



Five Star Service Guaranteed



Sam Gilleltime
Salina

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Kansas City, KS

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Hey babe, it's Sam.

Jun 12, 2014

Got your letter earlier this year. Quite a surprise to hear from you. Sorry about your bean Harlan. It'll come as no surprise to you that I never cared for him too much, but since he made you happy, I suppose that made him ok in my book.

Still can't believe it's been 5 years since you left. I figured you'd head on over to KC, have yourself a big time, for a few months, wind up flashing something to the wrong guy in front of Harlan, then make your way back. Never counted on the whole world going to hell in a bucket. After that it's been almost all thinking about my next meal & parting out old cars & vans for pieces folks can use to heat their houses solar-wise. Never knew much else. Can't garden

but not for lack of trying lately, tell you that --
can't see or butcher cattle or do any of the hundred
or so things a hell of a lot more important now
than fixing up busted transmissions. Just a wrench.
Never got much money or any thing else out of it
just enough to get by on. You know. Living hand
to mouth. Pretty much like before, but with even
less barbecue, & no television, lights or running water.
Heheh.

But I got the gist of the letter. The part about
Sean, I mean. I haven't seen the kid in the better
part of a decade, I suppose, & I only had the one
little photo of him in my wallet. The one from his
sophomore year, with the rat stache & bolo tie.
Yeah, I kept it. I can't look at it too often or for
too long, though. ~~He's not your eyes~~

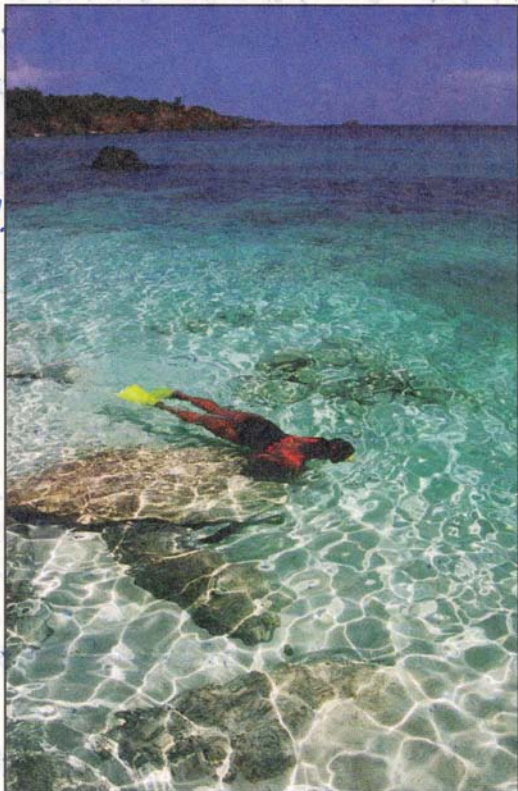
Well, so hell important to us both, even though I'd
forgotten how much so when things were bad between you,
me & the bottle. & I knew what you were asking in
your letter, & pretty much thought & felt the same way.

WEDNESDAY 31 DECEMBER 2008

But I couldn't just
 up & leave over night.
 No working bike to speak
 of, no provisions. I
 wouldn't have lasted long
 just going off half-cocked.
 So I went to the library
 after work one day, around
 noon or so -- business had
 slowed up after the winter --
 & checked out a book on
 bicycle repair. I figured

“**E**very now and
 then go away and
 have a little relaxation.
 To remain constantly
 at work will diminish
 your judgment.”

—LEONARDO DA VINCI



TRUNK BAY, ST. JOHN, CARIBBEAN

that, with me being mechanically inclined, it wouldn't be too awful hard, but might take me a couple weeks to really pick up on how to fix that old Schwinn it seems. Well hell, come to find out there's hardly anything to them. Just some bearings, rings, spokes, brakes & tires ^{and stuff} that ever need maintained, & a couple odd threaded ^{parts} to keep in mind when taking the thing apart & putting it back together. So I pulled that Schwinn out of the shed & broke it down. Broke it all down, cleaned the bearings & other moving bits w/ an old toothbrush & a rag, flattened those parts w/ Crisco & put everything back together. I couldn't get the chain off because there's a special tool I didn't have, but I just wiped it off & greased it up ^{with} ~~with~~ ^{it's} good as new. Took the book back a couple days later -- I think they were surprised to see it get returned at all. When I tried to check out a road atlas or other map book, they really put their feet down. Guess they've seen far too many maps just walk out & not come back. So I had to ride home -- faster than walking, though -- & pick up a bit of paper. Then I went back to the library & traced the route. I did pretty well, I think. I didn't include much, just the main ways in & out of Denver & the general outline of it & its suburbs. The whole trip one way was something like 500 miles.

