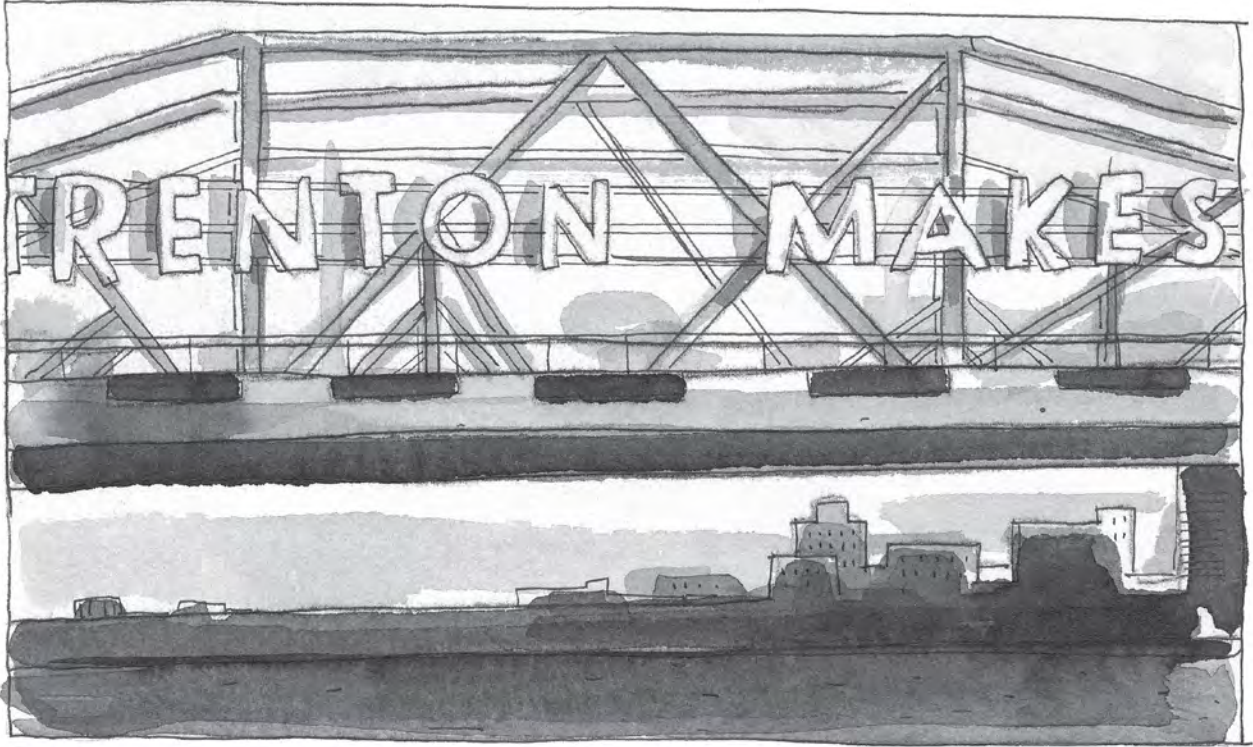
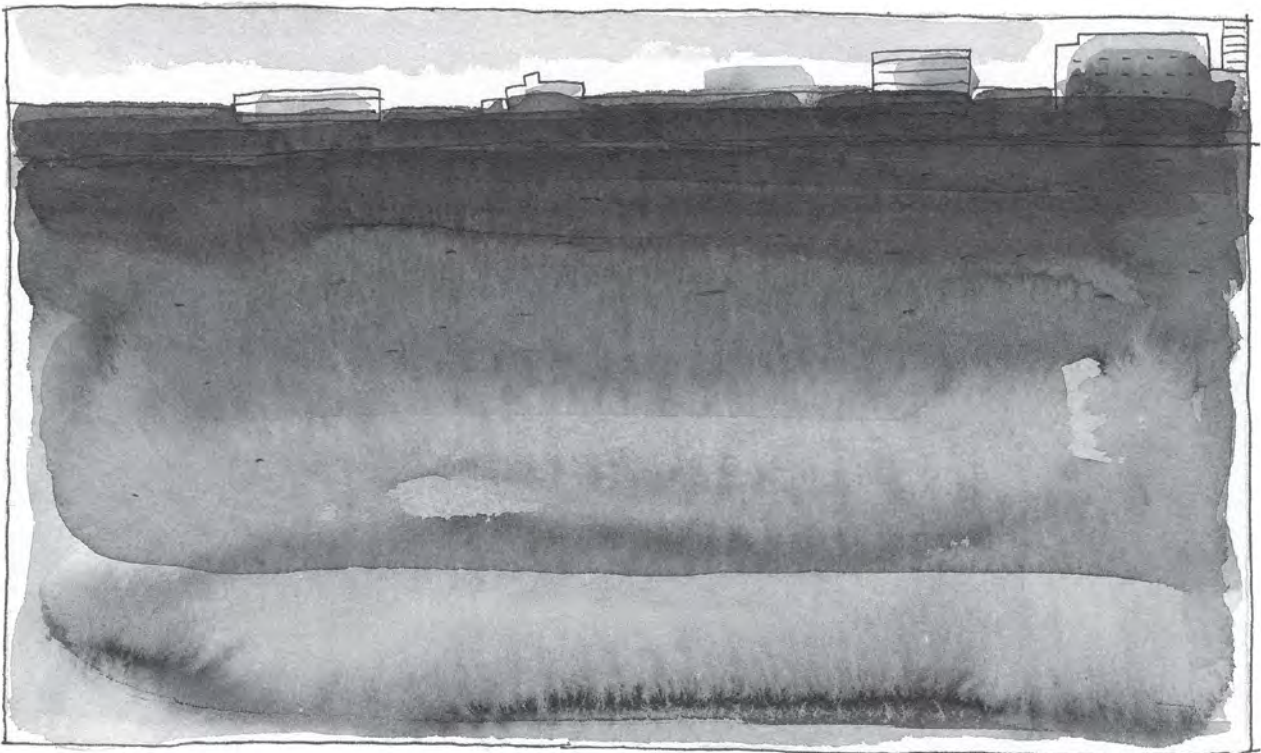


