

**"Nothing
Reads
Like
Real
Life"**



MARC TEATUM

Motorcycle Fiction and Other Writings



Hometown
Salem, Mass.

"We're going back to the clubhouse for food and the after party. You're welcome to join us if you want," Little Jimmie said as he caught up to Jake, who was standing next to his Shovelhead in a sea of parked bikes.

"Thanks, Jimmie. I'd like that," Jake said, surprised by the invitation. In the world of bikers it is considered an honor to be extended an invitation by a one percenter to come to his clubhouse, regardless of the occasion.

"Angela will tell you how to get there," Jimmie said over his shoulder while heading towards his Panhead.

"Angela? Have you seen her?" Jake said, a little dumbfounded.

"I'm right here Jake," a voice from behind him announced.

"You are going to the party aren't you?" she playfully inquired, as the sound of bikes was heard firing up all around them.

"You bet. Jimmie said you'd show me the way." Giving a nod to the helmet she was carrying he said, "I see you've come prepared."

"I'm always prepared," she said coyly. "Well, are you going to start your bike or just stand here the rest of the day staring at me?" she said, bringing him back into the moment.

After he started the powerful V-Twin, Angela walked over to the bike and with the heel of one boot, kicked down the right side passenger peg. Stepping up and swinging her leg over the bike and using her boot again, she kicked the peg down on the other side, mounting the pillion seat behind Jake in one swift move.

It was clear to Jake right there and then, this wasn't her first rodeo.



Stockbridge. For a thrill on the way back, take 20 East to RT 8 South to RT 23 South and experience one of the hidden thrills of the East; 17 miles of smooth, downhill, twisty-turning, sweeps of a roadway.

Now, if you're talking a weekend's worth of time, there are the great waterfalls along RT 100 in Central Vermont, the rocky bound coast of Maine, up past the shopping outlets that have destroyed RT 1 in Camden, Rockland, where you can stay in gorgeous B&Bs in Belfast or Bucksport, or try running far to the east, there's the beauty of the upper Hudson River Valley in New York State.

But there's another side to taking along a passenger. At more than any other time when being with another person it's our responsibility, our job, to keep them safe and alive. Letting someone climb onto the back of

your bike means you're ready and that your machine is capable. An extra 100, 120 or 130 pounds to take into account on acceleration, braking and turning isn't anything to sneeze at. You shouldn't say yes if you aren't willing and experienced enough to bring them back happier than when you left.

People talk about the number of deaths from motorcycle accidents. Tell someone you ride, and one of the first things that comes out of their mouths is: "Aren't you afraid of dying on that thing?" My answer has always been: "I'm more afraid of not dying if I go down." And that's what we should say to people who ask for a ride. When you take someone on for a ride, the chances of dying are far less than the chances of being injured. That means, in my mind, being maimed. Losing a limb, being disfigured, becoming disabled are more likely than death. In 2015, the last year with available data nationally, there were 4975 motorcycle deaths. For the same time period, there were just over 88,000 injuries. Look at those numbers again. That's nearly an 1800% difference.

So, here's where our responsibility comes in. When you go to pick up your passenger and they're strolling over to your machine wearing flip-flops, short shorts and the top half of a bikini, while it probably will make guys who are in their air-conditioned sports sedans drool and take their eyes off the road in front of them, (which will probably cause an accident into itself), send her back to the house to put on a pair of jeans, sneakers, and a t-shirt (at least). The same goes for anyone you agree to take on; little cousins, friends of friends. Make sure they are dressed in a way that protects them, and still lets them feel the joy of the ride. How many virgin passengers do you know of that have wonderful burns on one of their calves because they got too close to the exhaust pipes mounting or dismounting? And while flip-flops are great for the beach, they are no match for asphalt at even 20 mph if contact is ever made. If you live in a non-choice state, and you are required to wear a helmet, make sure it's one that fits. Bicycle helmets don't count. And while you may opt for a beanie style bucket and can live with getting the occasional loose stone bouncing out of that pickup truck in front of you, ripping a nice little dent in your face, your virgin passenger might not. Protect them with the right helmet. Teach them what it means to be a passenger; you're the 'driver', teach them not to lean into a turn just because they saw it in the movies, remind them not to hang onto you. If they want to hold on, it should be arms around your waist, not on your shoulders. And never take anyone for a ride if you've been drinking.

The best words out of a passenger's mouth should be: "Wow! When can we do that again?" Make sure the experience is good for both of you.

Ride Hard, Ride Safe, Ride Often.

(C) Marc Teatum

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Motorcycle Fiction and Other Love Stories

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).

Page 145/Chapter 21 *One Light Coming: A Biker's Story* by Marc Teatum and Edward Winterhalder. Book 3 in a series published by Blockhead City Press, released October 2011. Available through bookstores everywhere, and Amazon.com and B&N.com)



Take Me For A Ride?

How many times have you heard this? It could be from just about anyone. The waitress who is serving you coffee at a roadside diner, a neighbor you talk to every once in a while when you're getting the mail, a family friend at a summer backyard barbeque. There's something about the allure of riding in the wind, on two wheels that has an amazing draw. And it's not unusual that we are willing to share that thrill.

For me, when that question comes, the first thing I think is: "How much time do you have?" Depending on the answer, the possibilities are endless.

There's a three mile stretch of roadway that runs along Revere Beach that's glorious. The smell of the salt air, the sound of the ocean waves, mixed with the tang of suntan lotion, combined with the aroma of pizza, and fried food from the restaurants and take out joints that line the two lane stretch and the people watching is unmatched.

If there's more time to be had, a ride out west for the day should be on tap. Spend an hour on the Mass Pike and teach 'em what real heat in the summer feels like. Blasting along, buffeted by 75 mph winds that hit 90 degrees plus with nothing between you and the pavement is an experience for sure. But there is a reward. Get off at Exit 3, mile marker 40 and hop on RT 20 heading west. Cruise through the tiny towns of Russell and Huntington, with the Westfield River flowing on your right in the cool of the forest's shade on a winding road, all the way up to Lee. Avoid the crowds and grab a bite to eat in a town that tourists only know of as the exit to make their way to the more famous town of