



Preface:
The Broken Ones

An infant lies in its own excrement in a crib. It ceased to cry. It ceased to care. A bottle placed in its hands like clockwork serves as its only nourishment. The child's misshapen head struggles to comprehend that it has been born into a world that appears to be barren except for food. No love, no nurturing; only actions that allow survival, so it may fulfill its role of being a living body to collect a welfare check.

Time passes. The toddler is alone on the city streets. The fast pace and loud noises are exciting! This new world is tall, so the child uses its small size to remain unseen. Food can be found strewn about. Water is a bit more challenging, but the dark places keep it from evaporating. The shadows become a dear friend in the quest for life. But shadows can't hide the boy forever. Authorities discover him and deposit him in an orphanage.





Another front door opens, revealing a foster family within, the fifth one this month. The child walks in with a smile on his face, a mask of confidence. Meeting different children, he feels jealous that they belong. Some are so happy he wants to hurt them, but he tries his best to hide the anger ... to play the game. Clutching a plastic toy gives him something to hold on to, and that's better than nothing. But, when they try to snatch your something, fighting skills are learned and manipulation is developed. Whispers become important; they teach the landscape of each new location ... "not quite right" ... "worthless" ... "a lost cause." Always feeling rejected, the mirror reflects anger, and another foster home is found.

The flick of a nipple creates arousal ... a curious new feeling that is pleasurable. Slowly, the child is initiated into the rituals of sex. The pain and surprise of penetration gives way to confusion. The perpetrator's eyes, lost in a trance, are no longer the seemingly safe haven they once were. An object is given to placate, to reward, and to thank for the silence that is demanded. A discovery of seeming purpose, which yields a room of his own. A





clue to how this world operates. Secrets must be kept, but with them come a sense of belonging. The power to say 'no' is stripped away, but there will be others who can replenish that which was stolen.

Shame! Guilt! An adult who is not a member of the game discovers the secret and he is ripped away from those who have been satisfying the need for connection. The mind begins to spin - thoughts, images, rejections, abuse, faster, and faster and heat begins to radiate outward in waves. The mental turbulence becomes too much, the unreleased anguish has reached its peak; the child's mind is broken into fragments....





Chapter 1 **Custom Chopper Show**

The piece-of-shit van rolls slowly through the parking lot, crunching gravel under its bald tires. Rust has eaten most of the paint away, along with some of the metal in the rear wheel wells. The lower panel flaps slightly as the tire rolls into a small dip. The rear bumper, which is also spotted with rust, sports a bright yellow sticker reminding people to ‘Start SEEING Motorcycles.’

This is my van, and I know it is a total eyesore, but I really don’t care. I think of it as being a sleeper - not that I have an impressive engine under the hood but, because of what I have strapped down in the back - my first custom built motorcycle! She’s riding like a queen in the cargo area. Or perhaps, I should call her a bondage queen? Ha! Today is a day I’ve been working towards for nearly two years, and my excitement is at an all time high. It was a long road getting here, and I don’t know what the competition will look like, but in the present moment I have so





much joy flowing through my body that I feel like I could fly! I'm bringing her to the world famous Rat's Hole Custom Chopper Show during bike week in Sturgis, South Dakota. It's time to see how she'll do in competition with the big kids. But, first things first, I need to park this van so I can bring my lady out to play.

I scan the parking lot hoping for a hill to make the unloading process go smoother, but it's totally flat and filling up quickly with registrants like me. I notice an available parking spot. As I pull in, I read 'Edinburgh Racing' printed on the side of the white trailer next to me. A quick glance tells me the owners have already locked up and moved on.

To my other side is a new black Ford F250 with an enclosed tandem axle cargo trailer hooked up to it. The trailer looks sharp with its gloss black paint and diamond-plated panels. The rear ramp door is open, revealing a huge motorcycle with a foot wide rear tire in the process of being unloaded. I figure they must have a Boss Hoss¹ with either a 280 or 300 series tire. I rotate the van's ignition key to the off position, as I throw open





the driver's door and hop down to determine if they are running the 4 liter Chevy V6 in that frame or the V8 big block.

“Hey guys, nice bike!” I call out to the three bikers that are starting to roll the Boss down the ramp. I try to get a closer look while also being mindful to stay out of their way. Oh - this is a small block; they are running a Chevy ZZ4 350 cubic inch motor ... a high performance engine similar to what's in a Corvette. Then, I start to wonder why they didn't just start the bike and back it out, since these bikes come factory-equipped with an automatic transmission with reverse, but hey - not my call.

