



## TAD

His game was all about: fast cars—fast women, hot bikes—hot women, hard drugs—hard ... well, you get the picture. A pretty boy who could talk the ladies out of the panties for a nite that would never see dawn. Tad was a slick talkin, smooth walkin tough guy wannabe. Oh, I'm sure he's done his Tours of Duty in the Mattress Zone, but his back alley bravado and barroom brawl repartee wore a bit too thin. He aint got nothin but a rock in that head of his, and I doubt it's been thumped on as many times as he makes it out to be.

Thing is, he was a tad bit... *too* Tad. Like empty royalty, this Huckster of Hip / King of faux Cool presided over a posse of peasantry; up and coming jesters who put him on a paper Throne awaiting the day when they too would achieve his level of mockery. Insecurity at its most transparent.

After about an hour of hyperbole, I was finding it harder to contain my amusement. Diplomacy prevailed, and I thanked my buddy Crash for the invite and excused myself. But as I approached my bike, pomposity penetrated the air.

“That thing got any speed?”

Tad had followed me outside. ‘That thing’ he was referring to was my Sportster, which I affectionately called The Bastard. And though no longer pretty or young, she gets the job done.

“Gets me where I’m going,” my level head replied.

“Yeah. I wouldn’t want to try and keep up with the other boys on that bucket, either.”

Death defying daredevils only interest or impress me when they’re honest. Some pretentious punk-ass bitch trying to egg me on to race just won’t do. But that didn’t stop me from a little goat getting myself.

“Don’t take looks to get you down the road, GQ.”

He searched his diminished supply of brain cells for a cogent reply, but “fuck you” was all he could muster. Then he returned to the party.

Splendid. How could I retort such a well-supported argument?

But The Bastard was anxious to go. She had apparently been kept company by Pretty Boy’s fluorescent green plastic machine illuminating half the block in its lime-twist sheen. A fiberglass crotch rocket built for speed and sold to far too many young Turks who don’t know their limits.

Different strokes. And that’s all good. But I’d rather ‘Ride to Live’ than Race to Die.