

I hope you all are enjoying the story. I am getting great feedback and people asking where they can get back issues to catch up on the story. Email the author and she can help you out sallyb7870@sbcglobal.net. Also I would like to take a second to thank Cass and Donna from Deluxe H-D Restorations www.deluxe-hdrestorations.com for their sponsorship of the Word of a Liar.

Word of a Liar

Chapter 4 Part 1

"You're not taking Ellen anywhere." Dee Dee marched over to them, reached up and yanked on a chunk of Desi's hair.

Desi squealed. Dee Dee exhaled through gritted teeth. "You better learn your place, young lady. Mad Dog and Rambo are officers in this club and what they say goes. You got that?" Desi tried to free her captured tresses, but Dee tugged harder, bending Desi nearly to the ground.

"Yes, yes, I got it. Now let go!"

Dee dropped her hands to her hips. Breathing heavily, her dark eyes seared the two women. Ellen smoothed back her hair, fearful she'd be next.

"I was trying to help Ellen out." Desi rubbed her scalp.

"Like hell you were. And you-" she turned to Ellen, "better do as you're told, if you want to get home unharmed. Mad Dog and Rambo aren't going to hurt you, but some other crazy fuck might, so stay put!"

Hard lines creased the corners of Dee's eyes and outlined her mouth. The woman reminded Ellen of a Chihuahua whose ferociousness nullifies their small size. For the moment, Dee Dee effectively squelched any plot to flee. Ellen lowered her gaze.

Dee sat down and Dee walked over to a cooler, retrieving another beer. "Would you like one, Ellen? Her hostility dissipated, like the fury of a passing squall.

"No thank you, I don't drink beer." Ellen picked up the blanket, wrapped it around her shoulders and then sat down, scooting her chair close to the fire. Weary, her burn stinging, she wanted to crawl up in a ball and sleep.

"How about a whiskey?"

"No thanks." Ellen stared at the fire, hoping the absence of eye contact would stop Dee's pretense of hospitality.

"If you're hungry, there's a couple of hot dogs left." Dee lifted the lid on the grill and frowned. "They're kinda on the crispy side."

"I don't care for anything." Ellen blinked away tears and focused on the stars.

"Do you smoke weed?"

Ellen smothered a scream. Could this woman get any more annoying with her phony act of concern? If she was so interested in Ellen's well-being, why did she stop her from going to the farmhouse and using the phone? As a principal of a high school and a mother, did Dee Dee honestly think she would indulge in illegal drug use? Ellen envisioned pictures all over Facebook and You Tube. Principal caught smoking weed at a biker rally. Wouldn't that go over well with the school board? What was Dee going to ask her next...if she participated in group sex? Ellen shook her head. "No. I don't smoke."

Desi got up and went over to a small wood pile. Selecting a good size piece of firewood, she unceremoniously dropped it onto the burning logs, causing the charred, glowing teepee to topple. Sparks flew. Ellen bolted upright to escape being burned. She looked over at Desi and saw the corners of her mouth turn upward. Ellen jerked the chair back a safe distance and sat down. Desi slipped into her lawn chair. Leaning forward, elbows on her knees, she watched the flames then looked over at Ellen. "So Ellen, you don't smoke cigs or weed and you don't drink alcohol, what do you do for fun? Play Bingo at the senior center?"

The snide comment tore away the last remnant of Ellen's threadbare good manners. "All right! All right!" She threw up her hands. "I'll go along with this charade and pretend I'm not some undesirable you're forced to tolerate for the night. If you have any, a Coke would be good."

"My, my I never would have guessed." Desi grinned. "We're fresh out of nose candy, but I'm sure I could find a rock or two. Someone's bound to have it. Maybe even Rambo." Desi's eyebrows lifted. "Shall I go ask?" She jumped to her feet.

"That's not what I meant and you know it." Ellen wanted to leap over the fire and choke her, but her lack of experience in the fine art of cat fighting, kept her seated.

"I'd better go find you some sweats. I can see my jeans will be way too small."

"Don't bother." Ellen gripped the chair handles, ready to defend herself if the need arose. Desi and Dee Dee might be a lot tougher, but at least she'd go down fighting. Desi tossed her head back, like an insolent princess. "I'll get them. I don't want Rambo coming back here busting my ass because I didn't treat his guest right." Her eyes burned hotter than the fire. She spun around and then stormed off.