TRENTON



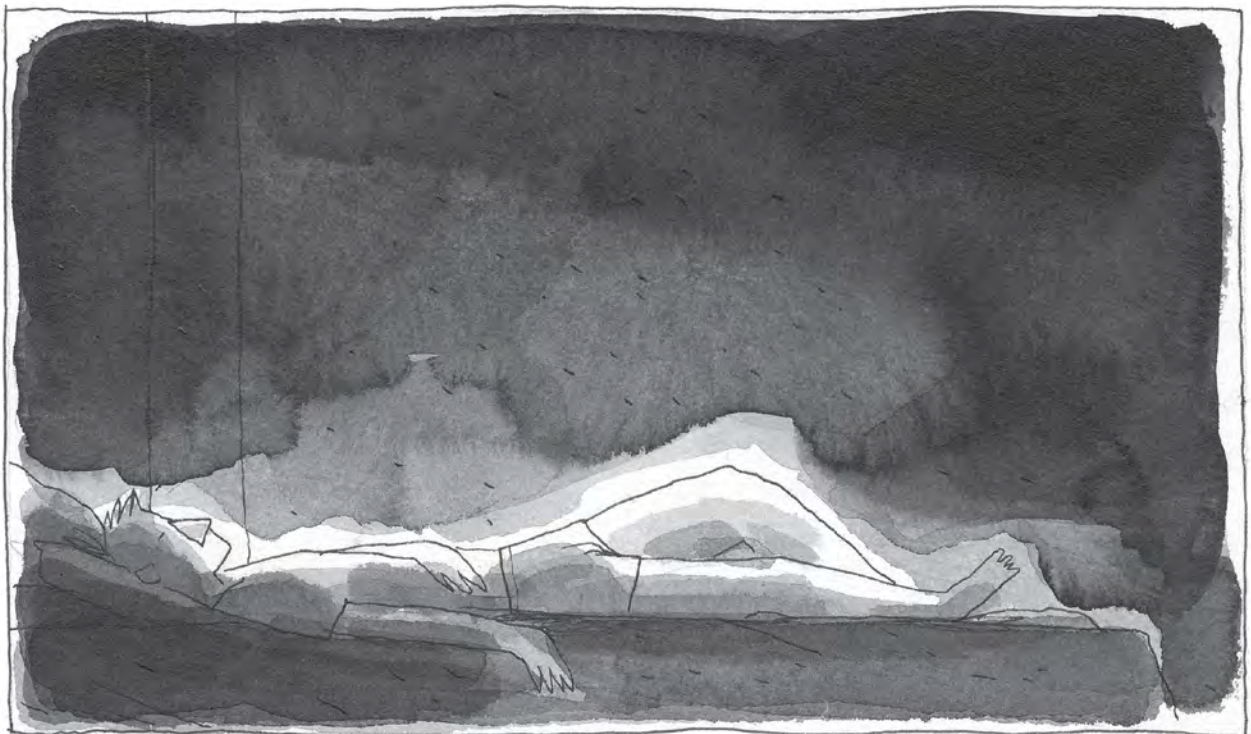
ON THE METAL BRIDGE SPANNING THE DELAWARE RIVER CAN BE READ "TRENTON MAKES, THE WORLD TAKES," WHICH RECALLS THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF RUBBER AND CIGARS.



