



THE BIKER

It's a warm Indian summer day.
A tall, goateed biker comes in
wearing a Harley T-shirt and spiked belt
with knife and chains hanging from it.
He walks around looking intently in all
the showcases, and returns to the front desk.
He leans forward and says, "Others
have probably told you this, but this
isn't a store, it's a museum."

I notice a recently stitched scar
about 3 inches long on his cheek.
"That's pretty nasty! How'd you get it?"

"Well, Friday night I was jammin'
with my band, the Ding Dong Daddies,
finally, I got a hot band, don't
have to teach them nothin', we can play
anythin' — blues, hot rock, anythin' —
when Little Brother, my sidekick, hit me
with a saw! Just came at me for no reason.
He's got a lot of pressure and he's usin'
amphetamine. That don't help.
It takes the gentle out of you.
He comes at my head first."

He leans his head forward revealing
a six inch scar on his shaved crown.
"Then he comes at my face. I grab his arm
and twist it. I hear it break. I lost
three pints of blood. I say to him,
'What you doin' brother?
You fuckin' me up! You killin' me!'

"He tells me, 'I'm sorry. I fucked up.
I didn't know what I was doin'.
I gotta get help.'

"I don't know what to do. I don't
want to hurt him no more. I'd just
put him away and then he'd hate me.