

# CHAPTER ONE

## STEP 'N' FETCH

It's 1969, the Vietnam War rages on without any end in sight, declared by our government, not the people from within. Death and destruction, unpopularity, fought hard by brave Americans, sadly, many of whom are tagged with the name "Baby Killer" upon their uncelebrated Homecoming. It is the "Age of Nixon." Over half the Americans killed in Vietnam died during the first four years of the Nixon administration. Cell phones, flat screen TVs, and the Internet have yet to make their debut. Computers are here, but not like we know them today. They had Green Screens and DOS. No digital television, no digital music, and eight-track tape players have only recently arrived. One hundred channels on your TV, unheard of! There is one thing however that has been heard of, and has been since 1903, the Harley Davidson. Along with the Harley Davidson has come the "Age of the Biker." Their fast, carefree lifestyle has spawned a very select group that was Born Free, Born Wild, and Born to Ride. They are One Percent of the Bikers, and they were offered No Choice, they were Born That Way, and they will Die That Way. My biological Father and Brother happened to be part of that Chosen Few, selected not by Choice, but by Circumstance, and Birth.

"One Percenters" have been here since man learned to walk upright, maybe longer. This number is being used symbolically, not for its numeric value. They are the restless ones, those who can never find peace or love for any length of time. In that respect, there is never any consistency in their lives. They are the Cowboys and the Loners, wildly drifting in and out of history. They appear

in our history books as Jesse James, and you'll find their name to be Edward Teach, alias Black Beard. They are the Pirates sailing free, and they are Bikers riding free. Jesse James was no doubt a one percenter. RIP. Like most, he was born into that group, but it took a war between the states to fuel the desire that blossomed into what he was, and like me, he had No Choice. Black Beard also was born a one percenter, calmed through youth, but restless by nature. It took an English war to light his fuse and, out of the explosion, matured one of the world's deadliest men, swinging his sword, wild on the attack. Could you imagine what power he and Jesse could have created together, "Flying Colors," screaming down our highways, riding side by side on Harleys? Trust me, they're here; but only as one percenters and answering to different names.

U.S. Special Forces are also one percenters. They are one percent of the military that hates having to shave and hates doing all the stupid bullshit the military requires. The dumb shit like burying your cigarette butts and being made to act as if you're a complete moron because you did something completely against regulations, like eating before you were told that you were hungry. But their nonconformity is offset by their willingness to do the tough work, the dangerous and dirty work, and they love doing it. It's when they returned from war to the United States, took off their uniforms, and put on Club Colors that the government began to worry. Not that these men are traitors to our country or subversives; quite the contrary, they are Heroes! In fact, they love the United States of America more so than most. Remember, they fought hard for it. But because our government knew when it trained one percent of its military population to kill in perfect Art Form and they would always be one percenters, and dangerous. It formed a team of federal agents in the hopes of controlling and keeping these men down. It did not work out as planned; these federal "Watch Dogs" only fueled the rage in these one percent hearts. There began a war within our own country between the government and war veterans. Many of our war heroes climbed on Harley Davidson's, flew their Colors wide open, and became the most deadly "Outlaws" the world has ever known. I confess, I'm one of them, and here's my story.

It's late summer of '69. I'm fourteen years old as I stand in front of my older brother's Harley, holding his Colors. It's a risk

I'm willing to take. If caught, I know he'll beat the shit out of me for touching his Rag. I can't help it, I love looking at them! I love the patches and all the pins. I even know what most of them mean. Like the number 13. That's the thirteenth letter in the alphabet, what do you suppose that stands for—Marijuana, Motorcycles or Murder? The one percent, 1% means they're one percent of Bikers that don't conform. You know, those coined "The Bad Ones." There's a small Death Head with crossed bones that I have no idea about. It is very secret among all the members of this gang. Excuse me, "Motorcycle Club!" From what I can see, only a few in each Chapter wear this Nazi SS-looking Death Head Patch. It strikes me as curious—always the largest, meanest, most deadly ones, like my older brother, Kebus, hm? Anyhow, I'll get back to that later. Let me continue. Once my brother found me sitting on his Hog, which is in itself a big No-No, and wearing his Colors, Ta Boot! I think I was pretend revving the throttle while making Vroom-Vroom sounds. It goes without saying, it was the worst beating I've experienced to date.

I live on an old one-hundred-acre farm just outside a small town that's not too far from a major city. My brother's Motorcycle Club has many parties out here. I love it. I'm usually Step and Fetch or Beer Boy. They call me Clutch. My brother gave me that name because whenever I do something stupid, he always says, "Your clutch must be slip' in!" There's a huge party planned soon. They never say when, but I've learned the signs. For example, a bunch of Porta-Potties showed up here earlier today. Firewood has been collected in mass quantities, and the famed "Horse Trough" used as a beer/ice container has been flipped upright and cleaned. In itself, that sucker holds enough beer to get the entire U.S. Army drunk! The reason I know this one is going to be big is this time a beer truck has been rented. You know, with the taps on the side. I think there are ninety kegs of beer in that sucker. There's an old pigpen that now has six live pigs oinking around in it. To eat, not to pet! Yep, it looks like a big one.

