

CHAPTER 1

April 10, 1977 — The night is exceptionally dark. It's a new moon and heavy clouds are blocking the stars from their inspiring brilliance. A cold rain threatens the safety of the road and drains the confidence from a single Harley Davidson rider as he carefully maneuvers through a series of tight curves. It's after midnight as this lone rider pushes diligently through the darkness. The blood flowing from his shoulder is the only warmth he has tonight. The temperature is dropping as fast as his ability to continue on with the lie he's been sheltering himself under for the last two years. But tomorrow will be his moment of truth. So many lies, so many tangled webs of deceit, and so many head games played. Tomorrow it will all come to light as he sits on the witness stand answering all the questions hurled at him from both the defense and the prosecution; he's the star witness. But this bullet hole in his shoulder will have to come first.

“Not a problem,” Road Kill says aloud as his bike enters into another series of slippery hairpin corners. “It's gonna take more than one bullet to stop me from getting on that stand tomorrow.”

The trial he's been summoned to started over two weeks ago. Several bikers from Road Kill's motorcycle club are incarcerated and their fate is at stake. The outcome of this trial could put them all behind bars for life, or close to it. If the bikers are convicted it will be a major victory for the ATF's Task Force, the “Biker Enforcement Team” or “BET.” But if the bikers walk, it will be a major upset, and a three

year investigation down the drain. Both the prosecution and a single member of the defense team feel the outcome of the trial is hinging on what Road Kill has to say and wait eagerly for his testimony. He too eagerly awaits the opportunity to sit on the stand and have his 'day in court.'

Road Kill is thirty years old; he has long, semi wavy dark hair and a bushy black beard. He's of Italian descent and strikingly handsome. But as a hard core biker, surprisingly, he wears no tattoos that claim him as a club member, or one percenter. He does, however, dress the part: tight blue jeans with rolled up cuffs exposing his high top black leather boots, fingerless gloves, and a buck knife strapped to his belt, along with a large chain wallet. His long hair is often pulled back behind his ears and held tightly by a bandana; a gold cross dangles from his left ear. But when wearing club colors over his black leather bomber jacket, it becomes obvious he belongs to a motorcycle club. He is six foot, five inches tall and weighs in at over 230 pounds; he is leanly built and muscular. Road Kill is a Vietnam combat veteran and a retired kick boxer. He is also a chapter president in the huge motorcycle club he joined two years ago. Although raised in a Christian home by two very decent God fearing parents, Road Kill is restless, suspicious, and loves to fight, and he will do it on a moment's notice. It's this powerful resolve and the never ending stubborn determination born into him which keeps Road Kill striving forward; even in this, dark, cold rain with a bullet hole through his shoulder.

Road Kill continues homeward, anxious to end this miserable ride and get into the comforts of his warm home where he can give his shoulder wound the attention it needs. There's tremendous pain, seeping blood, and some numbness, but all his range of motion is there so he figures the bullet must have passed through without striking any major arteries or bones. But for sure, time is of the essence.

When finally reaching home, Road Kill enters cautiously, not knowing whether his attacker, the man who shot him,

has a partner hiding in the darkness, one that will try to finish the job. Everything seems normal, so he makes an eager path straight to the refrigerator and opens a cold beer. He leans back against the kitchen counter as he gulps down the beverage. He uses his thumb from the other hand to spin the cap off a bottle of Jack Daniels. Like a toy top that has just left its string following a hard pull, the cap gracefully spins on its corner as it dances at his feet. He takes a killer slug from the almost empty vessel; he violently shakes his head from the strong taste of the whisky. Road Kill displays an almost painful look upon his face while recovering from the healthy swallow of booze; he smacks his lips and then examines the remaining content by tilting the bottle and rolling the few meager ounces of booze around the bottom corner before finishing the whisky and returning his attention to the beer.

