

Chapter 1)

0 Le Mat

The alarm went off again! Max, eyes still closed twisted in bed to avoid the bright sunlight that began to cascade thru his bedroom windows hours earlier. He grabbed for the irritating alarm sound his cell phone was blurting out on full volume. It annoyed him to no end. But he was the one who set it to do what it was doing. Vainly hoping he would take the sound as a starting bell for the day and get up like most other people must do. This was the fifth time he tapped the sleep button on the smart phone to thwart it for another half an hour.

After the jarring noise was silenced again. He pushed the phone under pillows to blunt the harsh sound the next time it set off. However, this last alarm had annoyed him more than the previous four. It was becoming harder to keep Apollo's Ray out of his eyes. Somehow, he had lost his plush blue eye shade that kept him in his perpetual night and dreamy world of self-absorption.

Between the sunlight and the incessant alarms. Max realized he was awake and would not fall back asleep no matter how much he wanted to. This time his body began demanding its morning routine of purging his bowels be done or he would explode. Turning over he looked at the 200-inch quantum dot TV display hanging on his bedroom wall. Its screen in bold red numbers and letters read **2:30 PM, Wednesday May 4, 2022. The outside temperature is 88 degrees and sunny.** He thought, no shit it's sunny and warm for this time of year. Perhaps it's true what they say about Global Warming.

Straightening up and rubbing his eyes. He pulled his legs over the left-hand side of his twenty-five thousand-dollar ViSpring mattress. Encased in an even more expensive king size, black steel four poster bed frame. He paused before moving further. Max knew from experience. He might not remain standing if his drug addled, brain-body balance was lagging.

He fell getting out of bed far too many times before. Like any other smart animal. Max had learned thru Darwinian evolutionary philosophy to take his time planting his feet on the ground and taking his first steps. To avoid losing his breath, becoming dizzy, fainting and face down on the floor. His survival could depend on his feet staying beneath him. The many scars on his head bore witness to his close calls falling. Luckily, he never smacked his head hard enough to have a stroke and die where he lay.

When he was pretty sure he would not end up face down on the floor. Max walked into his brightly lit white and black marble bathroom. The big mirror hanging over the dual glass sinks with their geometric stainless-steel fixtures created a disco ball effect on the walls. Smiling with carnal thoughts. He walked past the whirlpool bathtub that easily accommodated two girlfriends and himself. He also enjoyed the enormous glass shower with multiple heads that put forth a torrent of hot water and steam. Used to wash away the night and bring him into the light of the real world.

Max often remarked out of hubris and disbelief. The master bathroom in his three bedrooms three and a half bath condo on the 44th floor of Time Warner Center. Towering over Columbus Circle, Central Park and the streets of Manhattan was larger than some New Yorkers entire apartments.

Although he knew taking a shower was the best thing to do when you first wake up. He often left the bathroom after peeing and got back into bed for a few more minutes. Until he could no longer procrastinate. Out of bed, this time for good. He got moving so he could get something worthwhile done today. It was the worthwhile part that always perplexed him.

As usual. After getting out of bed he went into his study and turned on his computers, typed in the passwords and ran anti-virus updates. Then he opened the Opera web browser that had his favorite portals and news sites bookmarked. He was addicted to scanning mainstream websites over and over. Searching for a kernel of truth in the stories he read about the world we live in. Most of the time he just read lies subtly constructed by their authors to resemble the truth. While spinning in their own agendas to get the public's backing.

How do the American people not see thru the lies the media and the government feed them day after day? Why are "We the People" not getting it?

How did it come to pass that the media can publish important news laced with sentences saying, "The person interviewed for the story can't be identified because they are not authorized to speak to the media!" What a scam, the media can tell the American people anything they like to fuel their own corporate and political agendas? By simply stating "It was a mysterious, high ranking person who told us about the story." If a source for an important article won't be named, how can anything they supposedly said be counted on to be true and not spin or outright lies?

While his computers booted up. Max went to the mini-fridge stocked with Diet Coke, Stella Artois Beer, Absolute Vodka and jars of extra-large Spanish Queen Olives stuffed with chopped pimento. Peering into the refrigerator as he did every day he woke up at home. He mulled over which beverage would be the best to start the day. It was often a tossup between Diet Coke, a Stella or both. Dependent upon whether he was feeling manic or depressed? Funny thing about it. His first choice usually decided whether the day was going to go up or down.

Then there are the Marijuana mornings. When he felt compelled to smoke away the anxiety about what the day would bring. For now, Max chose the Diet Coke. Leaving the decision to start drinking alcohol and smoking pot for later.

Chapter 2)

Evolution

Max brain had turned procrastination into a daily internal argument that would have made Clarence Darrow believe literally in the Bible.

The Scopes Trial, formally known as The State of Tennessee v. John Thomas Scopes and commonly referred to as the Scopes Monkey Trial. Was an American legal case in 1925 in which a substitute high school teacher, John Scopes was accused of violating Tennessee's Butler Act. Which made it unlawful to teach human evolution in any state-funded school. The trial was deliberately staged to attract publicity to the small town of Dayton, Tennessee where it was held. Scopes was unsure whether he had ever actually taught evolution, but he purposely incriminated himself so that the case could have a defendant.

Scopes was found guilty and fined \$100 (1925 inflation equivalent to \$1,398.78 in 2017) but the verdict was overturned on a technicality. The trial served its purpose of drawing intense national publicity as reporters flocked to Dayton to cover the big-name lawyers who had agreed to represent each side. William Jennings Bryan, three-time presidential candidate argued for the prosecution. While Clarence Darrow the famed defense attorney spoke for Scopes.

The trial publicized the Fundamentalist–Modernist Controversy. Which set Modernists, who said evolution was not inconsistent with religion. Against Fundamentalists, who said the word of God as revealed in the Bible took priority over all human knowledge. The case was thus seen as both a theological contest and a trial on whether modern science regarding the creation–evolution controversy should be taught in schools.

“It is a strange problem to have a thought you know should be acted on. But then argue with yourself, presenting inane reasons for not doing what needs to be done. Even though, in most cases, it would be much easier to do it, then to walk away from the situation without doing it.”

After years in psychiatric care, Max finally acknowledged he was suffering from self-inflicted negativity. So, he made a conscious effort to silence his pessimistic inner voice constantly telling him to put off what was right in front of him needing his attention. Knowing a trap exists, he mused, is the most important part of being able to avoid a trap. Even though Max knew this to be true, he still argued with himself all the time. But, he was trying to stop and that's the important thing. “Everything takes time to adjust or change!”

Chapter 3)

Happy Hour

Clicking the email icon, he watched his inbox fill. After a few seconds the counting came to an end showing 99 new messages. Max thought 99 emails was a lot to get thru. He would just scan the sender and subject lines to see whether any mail really needed to be read. The rest could wait or be deleted outright because the subject was not compelling enough. Or it was another annoying digital advertisement to get you to the sender's website to buy something you probably don't want or need.

But after constant sales assaults on the minds of blind consumers through advertising's psychological use of desire and fulfillment. Accompanied by an implanted fear and anxiety that you're not keeping up with the Jones'. In our marketing manipulated minds, not buying unnecessary things makes us feel bad about ourselves. Twisting our psyche into believing we are losers because we can't afford it, even though it is not needed, we must have it. This advertising induced addiction leads to another; over spending and digging credit card holes you will have a hard time climbing out of. All started by planting digital seeds inside our brains.