There's always some sort of incident, a happening, during these parties. I think it's cool; I just sit back and watch the excitement. Last party, a Club member, Chains, tried to run through the bonfire drunk. He tripped and fell face first into it! Two other Bikers quickly grabbed his feet and drug him out. They dumped

beer on his head—laughing, of course, while saying, “We gotta put out the fire, Bro!” I’ve been punched in the face a few times during these parties, but because of who I am, I can usually weasel my way out of any problem. The trick is, Don’t Drink. Once, they gave me 151 rum. I ended up puking on one of the Harleys! You guessed it. “Pow,” right in the “Soup Coolers!” If I complain, then it’s said I’m Sniveling and No Sniveling Allowed. Or worse, Snitching—you guessed it again, for Snitching “Double Pow!” They say they’re trying to make me tough, but sometimes I think they’re trying to make me dead! Uh-oh, I must be careful because right now I’m stepping dangerously close to Sniveling. Yesterday I saw members wearing Colors from a bunch of different states I didn’t even know the Club was in! Yep, this one’s gonna be a huge party!

Well, here it is, Friday, 6:00 p.m. Labor Day weekend. I’m standing beside a never-ending column of Harleys riding two abreast. They’re slowly moving down our long driveway and have been off and on all day long. The heat, the deep thunderous sound created by hundreds of Harleys, the Colors, I swear I love it! Right now my job is to reach into the Horse Trough and hand every member an ice-cold beer as they pass. I may only be fourteen years old, but the girls on the back of these bikes keep my hand busy at night! Sorry! Police helicopters have been circling overhead off and on all day long also.

I hope I’m allowed to stay up with the party tonight. Sometimes they run me off; they tell the prospects to keep me away from the actual party. I hate prospects. But don’t tell them I said that because some of them become members, but then they change and usually treat me pretty cool. I’m not sure what they do to prospects, but for sure, they always look miserable. One thing for sure, I don’t ever want to be one, but I don’t think there’s a choice, that’s the only way in.

Here’s how it works, after you “Hang Around” the Club long enough, they vote to see if they want you. If they vote yes, you’re a prospect. Oh yeah, first you must sign your Harley over to the Club. If you quit, they keep it. After you prospect for a while, your first advancement comes in the form of a Bottom Rocker. It’s called that because it’s shaped like the mouth of a smiley face or the bottom of a rocking chair, get it, a Rocker. This patch shows territory. It reads the town or state you’re in. Clubs have gone to

war over that one. Now you just keep prospecting. In other words, you do anything asked of you and keep your mouth shut. Next you receive your Center Patch. That's sorta the Club's logo, very artistic; they always look cool! It's sewn on your Rag directly above the Bottom Rocker. And finally, after Hell Week, you get your Top Rocker that harbors the Club's name. It's an upside down smiley face, sewn above the Center Patch. This entire process can take years! You're now a Full Patch Holder—a Brother. It's rumored during this prospect period one must commit a felony for the Club—take a guess which one.

Anyhow, back to the party. In order to be here, I must have a ribbon pinned to my chest, which reads Guest. Can you believe it? I'm a guest at my own house! The ribbon they say keeps me alive, so I guess I'll wear it! There's gonna be bands here this weekend. They have brought in a huge flatbed trailer to be used as a stage, but first the bikini and wet tee shirt contest. Yeah! Then followed by the Marshmallow Race—you'll never believe this one! With the exception of one Brother, this is for Prospects only. Now the race track obviously has a start and finish line; it has very narrow side-to-side boundaries, so it's a long, skinny rectangle. In this race, all contestants pull their pants and undies down to their ankles then cram a marshmallow into their butt. While racing, if the marshmallow falls out, they must stop until it is returned to that Unforgiving Zone. A prospect could never consider winning this race over the Full Patch Holder. That would hold very unpleasant consequences for him. Very unpleasant indeed. So knowing he's gonna win and untouchable, the Brother is not moving very fast down the approximate center of the racetrack. He's only there to fuck with the Prospects by moving slow, stopping whenever, and sipping a beer of course. A Prospect can't win over the Brother, but he can't lose either. Did I mention, the loser must eat all the other contestants' marshmallows? Yuck! If he pukes while eating them, he must puke into his boot and then drink it after he's finished eating! No wonder Prospects always look so miserable. There are some very large Prospects. They're all pushing and punching one another as they hobble down the track; they'll do anything not to be last. At the finish line, however, they're all trying not to be first. One must be sure he's not shoved across the finish line in front of the slow-moving Brother. One can't really fall out of the side-to-side

