



**RIVER ROCK
MOTORCYCLE
GIRL**

J. PRICE

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CHAPTER 1

INNOCENCE

The Preparation for this journey began long before the first days of awareness. Golden sun sinks into pink foam, lilacs bloom purple with yellow dandelions, awakening the green grass memories of running across the Thunderbird Indian Mound's wings; waiting, wanting to climb the high rocks, up to the eagles' sky, to speak with the ancient ones. Voices cry out from the past, don't you remember little one?

Waiting, wanting, the beginnings of desire, encompassing an entire realm of physical, spiritual aspects, all leaning toward the great discovery. Fueling all activity, the goal of the moment, Ellie watched her first unearthing, the orange bull dozer pushed a Conical Indian Mound into Lake Wakanda in 1961. Underneath the dome, the musty black earth was entangled among jumbled bones and a feathered headdress. Blackened leather evidenced the clumsy bulldozing, its pieces surrounded the scooped up confusion. This one was not so ancient, such a massive grave robbery by the Historical Society, perhaps they needed a new headdress for their display.

Her heart pounded as she peered into the pitted tomb, a mass of arrowheads, copper pipes and Indian beads. Call the Winnebago, Grandpa's been dug up! Why stand at the edge to look into both death and resurrection? She ran excitedly to the front yard where the green striped snakes surrounded the site, watching as they slithered towards the cement pond for decapitation by her older brother. What a strangely, joyous mood surrounded this awkward exhuming. At the age of six, she had witnessed the removal of a family of skeletons, still clothed in their deer skins and feathers. They were off to the

Museum, where they belong, said the state archeologists, and all will be well.

A decade later, on the other side of the railroad tracks, where the bikes go, she discovered something very early on, the addiction of Harley thunder. Ellie was the feminine tomboy at the age of sixteen. Her long blonde hair curled about her shoulders, framing a rather determined face. Years of ballet graced her form, one that would evolve into muscular defiance. Janis Joplin was her hero because she would not take any lip, 'cause nobody could tell her what to do and she thrived on being the boss. She did not recognize her own femininity or blue-eyed blonde looks, only a stubborn instance upon her rebellious stormy independence, a most difficult, fiery child had emerged into the defiant one.

Right now she was running up the cement slab steps, to discover the Clubhouse. She had heard so much talk about the place and was bold enough to enter. They say once you have had a taste, you'll always return. She stormed across the splintered wood floor, there at the end of the bar was the Rotted President, Misty Dee on his lap, nearly covered in black leather. His face shone as an angel's radiating pink velvet ribbons of light. Who wonders what they do in there? At 16, an eye full of kisses would tend to evoke jealousy, but no, only the determination, the willing of her soul to be there ten minutes earlier. Misty Dee tossed back her raven black hair, and wiping her lips with the back of her hand, she glared at Ellie for the first time, a thirty year glance, then spun around and toppled to the floor.

Rotted President said "Who is this intruder, how old is that girl, she shouldn't be in here!" Feeling stripped naked as the Rotted President angrily glanced at her, his eyes turned from rage to curiosity in a moment. Ellie just ignored him, stood firm at the end of the long wooden bar and ordered a Pepsi to go. She quickly glanced back at the Black Leather King and she felt her heart pound, then jump. Oh yah, here's one to remember. No matter, it was only daylight, but the longing to wear colors was born at that moment. Yet it was at second glance back that was solidified in her memory, far beyond his lifetime. A closer look revealed the small, handmade tattoos on his hands, LOVE on the right, HATE on the left, a small

cross on the thumb's web and "Sally" somewhere in it all. Images that Ellie would remember long after his death, as they too were later pounded into her head, with extraordinary intensity. The very thought of Rotted blasted the Clubhouse order; long dark hair, beard and eyes that shot through your soul, he knew your every thought before you spoke. His intricate personality combined great intellect with commanding performance; he was always one step ahead of the ride.

In recognition, Ellie moved into the early evening, stepping past the black and chrome bikes, nearly gliding into the deep purple night sky. The day before she had spent an afternoon retreat in Panther Mound Park, where she watched the crimson sun sink into the calm summer lake. There was a 50 foot Indian Mound, nearly 5 feet tall and shaped like a bear, but because it had a short tail and was near the lake, it was labeled a Panther Mound. Ellie read about it long after she had played on top of it.