He removes his colors and carefully examines the bullet hole that clearly passed through both sides of his vest. Road Kill extends his arms, holding his colors out; he gazes at the three piece patch sewn to its back. The top rocker proudly bears the club's mane, "BIKERS," in old English print. The center patch is a skull with wings and two crossed swords encompassing a swastika. The bottom rocker boldly displays the club's territory, "Earth." He smiles, then kisses his colors and carefully hangs them in his bedroom closet to dry. Road Kill strips off his wet clothes; he disgustingly throws down his new expensive leather riding jacket when seeing the damage the bullet has caused to the shoulder. The heavy rain soaked coat loudly slaps down on the hard oak flooring. Angered by the condition of his new leather jacket, Road Kill disgustingly kicks it to the corner of the room. He goes to the bathroom and begins nursing his wound. It hurts terribly; the two large slugs of Jack Daniels have done little to stop the pain. To his surprise, the bullet only grazed his shoulder, never actually entering his body, but there is a large slice where his arm meets his shoulder.

He dumps rubbing alcohol directly onto the wound and lets out a loud painful yell. His cat that's been lying stretched across the countertop watching immediately sits up from the sudden scream; it jumps off the counter and streaks out of the bathroom; in a single bound it's gone. He puts a few large gauze pads over the wound, tapes it up, grabs another beer, and then flops down onto the couch where he instantly falls into a deep sleep. Road Kill sleeps naked, lying on his back with a .45 automatic gripped tightly in his hand and resting on his hairy chest.

Many hours later: Road Kill is awakened by the telephone's persistent ringing. Disoriented from sleep, and irritated by the caller's insistence, he sits up, looks around the room and then answers the phone.

"Hello," he answers very curtly.

"Road Kill, it's nine o'clock...what da fuck ya doin'?" Bones, the motorcycle club's national president, angrily questions.

Road Kill answers, "Oh shit....I just woke up! It's nine o'clock?!"

Bones sharply replies, "It's after nine!"

Road Kill says, "I got shot last night, but the bullet only grazed me."

Bones anxiously asks, "Holy fuck, Road Kill, who shot ya?"

"We'll talk about it after court," Road Kill says.

After a long pause, Bones ratchets down his excited tone and calmly asks, "You okay, ya gonna make it to the courthouse? Need any help?"

Road Kill perks up his tone, and sternly answers, "No, thanks, I'm fine...they'll have to kill me to stop me from testifyin." Whirly and my brothers need me and I'll be there come Hell or high water."

Once again there is a long pause and then Bones concludes, "Okay, I'll see ya there soon...hurry da fuck up."

Road Kill hangs up the phone and slowly peels the dried blood soaked bandages from his shoulder. His neck

is stretched tightly as he turns his head downward looking at the ugly wound, now beginning to bleed again, then into the bathroom he goes.

For the first time in over three years Road Kill shaves himself clean, free of whiskers, then with an electric shaver gives himself a military haircut. He showers and then does an exceptionally good job of patching up his shoulder wound. He doesn't want any blood soaking through his new suit while on the witness stand; he wants to keep this wound a secret.

Standing in his underpants and socks, Road Kill does a quick polish job on a nice pair of dress shoes and then dresses in a new three piece suit. Crouched in a kneeling position, he opens his safe and places his colors in an area he has reserved for them. He then removes a small strong box; with a key he had hidden in his desk, he opens it and removes a small, thin black leather wallet. Road Kill seems to be in a trance as he stares at the wallet for a long time. At one point in his life that wallet was as important to him as his colors are now, but that was a million years ago. Suddenly he snaps back, returning from wherever he was to the gravity of his present situation, then places the wallet in the inside pocket of his suit coat and drives to the courthouse.

When Road Kill enters, the restless courtroom instantly calms; it's obvious he's being waited on by all who are present. There sits Whirly, Crusher, and Heavy, along with three other brothers from this motorcycle club. They're all wearing inmate orange coveralls and chained together at the ankles. They sit in the "accused" section of the courtroom guarded by uniformed policemen standing on either side of their bench. There are many plain clothes cops standing around too. Major security is being pulled here today, and has been since this trial began. Like a high school basketball game, the courtroom spectators are segregated; on one side of the gallery sits as many

bikers as the seats will hold, many wearing their colors. On the other side sits all the cops, some in uniform, some not. Many feds are here from the ATF's task force, BET, the Biker Enforcement Team. This is a group of federal agents compiled several years back for the sole purpose of tracking and destroying all one percent motorcycle clubs, or what they so affectionately call "motorcycle gangs", and this task force does not go by the rules!