After scanning a few, Max thought how do these companies get his email address? He never signed up for them but there they were every day, trying to convince him to make a purchase of this or that. He admonished himself for not reading his email over the last few days which led to the 99 emails cued by date received in his Outlook inbox.

He exhaled deeply, then said to himself out loud "Max you've got to stop procrastinating, things are starting to fall thru the cracks!"

After all the emails and news worth reading were read. Max looked at the digital clock on his desktop. It was 5pm. He was only awake for two and a half hours. But it was already happy cocktail hour at his favorite hole in the wall bar, the Wheel. He liked the Wheel because it reminded him of a bar he frequented when he was in college. It also has two of his favorite bartenders. A cute, sweet girl named Allie who always has a smile and kind words for her many fans. Who make it a point to be at happy hour with her. And the sultry, dark haired babe sporting an unbelievable rack, tiny waist and perfect heart shaped ass. All rolled up into one severe Spanish hottie named Arianna.

The Wheel is also a great bargain for alcoholics because 3pm to 9pm every day was happy hour. Where all drinks and beer are two for one. Even rich people like to save money. Maybe that's why they're rich in the first place.

"Well" Max huffed and told himself "Let's take a shower and go see Allie and Arianna for a little while." that sounded like a plan he thought made sense for the rest of the afternoon.

Chapter 4)

Diavel

The big ominous fat tire, red and black, 1198 cc Ducati Diavel Carbon with an astounding output of 165 horse power. Ripped across 9th avenue on 23rd street in downtown Manhattan. In a furious combination of raw power, melting rubber and the high-pitched sound of Italian thunder. Emanating from the twin aluminum mufflers of the Testastretta 11, L-Twin 4-cylinder engine. The incredible engine, born and bred from the Ducati Corse Superbikes. Some of the best riders on the planet race in the Moto GP, Grand Prix World Championship.

Moto GP riders are the most skilled, fastest and craziest men in competitive motor sports bar none. The factory sponsored superbikes hit speeds well over 200 miles per hour on 18 of the best international race tracks in 13 different countries. Circuits that twist and turn like a snake moving fast to escape a predator.

Twenty elite riders pull their steel stallions thru astounding, gravity defying turns in the chicanes at 55-degree angles to the track. Putting the sides of the 365-pound motorcycles virtually scrapping the road surface. With only a one-inch thick rubber puck attached on the rider's knees to keep the bike from crashing hard, bouncing and skidding into the infield gravel.

Moving incredibly fast with only a racing suit made of Kangaroo skin and a carbon fiber helmet painted in their favorite graphics to protect them. Crashing at over one hundred miles per hour is no joke. Even if the rider can get up off the ground and try to get his bike back in the race. You know he is in a great deal of pain that would stop most other professional athletes in their tracks. Not the riders of Moto GP. Whose will to win is all consuming and the adrenaline pumping thru their veins is so strong their only thought is to finish on the podium at any cost.

New Yorkers walking down 23rd street, listening to their iPods or speaking on their phones, couldn't help but hear the diabolic scream of the Ducati engine revving at 8000 rpm. Moving the superbike at over 50 miles per hour in a city where a car was lucky to get the speedometer up to 20. Battling the never-ending traffic jams from one block to the next. Startled pedestrians saw a man wearing white motorcycle boots, black jeans and a black leather jacket with noticeable steel armor whoosh bye.

As the light turned red in front of him. Max twisted his right wrist hard sending the bike screaming louder and faster thru the intersection that had turned green against him. He flew in front of cabs and cars. Making them maniacally beep their horns to tell him in car talk to go fuck himself for running the red light and nearly causing an accident. He smiled inside his full-face helmet knowing for him, the best kicks are the ones that can get you killed.

Stopping the speeding Ducati isn't easy but under his control the Diavel did it flawlessly. He employed the clutch lever with his left hand and kicked down the gear shift with his left foot putting the amazing machine into first. At the same time, he pressed down on the right foot brake as his right hand pulled in on the front Brembo bringing the superbike to a standstill. In front of a three-foot-wide space between two parked cars in the middle of 23rd street, between 7th and 8th avenues.

With the Diavel idling and revving in front of the open space. The image on his helmet became clear to the passersby. It was white with black and red tribal graphics that created a Yin and Yang symbol on the right and left side. The visor was so dark it seemed it would be hard to see anything. That wasn't the case during the light of day. But at night, even with street lights you would be riding legally blind unless you raised the visor to see.

Max judged movies based on the reality of the plots and technology used in the story. If they are real, have potential to be or are unbelievable fantasies. Riding a motorcycle with a black face shield in complete darkness while shooting a gun is another idiotic Hollywood image demonstrating how little the writers and directors know about their subjects.

Planting his right foot firmly on the pavement. Max kicked the bike into neutral, turned the handle bars in and used his feet to backpedal the still snorting machine into the small but valuable space.

Chapter 5)

The Chelsea

The Wheel is located at 220 West 23rd street, between 8th and 7th avenues. A couple of steps past the Hotel Chelsea which is a bit of a rundown, New York and historic landmark. Primarily known for the great writers, artists and rockers that lived in the hotel from the time it was first occupied in 1885, all the way to the present.

Some of the most prominent names include rockers; Bob Dylan, Janis Joplin, Patti Smith, Iggy Pop, Grateful Dead, Tom Waits, Chick Corea, Jeff Beck, Dee Dee Ramone, Joni Mitchell, Alice Cooper, Jimi Hendrix. And Madonna who lived at the Chelsea in the early eighties, returning in 1992 to shoot photographs for her book, Sex in room 822.

During its lifetime Hotel Chelsea has provided a home to many great writers and thinkers including; Mark Twain, O. Henry, William S. Burroughs, Arthur Miller, Gore Vidal, Tennessee Williams and Simone de Beauvoir. Jack Kerouac wrote (On the Road) there. And while staying at the Chelsea, Arthur C. Clarke wrote (2001 A Space Odyssey). It is also the place Dylan Thomas was staying when he died of pneumonia and where Charles R. Jackson, author of (The Lost Weekend) committed suicide.

A recurring theme in the lives of many great artistic residents of the Hotel Chelsea is drug addiction and mental illness. Which many wrote about and in turn made them famous. Another interesting tidbit. Many of the survivors of the Titanic stayed briefly at the Chelsea because it was close to Pier 54. The White Star Line facility where the Titanic was supposed to dock when in New York.

Max found the Chelsea Hotel to be extremely interesting because it was like a super magnet for artistic genius in the nineteenth, twentieth and twenty first century. It is also a timeless place to lay your head after an intense epiphany or a knock-down, drag-out, drug and alcohol fueled binge came to an end. He had often thought about the aura and mystery of the red brick building with its flower-ornamented black wrought iron balconies jutting out from its façade. That made the Victorian Gothic hotel look like it belonged on Bourbon Street in the French quarter of New Orleans.

The hotels red and white striped awning stretched from the street to a few exterior steps leading to the front door and lobby. Like a jet runway into the creative abyss. Fueled by all the artists that had walked those storied steps dating back to when it was built in 1883. Another interesting fact about the Chelsea. At the time it was built it was the tallest building in New York City, a fact most people passing by would never know.