This particular Panther Mound had been excavated in 1945. A tunnel was discovered from the left paw extending to a central chamber located under the panther's chest. This architectural assemblage recalled Egypt's great sphinx. The tunnel led to a hollow room with compacted dirt walls and rotted timber. The chamber's center contained a truncated stone altar that was painted in red ochre. Deer bones, copper tools and stone pipes were scattered at the base. Ellie knew long ago the Panther Mound was hollow and would echo if you ran, jumped, stomped or drummed on it. The Indian Mounds had become her playgrounds. They decorated the landscape in numerous animal and geometric shapes.

However, the tomboy blonde had already settled on too many compromises to go back to the childhood thumping games. At the moment, Ellie was too concerned about guys to play those earth drumming games, besides who can run in high heels? The '60s child radiated an aura of patchouli, myrrh and Balsam of Peru, a combination that the guys preferred. Her spiked high heels with tiny black straps and silver buckles clashed with her jeans, hot pink polish and tight red top. Her angelic face would not reveal the true past history. Ellie always kept her secrets.

But now, due to a combination of events, Ellie's journey had just begun, a one trip addiction to freedom, to pursue her own spiritual rebellion, which became an infinite quest. Forget the guys, she could do all things on her own, with no instructions. The Clubhouse was the new playground and had already cast its eternal holding spell upon her.

So later that evening, she crossed the railroad tracks, against the solstice wind, pressing forward to see the gleaming black bikes. The silver chrome thunderers echoed through the night. They stacked up outside the Clubhouse. Purple spikes toppled onto 16" rakes. Chrome forks were chopped way to far over; chain driven steel wrapped on cogs, long before the belts. The sleds were tossed along the pavement, concrete sidewalk and caliche outside the Clubhouse.

One hundred and fifty leather bad boys bent for the Friday night ride, beer drinking, busting, kicking or laying ass. She went back down to the Clubhouse, ran up those crooked, cracked steps to soak in the guys. Suddenly, just before the club ride, the most gorgeous Road Captain, Rider, bolted into the bar. Little Ellie could not figure out why God made guys made like this. He was not the first, but definitely one of the finest JDs, she had ever seen. A true Scorpio with brown wavy hair, a capricious grin and slender yet a muscularly defiant build, he had more strength than the ethereal Strider.

Once again, perhaps for the millionth time, her mind raced back to Strider, the only reason she rode, breathed, escaped, waited; someone she had continuously longed to see. The Clubhouse noise faded as her memory surged forward to catch a glimpse of Strider. The fleeting trance had grabbed her once again, a power rush of soft kisses, from a mischievous boy who was only getting to you for a few minutes. It was always just for a quick moment that he gave you everything, too fast to ever grasp.

Ellie had met Strider at Panther Mound Park, on the north shore of Lake Wakanda, on the flat top Pyramid Mound just before the May Day ride. All the Saturnians had ridden up from Beeville for the party. Over 40 black, purple and chrome sleds glided into position far beyond the parking lot. Scattered among the ancient ruins, in no particular order, each sled rang out its own presence with green, yellow or purple skulls, orange snakes, iron crosses or naked ladies.

Intricate chrome glistened in the sun, electric chrome handle bars, decorated valve covers, tapered cylinders, diced rims, dove tail bitch bars, or no back seat at all. A true biker, as the Road Queen would eventually realize, lives and rides alone.

Sitting tossed among the Serpent, Conical and Pyramidal Mounds, were two masses of blue-eyed blonde Norwegian muscle, whispering red wine girl secrets, two of the finest golden gods that Ellie had ever seen. Strider was sitting next to Bear Man. Her heart stopped beating, almost a complete stand still, while a melted brain lock of awareness, rivers of green, gold syrup, swam across her mind. The lock carried purple velvet ships with billowing marshmallow sails that ballooned into a momentarily softened crimson sky. The vision remained until he spoke, then the future was thrown in front of her, blasting forward three decades in one explosive expression. "Hey." He was a farm boy, he had tractor hands that moved ten times faster than anything she had ever seen or felt, after all, he ran 600 acres and 300 dairy... funny that he never mentioned his hired crew, because actually the dazzling shy charmer was spoiled rotten.

Her words tried to bubble out, not in English, but in Elvin tongue. Ah oh, she couldn't speak, she just stared at her new emergence. These were the days before salvation, when a primordial, primitive response drove one to insanity. How far would you go for that first kiss? Staring equally into tomorrow, next Saturday; the May Day Festival was marked on both calendars, sealed a sea of turquoise blue diamond eyes that shone into tomorrow. Finally she had found him, the one to dream endlessly upon, chase forever, to the jagged edge.