boundaries because the entire racetrack is shoulder to shoulder Brothers, yelling, drinking, and laughing. But if a Prospect does get pushed out, he must go back to the Starting Line and begin again, not a big deal unless the contestants are nearing the finish line. A Prospect wins this race by not losing. Second place is fine, fourteenth is fine also, as long as he's not last. In the case of a Prospect knocking out another Prospect, the only Patch Holder in the race merely stops until the unconscious Prospect is revived and back in the race. It really turns into quite the brawl. I hope I never have to compete in the Marshmallow Race.

The one I like, and a little calmer I must say, is the Harley Race. Last across the finish line wins, this one's for Brothers only, so it's to see who can ride the slowest without putting his feet down. That one's cool! Then there's Bobbing for Beer. That one's for Prospects only also. If you hold a strong fear of drowning, you're in for a long stroll through hell in this competition. But you'll have to wait for a few more chapters in my book to hear about this miserable invention composed by drunken, sadistic Brothers. But I will say this, the winner, if one can be considered a winner, is rewarded by being dragged around an open field tied to a rope behind a Harley! I won't go into what happens to the losers right now, but like I said, no wonder Prospects always look so miserable!

The party rages on for three days! I try to remain anonymous, snaking through the crowd of Brothers, watching, learning, and Coppin' a view of the Hot-lookin' Women whenever possible! I watch some Brothers pound the fuck out of a Hang-around. Although curious, I keep my distance; it's a serious beating and none of my business. Bikers in this Club never administer a light beating. Once they start, the person receiving it is usually beaten almost to death. That's called a Thumpin'!

The party never really ends at any given time; it simply tapers off little by little until our farm is void of Harleys, Brothers, and the Hot-lookin' Women they surround themselves with.

Well, it's been three weeks since the big party, turns out it was the Club's National Run! Heavy-duty security was pulled during that one. It wasn't secure enough to prevent me from taking a few more hits to the head though. I broke my "Don't Drink" rule, only this time I didn't puke on a Harley—I knocked one over! It fell into another bike and almost created a chain reaction. This would



have sealed my fate. The Club's not stupid. Anytime hundreds of scooters are parked in a tight line side by side, they park one bike forward and the next one backward. This way the kickstands are on opposite sides of each bike, and a falling motorcycle must work harder at creating the Domino Effect. Anyhow, I survived! A few Brothers spent the weekend in jail and one was hospitalized from a bike crash, but all in all, the run was considered a great success. Cleanup sucked; some Prospects and I got that job.

Today is my birthday, and I'm fifteen years old. Earlier a Brother, Big Tony, came by and gave me a motorcycle. Can you believe it? Not a Harley, but who cares, it's mine! A Triumph, Bonneville 650! All it needs is a carburetor and cleaned up some. I haven't been able to get off it all day long! One of the Prospects said he had a Bonneville years ago and still has some parts he'll give me. He said he may even have the Amal Carburetors I need, new in the box! I have all winter to get this Bad Boy up and running. I'm gonna put it in my bedroom and begin rebuilding it tomorrow. I have boxes of parts in there already, some Harley and some Limey! Hidden in one box is a large-caliber handgun! A .45 automatic! I found it cleaning up after the National Run. I haven't heard anything about it and probably won't because it's a sin for a Brother to lose his gun! My brother, Kebus, has tons of .45 caliber ammo. While he's at work, I'm gonna take it out and fire it.

I was also given my first Cut-off. A Brother named Fingers gave me the jean jacket and showed me how to cut-off the collar and sleeves. Oh yeah, it's got to be a Levi and is. I have a bunch of pins and some really cool patches and such Brothers have given me over the years and have already begun decorating my Rag. Fingers is cool; I like him. He was given that name because his fingers were blown off in an explosion. Another Brother gave me a Buck Knife with a locking blade. He said the knife is not the entire gift, it's what goes with it; he's also going to teach me how to Knife Fight! He was in "Special Forces" and said, "You'll need it when the Russians attack!" He always says that though. Once, when I was getting him a beer, I asked why he had so much beer. The shit was stacked to the ceiling. He told me, "I'll need it when the Russians attack! Won't be able to get any then." I'm not sure but I think he's just clowning around by saying that. Anyhow, so far I've done very well this birthday.