At the time of construction, it was one of the first apartment building cooperatives in the city and was intended as housing for artists. The Chelsea was in the heart of the then theater district which subsequently moved up town. Causing economic stresses that forced the cooperative to go into bankruptcy until it reopened as a hotel in 1905.

Entering the lobby, you are faced with the grand staircase that continues the outside facades theme of flowers in the wrought iron railings that surround its open atrium. Which extends upward twelve floors. Generally, this staircase is only accessible to registered guests although the hotel does offer monthly tours to others. Max thought what other hotel is so special that it has tours open to the public to discuss what happened in the apartments. While at the same time history was still being made in the dark hallowed halls and rooms of its interior.

Max was sure those iron railings had kept many famous and intoxicated artists from stumbling over and falling thru the Gothic atrium to smash in the lobby below. But falling wasn't the only way to die in the Chelsea as history has recorded its share of deaths, suicides and murder.

The most infamous of which was on the morning of October 12, 1978 when Sid Vicious of the punk band the Sex Pistols killed his manager girlfriend Nancy Spungen with a single stab wound to her abdomen causing her to bleed to death. Vicious claimed to have awoken from a drugged stupor to find her dead on the bathroom floor.

The knife used by Vicious was bought on 42nd Street. Identical to a collector's knife given to punk rock vocalist Stiv Bators of the Dead Boys by Dee Dee Ramone. He had bought the knife after seeing Stiv's. Vicious was arrested and charged with Spungen's murder. He told NYPD detectives they had fought that night. But gave conflicting versions of what happened next saying, "I stabbed her, but I never meant to kill her." Then saying he did not remember and at one point saying Spungen had fallen onto the knife.

Sort of the same excuse that legendary music producer Phil Spector used twenty-five years later in pleading innocent to the murder of actress Lana Clarkson on February 3, 2003. Which occurred in his 33-room mansion named Alhambra. Also known as Pyrenees Castle located in a blue-collar neighborhood on the outskirts of Los Angeles.

Phil Spector has been a legend in the music industry for more than fifty years. He's worked with groups like The Beatles and The Ramones. He's also famous for having pulled a gun on artists from those bands and many others including Leonard Cohen another alumnus of the Chelsea Hotel.

On the night in question Spector met Clarkson who was a hostess in the House of Blues Sunset Strip. The actress/hostess went with him to Pyrenees Castle after work. A couple of hours later claims his chauffeur, Spector walked out of his house carrying a gun with blood smeared on his hand and said, "I think I killed someone."

The authorities discovered Clarkson dead. Shot in the mouth and slumped in a chair. During police questioning Spector claimed to have accidentally shot her and then changed his story saying she had shot herself.

In September 2007 his murder trial resulted in a hung jury and was declared a mistrial. In 2009 at the completion of the second trial Spector was found guilty. On May 29, 2009 he was sentenced to 19 years to life in prison. He is currently serving his sentence in Corcoran State Prison in the company of inmates like Charles Manson. He will not be eligible for parole until he is 88 years old.

On October 22, 1978 ten days after Spungen's death. Vicious attempted suicide by slitting his wrist with a smashed light bulb and was subsequently hospitalized at Bellevue. A place Max knew well from his own experience. Vicious was arrested and sent to Riker's Island metro jail for 55 days. He was released on bail on February 1, 1979.

On the evening of February 2, 1979, a small gathering to celebrate Vicious having made bail was held at the 63 Bank Street, New York apartment of his new girlfriend Michele Robinson. That he started dating the day he got out of Bellevue Hospital the previous October.

Vicious was clean, having been on a methadone detoxification program during his time at Riker's Island. At the dinner gathering and against the wishes of Sid's girlfriend. His mother once a registered addict herself had some heroin delivered by her boyfriend Peter Kodick. Vicious shot-up then overdosed at midnight but everyone there got him up and walking around to revive him. At 3:00 am, Vicious and Michele Robinson went to bed together.

NYPD police Sergeant Richard Houseman revealed that shortly thereafter Sid wanted another dose of heroin. Michele refused to be a part of it and left the room. When she told his mother Anne what happened Anne went into the bedroom. Prior to her death in 1996 his mother confessed to journalist Alan Parker that she then purposely administered a fatal dose of heroin to Sid. Anne did not provide a motive to Mr. Parker, but he believes it was to save Sid from the horrors of returning to jail.

He was discovered dead late the next morning. A few days after Vicious' cremation his mother allegedly found a suicide note in the pocket of his jacket. "We had a death pact and I have to keep my half of the bargain. Please bury me next to my baby. Bury me in my leather jacket, jeans and motorcycle boots. Goodbye."

When Max thought about Vicious life story he concluded it was one of the most romantic true crime love dramas he had ever heard.

Chapter 6)

Vision Thing

Max lowered the kickstand swung his right leg over the saddle and turned the key to off. Silencing the demonic wail of the exotic machine and the flow of exhaust coming out of the aluminum muffler pipes. Standing in front of the Chelsea he undid the chin strap of his helmet pulled it off and hung it on the motorcycles hand grip. He then tried to straighten out his hair the helmet had flattened down making him look like he just rolled out of bed.

When he had done what he could to his jet-black hair without a brush. He grabbed his helmet walked to the entrance of the Wheel, opened the door and merged with the dark bar that always kept him coming back to the neighborhood.

As you enter the Wheel there's a 30-foot-long wooden bar and stools on the left-hand side and a large space with tables in between the front window and the rear wall. The Wheel also has a clean kitchen and a decent selection of Cajun food. Max liked their seafood gumbo, it has lots of crawfish and was spicy enough to need a glass of water.

As he walked in the stereo which was pretty good for a dive bar was blasting out "Vision Thing" by the Sisters of Mercy. One of Max favorite bands from the Post Punk, Gothic Rock genre that formed in the late 1970's rocking on till the late 1990's. In 1996 the Sisters were revived for several gigs supporting the Sex Pistols.

The beat was loud, pounding and manic. The lyrics deep and honest about an un-honest system and president.

"In a long black car with the prettiest shit / From Panama, when the sirens wail

And the lights flash blue / My vision thing, come slamming through

It's a small world and it smells bad / I'd buy another if I had / Back what I paid

For another motherfucker in a motorcade / Slamming through, slamming through

What do we need to make our world come alive? / What does it take to make us sing?

While we're waiting for the next one to arrive

One million points of light, one Trillion-dollar Vision Thing

Another black hole in the killing zone / A little more-mad in the methedrome

One blinding flash of sense just like the President's

I don't mind, out of my mind, blizzard king bring-it on home

It's a small world and it smells bad / I'd buy another if I had / Back what I paid

For another motherfucker in a motorcade

A vision thing, a vision thing and a sha la la la

What do we need to make our world come alive? / What does it take to make us sing?

While we're waiting for the next one to arrive

One million points of light, one Trillion-dollar Vision Thing

Vision Thing is the third and to date final studio album by British gothic rock band The Sisters of Mercy released in November 1990 on the band's own label Merciful Release. The album was designed by songwriter and singer Andrew Eldritch as an attack on the policies of the George H. W. Bush administration the title comes from an oft-cited quote by Bush "Thousands points of light".

After achieving early underground fame in England the band had their commercial breakthrough in mid-1980s and sustained it until the early 1990s when they stopped releasing new recorded output to protest their record company.

