

"Nothing Reads Like Real Life"



# MARC TEATUM

Motorcycle Fiction and Other Writings



Hometown  
Salem, Mass.

## A Birthday Gift: On The Road

Fifteen minutes later The Skuldmen were rolling out of the Texaco station; both man and machine were now full, anxious to get on the road again.

"When we hit New York, we'll stop for gas again," Jimmie said, over the rumble of the engine,

just before they left to get back on the highway, "There's a Mobil station in the median just inside the state line."

The small pack pulled out and hit the Wilbur Cross Parkway

again. Ten minutes later they blasted through the Heroes

Tunnel, the inside of which is lit solely using low pressure sodium vapor lamps. Between the eerie orange glow the lamps gave off and the sound of the Harleys reverberating off the walls, the nearly quarter mile ride through the tunnel from end to end was exhilarating.

After an hour on a road well known for its scenic layout, uniquely styled signage, and architecturally elaborate overpasses, shifting and throttle control became a very familiar game that helped to pass the time. As they sped past the 'Welcome to New York State' sign and the pavement transitioned to being The Hutchinson River Parkway at seventy miles per hour, Big Keith motioned to Jimmie, indicating their next stop was just ahead. Raising his left hand and pointing to the left side of the road as the exit lane appeared, the Bikers slowed down together and pulled off into the service area in the middle of the road.

Chapter 32 Page 223: One Light Coming: A Biker's Story (Book 3 in the series).

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For my daughter in law's birthday this year she didn't want material goods of any kind. She wanted something different from each and every friend and family member: She wanted people to share something of themselves; a story, a picture... something that spoke to that person, something that was important.

To a Biker, nothing is more important than the road. It's why we do what we do, why we are who we are. It's how we get to where we are going...and I don't just mean in the geographic sense either.

Ever notice that when talking to others who live life on two wheels, when you mention an event, talk

## For Sarah:

### ON THE ROAD

I live for...

Long, Smooth, Safe, Roads...

The rumble of the motor beneath me,

The vibration of the handlebars,

The wind at my back,

Mountain views in the fall,

The smell of a horse farm in August as I ride by,

The warmth of the air as I go past a lake in the summertime,

The aroma of the sea as I ride along the coast.

Riding 150 miles just to sit at the counter of a small town diner.

Hot coffee, maybe a piece of banana cream pie.

Chat with the cook, make faces with the 6 year old boy who's never seen a guy clad in leather before.

Being surrounded by the world,

the solitude is comforting.

Long, Smooth, Safe, Roads...

Ride Hard  
Ride Safe  
Read Often

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Motorcycle Fiction and Other Stories

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