Now, I've never been the picture boy for health or what not. I didn't really know how many miles I could do in one day, much less how many I could do stringing those days together & being sore & all that. But I gave up smoking almost 4 years ago, when I couldn't get it no matter how badly I wanted it. & I just started riding into work every day. Didn't take long to realize I needed bandages & so I pulled those old your Schwinn in the shed. Had chrome-plated ones, & plenty wide to cover the tires. Riding for a week or two, but I knew it wasn't even remotely preparing me for the trip.

I still hadn't really figured out how to get enough food to cover the trip. Well, I remembered Sean had gone to Sunday school before you & I hooked up so I went to that church & asked about getting a hand out. I'd always thought I was above doing such a thing, but it came really natural to me. I didn't even have to lie about it, just told them I needed it to go and my son

Answer: C, the Ginza, where Mitsukoshi and Matsuya flagship department stores are two of many. The district is just one corner of the metropolis of over eight million.

just shook his head, like he knew it all - & then left our d
Wichita on April 30th, as early in the morning as I could muster.
By the time I made it to Newton, I was in a bad way. Just
panting & had it in granny gear, even though there weren't
any real hills. But, I kept on & made it just past
Herston - I'd tell you I thought that wasn't too bad for a
first day, but I really wasn't thinking anything once I got
all the bike. I crawled into the sleeping bag & wrapped the
poncho around me tightly as I could. It was colder than I
thought it would be, but I still fell asleep in a few heartbeats.
Slept like a log.

The second day was the worst of the trip out. I woke up &
tried to get up & at once, but couldn't. The sleeping bag & poncho
weren't constricting me. My back was. After a few minutes of
doing my best to rub my back in the parts that felt most like hot
irons, I was able to ease my self up into sitting position. Finally, I
was able to stand & then I knew what I really should have asked the
Methodists for. Fucking aspirin.

So I packed up the stuff best I could & got back on the bike.
All day I just wanted to get back at it & walk. In all actuality,
it probably would've been as fast. Made it up to Elyria that
day, just past it a couple miles, then had a ~~drizz~~ fix &

Full all the bike. I figured that was enough for one day, even though it wasn't even evening by that point, so I ate + kind of slept but mainly shook all the rest of the day + into the night. Third day I got up slowly + got underway without even eating anything. I don't know, maybe it was the long rest I'd had, but things went a little better that day. I made it up to Lind's bog without feeling dizzy or anything. Albie Grant's parents, Paul + Cordy, live there, so I begged off a little dinner from them -- a whole chicken sandwich + some vegetable soup! -- after running a couple errands for them + taking a bath in the Smoky Hill river + changing my clothes. I hadn't brought too much with me, just a backpack's worth of stuff. A pair of long pants, couple pair of shorts, a couple short-sleeve shirts + a long underwear top. I spent the night in Albie's old bedroom, + Crashed out pretty hard. They gave me a bit of breakfast in the morning before I got on my way. They had coffee! I'd forgotten what it tasted like, but don't think I ever really got over not having it in the morning. So, I stuck around a bit + chatted with them. They were damn nice people, not like Albie at all, really. Wanted to know what he'd been up to, how he was down in Wichita. I felt a little bit bad, feeding them some white lies about business at the shop + Albie's love life.

oh, I'm not ~~not~~ going to give you even a hint of details on that nasty business. But man, such nice folks. Don't know why Albre just doesn't move back. Well, talking to decent people + two cups of coffee perked me up + I left Lindsay feeling pretty damn right w/ the world.

