



Hey everybody

We had one heck of a ride this year. Me and Bud (my faithful Harley) have been all over these here United States in the past year and we have seen some weird stuff.

I haven't had a real job in twenty seven going on twenty eight years and I don't need one. I do a few things with Bud that some folks who kind of live on what we might call the fringes need to have done. I have run some errands, made some deliveries, made some pickups, and sometimes just taken a little look/see to check things out for whoever has asked. I get to ride, I get to be free, I make a few bucks under the table and I have time to disappear and do the things I love to do. I try to stay away from the rough stuff but when stuff happens I have had to do a handful of things that I regret, but Hey, I digress.

Enough about how I put a buck in my pocket and a gallon in Bud's tank. What good shit did I get into last year?

Bud and I were supposed to be roadies for Sturgill Simpson. We were expecting to go on tour, drink a crapload of beer, meet a whole lot of new people and hear some amazing music. I don't know if I pissed Sturgill off last year but he never called me to work on this year's tour after I got a nice note from him last December that he was getting excited for the Summer tour. I thought they ditched me until I found out that Sturgill never toured this year. I hope he is ok, cause he never said nothing to me about cancelling. I worked hard and was tireless in getting his gear moved and the stage all set for the 2019 shows. I just don't get people. If he offers me the 21 tour I will be in cause, damn he was fun to travel with and I dig his music.

After hearing about the cancellation me and Bud went down to Florida to catch the end of the snow birders and make some cash off of them. We did some errands, ran a few special errands for some rough looking dudes out of St. Pete and then hung around on the beaches looking for good tan lines. I gotta say, things were pretty slow. It seemed like about half the normal people were hanging out. Me and Bud were chilling and it was nice.

We decided to ride way up north once the season changed and there was good riding up there where the Christmas trees grow. I spent many a day hiking trails and many a night sitting around a campfire. Every once in a while I went into a town to see what was up. It was kind of weird. Most of the locals were still hanging out and partying but none of the usual Summer tourists with their sunburns, soft hands, and obtainable money were there and the ones I saw were all wearing those mask things and staying away from everybody. I struck up a conversation with one gal to ask what the deal was but she told me to fuck off so that is pretty much what I did.

I just fucked off the rest of the Summer, catching rays, fishing, making a couple of sketchy deliveries and not finding much in the way of live music or live humans. What is up with people? Where are they? I don't get it.

At the end of the Summer Bud and I drove to Sturgis and we had us one hell of a hoot of a time and it was all good. We went on rides, partied with new people, danced in streets so crowded I was having a hard time finding Bud. I was sliding off of some other leather decked dude and his

girlfriend on to the next ones. Fun!. Too much damn fun. I think my ears are still buzzing from hearing thousands of machines revving up for the ride. It felt great to be an American, even if I was an off the grid, no tax paying countercultural type American. I kept contact with a handful of the people I partied with and was surprised that when I called a couple of them I got nasty responses from whoever answered the phone. This one guy who had the biggest saddlebag full of weed I ever saw apparently got sick from his trip to Sturgis and his mom was swearing at me when I called to see if he would be around if I drove through town.

As the weather turned, people got even stranger. I pulled into this one town on Bud a couple weeks ago and I was starving. I didn't want to set up camp so I pulled up to a diner but the lady told me I couldn't eat inside. I asked what the fuck that was all about. She said something about a virus that I never heard nothing about before. She said she could make me some stuff to go but I couldn't eat it there. Then she asked me if I could pull up my bandanna over my face. I just drove off.

I headed back to Florida so I can winter in a warmer climate and so Bud and I can keep moving. I got down here after leaving that diner. I met a couple of well dressed dweebs nursing cocktails at some well heeled golf club near Palm Beach. I just walked in and was enjoying not having somebody throw me out because I didn't pull up my bandanna.. These two thought their crap didn't stink but they were kinda fun to talk with. They said they needed some help with some with some stuff because of an erection. I figured one of these boys knocked somebody up but I think I heard them wrong. They kept talkin' about stealing boats and I have to admit I know a little about that but apparently they were talking a bout stealing votes and I don't know jack about that. Either way, I told them I was interested because they had money and I was looking for a way to get some of it. I know how to handle these types

I have saddle bags full of envelopes that look kind of official and I am supposed to drop them in a dumpster at a rest stop up north a bit in Georgia. I got me a day ride for a few hundred bucks. I think I will work for these guys as long as they can keep paying cash and as long as Bud and I don't get achy to get back on the road..

I think I am going to have to hole up in Palm or somewhere nearby 'cause I haven't been feeling so great lately. Normally I can ride a thousand miles in a day with no problem. That little trip up to Georgia knocked me on my ass. I was coughing and having a hard time on the bike. I figure it means its gonna rain. I think I'm just gonna hunker down here in this hotel room and wait until the boys give me something new to do. But damn, I may not feel up for it. I don't really feel up for writing any more so, hey, I had a hell of a year. How about you?

Wherever you may be, cheers and have a nice Christmas and all that.

Your pal,

Bob "Wedgie" Shannon