

The Sunday Two-Wheeler



By ELLISON CLARY, JR.

Last Sunday afternoon little Timmy Shy, local young man about town, decided to take a plunge and use his goldfish food money to rent a Honda motorbike. He had to sneak out of the house because his mother refused to grant him her permission to ride the machine.

She said it was cruel and selfish of Timmy to starve his poor goldfish for an afternoon of pleasure, but Timmy knew the real reason she didn't want him to ride a motorbike was that she was afraid he was growing up too fast. After all, his mother had never allowed him to ride a tricycle and he had done it behind her back for almost 25 years now. Besides, Timmy was lonely and he had read in a Boys' Life advertisement that "you meet the nicest people on a Honda."

At any rate, when Timmy arrived at the service station motorcycle rental office he made his ten dollar deposit and was presented with his machine. Timmy was disappointed that there were no nice people on it waiting to meet him. When he asked the attendant about this, the reply was "Well my name's Morton Schwartz and I ain't such a bad guy myself. Nevertheless, I'm pleased to meet ya."

"Since you never rode one of these before," he continued, "It'll take about five seconds to show you how it works. See this little pedal well push it one time backwards for first gear and two times forward for second and one time forward for third and when you see the little red light come on you're in neutral and be sure you let off the gas while you change gears and if anything goes wrong just kick the heck out of it, got that ok, take off."

Timmy did just that. In fact he almost took off his whole leg as he scraped against the gas pump during departure. He heard the attendant behind him, saying, "Don't let a little thing like that bother you, kid. You're gonna have a great time in the next hour. It's just that the first 59 minutes are always the toughest."

Once Timmy hit the street, he knew everything would be fine. Fine, that is, if he could just stay on the thing and not hit the street again. "Asphalt certainly gets hot this time of day," he said to himself. "But at least I look a little more sporty now. Why I'll bet I'm the only cyclist in town with a white line down the middle of my face."

Timmy was a real terror on wheels for a while. He rode the first 35 minutes without slowing down. He had to; the attendant had forgotten to show him where to find the brakes.

Later, while tooling down a residential street, a great dane chased Tim to an intersection where Tim was forced to stop for a red light. While he waited for the light to change, the dog mistook him for a fire hydrant. Enraged, Tim leaped off the Honda and the great dane leaped on. Just then, the dane saw the green signal and dug off, Tim chasing close behind, yelping and sniffing the exhaust fumes. It was a perfectly executed hit-and-run for the dog.

Tim was losing ground but learning some nifty driving techniques after a couple of blocks of pursuit. The dog turned out to be a driving natural and Tim was giving it his last effort when he spotted an idle lawnmower. "Just the break I need," he thought as he straddled it, jerked the starter string, and sliced off a toenail while accelerating.

Up ahead, the dog glared back at Tim in defiance, then tooted the Honda's horn, stuck out his tongue, and gave Tim a catch-me-if-you-can gesture with his paw. And so the race was on, the dog having the time of his life because he'd finally caught something he'd chased and Tim having the time of his life because he'd always been a little wierd anyway.

But wait! Barreling right at them, they saw something to chill the heart of both man and beast. Yes, they were coming face to face with the dreadful leader of the pack.

Will little Timmy Shy be man enough to face this test? Will the great dane be dog enough to be Tim's best friend if Tim is man enough? Will the leader of the pack be man? Enough? Find the answers to these and many other questions in the next "Hot Line."

How about that ending, readers? Does that beat Love of Life? I guess I'll probably find the answers to those and many other questions in the next "Letters to the Editor" column.

Registration



It was printed in blue ink on the top of an IBM card which you weren't supposed to bend, soak, or mutilate: 11:00 A.M. You and 11:00 A.M. were on campus at the same time. Also gobs and gobs of people. Follow the pictures from top to bottom and see if they don't follow the route you took on registration day.

