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One To Laugh At

By Daniel Wiedenfeld

Ever since he suffered a terrible tractor accident as a little boy growing up on a small farm in Iowa, he was laughed at. The accident left him with a permanently broken and malformed nose. And with a hideous facial scar that ran from the upper left corner of his forehead down to the right side of his chin. In the words of one of his little female classmates, it made him look like; "A hideous little monster!"

Growing up after that; 'Beast' (As he was so nicknamed by his fellow students) fought a hard life. Constantly being laughed at from behind his back, no longer invited to any birthday parties, no one sat with him at lunch, being picked on from the older boys, and almost weekly fist fights with whomever had the courage to attack him whenever they felt they had enough of their friends around to help back them up.

Beast had grown up hard, and fast, a loner. He had also learned to fight. He was now a mean fighter, with strong powerful arms, quick on his feet. From head to toe he was muscular, with tendons as strong as twisted steel cable. He had fought so many fights growing up as a boy, outnumber 2, 3, and sometimes 4 to one, and being beaten up; he now fought to take out his antagonists as quickly as possible! Using knees, elbows, thumb punches to the throat or eyes, he had learned it was him against the world, and he wasn't going to let the world win.

Beast was forced to drift from one small town to the next, from one job to the next. Always after the Boss came to him and said; "I've been receiving some complaints..." Not because Beast was a poor worker, quite the contrary, he was a hard worker and smart, often he would come up with an idea that would save his employer money. And not because he was mean or rude to his fellow employees, he always kept to himself and went out of his way to leave the other workers alone. No, it was because of his looks. "Why do you keep someone like that around? He's scaring the customers away! Do you have to hire the handicapped?" These were just a few of the questions the other workers would throw at the Boss, until he finally gave in and asked Beast to move on.

Even when Beast would cruise down the highways on his custom 'Warrens Cycle' he would have to put up with the people's odd stares and finger pointing. The worst was seeing the looks on the little kid's faces when they would see him for the first time. They wouldn't laugh, no their parents would have to teach them how to do that. Their little mouths would drop open and he could see the sadness and fear in their eyes as they viewed his face for the first time, and it would remind him of how ugly he really was.

He had picked a 'Warrens custom Cycle' because it was a lot like him, a one off, a one of a kind, different and powerful. Now that he was a grown man, when people saw either him or his Bike, they didn't mess with either. He had purchased a Softail Pro Street, a '94 Softail Custom with a stretched frame. It came with an 80 ci Evo engine and a 5 speed transmission. He particularly liked the 200 mm rear tire and the custom ostrich seat. He himself had been ostracized. The Bike fit him well and he fit the Bike, it became part of him as he rode alone.

Alone he rode through the night, and the driving rain, pushing his Bike hard through the curves, tempting God to take him if he wanted too...

As the EMTs loaded the male patient into the back of their ambulance they flinched! The mangled metal wrapped around the tree burst into flames! It steamed and hissed as the driving rain fell down upon it's rising flames.

Now loaded and underway the semi-conscious patient tried to talk to the EMT through the oxygen mask; "You've got to... you've got to thank that Biker!"

Leaning over his patient the EMT asked him; "What?"
"You've got to let that Biker know I said thanks!" The patient said coughing, slipping in and out of consciousness.

"What Biker? There was no one else around, it's a good thing you crawled clear of your car. It burst into flames just as we were loading you into the ambulance." The EMT told him as he turned up the high-flow oxygen to 15 liters per minute.

Fighting through unconsciousness the patient told the EMT just before he passed out again; "I didn't crawl out, I was pinned inside and... and this Biker pulled me out. You can't miss him, he... he has this huge scar right across his face..." and he slipped back into unconsciousness.

"What?" The EMT asked; "Try to stay quiet and relax, you're going to be alright."
Pushing his chopper through a long sweeping right hander, through the down pour of driving rain, Beast was happy

inside, deep down in his heart for the first time in a long time. Just because the world hated him, didn't mean he had to hate the world. Thinking back as he rode...

He was pulling that guy out of his car, he could see the fuel dripping down onto the hot exhaust pipe and he knew that he didn't have much time. He pulled the man free, the guy had mumbled something up to him; "I've got to get to the hospital... I've got to get to... my wife is having our first Baby...! Got to get to the ..."

As Beast pulled the man free and away from his car, the man collapsed into unconsciousness. Beast pulled him to the safety of the side of the road, he could hear sirens coming in the distants. Looking back to the man, making sure he was alright before he left, he headed for his Bike.

It wasn't much, but he could still make a change in the world, whether the world wanted him too or not. And at the time he was pulling the man free, he knew that the guy could have cared less what he looked like.

The cold rain water had started to seep into his clothes and run down the middle of his back. Beast thought of the man he had just saved... standing next to his wife in their hospital room with their newborn baby, and he said to himself; "It's gonna be a good night after all..." as his tail lights vanished into the rainy night.

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