“Thanks...” they respond. They look up once the bike is stopped on level ground. The largest biker is a mountain of a man. His face lights up when he sees me. I feel recognition of kindred souls, although I'm sure we've never met before. To his left is the scrawny, wispy haired, sidekick. A snicker is heard from the third man, drawing my attention to a handsome biker with a beard. From the sneer on his mouth, it seems he's judging the condition of my van, and then he turns to look at me. I'm an attractive female with shoulder length curly hair, slender build,





and a happy, yet reserved demeanor. I'm wearing flare-legged jeans and a company t-shirt to justify writing off travel expenses. The once black shirt is faded from years of washing, but nicely softened so that it feels good against my skin. I rarely wear makeup and today is no exception. Basically, I'm a tomboy that's grown into a woman. But, not wanting to flaunt my sexuality, I continue to dress the part of the tomboy.

I give a half-smile in response to his snicker while thinking to myself, yeah, my van is a piece of crap, but I purchased it just to make this one trip and it's doing what it's supposed to - so that's good enough for me. You don't know my story, so don't judge.

Turning back to the gentle giant whose frame casts a shadow over the smaller man, I ask, "Is this your bike?" I'm guessing that it is, because he's just so big that he would look right at home riding it. He must be over 6'4" and around 250 pounds, and by the look of his chest and arms, enjoys working out. His face is gentle and his eyes are equally bright,² a beautiful blue with a twinkle that lets me know he's kind, yeah ... this is someone I feel comfortable talking to.





“You got that right!” He replies with a booming voice. “And my wife says I must have a screw loose to spend so much money on a bike like this. And I do! Come here and look!” He points to the back of his bald head and turns a little, so I can see what he’s referring to. It’s a tattoo of a screw coming out of his head!

“Nicely done!” I laugh.

He returns the laugh, “Ya see? I’ve got a screw loose! Bwahahahaha!” And he throws his head back and laughs so hard that his entire body jiggles! What a character! I really like this guy!

The laughter subsides and I direct the conversation back to the Boss, “I’ve heard these bikes are really excellent to drive because of the lack of vibration. Is that true?”

“Oh yeah, it’s a super-smooth ride.” He responds in his deep voice. “Between the weight of the bike and the exceptional engineering, this bike is pure power once you grab a fist full of throttle. I won’t let you ride mine, but they’ve got demos set up just outside Sturgis.”





“Maybe I will, but with my weight and that much horsepower, I’ll probably be horizontal and hanging onto the grips with my legs flailing out behind me in the wind!” We laugh at the visual. “Well, I won’t keep you. I’ll take a closer look at your bike once it’s set up in the staging area. I’d better get unloaded myself . . .,” I say with a wave of my hand. “Nice meeting you all!”

I turn and make my way to the back of the van and become focused on the task at hand. Opening the double doors, I proceed to slide out a 2’x10’ wood plank with aluminum transition plates that I had screwed onto the ends of the board earlier that week. I position the plank against the lip of the floor and shift it back and forth a little to ensure that it’s secure. Then I walk around to the side doors and open them up to gain access to the front of the bike. While fabricating the ramp, I also installed a front wheel chock³ and some tie down rings⁴ into the floor of the van - luckily the floor still had solid metal! There’s nothing better than peace of mind that the bike is staying exactly where it’s supposed to, while traveling long distances. The ratchet tie downs⁵ are connected to some soft loops,⁶ which are then secured





around the lowest portion of the handlebars. I had compressed the forks⁷ a little to minimize the suspension from moving, but not so much that it was going to damage the fork seals. Taking a close look, I don't see any leakage so everything appears to have made the road trip without mishap.

“Hey, are you planning on unloading this bike by yourself, little lady?”

My reverie is interrupted as I realize that someone is talking, trying to gain my attention. I look up to see the three bikers from next door peering in the back doors.

The giant offers, “We can give you a hand, if you'd like.”

I look at them in surprise, almost as if weighing the decision. Why was I hesitating?! Of course I'll take their help! I break into a wide grin that hopefully offsets my surprise, and lets them know how appreciative I really am.

