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Lonely Midnight Riders

Fiction By Daniel L Wiedenfeld

Why was it that with so many beautiful women around, Carter was going home alone again? He scratched his head as he headed out into the parking lot thinking; "I'm as good looking as Keach, sure I'm not as tall as he is, but I've got just as many muscles as he does." It was true, while Keach was the taller of the two men, Carter could actually lift more weight than Keach. Bench pressing close to 425 pounds, he was just as quick and deadly on his feet, a good man to have beside you in a fight.

Maybe it was his reputation; maybe the ladies were afraid of him. "Sure that's it," he said to himself. "Once they get to know me, then surely one of them would start to like me." Stepping out into the parking lot of the 'Hog House Saloon' he thought to himself; "All those beautiful women..." Looking at his watch it was only around 11:30 pm. "It's going to be an early Friday Night tonight," Carter thought to himself.

Some fog had started to roll in, guess it wasn't such a bad idea to leave now after all. Swinging his leg over his 'Red Horse Chopper' with its HD Twin Cam 88 silver engine, venting out of the Samson Big Gun Ripsaw exhausts, Carter fired its big v-twin to life. The loud bark of that big v-twin punched a hole in the silence of the night. Twisting the throttle a couple of times, Carter enjoyed hearing the engine's deep barks echoing off of the side of the building. He decided he would run the back roads to get home, as soon as he could he turned off onto Hwy 64. The fog wasn't so bad here. He enjoyed running the back roads more, and there was less of a chance of running into any of the local law enforcement officers. He hadn't had as many drinks tonight as he usually did. He was sure that if, given the chance, he could still make their breathalyzer dance.

The fog was getting thicker. The road was getting more and more curvy. As his headlights pierced through the darkness and fog, he was able to make out a highway marker on the side of the road; Hwy 13. Highway 13! He must have taken a wrong turn somewhere in the dark. God he hated Hwy 13! 13 was just another number right? But if so why didn't Hotels list the 13th floor in their buildings, going from 12 to 14 on their elevator buttons. Why did most people feel that either Friday the 13th or Monday the 13th was going to be a bad day? Why did it make his skin crawl, now to realize that he had made a mistake and was riding on Hwy 13?

Slowing down he came into a little town, what did that sign say, Rib Lake? How could he have gotten so turned around? Shifting through the gears, the fog seemed to have lessened some as he pulled out on the other side of town. Hwy 13; "The road is too curvy as well!" He thought to himself; "Especially at night in this fog." The fog was really becoming thick; it even seemed to have taken on an eerie green hue... and as he entered this weird green fog, he started to feel light headed and queasy and almost as if he were weightless. The road even seemed to shift and change... What was happening to him...?

Coming around a curve, was that... sure, it was another rider. Who else was crazy enough to be out on this nasty highway, in the fog, late at night? Down shifting a gear, Carter twisted on more throttle and closed in on the other rider. As his headlights started to outline the other rider, he could tell it was a woman, and a beautiful woman at that!

She had on white leather chaps, with a matching white vest, black clothes underneath. He could tell she was riding a Harley-Davidson Heritage Softail, painted in white, with white saddlebags. As he approached her from behind, she turned to look over her

shoulder at him smiling. Was she ever beautiful! She had long black flowing hair that shown in his headlights. Full round breasts, a tight waist, opening back up into full hips wrapped in her white leather chaps, flowing down over her highly polished black leather boots. Laughing to him, she gestured with her head for them to race, and she took off into the fog ahead of him. Was he dreaming; she seemed to just shimmer in his headlights; it had to be the fog. Maybe he did have too many drinks at the club.

Like the bloodhound on the fox's tail, he took off after her in the foggy darkness. Around every corner he could see her looking back over her shoulder at him, laughing playfully at him, teasing him to go faster. And faster and faster they went. Several times Carter almost lost it going around a corner too fast, the 250 rear tire losing traction and trying to slide out from under him. He wasn't familiar with this stretch of road. With all the excitement of the chase, he had forgotten he was still on the old stretch of Hwy 13. Laughing out loud to himself, he was like a little boy caught up in the game, and he pushed his bike even harder!

Try as he might, he just couldn't close the gap between them, and slowly she began to pull away from him, into the fog and darkness.

Racing around another curve, leaning over hard enough to have the frame of his bike drag and throw sparks off into the air, he saw street lights coming up through the fog. Slowing down he caught a glimpse of a sign by the side of the road reading simply; 'Spirit'. Was he in the town of Spirit, and where had she gone?! Had she turned off somewhere, no way, there wasn't enough time for him not to see. But she was nowhere in sight. Driving up and down the side streets, she was nowhere to be found. Sitting at a stop sign he checked his watch, 1 minute after midnight. Where could she have gone? Cutting the engine to his bike, he listened for the sound of her's, nothing.

Firing up his bike he pulled back out onto Hwy 13, he headed out of town leaving the Town of Spirit behind him. The farther he got from town the thicker the fog became; it turned into that same thick unnatural green fog again. Now his head was starting to throb and hurt, how many drinks did he have? Was it really the alcohol that was causing his headache? The highway still seemed unfamiliar to him as it bent and curved, seeming to shift and change right under his bike as he passed over it. Finally the fog started to lift and his headache started to go away. He didn't know it but now he was a long way from where he had started out. Up ahead he could start to make out some lights, some new streets lights coming through the fog. On the side of the road a street sign said Hwy 73.

What was going on? Hwy 73, how did he get onto Hwy 73?! There was no way he could end up on Hwy 73 from Hwy 13. Through the fog he could make out an approaching business sign that read the 'Hitching Post'. Pulling into the parking lot Carter decided he would stop to get a cup of coffee and something to eat, while he let his head clear and tried to figure things out. The Hitching Post? He had to be at least 200 miles south of where he should have been. Had the guys slipped him something in one of his drinks? Sure that had to be it; why else would he be this far... Looking at his watch it was only about 7 minutes after 12, there was no way he could have made it this far south in that short amount of time. It had to have something to

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