AT THE END OF THE DAY, WITH A LITTLE LUCK, YOU CAN SEE THE SHADOW OF A WHITE WHALE. CLEARLY, THIS ISN'T A LUCKY TIME FOR ME.

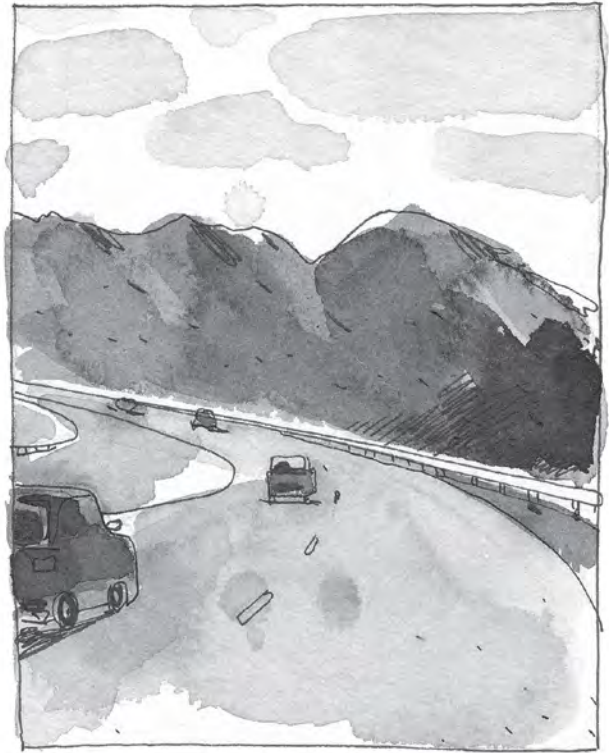


THE FIRST MOTEL TO COME ALONG IS FINE. AFTER A HAWAIIAN PIZZA, I BUY MYSELF TWO GLASSES OF BOURBON. THE FIRST ONE TO ED'S HEALTH. THE SECOND TO MINE.



THEN I GO BACK UPSTAIRS TO MY ROOM. I STRETCH OUT ON MY BED. THE WORLD HAS SLOWED DOWN. I THINK IT MOVED A LITTLE BIT AGAIN, AND THEN IT STOPPED.

