

"Nothing Reads Like Real Life"



MARC TEATUM

Motorcycle Fiction and Other Writings



Hometown
Salem, Mass.

Two Brothers



In the dead of night and with a light drizzle falling on the city of Albany, Blues and Skip, wearing their Skuldmens colors, wove in and out of traffic on their Harleys, side by side. They were oblivious to the people they passed in the cars around them. When they pulled to a stop at the traffic lights, they were equally oblivious of the pedestrians, who cheated glances at the men as they crossed the intersection under the protection of their umbrellas. The two bikers were in a world of their own, they were men on a mission.

Sitting on the far corner, was their destination. Misty's Sunshine Bar & Grill was a sleazy bar that had seen better days. The standard neon beer signs glowed behind the window in front of faded and stained curtains. A black delivery van and six Harleys were parked out front, and a number of cars occupied space in the parking lot next to the bar. Standing at the door to the bar, trying to stay dry were two prospects paying their dues keeping watch over the machines at the curb.

"You know that this is fucking suicide, Blues."

"This is fucking personal. You didn't have to come," Blues responded.

"I'm with you, Brother. Always have been, always will be" Skip said.

Chapter 3, page 27 from *The Moon Upstairs: A Biker's Story* (Book 4 in a series published by Blockhead City Press released on December 12, 2012. Available through bookstores everywhere, Amazon.com, and B&N.com.

There's a difference between Brothers and Brotherhood. And I have two of the best examples in the world. Sure I have two brotherhoods, the riding one and the writing one. In the writing one, I have the best brother in the world in Ed Winterhalder. No one could ask for a more supportive and collaborative writing partner.

Having said that, I have two Brothers that make my world, this journey, better. Better because I know I can rely on them, that they are there 24/7/365, but are not in my face 24/7/365.

And there is a difference.

One Brother I have been riding with for over 25 years. He came to this lifestyle a bit later than I did. But once he did, we bonded early and we bonded strong. On the road, we're known as Butch and Sundance. When we ride it's like ballet. We can spend hours on the blacktop from Boston to Vermont to New York State, side by side, at 70mph + and have it feel like it's a walk in the woods.

Sundance knows me through and through. He knows my secrets; both good and bad. I know that he's got my back at the drop of a dime. I trust him, completely. At one time, we rode identical scooters. Whether we were side by side, or one in front of the other, we were a pair. We've helped each other out of several jams more than once. He also knows that I have his back. No matter when, no matter what, I am there for him. I help him, I counsel him, I protect him. In turn, and not for any reason other than it's what brothers do, he helps me, he counsels me and he protects me. I wouldn't be 'Butch', if it weren't for him. He knows it, and he knows how much that means to me.

The other Brother I've known for going on 15 years. Paul is a ma-

for force in motorcycle rights in the Boston area. He gets shit done. We worked together on the Board of the Massachusetts Motorcycle Association years ago; he could ride up to the State House, walk in, see any number of politicians and talk to them about legislative matters intelligently, and effectively. Over 14 years ago when he was organizing a fund-raising ride for the family of a fallen rider, he reached for help. "Study" called and I said yes, because of what he has done for the community. In the meantime, his commitment to our community inspired me to get involved in the Motorcyclists Survivors Fund, a charity that helps. I joined in because he stepped up. He's a Brother in the global sense to all of us that ride in New England. The whole MC community is better because of him. And in the ensuing years, we too, have bonded, like Sundance and I, only different. Sure, we go out, we drink until we are just shy of silly, and include anyone that wants to partake of our journey. But he and I have connected in ways, intellectually, that is amazing. When Study has a plan to organize something, we frequently talk about it. I support him, I respect him; and when it comes to my writing, he does the same for me. The funny thing is, in those 15 years, we've never ridden together. Not once. But we each know how the other feels when you're sitting on a machine clearing the cobwebs out of your brain at 65mph on a winding mountain road in the middle of New England.

Two Brothers. Completely different. So much the same in my life. Ride Hard, Ride Safe, Read Often.

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