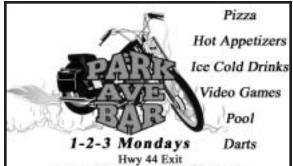
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Day Dream Time TV

by Kenn Hartmann

Some writers like to weave a wild tale of mad mayhem that ends when the writer wakes to discover it's only a dream. I'm not that kind of writer. I prefer to lay down the kicker straight away - besides, dreams tend to be more surreal than those other writers imagine. For example, I awoke this morning having just dreamed I parked my sickle inside a crowded anteroom chamber of this gangster roadhouse. The bikes were stacked up to the slat board ceiling. Not exactly efficient if your bike is on the bottom of the pile. I sneak out the barroom door into the back alley where a gypsy wagon is guarded by a woman in a business suit clutching a clip board to her bodice. She conducts a marketing survey about skin care products. I worry about proper etiquette as I wipe the moist sample on my trousers. Oprah Winfrey opens the gypsy wagon door & offers to tell my fortune. Only she winks for me to anticipate more than palm readings & gazing at crystal balls. I ask the marketer what to do?

She whispers, 'take it like a man.'

Inside the wagon, Oprah orders me to remove my clothes. But I'm too paranoid the fake walls will fade away & I'll be trapped naked in a rolling cage. Oprah lies down on the straw mattress & tries to entice me by jiggling like a mound of jello. Now this is the big Oprah, the ginormous Oprah, the oversized O. She's filling out every inch of the old sweat suit she's wearing. Plus she's got her red slippers held aloft like two red balloons bouncing in a breeze. I think to myself, 'I can't wait to tell my wife.' I look at the mound of jello shimmy & for a brief moment I think, oh well. But I get paranoid I'll get caught uttering, 'Oh, oh Ofrah! Ofrah!' Somebody might hear me mispronouncing her name in rhythm to the perverse squeaking of the shanty's axle springs.

I run to the window & peak through weathered blinds. Her boyfriend Steadman pulls up in a 50's rat-rod Chevy. He's wearing a white-t & Fonzi leathers. I say aloud, 'he looks taller on TV.' In the morning, Oprah has me working in the dank gin mill cellar rolling out empty beer-sticky barrels. 'If you want your bike back & to ever see the light of day, you scrub this joint immaculate,' she says sweetly. You need not analyze this dream. You might as well psychoanalyze fire in winter.

I'm glad it's winter. The shoveling keeps me in shape. The cold weather thins the herd. It's the perfect down time to do

motorcycle work. It gives perspective to the other 3 seasons. It makes riding that much sweeter. Ah, who am I kidding? It sucks. I'd rather be sipping a cold one under a twilight palm in a Big Daddy Roth scene. Skaters & hotrods & Harleys, oh my. A couple rock stars jam on the corner & people just walk past bopping but not stopping. Groovin'. An saxophone haunts an alley. The sky blazes with supernovas & comets. There's electric static from a hiphop love song & neon buzz from garden bars & warm laughter at sidewalk cafes. Food sizzles on a grill & fine aromas waft fragrant perfumes &

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