The ride up to Soling turned out to be not too bad. I got there early afternoon, then turned west. Made it to Carneros or thereabouts before the sun went down. I probably could have saved a bit of time heading with out of Lindburg but thought it would be better taking what I thought were the most traveled routes. Turned out to be a pretty good plan, at least.

The next week or so I made my way west along I-70 through the rest of Kansas. Despite the wind slapping me in the face the whole way, I had a few halfway decent days. I just got up every day at butt crack of dawn, hopped on the bike & rode until I felt like it was time to stop. Only rained on me twice, once near Hays & then a couple days after as I was pulling into Oakley. Took a day's rest in Oakley & begged off some more food & even did laundry (in the Saline river, but still-- did you ever think I was capable of doing laundry?) They've still got that stupid cement prairie dog museum there. No visitors to it, of course, & I

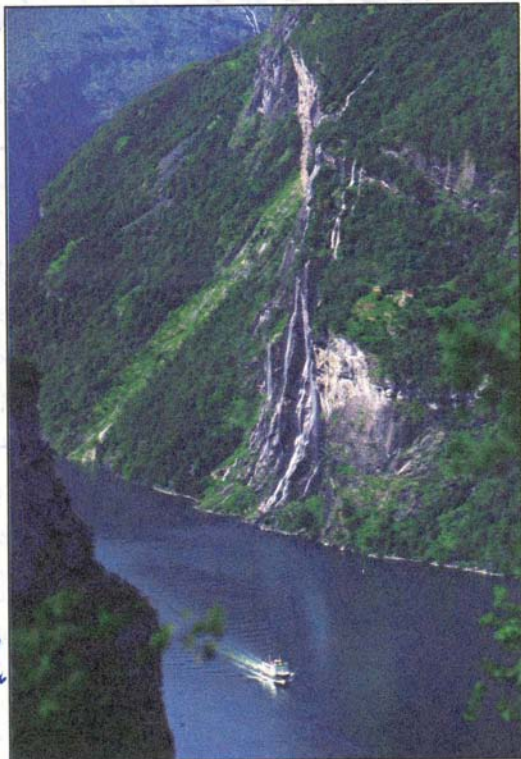
TUESDAY 23 DECEMBER 2008

GIFTS OF THE GLACIERS

The vertical cliff-walled Geirangerfjord, best viewed from the remarkable Ornevegen (Eagles' Road), with its eleven hairpin, hair-raising turns, is the ne plus ultra of Norwegian fjords. The singular beauty of these glacially dug narrow bays can also be seen in:

- Fiordland National Park, New Zealand
- Kenai Fjords National Park, Alaska, USA
- Patagonian coast, Chile
- North and west Iceland

think the signs on the interstate have all ~~been~~ since been used for firewood. But the museum is still there. Don't know if it was open & didn't even try going in.



Do you remember hopping on the bike with me in Wichita & taking road trips to Denver or Co Springs? Remember how free you felt back then? At least, I felt that way, like I was an arrow in flight, almost. & it didn't matter if it was windy or a little rainy, I could just roll back on the throttle & power through it. Well, the feeling I got in Goodland was just... not the opposite, exactly. I felt like a halfway fumbled pass. You remember a football pass? Just kind of hopping through the air, so slow & goofy, just waiting to be picked off by someone. But, I knew I was past the high point of the arc, past the halfway point. & that was good in a way. Felt even better when I was actually in Colorado a day later.

It didn't last too long. I had planned to go quite a ways that day & stop in Bethune; there's a creek there & I could get some water & maybe wash up a bit. But some pretty rough characters stopped me on the way through Burlington. I don't know if you knew this, but apparently there was a high security prison in Burlington, & there was a major breakout after all the power & everything else went off. So now the

prisoners are basically in control of the town, which you'd think would be a pretty bad thing. & it is.