Well, even though it's my birthday, my older brother Kebus has me outside digging a long, narrow ditch. With beer in hand, he antagonistically yells to me, "Don't worry, Clutch, digging this ditch isn't your only Birthday gift. I got one more even better than this!" Then he laughs insanely. I have no idea what he means by that, but I hope he's just fooling around. I've heard rumors he has spared no expense on my gift this year, so I'm eager to see what it is he has for me, but this ditch must come first! I'm digging a ditch from where our long driveway meets the road to the house, and that's quite a distance. The house sits back from the road at least a third of a mile, and there is nothing but woods between it and the road. Our long drive gently snakes its way through the woods, past the house, all the way to an old run-down barn. There's a large turnaround area there and a few smaller outbuildings. The ditch I'm digging is for burying a cable that will be used to connect a closed circuit television camera Kebus recently acquired. He traded some Harley parts for it and this huge wooden spool of underground cable I'm now sitting on. We are going to hook up the camera and an intercom system from down at the Iron Gate to a monitor and two-way intercom speaker at the house. The Iron Gate has a security light and can be locked up tight, barricading our long driveway from the county road we live on. Very high tech for this day and age I must say. I'm very anxious to see how it's all going to work. It should be cool as hell. We'll now be able to watch any activity at the gate from our house, day or night. I have a prospect here that's supposed to be helping, but he's done little of that. He treats me as if I'm his prospect. He orders me around and makes me do all the work. He slips off and sleeps in the woods whenever possible, and has me watching and warning him whenever Kebus comes around checking on our progress. This guy immediately jumps up, grabbing a shovel, and pretends he's been working all along. That's okay because the truth is Kebus has a wonderful birthday gift for me. It's just I do not get it until this camera and intercom are hooked up; I want to finish the job before night fall, but that Prospect is definitely slowing down my progress.

I spend the better part of my day on the Ditch Project, but when it's finally done and I'm coming out of the shower heading for my bedroom, Kebus calls to me from the living room. "Clutch!" he



sharply yells. "Get your ass in here. Now!" I quickly change paths and make my way to him! The only thing I'm wearing is a towel wrapped around my waist; with one fist clenched tight, I hold it together at my hip as I stand in front of my brother dripping wet, wondering what he wants.

"What's up, Kebus?" I ask. Kebus is kicked back in our comfortable recliner chair, his feet extended up and out. He's not wearing a shirt; his upper torso is rich with inked graffiti. On his right pectoral is a 1% tattooed inside a diamond-shaped geometric design, and on his other is the mysterious Death Head! His left shoulder adorns a beautiful tattoo of the Club's three piece patch, an arched Top Rocker, a Center Patch, and finally an arched Bottom Rocker! His forearms and stomach are lined with deep scars received from a knife fight. They are testament he swore his allegiance to the Biker lifestyle many years ago; he's busting with muscles! Kebus is a huge, powerful man. He looks at me and stares emotionlessly for a long time, analyzing my development as his younger brother. I hate when he does this. I don't know if I'm going to receive a complement or an Ass-Beating!

Finally he says, "Do me a favor, go out to my car and in the trunk is a box, bring it to me! But first, I need another cold beer!" He holds up the empty beer bottle he's been drinking from and rocks it back and forth as proof of its emptiness.

"Sure," I quietly say, unimpressed by the two new chores I've just been assigned. After fetching Kebus a cold beer, I slowly walk barefoot to his car still holding the wet towel around my waist. I'm not very motivated. The ditch has drained most of my energy. But when I get to his car and hear something moving around in the trunk, I immediately perk up. "Whata heck?" I pop the trunk lid open, and there is a pure-bred Rottweiler puppy staring up at me! "Ahhhh . . . It's Beautiful!" I lean down and scoop this little girl up; she's licking all over my face! I struggle to hold both the squirming puppy and the towel, but as I exuberantly turn to make my way back, I find Kebus is standing tall directly in my pathway!

In his deep voice he explains the rules, "That Clutch, is your new Best Friend. You have total responsibility for her. Feeding, watering, naming, everything. I will not tolerate any neglect from you when it comes to caring for this dog. I want her bathed and groomed regularly. I want her properly trained. If she ever Shits

in the house, I'm not gonna rub her nose in it; instead, I'm gonna rub your nose in it!" Kebus slowly takes a swig off his beer as his head tilts back, his eyes never leaving mine. One side of his mouth accommodates the beer bottle, the other accommodates a large smile. I pause for a brief second, acknowledging Kebus's warning, knowing the threat is mostly in jest, that's just his way.

I smile then cheerfully say, "What a beautiful gift, Kebus, Thank You! I'm gonna call her Tikki!" I reach up to give my older brother a one-armed hug. I'm trying to hold the squirming puppy, the towel, and hug Kebus all at the same time. but it doesn't work out, and the towel drops to the ground, leaving me standing Bare-Ass naked!

When this happens, Kebus quickly jumps back one step and jokingly says, "Put that towel back on, you little faggot!"

