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Instructor's Name

ENGL 1013

Date

### Wheels

About three weeks ago, while I was sitting in the radio station where I was pulling the witching-hour shift for a jock who was sick, I sat reading the back of a Kenny Rogers record cover to pass the time, wishing the last thirty minutes would tick off the clock so I could sign off, turn off the transmitters, and go home.

A few minutes before this, I had been wondering if I had locked the doors. Well, instead of being smart and checking, I told myself I would hear the footsteps if anybody walked in. I soon found out I was wrong, because as I sat placing my total, undivided attention in this old record cover that I was reading, I felt the hairs on the back of my neck stand up. I never heard a sound until he said, "Hello." When I turned around, he was close enough to have reached out with a knife and cut my throat; but when I looked at his face, I saw a friendly, but sort of desperate, look in his eyes. No smile was there, just a friendly look.

After I got over the shock of his sneaking into the station without my hearing him, I noticed he was eye level with me, and I was sitting down. As I took my eyes off his face, I started to look him over. The first item I noticed was that he was in the full garb of an outlaw biker.

His sleeveless denim jacket and black T-shirt resembled what the Hell's Angels wore, except for his colors, the one way a man can recognize his brothers, whether they are from across town or across the country. His colors were like none my friends wore nor any I know of. It then ran through my mind that he must be either a loner or from a small out-of-state group.

It was then I realized how he had made his way into the radio station without my hearing him. He was in a wheelchair.

He told me his name was Wheels and that he was on the road back from Florida. He told me he was back in Brinkley to find his ex-wife and to apologize to her and try to get her back.

It was then that he asked for my help. He wanted me to play Travis Tritt's song "Help Me Hold On" and dedicate it to her and tell her he was sorry.

I found his song, played it, and dedicated it to her. We started talking again, and I talked him into staying and resting for a little while. Then he pulled out a large bottle of Jack Daniels, and we started to pass it back and forth.

After we both began to buzz a little, he told me about himself. He said he had been rolling around the country since he was thirteen years old, when he and his father got into a fight. During the fight, his father shot him and paralyzed him from the waist down. After that, he never went home again.

I told him he had to be crazy to travel around the country with all the crazy people around. He told me he knew people who would give up their own bed for a stranger if they were asked.

When I asked him where he called home, he told me something I will never forget. He said, "Home is where you have your friends," and from what he told me, he has friends all over the United States.

After that, we finished up the bottle, and he rolled off into the night. I hope to see him again, and I hope that he got his wife back. But, if not, I know that he will continue to roll on, making friends wherever he goes and finding his own happiness whenever he wants it.