I was getting roughed up a bit (been through worse in bars before, though that's nothing to brag about I guess) & called a faggot spy or some such & being asked who I was working for. Well of course, I didn't know what in the hell they were on about, so I kept saying son I was starting to get pretty dizzy & unable to answer them what with all the punches they were raining down on me, but then I heard someone yell "Sam!!" & I don't even recall recognizing my own name at that point but I looked up all the same & saw these characters getting pulled off me before I blacked out. When I woke up I saw a face I thought I'd never see again. Rod Uckland. Used to work at the same shop as me & Albie before he got busted for making meth. Had no idea he got sent up to Burlington -- probably shipped there from some other pen. Big time tweaker, & wasn't a very decent guy ~~back then~~. Still wasn't. He glared at me with one of those methmouth grins & started asking me questions. Where was I going? Who was I working for? How deep did I cut the junk in my back? Well, I didn't know what the hell to tell him, except that I didn't know what he

see, a visitor's hardest task is deciding where to begin.

Answer: B, Costa Rica. With rain forests, volcanoes, and beaches to

was talking about. He showed me a handful of powder

I thought I was going to die, but the next day I woke up. I stayed there a few hours, trying to get my bearings. It was cloudy & I wasn't sure which way was west & which was east. So, I just sat there & waited the rest of the day for the sun to go down. It was boring as hell, but finally I was able to make out the sun going down in the direction I thought west was, so that was good. & I went back to sleep.

Felt a lot better that next day, but I needed water, so I rode to Bethune first thing & drank my fill right out of the creek there. Probably not the best idea, but it hadn't hurt me before & it didn't then, neither. Made it into Vona that day & the next few days just kept making progress. I ran out of eggs the day after Limon, & was precious for on parched corn & hard tack a few days later when I got near Denver.

I remember ~~the~~ riding into Denver with you on the back of the bike. I was always after dusk before we made it even remotely close to the city, & we could always see it from almost an hour away. Just the buzzy glow of it, of course, all that light bouncing off the front range & back to the earth.

hoping they weren't situated that far out of the town center to notice. That's where I spent my first couple Denver nights, & I was able to scavenge a bit of food out of an abandoned house down that way. I'm not proud of it, but cold canned soup had never tasted so good. I even slept inside those nights, & it was sweet.

I felt a bit stronger after spending a couple days there -- whoever had ditched the place (or maybe got stuck somewhere far away) had done so real quick & carelessly, because there was still some serious dried & canned goods stocked there, even some freeze dried instant coffee. Also some booze, but with God as my witness I didn't touch it. I didn't dare open the fridge; I'd heard too many horror stories about doing that, & it had an odor even with the door closed. The house was really far on the southeast outskirts of the city. There were some bare concrete slabs just to the south of it. Probably houses that got started but not finished before everything went dark. No wood there, figure that ~~was~~ there probably was but people took it for fuel. (That's what happened with all the construction underway in east Wichita.)

So after I was rested up, I started looking for Sean. I decided to use that house as a home location, or sorts. I had the address you sent me, & still had that photo of him, so after taking most the junk off the bike -- I wanted to look most like a local as I could -- I planned to just ride into the city to find the address & then, if Sean wasn't there, a public place where I could ask around. Not much of a plan, in hindsight, but I never tried anything like this before.

Before leaving, I took another look at the little map I'd drawn of Denver, & realized I would never be able to find the address with it, so I rummaged around the house I'd been squatting in & found an old yellow page & ripped the map parts out of it after circling Sean's address nearest I could pinpoint it & drawing a route from where I was pretty sure I was.

It was clear as a bell when I left the house in the morning. The whole city was quiet as I rode up the highway through the outer burbs. I saw maybe a couple dozen people standing outside as I rode, cooking breakfast over wood fire in grills or hanging out laundry or weeding their gardens.

then immediately felt a stillness in my chest. Well, I realized in a second what was wrong, & pulled out the map pages, which were completely soaked & stuck together & ruined.