Two years to the day have passed since Kebus gave me Tikki, it's my seventeenth Birthday. I have found a deep love for this dog; she follows me everywhere I go while I'm at home! She sleeps in my bedroom beside my bed while I sleep. While I shower, she lies just outside the bathroom door. And whenever I have one of my two limey motorcycles out riding, she will wait by the Iron Gate for my return, then follow me to the house by running alongside the bike. She'll then lie between the front tire and frame guarding it while I'm inside. She's a perfect dog, a great companion, and my "Best Friend!"

With the help of many Club Members, I have restored the Bonneville 650 Big Tony gave me on my birthday two years ago; I also picked up a Norton 750, Combat Commander! Fingers helped me acquire this bike; I make monthly payments to him for it and a complete set of "Whitworth" tools he sold me. This is a ten-and-a-half-second machine through the quarter mile. It has a ten over front end with Pull-Back Ram Horn type handlebars. Although the bike has only been painted black by spray paint cans, all in all, it really doesn't look too bad. Fingers says the last thing we'll do after the bike is completely together the way I want, is tear it totally down, do some mold work, then give it a beautiful paint job. I'm running a Sportster tank and a Fishtail rear fender, there is no front fender! I mounted a small rigid solo seat that took its design from the original Harley "Buddy seat," with the chrome Hand Rail that borders along its backside. The frame is somewhat

stock, less the rake that's there to accommodate the ten over front end. Also the swing arm has been modified; with the help of a few Brothers, I have converted to stock Harley shocks and a stock seventeen inch Harley rear tire. I'm also running "Lake Fuel Injection!" My Carbs and intakes have been polished and sent out for a liquid oxygen treatment against scratches, compliments of Fingers. I took this bike to an amateur drag race and that's where I ran mid tens without the aid of a Wheelie Caster. Not bad, huh! Although, I must confess, the speed achieved by this machine is a Team Effort. Just about every member of the Chapter has donated in one form or another. With that being said, let me say this, that bike gets worked on even when I'm not around. Many times, when I come home from school, two or three Brothers will have it pulled out and will be drinking beer while turning wrenches!

But today, when I get home, my life is greatly changed for the worse. I am not greeted at the gate by Tikki and her usual Greeting Ritual. This is very concerning to me. When I reach the house, still no sign of her. I have a very bad feeling about this. "Where in the hell is Tikki?" I call and call as I walk endlessly throughout our property, "Tikki . . . Tikki . . . Come here, girl!" Finally I jump back on my Norton and begin riding up and down the county road we live on, looking and calling for her. About a mile from the house, I see our new neighbor standing in his driveway; he only moved in a month ago. I pull into his drive so I can introduce myself and ask if he's seen Tikki.

"Hello," I say as I climb off my "Snort'in Norton!" This guy doesn't answer; just blankly stares at me as if I'm intruding. He tightly grips the Marlin thirty-thirty lever action rifle he holds. I stop for a brief second, analyzing the situation, then say, "I stopped to welcome you to the neighborhood, and also ask if you've seen a Rottweiler, she's two years old but still thinks she's a puppy!" I chuckle and grin, hoping to provoke a positive response from this obviously rude Farmer-Type individual.

This guy takes a couple steps back and assumes a defensive posture then boldly replies, "Yeah, I seen her, she's lying over there!" He points to a swampy area behind his mobile home!

"What?" I demandingly ask.

He says, "She's dead! I shot her!" At first I think he's only joking, but as I prepare to reprimand his lousy sense of humor by telling

him what a terrible thing that is to say, I realize he's serious! My heart sinks. About this time a Brother named Buttons is riding by on his Shovel Head. Seeing me, he pulls into the drive and slowly putts up to us. I'm now showing visual signs of distress.

I walk to Buttons, as he shuts off his machine I turn and blast out an angry threat to my new neighbor. "If you killed my dog, I'm gonna kill you!" Realizing there is a serious problem, Buttons immediately jumps off his bike and rapidly approaches this Punk.

Chest out, he demands, "Wat da fuck is goin' on, pal?"

Again this guy takes a step back, then boldly answers, "Nothing! I shot this kid's dog . . . that's all!" Buttons stands shocked when hearing this. Like me, he too loves Tikki!

He angrily leans toward this Punk and shouts, "You shot Tikki? Why!"

Showing no remorse, my new neighbor replies, "I'm not gonna stand here and discuss it any longer. If you want the dog, it's over there!" He once again points back at the swampy area.

