

Bike Path or Riding On Forever

A Short Story

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Bike Path or Riding on Forever (1982)

For about two minutes now, Richie had maintained a short distance between them, but surely, Jeff knew. Richie could have heard his voice and responded by stopping, but he continued on, his legs constantly pumping, moving ahead a bit more.

The two were on the bike path that went along the parkway, cars rushing about in the street beside them.

Richie had said that, right after they smoked, they just had to get out, do something, move around a lot, 'cause you're so alive when you're stoned, and Jeff wasn't the kind of kid who could contradict Richie, from his own experiences, and he certainly couldn't get Richie mad now or he might go away, and Jeff needed Richie here, riding right beside him now. But Richie wasn't here; he was flying away from Jeff and his little red ten speed, and... "Richie, goddamn you, stop!"

But it was no good, if Jeff would feel it. His tires were filled tight and he was riding on air, it seemed, and they would carry him to forever.

"Come on, Richie, STOP!"

Then, just before he reached the corner, he saw Richie's face turn to Jeff and smile a devilish form that was not Richie's.

But the bike sped off the corner and all Jeff could see then was a cluster of bright car lights that seemed to form clouds as the boy quickly approached. The clouds didn't stop him, he rode past them after Richie, never noticing all the bright car lights surrounding him. Jeff was riding away from the bent and broken little red ten speed bike that had rushed out into the traffic, and by now that was, oh, say, about a million miles away — straight down.