I set the pages down & Gurr sat there for probably half an hour with my head in my hands when out the corner of my eye I saw someone come out the front of one of the shop doors a ways down. It alarmed me, because I thought the whole place was abandoned, but it was a little old lady, at least sixty years old. She didn't even pay me any mind, just walked over to the corner of the overhang to a big bucket - which had Gurr started overflowing - at the bottom of the gutter there. She had a little trouble getting it out from under the gutter spout, so I walked over to help her out with it. Soon as I grabbed it she let out a squawk that it belonged to her & I couldn't have it. Well, I didn't know any better, said I was just trying to help, & she eyed me real close for almost a minute I thought -- felt like that, anyway -- & then nodded & pointed at the bucket. I hauled it to the

door for her + had a little trouble myself (it really was damn heavy). I made to take it inside, but she stopped me + half-grunted to me to put it down. Said Ok, + had an idea, so I asked her if she had a yellow pages. She eyed me again, like I had a dick growing out of my forehead + finally said yeah + to come in. I started walking in but she stopped me again + pointed at the bucket. Jesus, you know?

So, I hauled in the bucket for her + she pointed ~~at~~ a door through which to take it. I did, + saw almost a dozen other identical buckets, + half of them were filled. I walked back out + the little ~~admission~~ + into the store to look around. Couldn't tell what kind of store it used to be. Maybe a furniture store, because it was so big in area, + there were planters stuck all over the place + the overhead lighting was a bunch of skylights. At second glance I saw that there were plants in the planters. Most of them looked like regular crops: lots of corn + beans, some tomatoes + ~~the~~ pepper plants, + even some onions + garlic maybe, I don't know. A few other plants I didn't really recognize right away. I about jumped out of my skin a second later; the old lady had snuck up behind me + pinched me. Freaked me out, I don't mind telling you.

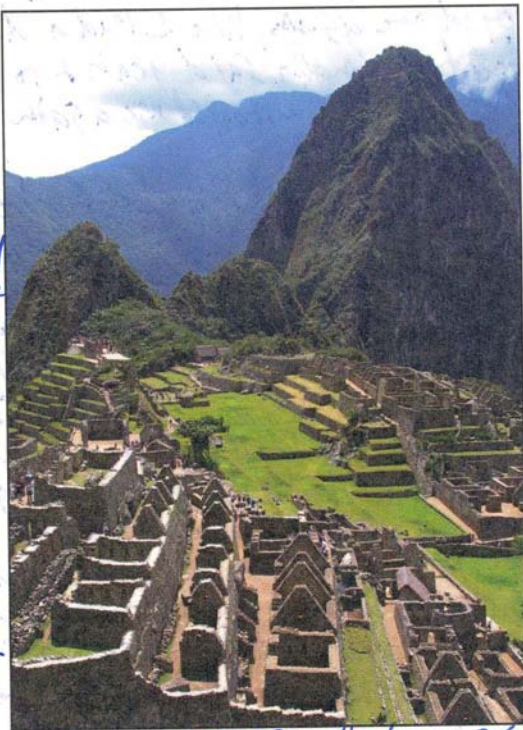
THURSDAY 11 DECEMBER 2008

TRAVELER IN THE KNOW

MACHU PICCHU, PERU

Guests at the Sanctuary Lodge, steps from the entrance to this "lost city" of the Incas, have the unique privilege of wandering about the moonlit ruins after the day-tripping crowds leave.

she laughed this nasty, throaty laugh & ushered me back to an office type room. The yellow pages were at a desk & open to the map. Section in the front. I sat down & tracked down again vaguely where Sean was located & then asked the lady where we were. She flipped a couple pages & pointed one of the boniest fingers. I even saw at ~~an~~ intersection just northwest of a bigger intersection at I-25 & Highway 36.