In 1991 they organized a controversial North American tour in a double-act with Public Enemy. Fearing a clash between white fans of the Sisters with the black following of Public Enemy several cities banned the performances and the tour was cancelled halfway through. The US tour fiasco did not help the already strained relationship between Eldritch and the Sisters' new record company East-West; a WEA subsidiary the band was assigned to it in 1989 following an internal shuffle in WEA.

In June 1992, Eldritch stated "The bands broke. I haven't worked out yet how a band can tour for a year at The Sisters' level and be broke at the end of it, but I have parted company with the people managing the band in London. If I have to pay them off it will make us more broke for a while."

Max hated to hear about great bands getting screwed by their media conglomerate record labels who offer contracts with the Devil at pennies on the dollar. Then callously steal their souls.

In today's pop music world, it's evident the devil is stronger than ever. Brainwashing kids to grow up with no morals and a perverted desire for celebrity. Parents say "Oh the kid's music is always seen as the end of the world. Our parents said the same thing to us and we didn't turn into Satanists."

What I say to you is; today's mass indoctrination of children's impressionable minds to demonic possession isn't the same. During the 20th century these anti-Christ embracing bands were on the fringes and made themselves up in ridiculous makeup and shot videos normal people did not take seriously. It was a joke.

Now in the emerging 21st century Pagan's ride dark horses at the Grammy's with scenes right out of the 9 circles of Dante's Inferno. Music videos with inverted crosses, sexually used and bloody, human sacrificial offerings and cannibalism by female pop stars. It has even used the NFL to get its dark subliminal messages into the public mind-set. With featured performances in the Super Bowl half-time shows using singers dancing with black camo-dressed military guards, one-eyed Illuminati, Egyptian and Jewish Kabalistic black magic.

Pop artists are given fleeting riches, fame and Grammy awards from the masters of the LA music cabal. All designed to turn young fans minds lustng celebrity from the light to the darkness. Thru these images the satanic illuminati infect young minds with devil worshiping anti-morality, drug abuse, child pornography, countless perversions and endless lust. Evil symbolism is now main-stream in America.

Music producers more than any other art form exploit vulnerable child minds to make themselves piles of gold out of pure crap. Max guessed the often-said quote is true, "Rock is Dead".

Chapter 7)

Allie

The Wheel was almost full of regulars drooling over the two hot chicks tending the bar. Max found a spot toward the end close to where the servers came to pick up their drink orders for the tables. As he put his helmet down on the bar in front of him. Allie came over with a few drinks for the waitress waiting patiently beside him.

After the drinks were on their way Allie turned, smiled and gave Max her full attention. Her long black hair done up in bangs, sky blue eyes and hot red lipstick were mesmerizing. No matter how many times he saw her he was always mesmerized by her face. Allie was one of those girls that looked so sweet. But you knew by the sparkle in her eyes and the way she pursed her lips she would be a hot date and a night to remember till your dying day.

“How’s it going stranger?” she said with an impish smile highlighting those luscious red lips of hers. Max grinned saying “I’ve been busy. I was away for a little while but now that its motorcycle weather again I promise I’ll be here more often.” Allie gave him a genuine smile, not the fake seductions of New York’s meat packing districts hot clubs. Where the barmaids act like their doing a favor taking your drink order but still expect you to give them a big tip.

“Stella?” she asked. “Yes please, that would be great.” he said. She smiled warmly at him again. Then turned walked down to the center of the bar opened the refrigerator and took out two Stella Artois Lagers brewed in Belgium since 1926. Max thought Stella was the best beer. He always laughed inside when people he’s hanging out with start extolling the smells and ingredients of their special crafted brews, like it was a fine wine in a beer mug. Some people are so pretentious.

As Allie walked down the bar to get his beer. Max got a full view of her sexy ass strutting down the cat walk in her daisy duke cut off shorts, black boots and black top. Accentuating her perfectly sized bosoms being held in place by a black lacy bra. That cautiously peeked out of her low-cut shirt as she moved.

Allie was joined in the middle by Arianna the hot Latin goddess that oozed sexy out of all her pores. Max was a little bummed all the regulars had taken the prime seats where the bird watching was the best. Arianna has black hair too but coupled with deep emerald green eyes and pouty pink lips. Everyone in the bar, even the ladies dreamed of having her kiss them all over their body with those luscious lips and hopefully she would never stop.

He thought about moving to the center of the bar when a spot opened. But in the back of his mind he thought it was too obvious a move to check them out. Max wanted to remain cool and aloof, like a good friend who one night finds himself giving the two of them a bubble bath.

He watched intently as Allie walked like a black panther towards him with a Stella’s in each of her hands. She’s a total package. Everything about her was sweet and everybody in the bar knew it. But in the back of his mind Max wondered whether she thought she was hot or not.

She had made that impression on him when he first met her a year ago. She was behind the bar taking abuse from a drunk Wheel regular. A black guy that resembles Buster Rhymes the rapper was howling about how they should get a room and fall in love. Allie was trying not to pay attention to him. But he was talking very loud to the entire bar about his desire to fuck her ass. So loud she couldn’t pretend not to hear him any longer.

Allie's a class act and didn't want to encourage him by noticing him. But he wouldn't stop saying I want to fuck your awesome ass. She went over and got in Busters' face telling him to calm down this is a family place. Which is true because they did have pretty good food and a decent lunch and dinner crowd. But not many kids which is good.

Even though she was politely telling him to fuck off her reaction to his bullshit made Buster happy. He was thrilled to have her attention. It didn't matter to him it was a rebuff and unfortunately for Allie it just made him talk more shit.

On that day a year or so ago. Max had wandered into the Wheel after riding a girlfriend to her apartment on 14th street and Union Square. To avoid being hit by a yellow cab he had missed his turn back onto 14th street. Instead he shot up Park Avenue South on his fire breathing Ducati to the next cross street going west. Turning left onto 23rd he flew past 5th, 6th and 7th avenues weaving thru the cars and trucks trying to escape the stifling city. Coming to a dead stop in heavy rush hour traffic going to the Holland or Lincoln tunnel.

Idling on 23rd Max found himself in front of one of his favorite New York landmarks. The Hotel Chelsea and right next door the Wheel bar and grill. It was a hot day for April and the Ducati was fired up making him raise his face shield to get some air inside his helmet, so his brain wouldn't cook. Thinking he could use a cocktail and get out of the heat, traffic and toxic exhaust fumes at the same time. He glided the Diavel to the side of the street parking it back tire against the curb.

Max had never been in the Wheel. He thought of it as a local hangout and he wasn't local so didn't know what to expect. He was a little leery going into the dark bar. But his trepidation was soon put to rest when he sat down at the bar and met Allie.

He scored one of what he would later find out was a coveted stool in the center of the bar. It was early, so Allie was working the bar alone. The Wheel wouldn't get a rush until around four in the afternoon when most of the blue-collar guys that frequent the bar get off work for the day.

Max was wearing a heavy white leather jacket and black helmet emblazoned with a red dragon graphic. It was one of his favorite jacket helmet combos and he had many. Because he liked the way he looks in sport bike gear. It made him feel like a knight in shining armor riding on a fine Arab charger down the cold hard streets of New York City. He also liked the idea that everybody who saw him riding knew what he was doing was cool. Even babies think motorcycles are cool. Any time you ride up next to a little kid they can't stop staring at you until you pass them by.