As Road Kill curiously looks around the courtroom, all eyes are upon him. The silence is broken when the judge, while looking at his wristwatch, angrily blurts out, "Are you Gregory Stuart?"

Road Kill nods and calmly answers, "Yes sir."

The judge sarcastically says, "Well, nice you could make it. Would it be too much to ask that you come to the witness stand and be sworn in? You were called twenty minutes ago."

Upon seeing Road Kill and hearing the judge, all the brothers begin whispering to one another; none have ever heard Road Kill answer to that name before, or seen him dressed this way.

"That's not his legal name." "Why is he dressed like that?" "What's go'in on?" are popular questions among the whispering brothers.

Road Kill takes the stand. As he raises his right hand to be sworn in, he slowly pans his eyes across the courtroom. One by one he looks directly at each and every juror, then the defense counselor, and then the prosecution. He studies the court stenographer and then the bailiff, who begins to speak. "Do you swear to tell the truth...."

As the bailiff continues, Road Kill looks at all the cops and the entire group of brothers restlessly sitting across from them. And then finally he looks at the accused, again, one by one he looks at each and every club member chained together and dressed in orange. The very last person in this courtroom that Road Kill views is his sworn brother Whirly; the man he fought beside, rode hard beside, drank beside,

and the man he hugged thousands of times and said, “I love you brother.”

The bailiff finishes, “...so help you God?”

Road Kill says, “I do.”

Road Kill sits down and this courtroom drama begins with the lead prosecutor approaching him and saying, “For the record, will you state your full name and occupation please?”

Road Kill answers, “Greg Stuart, I work in a division of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms named Biker Enforcement Team, or BET.”

Upon hearing this, Whirly stands and begins systematically trying to extricate himself from the chains, the ones that bind him from going over and beating Road Kill to death!

The judge loudly orders, “Be seated!” But Whirly continues to methodically attempt escape; the chains are the only thing keeping him from Road Kill, the man Whirly swore to defend to the death...the man who just announced the last two years of his life have been a lie.

Once again the judge loudly orders Whirly to “Be seated!” Three uniformed police move in to restrain Whirly, now the other five defendants stand; they too are trying to calm Whirly. As the deputies begin to “manhandle” Whirly, all the other brothers seated in the courtroom stand; they will never allow harm to come to a brother without coming to his aid, even if that means defending him to the death in a court of law! When all the seated cops see all the brothers stand, they too rise. The courtroom is now on the threshold of an all-out brawl. The judge is pounding his gavel so hard and fast it breaks and the cylindrical hammer head flies back hitting his face.... Wham.

Finally, Whirly sits down and the courtroom begins to mellow.

Heavy, one of the incarcerated brothers sitting beside Whirly, leans over and whispers, “Be cool Whirly, you’re

looking at a dead man” as he angrily nods his head toward Road Kill.

Being “set up” and “tricked” by an undercover cop is bad enough, but to have viewed him as your brother and vowed to love, defend and protect him to the death, then to sit here and find out it was all a very well orchestrated lie and the man is no more than a deceitful, tricky liar is the ultimate act of betrayal. Whirly is hurt more than any of the brothers because he and Road Kill were the closest of them all.

The courtroom finally settles down to an acceptable level.

As the judge collects himself, he straightens his glasses and announces, “Any more outbursts from anyone and I’ll have them removed from this courtroom and charged with contempt of court.” He gives Whirly an ugly glare, then speaks directly to him. “And you sir, are close to being hobbled, bound, and gagged, so it may be in your best interest to maintain a calm demeanor while in my courtroom. Understood?” Whirly does not acknowledge the judge’s threat; he only continues to glare at Road Kill while grinding his teeth. The judge figures Whirly is going to end up being a big problem. But by nature, the judge is tolerant and kind, and as a practicing liberal, will show leniency toward Whirly’s dilemma.

