

We all like biker fiction, right? Well we are going to do a little something that has never been done before by us or anyone that I know of. We are going to run a book starting with chapter one in parts every month. In doing so I am hoping you all enjoy the story. If you want to buy the story earlier than it's conclusion here, I will give you the info on where you can purchase a copy of the manuscript. The author Sally Beauchamp sallyb7870@sbcglobal.net and I preacher@freeriderspress.us both look forward to your feedback. Enjoy the read.

Word of a Liar
by Sally Beauchamp
Chapter One-Part one

****Contains some profanity****

With the heel of Spider's boot wedged in the back of his neck Mason Hackett, aka Rambo, struggled to lift his chin off the ground to spit the dirt from his mouth. Tasting blood, Mason didn't think the source to be a broken tooth, more likely a split lip. Spider's boot squashed his cheek into the brittle grass.

"What the hell you thinkin' Rambo, inviting a stranger to our rally? I'm the president of this motorcycle club. No one does anything without my permission, especially a little piss ant like you! Don't you ever forget it! You follow the rules or you get your ass kicked."

The barrel of Spider's rifle dug into his shoulder blade. Blood blasted in his ears. Damaged pride spurred the need for retaliation. If he could manage to bring his left arm back he might be able to grab Spider's ankle and topple him to the ground. However, Mad Dog's close proximity could get him in an even bigger mess. No, calm was in order. He needed to think, so he wouldn't lose the trust of these men that he had worked so hard to gain.

"I told you Jack won't be a problem. I'll take full responsibility if he starts anything." He licked the blood and dirt from his lip. "You both know I wouldn't put the Sons of Thunder at risk. Now let me the fuck up!"

Moonlight fell upon the toes of black harness boots. The pressure in Mason's neck eased. The gun barrel lifted from his shoulder. Mad Dog seized Mason's arm, jerking him upright, then rammed his fist into Mason's solar plexus. Immediately Mason doubled over, clutching his abdomen. Lungs begging for air, he stubbornly fought down the urge to puke. He lifted his head. "You two done now?" he rallied, each spoken word feeling like a stab wound.

"You're lucky we like you Rambo and agreed to keep your mistake to ourselves. We're saving your ass from the boot line. But the next time you fuck up, you're out of the club, you understand?" Spider jabbed his finger into Mason's chest.

"Yeah I understand." He brushed the dirt from his T-shirt. "But it's a good thing I like the two of you, because if that's the hardest you can hit you're lucky you have me to protect your girly little asses." With a great deal of effort, Mason grinned.

Mad Dog slapped Mason's back. "That's what I like about you Rambo, you always got a come-back."

"Get the fuck down to the end of the road, and relieve Monk!" Spider tossed Mason his M16. "Mad Dog and I will patrol up here. I'll send someone down to relieve you when I can stomach your ugly face."

Mason sighed, shaking his head. He'd spent the whole afternoon working security at the end of the road. Not eager to return, he stalled. "I need to ride... settle my nerves el presidente." Repentant, he lowered his gaze.

Spider's dark eyes narrowed. "Make it short...real short, Rambo."

"I will. You have my word." He stifled a smile. Spider's permission meant he wasn't as angry as he let on.

Mad Dog and Spider left Mason standing alone. Bits of laughter and music broke the stillness and bonfires speckled the field below. Mason groaned, rubbing his lower back. It hurt to breathe. Mason knew his disregard of protocol demanded punishment, but he hoped no more would be forth coming. Turning in the direction of the barn, he went to retrieve his motorcycle.

Ellen fumbled with the key. Engine dead, she threw back her head and pounded the steering wheel with her palms. Rechecking her cell, no bars appeared. 12:35. Three hours gone and not a single vehicle had driven by on this two lane road. Rocking side to side, knees bobbing, the night elicited nightmarish memories. Her late husband's contorted face, her son's terrified screams, blood, hair, shattered glass and dense darkness, she snapped on the flashlight. Licking her dry lips, she exhaled. She needed to get out of this car.

Pulling the hood release, Ellen swung open the door and stepped out on the gravel. The flashlight's round beam traveled across the surrounding forest. The last thing she needed to encounter was a skunk or a bear. Gnarled branches clawed at the shadows. Ellen shivered. Rounding the car, she lifted the hood and flashed the light on the engine. A mosquito buzzed. She waved it away. She wondered why she bothered to check the engine again. She knew nothing about the workings of a car, and this only added to her frustration. She wiped away tears then slammed down the hood. Boom!

Like a frightened field mouse she scurried back to safety and locked the car door.

Perspiration rolled down her back in the close humid air, but eerie night sounds and the threat of insects, wouldn't allow her to open the door. Memories resurfaced in the blaring absence of human sound. "Shit! Shit! Shit!" Ellen cried, gripping the steering wheel and pressing hard against the upholstery. Why did she insist on going home tonight when he had asked her to stay? Tears stained her blouse. She pulled her jacket around her shoulders, praying the Maglite would last until morning.


Hot air pelted Mason's damp face. His chest and back throbbed, but he ignored it, allowing the solitary road to clear his head. The throaty roar of his Harley shredded the silence. The headlight ripped apart the stagnant darkness, chewing up the black bottomless river of highway. Like so many other troubled times, Mason's bike gave him back his soul and set him free. He read the speedometer. Sixty, Mason pushed it to seventy. Bugs struck his forehead and beard, and splattered against his chest as the wind pressed in on him. Soaring past miles and miles of indistinct forest, he barely noticed the car on the side of the road. He didn't think about stopping. Bikers don't do that. However continuing on, he began to wonder if maybe some undesirables were looking to break up the Sons of Thunder's little party. After all, the five clubs attending the rally weren't exactly all law abiding citizens and it was no secret they carried scars from previous encounters. Who else would be out on this desolate road so late? He eased off the throttle, leaned to his left and turned around.

A deep thunder rolled up behind the car. A single garish light reflected off the rear view mirror, blinding Ellen. She shielded her eyes with her hand, glancing out the side mirror. The motorcycle that had passed her earlier had returned. Sweat trickled along her hairline. Terror squeezed the air from her lungs. Terror froze her hands to the steering wheel, turning her knuckles a bloodless white. Terror lurked in a shadow that moved in on her. A man's face peered through the window. Long, wind-swept hair fell to his shoulders and dark stubble covered his jaw. Intense eyes held her hostage. The whoosh of Ellen's heart throbbed in her ears. He rapped on the window. Ellen screamed.

"Easy lady," a deep voice called out. "I'm not going to harm you. I saw the car and stopped to see if anyone needed help. Are you okay?" The man straightened, holding his hands out to his sides. "Look, I'll go if you want, but you're pretty far out. There's nothing around for miles." **Continued on page 16**

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