



The scraggly-haired road-weary rider saw the place and pulled off the highway rolling in slow. He heeled the kickstand down on his Harley next to the pumps and pulled his sunglasses off to a bright sun. His gas gauge still read “full” and he chuckled surprised. A few dogs came up to greet him and he gave them a quick scratch before they scurried off into the distant emerald hills. His eyes squinted as he turned and read out loud the creaking hinged sign on the freshly-painted white brick building that said: “On Any Sunday Motorsports Park ... Motocross, Supercross, Flat Track, Super Bikes and Go-Karts.”

As he walked through the main door into what seemed to be a café, he stopped at a small “Crazy Gifts” machine, and dropped a quarter in. The coin clinked down and he cranked the dial and out popped a little pair of black and round crazy eyes glasses and he laughed and put them inside his jacket. Next to that was a little gumball machine with a sign that read “Free Gumball if You’re Goofy – Insert finger here.” So he inserted his finger and a little siren went off with flashing letters “Goofiness Confirmed.” The machine made a short fart noise and out popped a gumball. He laughed loud and kept sticking his finger in it until he reached the five gumball goofiness confirmed limit.

Walking up to the counter he noticed a cheeseburger, a piece of pie and a coke, sitting next to a key that read KREITER: Tracks Access. His brows raised and he saw the outside door and walked to it. As soon as he turned the key, there was a bright flash and a high pitch. He stepped out onto the dirt and laughed out loud at his feet and then his body. Rock and Roll music was growing in the distance. He was suited up for motocross, with his favorite bike parked in front of him. The track looked like moist chocolate cake as the sprinkler system fizzled to silence. The nearby grandstands had a very large section roped off that said “VIP Reserved Seating: Critter’s Family & Friends.”

He pushed the bike up to the Motocross starting gates and he couldn’t believe the bike started on the first kick. The throttle felt good and the bike sounded perfect. The gates snapped up into position and the music started getting louder in his helmet. He revved the engine a few times, stared up at the sun, took a long deep breath and felt invincible, as if he had wings. He noticed a note tightly-taped to his handlebar cross pad that read “Good Luck Randy, signed Everyone.”

Suddenly appearing next to him was a rider in a 612 jersey, who leaned over, bumped helmets with him and yelled over the bikes’ engines “we’re early, man, everyone is on their way ... we got this place to ourselves right now, this is our time to ride ... wanna race?”

They laughed, helmets nodded, music got louder, engines peaked, and the gates dropped.

—Pat Whitmer