

## So you wanted to be DPW...

I was just wondering what the hell got into you. You've had some crazy ideas before, but this?! Sure – piss off your employer, any friends or roommates you might have, screw up the living situation you're in, can your bills, scrape some ratty things together and forget about having anything nice for awhile, trek out to some god-forsaken dried up desert heap literally in the middle of nowhere and at the hottest driest time of the year, surrender everything you own – especially your car – to the dust, break your back, crack your shins, blister up your hands, and sweat it out in endless hard-ass work for days, oh and yes, do most of this while living in a tick tacky trailer park in a dinky town barely on the map. Why the hell not! I've been doing it for thirteen years now, and it's been thirteen years of the most fun and good times I'll ever have.

Why do you want to be DPW?

Because DPW is bad ass!

DPW rules!

DPW crews are the first ones out there, and the last ones off!

DPW has the hottest women and the studliest guys!

DPW will run in your veins, burn in your darkening skin, fill your bacon in the morning, and float in the foam on your beer at night.

You will laugh. You will cry. You will build and strike the most awesome city in world during the day. You will cheers the galaxy of stars in the night sky.

Hell, you might even get laid – I spawned an entire family out of trailer park romance!

But out of all this, DPW is most importantly about brothers and sisters. You wanted to be DPW to become part of the family of some of the closest friends many have ever known. We really stick together out there in that desert. I for one have forged a bounty of friends for life in my times out there and there's always more to come.

So, welcome to our rowdy bunch of wise-ass kooks. Grab a hammer or something, get out there, dig in, and start doing it wrong! You just might get out of this with a soul forged in steel.

– Coyote Nose

