

“Nothing Reads Like Real Life”



# MARC TEATUM

Motorcycle Fiction and Other Writings



Hometown Salem, Mass.

## IT'S ALL ABOUT THE RIDE

Brattleboro, Vermont to Salem, Massachusetts takes about two and a half hours across the top of the state of Massachusetts. There's some nice riding on country roads heading east on Route 2 until you hit I-95, then it's just a slog-fest, dodging trucks and commuter traffic.

At ten in the morning, TwoBears climbed aboard his '03 Harley Dyna Wide Glide, checked the gas, and thumbed the starter button. The bright yellow paint and bob-tail duckboat rear fender belied the menace of the man gripping the mini apehanger handle bars. The staggered dual exhaust pipes announces him way before anyone ever sees him. Hitting the first leg of the journey on I-91 at 80mph, he was like a wild animal stretching it's legs.

While it had been less than a week since they saw each other last, when TwoBears called Jake and told him he needed to talk, the invitation was one that was quickly accepted.

There are two types of riding a Biker loves; long highways with great views, and fast switchbacks that test a rider's ability to downshift two gears, brake, lean and turn through switchbacks that populate many a road. The best part about the long highway rides is that you can just zone in on the pure power of your bike; the constant roar of the exhaust, the continual pull of the motor as it propels you along the black ribbon asphalt. Of course, both types are always made better with your Brothers, men that wear the same patch as you, because you know that when it comes time to stop for gas, or eat or coffee or to take a piss in bush behind a highway sign, you're going to turn to one of them and say "that stretch" or "that set of curves" and your Brother is going to nod in agreement, because he just knows you're not talking about a yoga position or the babe who pours your beers down at the local joint. He knows you're talking about The Ride.



### Is there really a riding season?

Here we are in the eleventh month of the year and the weather is about as predictable as sending a hockey puck down a greased playground slide. I don't know about you, but at some point, I swap out the leathers for a pair of ski pants, a down jacket, a pair of gauntlet gloves and a neoprene full face mask. I look like a Michelin man in black. If it weren't for the skull pattern on the facemask, I'd be the laughing stock of the kids on the school bus stop that I pass on the way to work. Even the toll taker at the Sumner Tunnel stepped back a foot the first time I rode through. But I'm going to keep riding until the second snow fall. (Because the first one is an aberration, right?)

We all know the feeling. We don't want to stop riding. If you ride, no matter what you ride, there is a feeling of freedom, a feeling of power you get from taking control of a motor machine and making it your own and not wanting to give that up. You're so much more connected to the road you're on, connected to the locales you're traveling through. You smell the fresh cut grass, that pond that's just on the other side of the guardrail. You can tell when the farmers have just turned and fertilized their fields and you don't have to look to know that there are a few horses out in the paddocks either. You can tell when the tide is out and hear the waves crashing to the shore when it's way in.

I consider myself lucky because I get to experience this every day on the way to and from work, as long as the weather cooperates. Oh, don't get me wrong, I've arrived home soaked to the skin, pouring water out of my boots on more than one occasion because a weatherman said there was only a 30% chance of rain. Of course to me, when I hear 30% chance of rain, I think of 70% chance of sun. If you ride, you would too. It's all about percentages.

Anyone who rides plays the percentages. And I'm not just talking about the weather, either. Share the road with cagers and you know exactly what I mean. See the statistics, read the newspapers and watch the news and you hear about Bikers going down all the time. And as the weather cools down, the windows in the cars get rolled up and the heat gets turned on; surely a recipe for a quick cat-nap behind the wheel before you know it. I do have sympathy for they who go down. I really do. But every time I hear about some other biker going down, I figure that improves my chances of not going down. It's a percentage thing. Think about it. It's them, not me. Which is an absolute horrible way to think. And I'm not wishing harm to any of my brothers and sisters, but I know it's going to happen. The trick is to stay ahead of the curve.

So, if you're one of the lucky few who are still out on the roads, be aware, be vigilant, and squeeze every second out of what our region 'gifts' us when it comes to a riding season.

Ride Hard,  
Ride Safe,  
Ride Often.

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His Books are available at your local bookseller or worldwide through Amazon.com, barnesandnoble.com and as eBooks through every eBook platform known to man (Kindle, Google Play, iTunes, etc).



Chapter 14/Page 78 from *The Blue and Silver Shark: A Biker's Story* (Book 5 in a series published by Blockhead City Press, released on Dec. 1, 2015. Available through bookstores everywhere, and Amazon.com and B&N.com)



Veteran motorsports photographer Tom McCarthy is pleased to announce a major art showing of his work on Saturday, December 10<sup>th</sup> from 2-5 PM at Hunt Photo and Video, in Melrose, MA. The photographic exhibition entitled "Art of Racing 1" will feature sixteen prints, a free-standing art sculpture "The Motorcycle Masters Trophy" and three drag cars which are subjects in his gallery show.

"This is really big to me," commented Mr. McCarthy, "To be a solo feature artist with my photographs hanging in the Canon Gallery, at the Hunt's Photo and Video Store in Melrose, is really a great honor. That my friends and racers think enough of me, as well as my art work, to attend is the most any artist can hope for."



Tom McCarthy  
Motorsport Photographer

This is Tom's fourth solo gallery show; his last was in 2001, in Boston at the New England School of Photography where he is an alumnus. His two previous shows were 1997/1998 at the Belknap Mill in downtown Laconia, NH, featuring his "Reflections of Laconia" exhibit.

The curator of the Canon Gallery for Hunt Photo and Video, Mrs. Chris Guinto has this to say about Mr. McCarthy's photographic exhibit, "It is an honor to display Mr. McCarthy's photographic vision of drag racing. Each of his images holds a story that is unique and dynamic in content."

In his artist statement, Tom McCarthy states "to me, art is the ex-

pression of an idea, a feeling or a concept, intended to convey a message. My gallery show, Art of Racing 1, is my first show in a series. It will present to the world, my vision of racing and the artful moments I find within it. In years to come, how many of these exhibitions I will create and present is unknown. I'm a story teller with a camera, a time collector. I seek out the beauty, the violence, the motion and the emotions, that are found at the motor sports events I attend. Then I do my best to capture those very moments in my own unique style. My goal in presenting this series of art shows that I will assemble in the years to come, is to share with the general public and especially the art world, that which is racing and what I find most artful about it.

The Canon Gallery, is located inside the Hunt Photo and Video store at 100 Main St., Melrose, Ma, 02176. The show will be from 2 to 5 PM on Saturday, December 10<sup>th</sup> and will hang until the end of December. For one day only, on the opening day of the show, the drag cars of Chris Rice, Christopher Moretti and Richard Cosenza will all be on site on display as well as the free standing racing art sculpture "The New England Dragway Motorcycle Masters Trophy," a creation by Mr. McCarthy. The opening event will also feature catering by Ocean Sushi of Melrose, MA.



Just a sample of Tom McCarthy's fabulous moto photography.