

K Model

by David James

Plans were all set. We were leaving this town. We'd been creeping around long enough and Marla wanted nothing more than to get out and away from the shallow, old bastard she married. "Fuck his mansion and fuck his country club", she said. We both agreed that he just kept her around for his amusement and to show off his trophy wife, parading her past his old golf buddies, relishing their jealousy. But, shit happens.

You see, I was riding my ancient K model Harley down to the Gulf Coast to see a real estate buddy about getting a place for me and Marla. It was raining hard just south of Hattiesburg and some oncoming son-of-a-bitch in a blue Ford F-150 veered over into my lane. To avoid a head-on, not wishing for some med-tech to find my eyeballs in that bastard's radiator, I took my ass over off the highway, hit the guard rail which flipped my bike onto the right of way at about forty miles an hour, bike twisting and bouncing like a motherfucker, landing — mostly on my face. Nope, no helmet. I hate the damn things. Maybe I'm being too harsh on the Ford guy because he must have called the ambulance.

I was badly bruised, got some things broken: my nose, my left jaw and my left forearm, which had a bone sticking out. I'll have a cast on it for another six weeks. But hey, I lived, right? Marla was so sure my accident unravelled our getting away plan, but she was wrong. I'm checking out in the morning and we're leaving. I'll be wearing a cast. Marla will be wearing a smile.