It takes Buttons and me over an hour to collect Kebus and his truck then return and remove Tikki from the swamp where she so disrespectfully lay dead, and then back to our place where we bury her. I do it with tear-drenched eyes. During this entire process, I could see Buttons and Kebus ready to explode with violent anger, along with me. Kebus never spoke a single word the entire time. But as we were loading Tikki into the truck, I saw Kebus wave to the Neighbor Punk who was watching from his trailer window. As big as Kebus is, I was going to risk a punch in the gut by bitching at him for waving hello to this guy, right up to the point I realized he was not waving Hello . . . He was waving Good-Bye—and all that insinuates.

Tikki was a beautiful animal. She was full of life, love, and loyalty. She definitely was a member of our family, and no doubt, that's going to prove to be a major problem for this Farmer type who killed her, because our family is one hundred percent, a 1% Outlaw Motorcycle Club, and all that insinuates.

It's been a month since my Punk Neighbor murdered Tikki, even although I vowed vengeance. Both Kebus and Buttons have calmed retaliation by saying, "Vengeance is a dish best served on a platter Cold!" But tonight the Punk Farmer sacrifices himself to us. "Finally!"

I'm sitting in a bar not far from home, Papa-Dadieo's, where I work part-time cleaning up and stocking beer, when in staggers the dude that killed Tikki. He is about thirty years old, six feet tall, one hundred and eighty pounds, somewhat muscular, and drunk as hell. This guy is first generation off the farm. And that's all he knows! He was raised by the Television and two parents that never made it past the third grade! His high school graduating class did not exceed over ten students, and they too were farmer raised! Nothing against Farmers, but without any social skills, this one is rude and does not understand respect. His uneducated parents, although somewhat hardworking, learned early on how to engineer Government Farm Subsidies to the point they became better skilled at filling out forms than agriculture itself. They never missed a meal! As the huge city grew, their government-bought farm was surrounded by housing developments and strip malls; the property value soared until they were valued well into the millions of dollars! Where their house and barn once stood, now sits a huge shopping mall. Now this punk lives off his aging parents' somewhat meager handouts while eagerly awaiting their death so he can collect the inheritance, "The Mother Load!" He gauges his daily accomplishments by the amount of money he scams from his parents—some days are better, others worse!

This bar he just entered into is a one hundred percent Biker bar, and generally frequented by Club Members, but that doesn't stop this drunk-ass farmer type from staggering to the bar and loudly demanding a beer. He is cocky, arrogant, and very disrespectful. He obviously thinks he's much better than anyone here, and much tougher than he really is. He also believes Bikers to be lowlife characters and weak punks. Well, it's time to educate him.

I pull my hat over my eyes and tip my head down as this drunken Piece of Shit passes me, zigzagging his way to the bar. I want to remain anonymous so he has no idea I'm here and plotting against him. Although just a kid, he knows I'm part of the Biker Clan he sees coming and going from our house.

This guy told another neighbor of ours, a good man and also a Farmer, he's not afraid of any Bikers. If need be, he'll shoot a Biker as easy as he shot Tikki. Now fueled by alcohol and the false feeling of confidence that matured through the misconception he escaped retribution for Killing Tikki. He stands challengingly,

beer in hand, chest out, slowly panning his view around the bar, analyzing the clientele and smirking. His beer muscles are bulging; he's ready for action! In his drunken hick mind, he thinks by putting on a tough-guy act nobody will bother him, but in this bar, it's quite the opposite. "Stupid Fuckin' Farmer!"

With one hand holding the bar, he supports his drunken self as he stands weaving from side to side. Fearing he may fall, he eventually pulls a bar stool toward himself to sit, knocking over his beer in the process. Buttons quickly but nonchalantly slips into the booth where I sit.

He nods at my drunk neighbor then smiles and says, "Looks like Christmas just came early! Ready for some Payback, Clutch?" I'm so fucking mad right now I can't even enjoy the idea of Setting this guy up.

Impatient, I only want to stand and beat him to death. "Right here, right now!"

Buttons says, "Be cool, Clutch! We're gonna Take Care Of Business tonight, but it must be done right to avoid the law! So sit here and do as I tell ya, okay?" I collect myself, calmed in the trust that Buttons is a Hard Core 1% Outlaw Biker and a veteran to this kind of activity. Myself, this will be my first felony!

Buttons motions Big Tony over and quietly explains, "That's the guy who shot Tikki! Here's ten bucks. I'm gonna take Clutch and split. We're gonna arrange a little coming-home party for his drunk ass! Do me a favor, buy him some drinks and keep him here until I call ya. It shouldn't be over an hour! After I call, tell Papa to cut him off then you nicely send him home, okay?" Big Tony pauses for a while, analyzing what was just said. Once understood, he grins and takes the ten-dollar bill.

He looks at me and says, "This night belongs to Tikki!" Just like the rest of us, he too loved her. He stands and slowly moves toward the Farmer Fuck. As he does, he turns and gives me a strong smile!

