

Word of a Liar

By Sally Beauchamp

Chapter 5 part 3

Ellen looked up. He caught her eye and smiled. She smiled back. Mason marveled at the simple, honest warmth it conveyed. She was the kind of woman he could show off to his folks-educated, independent. They'd be impressed that their wayward son found a woman like her. Exactly the kind of woman he'd never been interested in, until now.

"All patched up, Rambo." Dee tucked her things back into the first aid kit. "Did you know you and I are practically neighbors to Ellen?"

Mason straightened, "Really? Where do you live, Ellen?"

"On Washington Street."

"She bought the old Victorian you wanted," said Dee.

"You're kidding! So you're the one who nabbed my house right out from under me?"

Mason sat on the edge of his chair, leaning forward. His mood altered.

"I guess so. You must be the biker I see hot rodding up the street, terrorizing the children and the small animals on the block." Ellen teased. "Wait until I get home. I'm going to have a long talk with the realtor who sold me that house. She said the neighborhood was safe, but if you live in it, it's hardly so."

Ellen flipped her hair up off her neck. They all laughed.

Mason enjoyed her sassy attitude and the light in her eyes. She finally looked happy, relaxed.

"The woman is quick, Rambo." Mad Dog laughed.

"You have to be quick on your feet when you've taught high school for ten years," said Ellen.

"You're a teacher?" Mad Dog asked. "What do you teach? No...don't tell; let me guess. Um...Social Studies?"

Ellen shook her head.

"Ahh...Business?"

Ellen shook her head again, giggling.

"You're not an English teacher, are you?"

"Well, not exactly. I'm a principal and an English teacher."

"A principal and an English teacher? Ellen you can't be."

"And why is that?"

"Well, I was picturing you more like a history teacher. You know, wearing a really short plaid skirt and a blouse unbuttoned to here." Mad Dog put his hand across the lower half of his chest to demonstrate. "You're wearing loafers and knee socks and of course some frilly black panties."

Mad Dog's eyebrows rose. "And when you reach for the maps, the kind that hang from a chalkboard, you have to really reach for it."

Mad Dog grinned.

Ellen nodded.

"Well, then of course, you have to bend over to pull it down... and that's where I come in." He reached over and patted her thigh.

Ellen promptly placed his roving hand back in his lap "You have quite the imagination don't you Mike O'Donnell? I bet you were probably a very naughty boy in school." She rapped a finger on the arm of his chair.

"And I bet you were sent to the principal's office quite often for a good spanking." Ellen's eyes widened.

Mad Dog threw his head back and roared. Mason laughed, too, observing the others as they joined in. Ellen's quick wit charmed the small circle, turning the mood mellow and easy. Mason took a drink of his whiskey, his eyes still on her. He suspected this was the real Ellen Abrams when she wasn't scared to death. He stretched his legs out, taking another drink.

A man approached the group. "Rambo." He looked at Mason.

"Hey, Wolfman," Mason greeted him. "What's up?"

"They sent me to find you." Wolfman's somber tone made Mason nervous. "The clubs' officers have been meeting down in the tent of Joe Conley. He's the president of the Highway Men. Your name came up quite a bit."

Mason looked at Mad Dog, swinging his arms apart, the whiskey bottle in one hand. "Gee I wonder why?"

"Well, it sure as hell isn't because of your charming personality," Mad Dog joked.

Mason stood. Taking a long drink, he handed the bottle to Rat. "Lead on, brother Wolf. Take me to your den."

"Be cool, brother," Mad Dog cautioned.

"I'll see you later." Mason tilted his head to the side. "One way or the other."

Mason followed Wolfman down the rows of tents and vanished into the crowd.

Ellen saw the look of concern on Mad Dog's face. She glanced over at Dee, and the other two men sitting at the fire. All of them looked worried. Now what's was going on? Is this night never going to end? She laid her head back on the edge of the chair and braved the question.

"I know I'm being nosey, but what is going on? Why do you all look so concerned about Mason?"

continued on page 14

Now that you all enjoyed the continuing saga of Word of a Liar, I figure you may want to know about the author Sally. Here is a little bit about her and her background.

PS: She loves to get feedback about her story.

Author's Bio

While earning her bachelor's degree at Northern Michigan University, Sally Beauchamp was a note taker for a nontraditional college student like herself. When Doug Beauchamp asked her to type his story about a biker rally he attended as a member of a biker club, it so intrigued Sally it led to their courtship and eventually their marriage. Soon after they had a son. At age three, their son Ross was diagnosed with autism. Ten years later, determined to start her writing career, Sally merged these two powerful influences into her manuscript...The Word of a Liar. Sally Beauchamp was born and raised in Michigan's Upper Peninsula. A true Yooper, she resides in Iron Mountain, MI with her family and has been teaching high school English for nineteen years at the Iron Mountain-Kingsford Alternative High School. She is also a strong advocate for children with autism and is the chairperson of the Parent Advisory Committee for the local Intermediate School District.

Sally is in love with the biker culture, although she miserably flunked out of the motorcycle safety class. She told her students she now knows how it feels to be kicked out of class. Although greatly disappointed she is still determined to learn how to ride a motorcycle and someday head out to Sturgis. She would love to hear any comments or suggestions you have about The Word of a Liar. You can find her on facebook or e-mail her at: sallyb7870@sbcglobal.net.



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