEN MIS-
TREATMENT
OF ANIMALS!