Big Tony is about six foot two and pushing near three hundred pounds. He has a long black ponytail with a full jet-black beard, and even though it's nighttime and the bar is dim, he still wears his dark wraparound shades. Although he's not wearing his Colors, with two buck knives strapped side by side on one hip, along with a chain wallet looped around the other hip, all held securely by a



chrome Primary Chain belt, and arms busting with tattoo covered muscles. It's easy to peg him as a 1% Biker!

I've been around this Bike Club my entire life, but this is the first time I've ever seen them In Action. They're slick as hell, I'm impressed!

Big Tony sits down beside his intended target, smiles and pats him on the back, saying, "Howdy, wats ya drinkin' Partner?" As he does, Buttons softly motions for me to follow him outside. We anonymously slip through the exit door!

Once outside, Buttons anxiously says, "Let's go, Clutch!" We ride a hundred miles per hour straight back to my house and tell Kebus what's going on.

Kebus releases a sadistic smile and through punishing eyes looks directly at me then says, "Clutch, it's time to pop your Cherry! Tonight you're gonna witness the way we Take Care Of Business. You follow me and Buttons to that Punk's house and do exactly as you're told! After we're done, you and I must have a long talk, okay?"

I reply, "Kebus, I will do as you tell me and will never speak a word about it to anyone!"

Kebus growls, "You do, and you'll receive a little of the same!" He then hands Buttons a pair of gloves and a ball bat and says, "Make the call!"

Buttons calls Big Tony at the bar and says, "Party's over!"

Big Tony tells Papa, the bartender and bar owner, "Cut the Farmer off," then very politely helps the inebriated farmer to his car, saying, "Better head straight home. It was nice meeting ya, hurry back!"

The drunken Farmer thinks he just made a new friend and in a loud slur, thanks Big Tony. "Stupid Fuckin' Farmer!"

The three of us walk to the neighbor's house; we all have black hooded ski masks, gloves, and ball bats! When we arrive, Kebus lifts me onto the roof and tells me to cut the phone line. This mobile home was purchased new and is one of the first offered with vaulted ceilings, so I tightly grip the edge of the roof with one hand as I carefully climb to the phone line. But just before cutting it, I'm briefly drawn away from my mission by the sound of crickets and the sight of lighting bugs. I pause and look around at this beautiful countryside. The weather is perfect, the sky is clear,

displaying trillions of stars, a quarter moon proudly shines—it's Picture Perfect. A falling star streaks across the sky followed by a long glowing tail; an owl hoots in the distance. I turn and focus on the sound of many bullfrogs communicating in their deep voices; they're telling each other the swamp is free from predators. They too are enjoying this beautiful night. It's all somewhat relaxing until I return from this humble moment, remembering that's the same swamp we pulled Tikki from. I violently cut the phone line.

After the line is cut, we stand behind the house-trailer patiently waiting. I wonder what Kebus and Buttons have in mind for our up-and-coming attack. Are they planning to kill this guy? Or maybe beat him so badly he recovers as a retard? Maybe they won't beat him badly at all, just enough to teach him a lesson. I hope we beat him to Death.

The Farmer pulls in his drive; he's driving horribly! He staggers from his car mumbling, but when he tries to unlock his front door, he fumbles with the key until finally getting mad and busting the door open with his shoulder. He then falls onto the couch where he instantly passed out.

Kebus signals us to follow him; he moves slowly, crouched along the side of the trailer then looks through a window and finds the Farmer Fuck out like a lamp. Once he knows the Farmer is incapacitated, he stands tall and hurries into the living room where he presses me into a tight corner and motions for me to stay put. First, he and Buttons explore the entire trailer to be sure it is in fact empty. Next, they quietly lift the coffee table, moving it into the kitchen, giving full range of accessibility to the couch where the Farmer lies face up and loudly snoring. Now they return and stand shoulder to shoulder in front of their victim. Kebus slowly raises his ball bat high above his head then violently comes straight down with a mighty blow onto the farmer's chest. Wham! One second later, Buttons does the same, striking a solid blow into the knee cap. Crack! I swear, it sounds like the bat hitting a tree trunk. Then Kebus returns another into the rib cage and then Buttons into the other knee cap. With each blow the Farmer lets out a loud moan, but this does not deter the two Bikers from unleashing their retribution, a continuous pounding, one after the next.

The beating lasts a long time. Crack! Pow! Boom! The sounds of bones crushing. I stand stunned, watching the two raising their bats

then delivering powerful downswings. For a brief second, almost like a movie, it turns into slow motion for me. They look like two demons slowly dancing ritualistically over the farmer while pulling life from his body, then converting it into energy and devouring it for themselves—A Satanic Feast.

When the two finally finish, Kebus turns to me.