May Day Festival followed, filled with dead heads in multi-colored tie dyes, contrasting the orange and black HD T shirts, worn by east side muscle boys. They all gathered in front of a sound stage, adjacent to the jumping, glimmering bluegills, in ancient Winona Bay. Strider was alone, smiling. Looking so happy, he beamed when the conversation began. Strider was so fast, so nonverbal, blunt, too the point and rarely weakened to show his emotions. This youth had learned to harden all feelings by necessity; the girl he loved had been blown to pieces by a truck crossing Highway 100, while

following him into a club. His heart hardened by guilt, an unnecessary burden which he would carry until his death, it had formed his personality. It was tossed in your face; he let you know you'd never get close to him and his grief. His 14 year old baby doll was dead because of his ignorance or arrogance, something he'd never acknowledge. After all, all the girls ran after Strider.

Excepting that one afternoon, when a shy biker boy was embarrassingly loosing it, gleaming radiant joy, ribbons of happiness, anticipation flowed from his body. Tan, tall solid, only an occasional boyish grin would leave a tell tale sign. Ellie didn't care what anybody would ever say, Strider was in love over his head at first sight. Finally, he spoke.

"Ellie is it true that you're a bike mechanic and know the Rittman boys? I've heard some pretty amazing things about you." Strider began an inquisition. The problem was that Ellie was too blown away to verify. "Yah, yah." she mumbled, but blushed to look at him. Eyes large and wide, like saucers, she put her tiny, slender hand in his. There was always something awkward about Strider. He was gawky in his youth, as if he sprouted up too fast and had hit great sorrow too young. Ellie couldn't take her eyes off of him; it was an electric-chemical reaction with magneto energy.

Yah, she knew the Rittman boys, they had gotten her into all kinds of trouble, but that legend would be told later on. She glanced down at her bell bottoms with all nine multi-colored planets, stars and constellations carefully sown on them, including Orion and the Pleiades. He noticed them, but had merely smiled. No comment on the artistic ballerina side of this blonde, just the next blunt command.

"Let's go to the Cinnamon House now." he commanded. Ellie's reputation had preceded her, he must have heard about the Cinnamon House from the Rittman boys. Her mind raced to her place, an old farm house, miles away where other stories emerged. The Cinnamon House was an equilateral legend. It was a universal oscillating point between time and space, with a 200 acre apple orchard. A place where the smell of fresh baked cinnamon apple pie and zucchini bread lingered for hours, it had a magic garden with spring fed asparagus, entangled with pumpkin vines, broccoli, tomatoes and sweet peas.

Yet strange things happened at the Cinnamon House farm. It once contained an 1870 red schoolhouse which still echoed with the children's voices. Ellie recalled climbing an apple tree, hearing soft giggles behind her, right before she slipped several feet down, when her sweat pants' cord had caught the branch. She hung there, suspended in the apple tree, above the ground for hours, a great ghost given wedgy.

But Strider was now questioning her, what to do, what to do, yes, she wanted him, but it was always her place, on his terms and right at the moment. OK, OK. A deep pit murmuring of sin transcribed her stomach, a little kicker that was an addicting rush. But did she really feel that this early May Day, or was that later instilled in her memory after obtaining multi-colored wings? Try to remember that precise moment between innocent love and corrupted desire. Honestly, at the May Day Festival that spring, she was head over heels in love with what she thought was IT, the number one dude in the whole world. Therefore, whatever he wanted or she wanted was 100 percent fine in God's universe. It didn't matter as being in love excludes all conditions, or so Ellie believed at the time. So, she murmured "Let's go." They rode out on his black and chrome 1969 Sportster and after the 20 mile shake up, the rest was a blur.

Sunset's golden glow filled the white room, pink and red crystal glass reflections danced on the carpet, entangled in a single bed, their vision merged for a life time. Ellie would always see Strider's dreams. Purple cubed cut glass with streams of green, like a waterfall running down one's back, leading the viewer to the next scenario. Turquoise brilliant blue diamond eyes sparkled with true joy; they matched the deep orange coral kisses. Their paths crossed for years, leaving town to meet him, while he's going to your place, missing each other over, over and over; they were star-crossed lovers.

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