He noted Buster mouthing off about fucking Allie in the ass. Max trying not to pay attention to him was looking over the NY Post. Copies of which were laid on the bar for anyone to read and pass on. As Allie brought Max another Stella she rolled her eyes at Busters constant yammering and said, "I can't believe this guy." To which Max responded, "Why don't you kick him out." she just shook her head "We get a lot of assholes here, so I'm used to it."

Max looked at her sweet face and felt her soft demeanor then said reassuringly to her "Having assholes running their ignorant mouth's is something no one should have to get used to." Allie smiled brightly at Max with her big red lips and sparkling blue eyes then threw up her hand for a high five. At first Max didn't quite know what to do. He has always been an observer of life and usually didn't get involved with any high-fivers. Maybe it was the fact he wasn't a sports fan except that is of Moto GP.

After hesitating Max reached out and touched the soft petite hand she had thrown up in solidarity with his comment. He was captivated by her in a heartbeat and was sure he saw sparks fly off their hands when they joined together for that moment. When Allie went back to tend her flock Buster took a long mean look at Max. In his mind seeing Allie interested in the new guy just wasn't fair. He believed all the guys that frequent the Wheel had to get in line to be with her and he was there first.

It seemed there might be enough alcohol fueled jealousy in the air to move Buster to act like the junk yard dog he is and get in Max face. Maybe even take his chances throwing a cheap shot to knock him off Allies radar. Proving to her he was the alpha dog in the bar. Buster was a pretty big man weighing around 200 lbs. and standing over 6 feet 2 inches. He was also a drunk in worn out work clothes denoting his blue-collar status.

Max could see from the look in Busters eyes he thought Max was some rich Playboy fagot from uptown that didn't belong in his bar. But he was getting the most out of it anyway and Buster wanted him gone.

Taking a quick look at the lay of the land where a battle might occur. Max prepared in his mind how he was going to drop Buster as soon as he took his shot. Max was no stranger to fighting. He had an older and a younger brother. As in any family boys will be boys and test each other's masculinity from time to time. Ensuring the boys knew the pecking order in their house.

Max had also dealt with school bullies who thought because he was quiet and kept to himself he was easy pickings. Those bullies found out the hard way that he was not.

In his freshman year of college Max became a member of Alpha Omega Psi Fraternity at the State University @ Oz. Which had its share of bar brawls and street fights over the semesters with other Fraternity's. As well as the hockey, rugby and baseball teams. Who didn't like the men of the black, red and gold. Because Alpha Omega was the hottest house on campus throwing legendary and exclusive parties they were not allowed to attend.

Only women were invited to attend the brotherhoods parties that had local bands or DJ's and all the alcohol, pot and other drugs anyone could need to have a good time in Alpha Omega's gothic mansion near Lake Ontario.

Max always wondered why in all the fights he had taken part in he was never hit. It seemed to him time stopped for his opponents giving him vampire like speed to knock them down and often out for the night. He planned to do the same thing to Buster if he asked for it.

After a few minutes of eye balling and psychic testing Buster turned away from Max and placed his concentration back on drinking. But now he was keeping his fucking mouth shut. Although no harsh words or hard punches were thrown. Allie and a few of the other regulars saw the brewing confrontation and its civil aftermath. Many of the patrons were left thinking there was a new sheriff in town.

Max hadn't finished his second Stella, but Allie came back over to him with another saying, "Thanks for that, this ones on the house." Max grinned "I don't think I did anything to deserve a free beer." She smiled showing her perfect white teeth and said, "I saw the way he looked at you and the way you looked back at him."

She went on to say "Wayne" which was his real name "Can be a real dick and often will cause trouble and the occasional shoving match with other patrons of the bar." Max shrugged it off saying "Often times the biggest cowards-have the loudest bark!" She laughed with Max who drank her good girl essence into his mind. Thinking she has a wonderful tone and feel to her voice that made you very comfortable in her presence. "We get a lot of barking here." She giggled while washing a few highball glasses in the sink behind the bar.

Leaning in her ample white bosoms took a peak out from the lacy black bra holding them in place. Max tried not to stare. Even though he was very interested in Allie's exquisite form and wanted to give her a full once over with his private eyes. But Max had grown up in a home that stressed being courteous, polite and always treating other people with the respect they deserve especially women. He kept his eyes looking forward. Meeting hers when she straightened up and put the glasses back into their rack behind the bar.

He was pretty sure Allie knew what she was doing by bending over in front of him, so the girls could say hello. Maybe she wanted him to look lasciviously at her as every other man in the bar did. But Max held his head up high and just considered her mesmerizing face. She smiled at him knowing he was being a gentleman. Something her regular clientele lacked.

The bar was kind of slow, so Allie spent more time talking to Max wanting to get to know him better. "What are you riding?" She asked truly interested in knowing. Max twisted his right wrist and said "Ducati Diavel" with pride. She wasn't sure what a Diavel was, but everyone knew Ducati was the name of the Italian sport bike maker. Allie didn't get many bikers in the bar and the ones that did come in were usually riding Harley's.

The American made icon Harley Davidson is a popular big boned and relatively expensive motorcycle. Usually ridden by older guys than Max who Allie guessed was in his early twenties. The people that ride hogs are a separate breed from other bikers. Most of them believe as did every 1% motorcycle gang in America. The only motorcycle was a Harley every other bike was a cheap, Jap, rice rocket.

Another thing about a minority of the guys that ride Harleys is they disrespect non-Harley riders on the streets. Riding on two wheels made you a brother of every other person riding a motorcycle. To show that comradery when a bike passes another bike coming in the opposite direction. The right thing to do is take your left hand off the handlebars and give a low salute to the other rider. Nine out of ten times that's what happens.

But sometimes die-hard Harley guys act like they didn't see a sport bike not wanting to acknowledge that you belong to the brotherhood. It gets even worse if you go to bike rallies like Sturgis in South Dakota. The biggest biker gathering in the world dedicated to Harleys and other American made and custom built low riders and choppers. In Sturgis, sport bikes are persona non-grata.

"Sweet" Allie said, "Is your Ducati red?" Max smiled thinking about how red her ruby lips are then answered "Partly, the frame is red, but the body is mostly black with a red racing stripe that goes over the gas tank. Then off the rear of the seat merging into the rear brake light. It's across the street if you want to look for yourself." Hoping she would so he could show her how cool it is. Allie's shoulders made a little shrug "I'd love to, but I can't leave the bar unattended, maybe another time."

Max smiled thinking when was the next time he could get down here to see her "What days do you work Allie?" He could see in her eyes she wanted to see him again as well. Allie lit up saying "Wednesday afternoons, Thursday and Friday nights and sometimes on Monday like today."

Max did a quick internal review of what he had on his schedule for the rest of the week coming up with "I'm busy this Wednesday and Friday but maybe I can shoot down here on Thursday for a little bit." Reminding himself his father had plans for him he really didn't want to do on Wednesday and was committed to a date with the daughter of a friend of his mother on Friday night.