Peeling off his black hood, he says, “It’s your turn!” He’s sweating and out of breath! Buttons is also sweating and out of breath. He steps back, opening a clear pathway to the now badly beaten, very bloody Farmer Fuck who is obviously unconscious but still moaning. I take a deep breath while searching my heart for the hatred it holds for this Farmer. Now focused on that, I waste no time stepping up to bat! But just before I land a Home Run Hit, Kebus grabs the bat held high above my head and quietly says, “Not in the head!” This guy looks bad, maybe even dead, but that doesn’t stop me in the least! I reposition my intended swing and begin pounding one after the next into his arms, legs, and ribs! With every blow I think about Tikki and how I loved her and how I found her that day alone and dead in the swamp. Pow! Pow! Pow! I can’t get enough! The rhythms of my swings are not as calculated and precise as was Buttons and Kebus, rather fast and furious! I am still swinging away when Kebus finally stops me by once again grabbing the ball bat and holding it strongly with one hand!

I swear, I can do this all night long. “That miserable Piece of Farmer Dog Shit!”

Buttons and Kebus grab the near-dead Farmer by the arms and drag his badly beaten, blood-covered body out of the trailer, through the backyard and down to the mosquito-infested swamp where he’s thrown into the stinky leach-filled water! Exactly where he left my girl Tikki.

As we walk home nobody speaks a word. I’m hoping the Farmer is dead! Kebus is hoping we didn’t overdo it and kill the Farmer! And other than any legal implications, Buttons is indifferent.

We return home and throw the ball bats, our boots, and every bit of clothing we’re wearing, less our skivvies, into a quick-made fire I build. Then one by one, we all shower!

While Buttons and I stand in our undies watching our clothes burn and Kebus is first in the shower, Buttons says to me, “Congratulations, Clutch, you just entered into a Brotherhood

with me! What we did here tonight could land all of us in prison for a very long time. We now share that secret with each other. It's a Tight Bond we shall all take to the grave. This, Clutch, is what true trust is all about. Ten years from now nobody can ever tell me you are not to be trusted, because I'll always know what happened here tonight . . . as will you!"

I focus directly into Buttons's eyes and nod my head in agreement, assuring him I understand his mentorship, then pop my chest out and ironically say, "I wonder if that Piece of Shit will ever shoot another one of my dogs."

Buttons laughs and replies, "After tonight, I guarantee ya if he does, he won't be squeezing the trigger with his right hand! Coz I busted that one into many, many very small pieces!" I smile with pleasure.

The following day, Kebus tells me to fire up his Harley and bring it to the porch, along with one of my bikes. "We're going for a ride!" We pull onto the road and give our bikes hell. I know my Snortin' Norton will eat his Seventy-Four Inch Harley alive through the first quarter mile, but Kebus is impossible to keep up with in the corners, so I don't challenge him by Passing. Oh yeah, and the main reason I don't pass him is, he's flying his Colors. Kebus will not even allow me to ride side by side with him while he's Flying Colors. "It's a Biker thing!" I must always trail shortly behind, so passing him is out of the question anyhow.

We ride out to a National Forest where Kebus spends the better part of an hour coaching me on what we did to the Farmer Fuck. He says, "Clutch, understand this is exactly why you never call the cops on anyone for any reason. Had you called the cops on the Farmer for shooting Tikki, at best all he would have received is a smack on the wrist and you would have to finish the job in Civil Court! If that didn't work out to your satisfaction and you ball-batted the Farmer Fuck anyhow, now the cops would have probable cause for a strong motive. Clutch, do not ever talk to anyone about anything you do. If you are ever questioned by the cops, don't say a word, call an attorney! I don't know if you will ever want to join our Motorcycle Club, but you'll never make it if you don't learn at a young age to keep your mouth shut! I'm your older brother, and I love you very much, but if you ever get us thrown in jail because you ran your mouth, you better hope we don't get locked in the same cell!"

Kebus always runs little threats on me, but they're usually followed by a slight grin or chuckle, but this time there is No smile, and he is too big to argue with. So I don't bother with reassurances. I just sit and listen and nod my head in agreement and Keep my mouth Shut.

A month has passed since the farmer's beating. I feel elevated in the presence of the Club now! I feel like the surrounding Members know I did something illegal, something Hard-Core, and I feel I'm being treated with a bit more Respect because of it.

Today as I rode passed the Farmer Fuck's house trailer, I noticed a "For Sale" sign posted. "Huh, imagine that." Immediately following his beating, Kebus had a Club Mama from a distant Chapter send flowers to his hospital room; the bouquet consisted of two different color roses, exactly the same two colors that are the Club's Colors! Oh Yeah, and a "Get Well Soon" card, ironically printed in those same two contrasting Colors. The card was signed, "Tikki."