The prosecution obviously disclosed Road Kill under his legal name, Stuart, the name no Biker knows. Although he’s the prosecution’s key witness, Road Kill was put at the bottom of the witness list as a cop that filed “no report,” so other than his name, there was nothing to disclose. His name resided anonymously, lying dormant, so it was never considered a threat by the defense or given any real consideration. This was a very well thought out plan by both the prosecution and BET. This way, Stuart could stay undercover as a Biker right up to the last minute and report back on the defense’s legal strategies. So Road Kill’s

entire introduction this morning has come as a complete surprise, as well as a total shock to every single Biker... every single Biker except one—Bones, the club's national president. Bones has known all about Road Kill, Stuart, for a very long time.

Once again, the prosecutor approaches Road Kill and says, "Let's try this again. For the record, will you please repeat your full name and occupation?"

This extremely young prosecutor would love to see Whirly repeat his last outburst. He feels this will only help the prosecution convince the jury that these are violent men and a danger to society.

Again, Road Kill says, "My full name is Gregory L. Stuart, and I'm currently employed by the bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearm's task force division of the Biker Enforcement Team, or BET."

And again, the courtroom fills with whispers, mostly from the side where all the Bikers are seated. Trying to comfort Whirly, Heavy raises his two cuffed hands, placing them on Whirly's shoulder.

Road Kill continues, "BET was formed for the specific purpose of closing down all motorcycle gangs, like this one right here." He points over at the six defendants sitting chained in the accused section. Once again, Whirly becomes restless as Heavy continues to hold his shoulder.

The prosecutor slowly walks to the jury box and leans toward the twelve citizens gathered to judge this trial and determine the fate of these six defendants.

Leaning forward, and resting his forearms on the small wooden wall in front of the jury box, the prosecutor cocks his head toward Road Kill and says, "Mr. Stuart, in your own words, will you please tell the court what your assignment in 1975 was and what your involvement with this motorcycle gang has been thereafter?"

Road Kill wiggles around the wooden chair he's seated in, takes a small drink of water, looks at the jury, and says,

“It started for me three years ago in 1974. I was doing undercover work for the ATF, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, Firearms, tracking illegal guns coming from an armory that was burglarized a year earlier. The trail eventually led me to Brock Owens, a member of this motorcycle gang. Months later, after gaining his trust, I was approached by my boss and the head of BET. They asked me if I would be willing to join the Biker Enforcement Team, a group of ATF agents dedicated to the removal of all one percent motorcycle clubs. The task force, BET, felt my growing relationship with Brock Owens could be nurtured to the point that I could possibly penetrate the organization. They viewed Brock as a weak door I could use to enter the club. Being undercover, having long hair, a beard, and riding a nice Harley, I was already playing the role, and I have always loved the free spirited lifestyle that tends to follow Harley Davidsons, so I eagerly agreed. Although I had been working for the ATF for many years, this was the first time I had ever heard of BET. This division is kept very quiet. I officially became a member of the BET and was assigned to this case on August 9, 1975.”

The young prosecutor asks, “What happened to your relationship with Brock Owens?”

Road Kill sits back and considers the question for a moment, and then answers, “Well, Brock was an egotistical narcissist, so it was pretty easy for me to get beside him. All I had to do was give him the respect he so desperately craved, along with some monetary goods every now and again, and I was in. Brock was a chapter president and had a long running feud with another chapter pres they called Clutch. I was able to get into the club easily by siding with Brock, because Brock needed all the help he could get to support that feud. Brock was eventually murdered; it’s rumored by his own club. And it’s also rumored that man sitting right there pulled the trigger.” Road Kill points

directly at Heavy, who shows no signs of emotion; he just sits calmly while staring back.

Once again, many whispers from both the Biker side and the cop side of the courtroom.

The defense attorney jumps up, throwing one arm high into the air and loudly bellows out, "I object!" He continues, "That's hearsay, and I move to have it stricken from the record!"

