

CHECK OUT OUR WEBSITE AT WWW.FREERIDERSPRESS.US

Having shared some of my stories with some of the boys and gals at work, I had one of the guys come up to me and say that while he liked my stories, why couldn't I throw in a knife fight every once in awhile?

Having spent 6 ½ years in the Navy 2 years of that with the Marine Corps and having gone through the Navy Boot Camp and the Marine Corps Boot Camp (Because no one is assigned to the Marines unless they've been through the Marine Corps Boot Camp) traveling with a Marine Corps Mortar Unit in Korea & Japan, I have seen and participated in my share of violence over the past 47 years here on this earth. I try to keep my stories short and fun and finish with a happy ending. But, not wanting to be one to disappoint, Ray, this one's for you!

WARNING: This story contains excessive violence.

Cold Hardened Steel

By Daniel L Wiedenfeld

Tank kissed his girl softly on the lips, whispering to her; "I love you Baby!" Keach revved the engine on his 'Insane Chopper' yelling; "Hey, why don't you two get a room." Squeezing his girl with his big hands around her waist, she giggled and said; "Tank, I'm trying to tell you something." Tank lifted her easily up into the air, her hair brushing up against the ceiling as he held her up above him like a little girl. Keach laughed revving his motorcycle engine even more. She laughed and said; "Tank?! Put me down." As he lowered her slowly back down to the floor all of the guys started to rev their motorcycle engines, she said to him; "Well you better get going, they're waiting!" Putting her hand against her belly she rubbed it softly as she yelled after him; "Honey be careful and when you get home I've got something to tell you!" Heading out the door he didn't hear her over the sound of all those motorcycle engines.

Swinging his leg over his Harley-Davidson Fat Boy drag bike, he turned on the gas, turned on the key, pulled open the choke and hit the starter button. That big V-Twin engine belched to life. He had the engine jetted rich, and even though his woman knew it would probably backfire when he started it, she still jumped as it blew flames out the tailpipes firing to life.

She watched them tear out of the driveway, throwing gravel and whooping and hollering as they raced down the road. She felt a twinge of fear watching Tank drop down over the hilltop and out of sight. She didn't know why, maybe it was nothing.

It was Friday Night and the 'Border Boys' were out on the town again. Grizz was setting the pace, his Harley Dyna Glide burning that Michigan White Fuel, made the exhaust smell like jet fuel. Everyone behind him had the opportunity to really stand on it! Trying to keep up with him, Jonny J was shifting through the gears on his new Triumph T-100 with its parallel twin-cylinder engine and its throaty performance. His FZ1 was at home sobbing alone in the shed. Hugh tried to pass him on the outside redlineing his Vulcan 800 V-Twin liquid cooled bike, with its rejettied carbs, modified chrome pipes, and high-flow K&N air filter intake. Sledge followed hard on their heels. Then Lone Star, Tank and finally me on the Limorod. I enjoyed watching these old men acting like little kids again. And then thinking to myself; "What the heck?!" I shifted from 4th down to 2nd and twisted on the throttle, the Limorod's 65 c.i. V-Twin engine quickly hitting its rev limiter! I speed shifted into 3rd and then into 4th and finally into 5th, blowing my share of dust off the road!

Turning our wheels straight for the High Noon Saloon, we drove the 50 miles through those Northwoods curves hell bent for leather! We were looking forward to the Live Music playing up on the stage. (Ever notice how women are so much

more likely to start dancing in front of a Live Band than in front of a Juke Box?) Maybe that's why I enjoy live music so much?

Pulling into the parking lot at the High Noon Saloon, the place was already packed. Backing our bikes into place, I wasn't the first to notice that the Michigan Road Hammer's bikes were already parked on the other side of the lot.

Everyone saw their bikes and everyone went up to Tank, Grizz told him; "If Cain is in there you just ignore him, understand me?!" Everyone felt the same way, everyone was in agreement and Tank feeling the heat said; "Don't worry, I'm only out for a good time too. Don't worry about me, I'll be a good boy." Knowing the long outstanding feud between Cain and Tank, Grizz snarled at him saying; "You had better!" Not wanting to loose the good feeling I had just achieved from the fast ride over, I slapped Jonny J on the back saying; "Come on, we're missing all the Live Music."

Heading inside, everything went well for awhile, the live music was the best I've heard in a long time and the ladies were already dancing. Cain was there. He had seen Tank come into the bar/dance hall right away. Like a Michigan Wolverine and a Wisconsin Badger; these two men did not get along. Did you ever know someone that even when they were telling you a joke, pissed you off! Well, that's how it was between Tank and Cain. Their names might just as well have been Cain and Able. These two men hated each other. (No matter how hard you try, you just can't keep Gunpowder and Fire together in the same room for long before there's trouble.)

It was about 1:30 am and the Band had just announced 'Last Call' when Tank and Cain finally bumped into each other. The rest of us had stopped watching over Tank. The Road Hammers had stopped watching over Cain and had found diversions of their own, curvy diversions. Some say Cain shoved Tank, some say Tank shoved Cain, but it really doesn't matter who started what, if you've ever tried to separate two Pit-Bulls in a fight, you know that there will be some blood spilled before you can get the two of them separated.

They each shoved the other and Cain's hand flashed and clicked as he brought out a Butterfly Knife from somewhere inside his leather vest. He whipped it around, opening and closing it over and over, slashing it close to Tank's face, showing off his prowess with the blade to the people at the bar. Tank pulled out a front opening double-spring Switchblade, nearly 11 inches in length when opened. Pushing the knife's chrome button it snapped open, poking its shiny sharp blade straight out the front! This exposed its long 5 ½ inch steel blade. Pushing the button again it snapped closed, retracting and concealing the sharp double edged blade.

The beauty of having a knife like this is one? Press the closed knife up against your antagonist's skin, push the button, and the knife drives its blade into your opponent for you. Press the button again, and case closed! Smiling, Tank gestured with his finger for Cain to come to him. Pointing the switchblade at Cain he pushed the knife's button twice, snapping it open and closed menacingly!

The sound of a pistol crack sounded out! Everyone watching the drama playing out between Cain and Tank, startled turned looking back to the bar. Bubba, the owner of the High Noon Saloon had slammed a Trucker's Bat across the bar top. The sound, much like a drummer's rim-shot, sounded just like a pistol crack. A trucker's bat is a 12 inch wooden bat, weighted on the end and used on the semi trailer tires by beating it against them checking for proper air pressure. Bar tenders found it extremely useful for breaking up bar fights.

With his left hand on the bar Bubba sprang over it, pivoting his 250 pound frame easily above the bar landing on the other side next to Cain and Tank. Threatening to crack Cain across the wrist with his trucker's bat he told them both to drop their knives; reluctantly they threw their knives to the floor.

By now both motorcycle groups had become aware of what was going on.

continued on page 21

Boss Bags

Quick disconnet leather saddlebags





www.bossbags.com

888-853-9975

5TH ANNUAL
Saturday, August 13th

MERRYLAND FEST

Merryland Ballroom
Rosholt, WI 715-592-4266

- *Co-Ed Volleyball Tournament
12 team limit - \$60 entry fee
- *Horseshoe Tournament
- *Bean Bag Tournament

**LIVE MUSIC * WET T-SHIRT CONTEST
AND MUD WRESTLING**

9 MILES EAST OF HWY. 51 ON HWY. 66