Time had swept by that first day while he sat at the bar speaking with Allie. It was already after seven o'clock and he had drunk more Stella's than was prudent to get on the Diavel and swerve thru the crazy me first traffic of New York City. Allie looked at his near empty beer bottle and asked, "Do you want another?" Max had ordered four Stella's. But as he happily found out the Wheels happy hour made it double the fun. Four beers had turned into eight and ten would be over his safety limit for riding. He was also many times over the legal limit to drive.

Taking a long, deep look at Allie. Max tried to see inside her and ascertain if she would like to go on a date with him. He was drunk but held himself in check. Knowing she would probably want to get to know him a little better before she was going to ride off into the sunset with him. He filed that idea for the next time they saw each other. Maybe then he would dare to be so bold.

"I think I'm good Allie, just let me have the check please." She brought it over placing the black credit card folder in front of him. Max opened the flap and looked at the bar tab. It was for twenty-four dollars. He couldn't believe he had such a good time for twenty-four dollars. Partying in his normal haunts cost a few hundred a night and he usually didn't have as good of a time as he had with her this afternoon.

He pulled out a fifty-dollar bill from the stack of fifties he had in his wallet and put it in the bill folder and closed it over the cash. Allie picked up the folder said she'd be right back with the change then started walking to the cash register. Max had gotten up from his stool and noticed the Wheel had changed from its afternoon to its nighttime persona. Now the bar was crowded with a better clientele then when the alcoholics frequented in the light of day.

As he grabbed his helmet and backed away from the bar Max said "Allie, keep the change." She looked at him semi astonished and said this is way too much for a tip Max." He smiled at her reaction. Any other barmaid he frequented on a regular basis wouldn't think twice about keeping a 100 percent tip. But he could tell she didn't want to take advantage of someone she had just served eight beers. Having no idea what his financial situation was like. But he insisted. She protested a little more than accepted his generosity with grace.

He waved and started for the door. When she called out to him "Max, what made you come here today?" He looked back at her and smiled broadly saying "You did."

He liked Allie and the Wheel putting them in his mental rolodex for future reference. Then left the dark rock n roll bar and joined the fast-moving throng of people on the streets of Manhattan. Crossing 23rd street he put on his helmet and gloves. Got on the ferocious metal beast. Turned the key to light up the LED gauges and start the mufflers roaring Italian thunder. Pulled in the clutch, kicked it into first gear and screamed out of the narrow parking space into evening traffic which isn't much different from daytime traffic.

Chapter 8)

The Wheel

“Hi Arianna” Max said as he bellied up to the bar on this perfect day in May of 2022. “Hey Max” she said back “How’s it going?” Gazing into her emerald green eyes “I can’t complain” rang out. Smiling sensually, she turned and took a neon blue drink with a chemically died red maraschino cherry over to a guy who seemed to have had enough already. That’s one of the good things about living in the city most people don’t drive they take cabs, busses or the subway. If all the alcoholics got on the road everyday it would be a real mess. Max overlooked the fact he himself was one of those drivers or riders that were a danger to society.

He took a covert look at Arianna’s unbelievable posterior as she placed a napkin coaster in front of the guy who ordered the neon blue drink with the unnatural red cherry. Arianna had such an amazingly arched back that accentuated her perfect heart shaped ass.

The neon blue guy sat up straight when Arianna placed his drink in front of him, so he could stare lasciviously at her big, perfectly round and beautiful breasts. The tops of which were squeezing out of her red bra and low cut black shirt. The neon blue guy pushed a ten-dollar bill he had ready on the bar to her. Telling her to keep the change which was a dollar and in his mind a dollar well spent for the show he just got.

Arianna vigorously rang the old ship bell hanging from a wood beam over the bar close to the cash register. Ringing the ship bell served as a thank you from the bartender to the patron for giving her a tip. Hopefully encouraging other customers to do the same. Max could see the neon blue guy was extremely happy she rang his bell. The reality of it is the barmaids only rang the bell occasionally. Because they were usually too busy, a dollar tip didn’t ring her bell all that well but was still appreciated.

Max wasn’t sitting in Arianna’s half of the bar. She came over anyway to see if there was anything she could do for him. She liked Max as a person. His practice of big tips she and Allie shared was a perk. Inquisitively she asked, “Where did you go riding today?” her green eyes scanning his white, black and red, Yin and Yang designed full face helmet. While her fingers touched a scrape line that ran along the top. Max watched intently as her red nails moved over the scratched paint. That had happened during his first motorcycle crash a few years back.

His eyes covertly moved from her red finger nails caressing his helmet to her unbelievably sexy face and firm bosom’s visible above the wooden bar. Arianna was about five four and a hundred ten pounds placed in all the right erogenous zones. The main difference between Arianna and Allie was Arianna knew she was hot and wouldn’t take crap from any guy at the bar. Allie was equally as pretty but more subdued and perhaps too nice for her own good.

Arianna took a deep dive into Max’s black eyes waiting for the answer to her map route question. They had talked about riding bikes many times before. Max guessed Arianna liked motorcycles because she’s known to like bad boys. When Max would see Arianna and her boyfriend at the bar he would always ask himself. Why do so many beautiful girls date such losers?

He knew the old saying “Treat a poor girl like a Queen and a rich girl like a Slut and you will be happy for the rest of your days.” was close to spot on. But it’s hard to imagine why in our western society where we place so much value on a person’s looks. Beauty queens like Arianna would rather have a boyfriend that can’t take care of her properly. Over a guy that would treat her like a precious jewel. Of course, there was one anatomical reason that came to mind. A big fat jumbo sized cock. That has the hypnotic power to put these hotties into convulsive, roll their eyes into the back of their head orgasms. Making them dick whipped for life.

Max visualized his trip to the Wheel then told Arianna "I took a little ride from my apartment garage into Central Park for a bit of high speed communing with nature. Then out of the park at 81st over to 79th street and down to the Westside Highway. I got off on 26th, down 11th to 23rd and here I am."

Arianna still fingering the scratch on his helmet. Brought his mind back to a 300-mile motorcycle tour he took from Rockland to Orange County NY thru New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware. Passing by the water gap as the primary destination. Ending with his unflattering hobble back to NY on the main highways.

The ride captain chose a route taking the dozen motorcycles over sparsely populated back roads thru farm country and what not. After about 250 miles the bikes ahead of Max turned right and took off up an elevated road. As he got to the turn he saw freshly dumped stone gravel on the entire street. He was inexperienced then and did not like loose surfaces. Cautiously taking the right turn around twenty miles an hour. Even so his back tire spun and slid out from under him because it couldn't grip the road with the rocks covering it.

He knew a slide like this was bad. The only thing to do is try to get the back end straightened out. Before the bikes inertia kept it sliding and crashing into the side of the road. The only way to straighten out a motorcycle in a slide is to hit the gas hard and let the machine right itself thru the application of power. It did exactly that. Moving the bike to the other extreme as his back tire now spun out of control in the opposite direction. He couldn't hang on and was thrown like a cowboy off a wild bronco.

As his Yamaha FJR 1300 hit the street and began bouncing. His body flew thru the air doing a complete flip. He landed almost upright on his feet which was amazing. The only part of him that touched the street was the top of his helmet. When Max got up, he ran to his bike that was still running with the back tire still spinning. He quickly shut it off not knowing what might happen if it remained on much longer.

The other riders ahead and behind Max pulled over jumping off their rides to come to his assistance. When the first guys reached him to see if he was alright. They found Max cursing and trying to lift the 575 lbs. motorcycle to its upright position by himself. Not many people can dead lift 575 lbs. especially with no footing.