WEST VIRGINIA

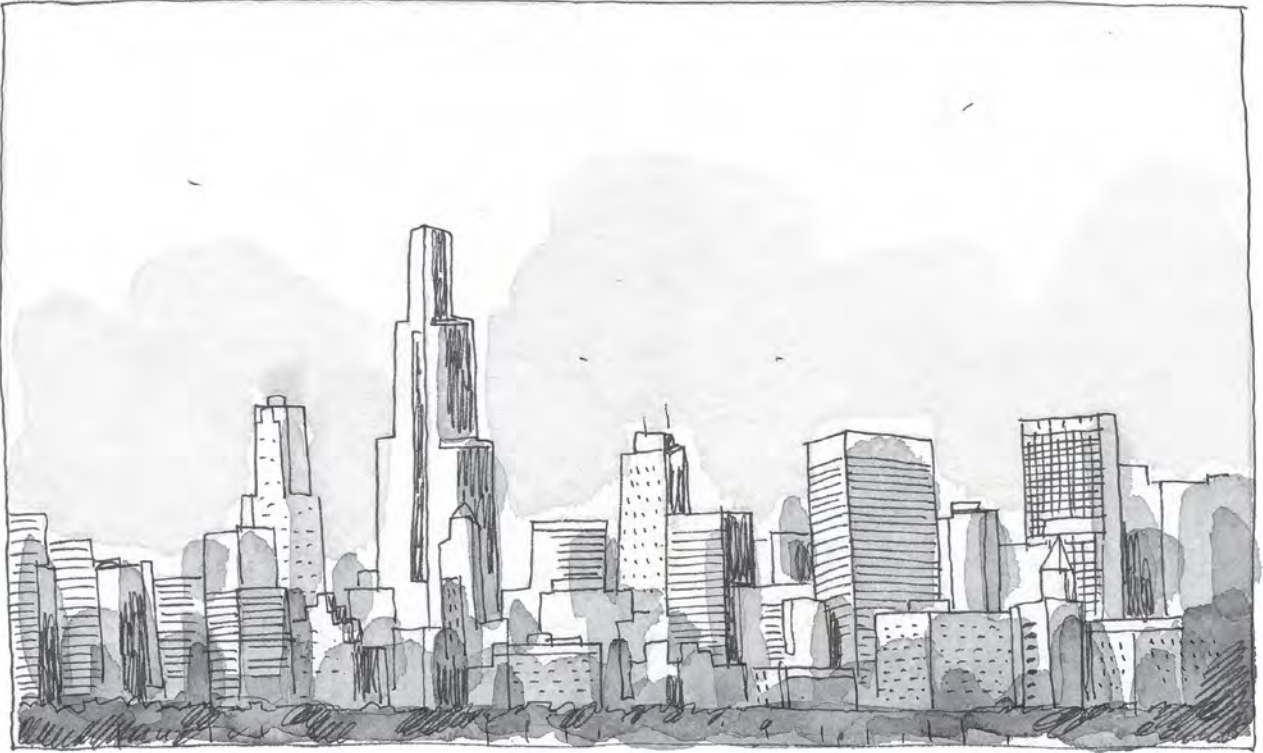


BEFORE YOU EVEN FINISH READING THE SIGN "WELCOME TO WEST VIRGINIA", YOU FIND THE ONE "LEAVING WEST VIRGINIA." IT'S ONLY 5 MILES. BUT IT IS ONE OF 13 STATES THIS HIGHWAY GOES THROUGH.



SHE'S FAMOUS FOR THE SCENERY, THE COMFORT FOOD, SOUTHERN COOKING. I HAVE TO KEEP MOVING THOUGH. THE SKY IS GETTING CLOUDY AND THREATENING.

CHICAGO



I'D GOTTEN ACCUSTOMED TO HIGHWAY 30. I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHEN I LEFT IT, BUT I WENT THROUGH SUBURBS FOR A GOOD HOUR BEFORE FINDING MYSELF ON A SIX-LANE INTERSTATE FACING THE SKYLINE.



SO, I LET OFF ON THE GAS TO GET ME AN EYEFUL.

LAKE TAHOE



THE LAKE IS A DEEP BLUE. MAKES SENSE SINCE IT'S 1500 FEET DEEP. AND IT'S TWO MILLION YEARS OLD. I START THE DESCENT THROUGH THE PINES. I'M GOING SLOWLY. I LET THE BIKE ROLL. I ONLY APPLY THE GAS AROUND BENDS,



BUT I IMMEDIATELY LET UP BECAUSE THE TRIP IS ALMOST FINISHED AND I WANT TO SAVOR EVERY SECOND. I TAKE OFF MY HELMET, HANG IT ON THE BACK OF MY SEAT AND SLIDE INTO THE SOFTNESS OF THE AMBIENT AIR.