

Into the Wilderness - Unholy Alliance?

The jump across the fountains was a miserable failure - and a public relations bonanza for the guy in the red, white and blue jumpsuit. He did, indeed, almost lose his life, and Jaysee felt genuinely sorry for him. For one thing, Jaysee was pretty sure that he, himself, could have made the jump easily. If he had followed Lucky's suggestion, he would now be the subject of immense TV coverage, riding in a victorious motorcade down the "Strip" in Las Vegas. He would have been the toast of the town and probably been the guest on talk shows and sports specials for some time to come. Lucky would no doubt remind him of this lost opportunity on numerous occasions in the future. It is ironic that the failed jump elicited more notoriety for the poor rider than dozens of county fair successes had ever done.



Lucky led the way as he and Jaysee rode south out of Las Vegas, into the hot dry desert again. Jaysee allowed Lucky to choose the route, but alertly waited to see what he was up to now. He had tried to turn Jaysee into his lackey twice now, and was not in a very conciliatory mood. They sped across the desert waste toward the southern tip of Nevada, where Lucky's final attempt would take place, to either win Jaysee over to his side or destroy him. Through the wind and the sun - and dust thrown up behind the knucklehead - this pair of combatants sped toward their date with destiny. The contests may not be all done today, but the direction each of them would go from now on would be determined. Somewhere on that 90 mile ride, Jaysee became aware that they had once again ridden through a shimmering portal and emerged in the present. Turning into the setting sun, Lucky led them along a narrow road to the summit of Spirit Mountain, overlooking the Colorado River Valley, and the popular biker destination of Laughlin, Nevada.

As they parked and walked to the edge of the mountain, Jaysee looked southeast and saw that the valley before them was filled with bikers. They wore every color, every patch, every insignia under the sun, and they were all arrayed here, as if on cue, to engage in the celebration of their lifestyle at the Laughlin River Run. Lucky raised his arm with a flourish, indicating the massed hordes of motorcycle riders. "This is what it's all about. All these riders at my disposal, to do with whatever I want. To make them do whatever I want. And they aren't even aware of my power. If you, Jaysee, will join with me, commit to follow me, I will make you my general. This is all you will ever need, and I will give it to you, today. The best part is that, as far as these guys are concerned, you will be Numero Uno. They won't even know I exist. They will follow you as leader.. They won't know that you are following me. How could it be any better than that?"

Jaysee could not believe what he was seeing or hearing. Were all those bikers really there, or was it a mirage, . . . or something else? If he would ally himself with Lucky, all that he wanted would be accomplished. He could shake hands now, and gain the greatest power imaginable. But he knew it would be empty. He knew it would never work because he and Lucky didn't have anything in common. Lucky saw a horde of humanity to be used up and discarded. That was his mind set, and Jaysee would never be able to change it. As he looked out upon the congregated mass of bikers, he saw individuals who were worth dying for. He knew that his answer to Lucky would have to be "No way, no how, get away from me now! If this means all out war between us, let's get it on, because I'm not going with you, ever. You are going down!"

Lucky didn't press his . . . luck, and left immediately. He had not seen this side of Jaysee, and it unnerved him, somehow. He would reconnoiter and wait for another time. Jaysee found his way from Laughlin, across the desert, to his campsite, where he stretched out on his sleeping bag and slept the sleep of a clear conscience. As the sun retreated below the western horizon, there was a feeling, beyond those shimmering mirages, that a line had been drawn in the sand, and sides were being chosen. How do you see it? Whose side will you choose?

Pastor Sam Downey

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Need Entertainment? Check these guys out!!!

A Review by Preacher

Many of you have seen an ad in the Free Riders Press for a band called Cherokee Rose Band. They ran the ad for almost a year before I had a chance to see them perform, and let me tell you was I impressed.

A little history of how I got to know the band.

Cherokee Rose Bands lead singer (Wade) got hold of me about doing some advertising. We made an arrangement to have the band play at my annual swap meet. As things go the venue didn't work for me so Wade mentioned that since we are coming into town, they would be glad to play anywhere I could find. It just so happened that my son's Guard unit was having their Christmas party at the local VFW Post 10262 in Plover, WI. After the light bulb in my head went off to kill two birds with one stone, the band ended up playing for the soldiers and everyone had a blast.

Cherokee Rose is glad to play for the troops due to the fact some members are veterans and the ones that are not have great respect for their service. "We try to thank our troops whenever possible", says Wade.

The music flowing through the speakers is a wide variety, ranging from the 60's to present, Southern & Classic rock, current hits to ass kickin' country and of course some Funky oldies that keeps the crowd dancing on the floor aa well as those like me that keep the beat from my seats.

Wade, Wylie, John, Ron and Artie are what I like to say, "Down to Earth, full of passion and have a zest for making people feel good through music." I would like to recommend The Cherokee Rose Band for your events with no hesitation. And again gentlemen thank You for making my sons Christmas Party so memorable. Check them out at www.cherokeeoseband.net and you to can experience a good time.



Cherokee Rose Band at the Plover VFW

An old thought revisited

Here's a thought for you: How many of you have brothers and sister's that you hit the open road with on weekends for a nice putt. You stop and have a soda or two and continue on, with this being a weekly thing. You've been riding with the same people a long time, and you only know them by their nickname like: Spike, Jimbo, Snake, Crash ETC. Now on this one particular weekend you all meet somewhere and head out like any other ride and all of the sudden a car pulls out in front of some riders and takes them down. Now for the thought, can you tell the emergency crews the full name of the downed riders. This question was asked to me by a friend after this did happen to her.

She continued to tell me that on one particular ride she was one of the riders that was asked this of the seriously injured and unconscious person. One of the paramedics asked her the name of the person and after riding with them for over 2 years she could not remember their name. I sat and thought about it and to tell you the truth I never really did or really wanted to know their names, (you know the old expression the less you know the better). Well after a while I said you know what you're right, I don't know half my brother's real names and I have been riding with them for years.

I am not advising you to go around asking people's names, (you might get some funny looks), but it would sure be nice to know that someone in my group would know my name in case something happened to me. But it's just a thought.

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