As his friends tried to calm him down. Three of them lifted the bike and pushed it to the side of the road. Then up onto its service stand taking the entire back wheel off the ground. Steadyng the bike so they could look at it to assess the damage. Max heart was pumping like mad as he watched the more experienced riders give his bike a once over to see if it was out of commission. Or if it could be ridden out of there on its own power.

Seeing he didn't have any broken bones. Max was instructed to relax and walk it off until the adrenaline his body produced during the crash dissipated. While the more experienced guys got to work on the bike. To make sure the frame and the handlebars were still straight and none of the critical components were damaged. Making the bike unridable. But it was cool.

They used a roll of duck-tape they carry for just such occasions to hold all the plastic pieces that had been ripped off it attached to the bike. It would be good enough until it could get to a motorcycle repair shop. Max was relieved he could ride it and not wait for the cops and a tow truck. He didn't want to chance getting a ticket for not adding motorcycle to his driver's license. Also, it was starting to get dark and cold. Being out in the middle of nowhere wasn't a good place to be when the sun goes down.

Without his damaged wind screen to protect his chest on one of the windiest days he could ever recall. He rode his battered motorcycle home on the New Jersey Turnpike cold and alone.

As his crippled Yamaha fought thru the wind and backwash of the big trucks that were all around him. The traffic constantly pushing him to go faster than the fifty-five mile an hour speed limit. He was sticking to because he really wasn't sure if anything important was going to fall off his motorcycle. Under any other circumstance speed was his middle name. But now it was Fuck the trucks wanting to pass. He was going to go slow, hang on and hobble home. Hopefully without having another accident. This time winding up crushed under the 18 wheelers.

After he rode the nerve wracking fifty miles between the crash site and his house. Max sighed in relief and put his wounded steed into his garage, dropped the kickstand and turned the broken machine off for the night.

When Max called his mother to tell her he wouldn't be making it to her house for Easter Dinner because of the crash. She went into a mother's panic. Telling him to go to the emergency room right away to see if he had any injuries still masked by the adrenaline. That after two hours on the road was still coursing thru his veins keeping him pretty pumped up.

He told his mother everything was fine and not to worry talking faster so he could get off the phone. Max felt bad enough about the crash, he didn't need her to add her two cents. Although he was happy that she was so concerned.

"What happened?" she asked. "Fucking gravel" he said angrily. She queried further "On the street?" Max tired and irritated said "Yes someplace between Delaware and my house. I was making a right-hand turn and hit a street full of gravel. I lost control and was thrown off the bike."

Thinking about it further he said "I don't know why the department of public works throws down gravel on certain streets and not others. It's a scam the local government perpetuates to give tax dollars to business insiders. There's no other reason to put loose gravel down on paved streets. Rocks kick up and scratch your cars paint. It chips windshields and we know it can knock motorcyclists off their bikes. I'm lucky I didn't get hurt." Max finished his diatribe concluding "Someone up there must like me."

He could hear his mother's tone take a different turn, one he knew well, that irked him every time she said it "Have you taken your medicine today?" In a second, she had moved from concerned mother to inquisitor with assertions about his mental health.

Mary Margaret Sinclair-Davis had said a special prayer for Max at St. John's RC church that same Easter Sunday morning. Praying for Mother Mary to watch over and keep him from harm. Something she thought didn't need to be done for her other three children. But still did anyway.

After the telephone call with Max her second eldest child. She said another Hail Mary out loud in thanks for hearing her prayers and saving her son's life. She didn't like Max taking such risks on two wheels, but she knew she couldn't talk him out of riding motorcycles. Even now with a serious crash still fresh in his mind. Max always said he was born to ride and would do so until he could no longer physically do it. She heard too many stories about motorcycles, maiming and death. She was glad that day had not yet come.

After the crash one of the other riders had said to Max “Dude, you broke your cherry. Don’t worry about it man everybody that rides will fall sooner or later.” He smiled at the more experienced rider’s comment. Thinking he would have to re-read “Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance” to see if there was a lesson here to be learned about the good and quality of life.

Now that Max had crashed and bounced around the street for the first time. It made his fear of crashing less than it was before the crash. He had experienced falling and overcome it without a scratch. Except that is to the top of his white, black and red, Yin and Yang helmet. That sexy Arianna had been feeling with her sleek red tipped fingers.

He relived the entire crash in the blink of the eye. Then returned his full attention to the present and Arianna. Thinking he thinks too much. Arianna was still touching the helmet when she asked, “How did you get this scratch on your helmet?” He smiled and gave her a brief synopsis of the accident he had just run down in his mind.

She looked seductively at him “You’re a lucky guy Max.” He smiled trying to read her emerald eyes and body language to see if she was turned on or if she thought he was an accident waiting to happen. “Bad boys get into trouble!” she said as her tongue briefly licked her full pink lips while saying the word bad. Max took her expression as a sign of approval. Not that he had crashed. But that she thought it was a cool story and was interested in hearing about more of his adventures. He would love to tell her someday in his bathtub with Champagne and big juicy strawberries.

“So, can I get you something?” she asked leaning into the wooden bar that pushed her ripe melons further up and out of her red bra and black shirt. He tried not to stare at her heaving breasts although he wanted to very badly. But he also did not want to come off like the guy she had served the blue drink with the dyed red maraschino cherry. Max was brought up to be a gentleman and knew staring was rude even if the subject was irresistible and in his opinion a work of art.

“What’s the blue drink called?” Max wanted to know. “That is an Adios Mother Fucker or A.M.F.” she said lighting up the bar with her perfect white teeth “But some bartenders call it a Blue Motorcycle.” “Really” Max questioned “That’s interesting, what’s in it?” She got the irony and said “It’s a ½ once of Vodka, ½ once of Gin, ½ once of Light Rum, Sweet and Sour Mix and a float of Blue Curacao with a lemon and cherry. That’s an A.M.F, if you add a ½ once of Tequila you have a Blue Motorcycle.” She stared at him like a green-eyed cat watching a mouse “Would you like one?” He thought it over for a second and said “Nah, I don’t think it’s a good idea to ride after drinking an A.M.F., or Blue Motorcycle.”

Arianna laughed agreeing with him, it was not a good idea to drink Blue Motorcycles and ride. Wanting to keep drinking her deliciousness in Max said, “Why don’t you bring me a Glenmorangie Ruban.” Which is made by the Sixteen Men of Tain in the Scottish Highlands. Aged twelve years in Sherry casks to create a Ruby Red Single Malt Scotch. That in his opinion is one of the best single malts even though it is one of the least expensive.

She turned her sexy ass around and walked down the bar giving Max a chance to check her out without being obvious and rude. She came back with a rocks glass filled nearly to the top with the Whiskey. Max scanned the glass and said to her “Wow, I didn’t think you would bring me such a big drink.” Arianna looked at him innocently and shrugged her shoulders. She knew anyone else at the bar would be delighted with the size of the drink she poured him. Which she didn’t pour for most other patrons who got the proper one once shot.

After a few Stella's to chase the Scotch and a stimulating conversation with Allie who was now charming other patrons. Arianna came back to Max like a dream he had forgotten but now remembered vividly.