“Sure!” I respond, and then take charge of my new assistants. “I'll hop on the bike, and if you ...” I motion with a nod of my head to the silent guy, “could hop in here and gently release this tie-down and you ...” I nod to the bearded guy “could release the right tie-down here at the same time.” Then I motion





to the giant, “and if you could make sure the ramp doesn’t move and that I don’t descend too quickly, then we should be able to roll this out no problem.” They all take their positions as indicated, and as a team, the four of us ease the motorcycle out of the van, down the narrow ramp, and onto the gravel lot. I put the kickstand down and dismount while explaining, “I knew this might be a challenge unloading the bike being solo and all. But, when I drove in here and looked around for an incline to lessen the angle of descent, I couldn’t find one. So, I really appreciate this. I swear you’re all heaven sent!”

“It was our pleasure. This is a beautiful bike you’ve got here ... and you are?” The giant holds out his hand for an introduction.

I take his burly hand in a firm grip and reply with a smile, “My name is Katarina Zora. And you?”

“I’m called Groovy J, and this here is Hollywood,” he says, using his free hand to slap the chest of the pretty boy biker. And this is Mike.” He motions with a nod to the silent guy.

“Pleased to meet all of you.” I release Groovy J’s grip and shake hands with the silent guy, who now has the name of Mike.





I'm not expecting to remember his name, I have a hard time with that - it's never anything personal. But nicknames, those are easier to remember. I turn to Hollywood, yeah, his name suits him. I hold my hand out to shake his, and he takes my right hand into *both* of his and then rubs his middle finger on the inside of my palm. What the hell?! I remember learning that signal back in school as a way to tell someone you're interested in hooking up. I'm shocked and slightly amused to come across this little flirtation from the past. Then he holds my hand a little while longer and gives it an extra squeeze just before releasing.

“If there's anything else I can do for you...” He lets his voice trail off suggestively.

I ignore the innuendo and jerkily turn my back on him, addressing the other two guys, “I really appreciate your help. And good luck to all of us in the show today!”

“Well, hold on there, little lady ...,” Groovy J begins.

“Katarina.” I correct him.

“Okay, Katarina ... sorry.” He says with a slight incline of his bald head as if tipping his hat. “How about telling us a





little about your bike here? This is mighty beautiful. I take it that you are the proud owner, is that correct?”

A smile returns to my mouth from his politeness and kind words, “Yes, I finished her up this spring and thought she was really beautiful. But, I wasn’t sure just how nice until I took her to the Motorcycle Madness show this summer and she took 1st place, Best Paint, AND Best in Show! So I thought I would try my luck at The Rat’s Hole and here I am!”



Groovy
J laughs at my excitement,
“Well, I’m glad you made it! This paint *is* outstanding. What color it is?”

“It’s a girl’s color.”
Ah, so the





silent guy does know how to speak.

I smile kindly at Mike's words, "Yes, I have heard that before, and I guess you could call it a girl's color, which is appropriate since it *is* a girl's bike." I tease Mike lightly, because I imagine him to be a little addled in the brain. Then, I turn back to Groovy J, "The color is called gold to magenta pastel, because it's one of the color shifting paints from PPG's Harlequin line.⁸ House of Kolor used the name Kameleon⁹ to designate their color shifting paint, so most people call these paints Kameleon. But, that's not correct. Do you see how it looks like magenta ..."

"It looks pink." Mike says matter-of-factly.

"To an untrained eye perhaps, but I can assure you the color's name is gold to magenta pastel." I inform Mike with an air of gentle authority. "But, do you see how it picks up the gold tones at the edges, almost as if it's glowing?" The three bikers move their heads around, and then start bending their bodies in awkward positions to see the shift.

"Yeah, that's really beautiful ..." Hollywood stretches the word 'beautiful' out, while turning to gaze at me. I look away, starting to feel a little irritated. What's this guy's deal? There are





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¹ <http://www.bosshoss.com/>

² I have noticed that those with a cloudy or dull left eye, seem to have closed off to their receptive, or feminine side.

³ [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Chock_\(wheel\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Chock_(wheel))

⁴ <http://www.reeseprod.com/content/products.aspx?lvl=2&parentid=9200&catID=9380&part=0>

⁵ <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1kE4xnA-eEY>

⁶ <http://www.motorcycle-superstore.com/34477/i/steadymate-soft-loops>

⁷ http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Motorcycle_fork





⁸[http://www.ppg.com/coatings/refinish/en/products/vibrance/
Pages/default.aspx](http://www.ppg.com/coatings/refinish/en/products/vibrance/Pages/default.aspx)

⁹ <http://www.houseofkolor.com/products/specialty.jsp>