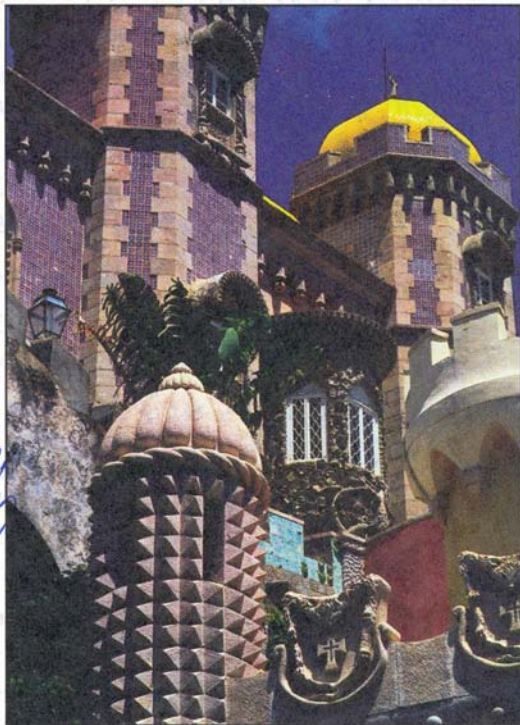
Page: 8-3300 CALIFORNIA WOODWARD WOODWARD WOODWARD
I asked her how long it'd take me to get up to Holiday Hills. Well, she gave me yet another one of those looks & I felt my self shiver. Said it would take too long to make it up there that day, said it would be better to wait out the rain & go the next day. Then she leaned really close to me, so close I could smell her (past my own smell, even). She stalked & I shrank away from her. Recognized then both what she had in mind & part of the odor & realized what she was growing out in the main room. I fell over backwards in the chair & scrambled up & sprinted over the door to the bike. She followed me & squawked out fuck you & y'all be sorry & other things I couldn't hear or understand at the times. The rain had almost blown over, clouds breaking up to the west, but it was still showering lightly as I got on I-25. I took the Hwy 36 exit as it afforded a high point & I thought I could use it to orient my self. So, I looked over towards where I figured Holiday Hills should be. There was hardly any thing there but scorched earth. The whole area west of I-25 & north of Hwy 36 almost as far as I could see was just a nasty black field with scattered patches of gray & green. A good little bit of the city south of 36 was blackened, too. I couldn't believe my eyes, thought it was an optical illusion or something, but kept riding north from

TUESDAY 9 DECEMBER 2008

SINTRA

LISBON, PORTUGAL

Lord Byron called Sintra “perhaps the most delightful [village] in Europe.” Today, the same gentle climate and garden setting that made this a favorite summer residence for Portuguese kings for more than 500 years provide city dwellers and tourists an idyllic year-round respite from the hustle of nearby Lisbon. Ruins of an 8th-century Moorish citadel crown Sintra’s highest peak.



the 36 interchange. Part
that the south bound lanes
on I-25 looked really rough,
like they'd been melted & then
cracked open over the winter
or something. I took an
exit off I-25 around
Thornton & headed west
to see if I could strip
locate Sean's place.

There was just ruins down that way. Every single house & apartment & trailer had burned down. I kept riding down to Holiday Hills, to the little avenue where I was pretty sure Scam's place was. All of them, burned down, & there wasn't a soul anywhere nearby. The smell of the whole area I can't describe it, & when I thought about what might be causing it I got real dizzy & had to sit down. I hadn't been tempted to look for a drink in the better part of five years, but just then I'd have sold my soul for one, or maybe for some junk or just anything to take the world away.

Don't know how long I sat there, & I can't say exactly why I got back up. But I did. & I rode back on the interstate, trying not to look at anything but the road. I finally got back to heading south towards the house. The interstate was really cracked up bad down to 36, but I made it through. Just south of 36 I saw a few other Bikes, kids, really, heading north. They started hooting & hollering at me to stop, but I just kept pressing on. That wasn't the best idea, as they turned around & caught up to me in just a minute or two. A couple of them had bats in hand & looked like they were just itching for a reason to put them to use. The leader, maybe he was the leader I guess I'm not real sure, asked me what the hell