"Jealous bitch." Dee Dee chuckled, tossing a cigarette butt into the glowing cinders. "I don't blame her. Rambo's a fine lookin' man." She smiled.

"I assure you I have no interest at all in Rambo. I wouldn't even be here if Mason...Rambo, whoever he is...didn't threaten to hog-tie me to the back of his motorcycle." Tears stung Ellen's eyes. She reached down and slapped at a mosquito, biting her ankle then looked into the fire. With the back of her hand, she brushed tears from her cheeks and for the second time, wished she hadn't thrown away Mason's bandana.

Dee Dee got up and fished out a can of Coke from the cooler. She pulled back the tab, poured some on the ground then reached for a bottle of Jack Daniels.

She handed the spiked soda to Ellen. "Drink it. The whiskey will do you good."

Ellen gulped the cold fizzy liquid, feeling the heat of the whiskey. Dee Dee went to the truck, returning with a can of Off. "Probably need some of this too. The mosquitoes are bad around here." Ellen took the offering, noticing how Dee Dee's face had softened. Maybe it was the firelight, but she looked less threatening.

"I'm sorry for what I said. It was rude." Ellen sighed. "You're very kind to share your campfire with a total stranger."

Dee took another cigarette from her jacket pocket and lit it. "So what happened Ellen? How'd you end up here?" She sat back, folded her arms across her chest and puffed on the cigarette, ready to listen.

Desi's absence and the relaxing warmth of the fire and whiskey slowly eradicated Ellen's fears and she began her story. She told Dee Dee about how she happened to be stranded and how Mason and Mad Dog helped her. She told her about her new position at Westwood Alternative High School and learned Dee Dee and Spider's daughter had enrolled there and they lived only a few blocks down the street from Ellen. Shocked at first, Ellen began to realize she enjoyed conversing with Dee Dee. Despite her brittle demeanor, Dee was quite genuine.

Engrossed in conversation, Ellen didn't notice Desi return with the sweats. She threw them, striking Ellen across the head. The pants landed in the dirt. Stunned, Ellen looked up, expecting a fight, but Desi sat down, crossed her legs and smiled. Ellen picked up the sweats, shook them and then slipped them on, stretching out the waistband. "Look Desi, there's room to grow." She returned a sarcastic smile. If Desi wanted a fight, then so be it. She wasn't going to tolerate any more of that shrew's snide comments. Ellen picked up the insect repellent and sprayed every inch of her clothing and hair. She squirted more into her hand, rubbing it on her face, neck and then her feet. Still not satisfied, she sprayed her clothes until the can emptied.

Desi coughed. "Be careful! Are you trying to set us on fire with all those fumes?"

"Well now that I stink maybe your hairy boyfriend will leave me alone." Ellen sat down and finished her drink. The charged night air crackled with impassioned friction.

Dee Dee stood. Like a barrier between the two, she held her hands out to the fire. "Don't you think it's time to call a truce?" Dee Dee's eyes darted from Ellen to Desi. "Because I'm getting real tired of the bullshit."

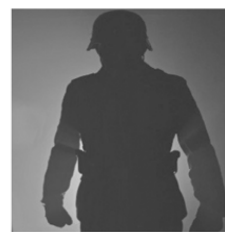
Ellen swallowed. Dee Dee was right. She had no business fighting with Desi. After tonight she wouldn't see her again. Besides, she never physically fought with anyone in her life. She needed to be the adult. Sucking in her lips, then rolling them over her teeth, she looked at Desi and forced words into sound. "Thank you for the sweats."

"You're not going to believe this, Desi," Dee Dee said. "But Ellen lives right up the street from me and Spider and a few blocks down from Rambo. She bought the house Rambo was interested in. Isn't that wild? Here we are neighbors and we meet here in the boonies." She took a drag off a pipe and passed it to Desi. Desi hesitated. "You live on Washington Street? Rambo's street?"

"Yes. In an old Victorian."

Desi inhaled deeply off the pipe. She held her breath for so long Ellen thought she was going to implode. Finally Desi released the smoke into the blackness. The pungent sweet cloud hung in the air.

Chatter 4 Patr 2 Continued next issue



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