"I think I might have been better off with a Blue Motorcycle for my last call for alcohol." he jested as he finally finished the four fingers of Scotch "I'll take my check now. I'm not sure I'll be able to sign for it after the whiskey does its thing inside my brain." Making her hope she didn't pour him over the edge. Arianna brought Max his check in a black credit card folder with a pen to sign it saying, "Your good, right?" With a deep philosophic bent Max replied "I'm good to go. But am I good, that is a really good question."

Max put his American Express Black card back into his wallet. Then wrote a 100% tip, signed it and closed the folder over the merchant copy. Max gazed into Arianna's bright emerald green eyes wondering what was going on behind them. When Allie bounced over saying with her sweet red lips "Max you're not leaving already the nights just getting started!" As if she was a child who didn't want to stop playing.

Looking at the two of them together, up close and completely irresistible. All Max could think of was bubble's, candles, a big joint of Purple Kush, vintage Champagne, strawberries and the three of them. Partying naked and wet while peering down over the center of the known universe New York City.

Max fought his drunkenness over staying to watch them longer but concluded "Got to go." Allie purred "When are we going to see you again Max?" Her big blue eyes and red lips were attracting him like a Star Wars tractor beam pulling him in and driving him crazy. "I'm not sure. I've got family business and a few trips planned so we shall see." Then he picked up his white, black and red, Yin and Yang helmet with the scratch down the center.

Giving them both a contented smile. Max walked out of the Wheel straddled his bitching devil and began the street race home to 61st and Columbus circle.

Chapter 9)

Bellevue

Max was proud of his older brother. Although he never came right out and told him so for unknown reasons that probably had something to do with his own self esteem. Samuel Christian Sinclair II was one of the top Medical Doctors in the field of Emergency Response and Stroke research in America.

Trained in his Art for four years in pre-med at New York University's Greenwich Village Campus in downtown New York City. Then for an additional four years of study at the Icahn School of Medicine at Mount Sinai located on 5th Avenue's Museum Mile. That occupies 5 city blocks from East 97th to East 102nd street. Taking up a good chunk of coveted Fifth Avenue and Central Park East.

SCS II had begun his medical career as a Resident in the Emergency Department at Jacobi Medical Center. Located at 1400 Pelham Parkway South in the Morris Park section of the Bronx. It is the largest Public Hospital in the Bronx with over 470 beds.

Jacobi Medical Center provides health care for some 1.2 million Bronx and New York area residents and is a Level 1 Trauma Center. Jacobi is also the only Level 1 pediatric trauma center in the Bronx and one of the busiest trauma centers in New York State. Forty thousand children under the age of 18 years are cared for each year. It is one of the eleven acute care hospitals of the New York City Health and Hospitals Corporation.

A Level 1 Trauma Center provides the highest level of surgical care to trauma patients. Being treated at a Level 1 Trauma Center increases a seriously injured patient's chance of survival by an estimated 20 to 25 percent. A Level 1 trauma center is required to have a certain number of surgeons, emergency physicians and anesthesiologists on duty 24 hours a day. It must also have education, research, preventive care and outreach programs. Jacobi Medical Center is also home to Fire Department New York (FDNY-EMS) Battalion 20, who work closely with the Hospital Emergency Department staff to help save lives.

Christian or Chris as his family and friends call him. Chose to do his residency at the Jacobi Medical Center because it's a hot spot for learning how to help people with normal emergencies. Such as a broken arm or a stroke. To unnatural medical emergencies such as stabblings and gunshot wounds.

He also spent some of his residency at New York's Bellevue Hospital Center. In the department dealing specifically with emergency procedures for mentally ill patients. Bellevue is exceptionally well known for its psychiatric facilities and its emergency department being named New York's #1 hospital in emergency care by New York Magazine.

Bellevue Hospital Center is most often referred to as "Bellevue". It was founded on April 31, 1736 and is the oldest public hospital in the United States. Located on First Avenue in the Kips Bay neighborhood of Manhattan. It is famous from literary, film and television references. As well as the training ground for many of America's leaders in medicine.

Affiliated with the New York University School of Medicine since 1968. Bellevue has been the site of many milestones in medical history. From the establishment of the first ambulance service and first maternity ward to its Nobel Prize-winning cardiac catheterization laboratory.

As the flagship facility of New York City's Health and Hospitals Corporation Bellevue is open to patients of all backgrounds irrespective of ability to pay. It handles nearly 670,000 non-ER outpatient clinic visits, over 99,000 emergency visits and some 26,000 inpatients each year. More than 80 percent of Bellevue's patients come from the city's medically underserved populations.

Today the hospital occupies a 25-story patient care facility. Incorporating a state of the art Intensive Care Unit, digital radiology communication center and a new modern outpatient facility. The hospital has an attending physician staff of 1800 and an in-house staff of more than 1000. Bellevue Hospital is home to FDNY-EMS Battalion 8.

Max got to reside at Bellevue for a little while as well. Unfortunately, he found himself on the other side of the fence from the M.D.'s working in the Intensive Care Unit. Many of whom knew his brother Samuel Christian Sinclair II, M.D. FACIP thru the job.

Three years ago, Max had been brought into the Bellevue Emergency Room by ambulance, unconscious and unresponsive after a massive overdose of prescription medication. By the time the family found out what Max was doing it was too late to stop him from harming himself. Making matters worse he was in effect hiding like a needle in a haystack in one of the biggest cities in the world.

Mary Sinclair had made a frantic telephone call to Christian at his home in Ketchum Idaho informing him she found a suicide note Max faxed her hours earlier. After rushing to the city to check on him at his condo and seeing he was not home. She didn't know what else to do. Christian sprang into action calling an old friend Janet Lopez a NYC Police Detective to help find Max. Which was very difficult because Max didn't want to be found. He had turned off his cell phone and left no clues to his whereabouts.

Amazingly, after two hours of looking for him Detective Lopez who had almost given up searching for the night found Max. Who only had minutes left before he would have become unconscious and unable to move or even breath. He would most likely choke on his own vomit and die on a dirty sidewalk in midtown Manhattan where he decided to rest.

Max didn't seem to mind dying and wasn't kidding around. He showed it by writing on a bar napkin from the Blue Iguana bar where he had been drinking Scotch for the last hour. Which greatly increased the effects of the Depakote he was floating away on. Max wrote on the white napkin in bold red letters he attached to his shirt with a paperclip. "DO NOT RESUSITATE!"

Running into a jovial Max in the nick of time. A man Janet had never met before said to the stranger "Hi, are you Max Sinclair?" A seemingly happy go lucky man replied in astonishment "Yes I am. Do we know each other?" The pretty detective smiled at Max telling him "I'm a friend of your brother Christian." Then Janet rushed him to the NYPD Midtown North Precinct Command at 54th street between 7th and 8th avenues. Only a block away from where she found Max casually walking down the street.

Before Detective Lopez escorted Max to the front desk of the largest police station in Manhattan. She took his DNR sign from around his neck. Then she had Max give her everything he had with him consisting of a wallet, keys and a metal cigarette case emblazoned with a red dragon and filled with nicely rolled joints of Hindu Kush. Which Max who had begun to fade dropped on the main floor of the busy police station. Seeing the case pop open exposing the pot. Janet quickly picked it up and put it in her coat pocket. On top of everything else Max didn't need to get arrested.