



## *chapter* **1**

THE SPOKED REAR TIRE SPUN ENDLESSLY as the wide-glide lay crippled on its right side. The front tire of the motorcycle collided with the hard concrete barrier, which now had an exaggerated crack from the impact. As Mike lay trembling and shaking, the aged asphalt felt extremely cold and twisted. He was fading in and out of consciousness. His jaw felt like it had been split in two, the right half pressing against the pavement, and the other half embedded in the roof of his mouth. He could taste the blood that was draining down his throat. Momentarily, he knew he was in rough shape and unable to say anything. The black-top felt rugged under his jaw and cheek, yet warm from the moisture. The pressure felt like lying on a bed of pebbles, but mixed with shards of glass. It stung ... suddenly his vision started to diminish ... then, everything went black.

One of the other bikers, Mark, removed his worn-out leather jacket and laid it over Mike to keep him warm, but for fear of possible head injuries, he left his helmet on his head.

It was mid-summer, around one o'clock in the afternoon. In Saskatchewan, the weather is very dry and hot at this time of year. The ride had commenced on the outskirts of Weyburn, Saskatchewan. The group had been heading out to one of their normal destinations, so the roads were well-known to the them. But as we all know, anything can happen, any time, any day, to anyone. Mike was a seasoned rider and had years of experience riding a motorcycle. All it takes is one wrong move by someone, for a biker to go down. Luckily, Mike was still breathing. After Mike went down, the whole bike group, twelve bikes in total, pulled over to