In a clear deep voice the judge says, "Objection sustained." He looks at the court stenographer and says, "Strike that last statement from the record." Then to the jury, "Please disregard Mr. Stuart's last statement." Last, he looks at Road Kill and says, "You'll have to refrain from repeating any hearsay as evidence."

Pleased with the judge's ruling, the defense attorney thanks the judge with a nod and then returns to his seat. He offers a proud strong smile to the six defendants.

With his head down, the prosecutor slowly paces back and forth in front of the witness stand rubbing his chin, then says to Road Kill, as he looks directly toward the defense team, "In lieu of your last statement, let me ask you this: During your investigation, was there ever a suspect in the Brock Owens murder?"

Road Kill is quick to answer, "Yes sir, Jerry Macroy, alias 'Heavy'."

The prosecutor asks, "Is that man here today?"

Again Road Kill is quick to answer as he points directly to Heavy. "He's sitting right there."

The judge announces to the court, "Let the record show, Gregory Stuart has identified Jerry Macroy."

Although the defense team shows no outward signs of distress, it's easy to sense dismay coming from that table over Road Kill's testimony. They wiggle around a lot.

At this point, every single club member sitting in the courtroom is secretly plotting Road Kill's murder, all except for one, the club's national president, Bones. He is

actually extremely pleased by Road Kill's testimony, and hopes Road Kill continues to uncover all the secrets the BET has gathered during their three year investigation. He feels this will only help with what is going to happen very soon, maybe today or tomorrow, or maybe even longer, but when it does, it is sure to echo loudly across the entire country, if not the world!

Whirly, however, has never felt so betrayed in all his life. He feels raped! He loved Road Kill like a brother and now that love is turning to hate. On the other hand, Heavy, while trying to calm Whirly, is hoping he can slowly and painfully murder Road Kill before Whirly gets to him. He also hopes Road Kill and the BET have no recent undisclosed evidence that can pin the Brock Owens murder to him. After all, he really was the triggerman.

The prosecutor continues, "Once again, Mr. Stuart, in your own words, can you tell the court what involvement these six defendants have in the alleged manufacturing and distribution of methamphetamine?"

Road Kill carefully approaches this question and with much caution he replies, "There is involvement here with drugs, yes. But it would only be hearsay, and assumed, to try and implicate their motorcycle club as a functioning entity in that involvement."

And that statement is a hard blow to the prosecution's RICO case: Racketeer Influence and Corrupt Organizations. And all the cops sitting in this courtroom know it; they all become restless over what Road Kill just said.

Yet again, the courtroom fills with whispers, only this time much louder and mainly from the cop's side of the courtroom.

The judge pounds his gavel several times, loudly saying, "Order in the court."

As the courtroom quiets, the prosecutor, now afraid to continue with this line of questioning, wants to move on to something less risky. He must go over the damage made by

Road Kill's last statement with his prosecuting team before resuming that line of questioning. That will have to be done tonight, after court.

Although a fast thinker, after hearing what Road Kill just said, the young prosecutor is at a loss for words. As he paces anxiously around the courtroom, both the judge and the jury can see it.

Finally, the prosecutor asks the judge if he would call for "lunch break." He wants to give his team time to gather their thoughts and evaluate the damage caused by Road Kill's last statement. The judge concurs and says, "Although somewhat early, the court will recess for lunch. We will reconvene at one thirty this afternoon." His brand new gavel comes down reluctantly hard. Crack. "Court dismissed."

As everybody stands to exit, Bones looks directly at Road Kill and offers a very soft, careful smile, but it is not seen by just Road Kill alone. Group Supervisor Adams also saw exactly what Bones just did. Confused by that smile, Adams, Road Kill's boss and childhood friend, and the man that helped Road Kill enter the ATF, gets weak at the knees and sits back down in total shock. With his head bowed, and slowly scratching the back of his neck, Adams is hoping his gut feelings and suspicion about Road Kill are wrong. However, the smile Bones just initiated lends a strong suggestion there may be some merit to his gut feelings and all the ugly rumors floating around the BET... God forbid.