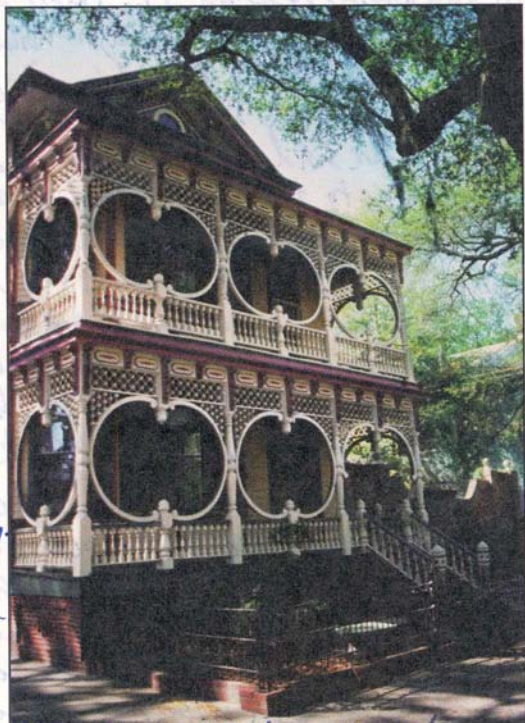
MONDAY 8 DECEMBER 2008

TRAVELER IN THE KNOW

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, USA

One of the best times to visit Savannah, with its large historic district and hundreds of preserved colonial and Victorian homes, is in the December holiday season, when buildings are lovingly decorated and some proud homeowners open their doors to the public for holiday house tours.

I thought I was doing on that bike. I figured it wouldn't do to fit to this group, so I told them I was from Wichita & in town looking for my stepson. Told them where I'd looked ^{that day} ~~the day~~. I half expected them to start jeering at me & start a beat-down -- they looked tough enough -- but they all got real quick. One or the other ones picked up & said,



real gentle-like, that I probably ought to call off my search, as the fire had started in the middle of the night & nobody in the area had lived through it. He also said I'd either have to get out of town or stop using the bike, as the city bosses only let a few people -- including themselves, obviously -- use them, & that they probably wouldn't be so nice if they saw me on one again. -- or that another person would be nice at all. None of them volunteered any more info, & I didn't want to press. Might have been ugly, especially for me. So I walked the bike back down to the house & by the time I got there the sun was almost down. Forgot how fast it gets dark once that sun's at the top of the mountains. Couldn't bring myself to look at the sunset. I ate maybe two ravioli out of a can then took a hard look at the booze there in the cabinet but the thought of drinking it made me feel sick to my stomach, so I laid down on the abandoned bed & tried not to think about anything. I guess I must have fell asleep at some point, but I woke up feeling as tired as I'd ended the day before. Well, I went down stairs & ate the rest of the can of ravioli, then thought about heading back into town.

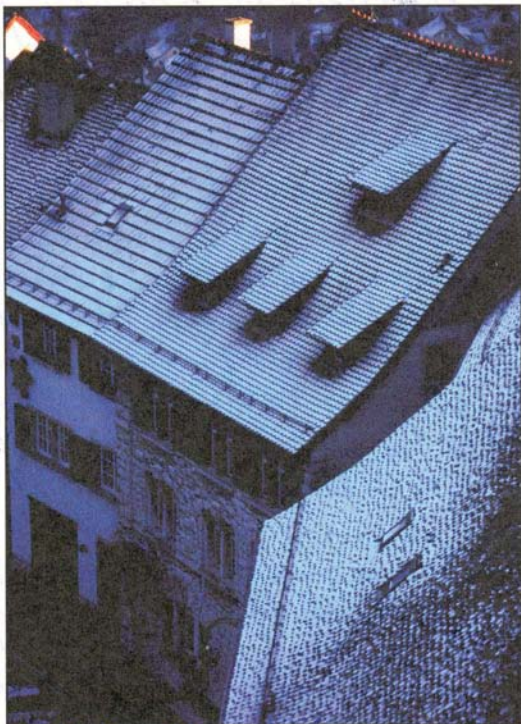
to look a bit more for Sean, despite the risks & fact that

FRIDAY 5 DECEMBER 2008

REGENSBURG ZÜRICH, SWITZERLAND

Regensburg, a fortified town founded about 1245 in what is now the Swiss canton of Zürich, commanded a wide landscape from its hilltop. Today it is one of the best preserved medieval towns in Switzerland.

think my too straight
that day. Couple hours
later it had passed me
by & the sun came out.
I was in Bennett a while
after that, & figured
it was as good a place as
any to rack out. Next
day I made it into Limon,
with just a little bit of
rain in the afternoon.
Despite what had happened
in Denver, I was riding much faster than before. I suppose



it was having the wind at my back, pushing me on.
 Something had to be.

Truth be told I had completely changed my mind about
 what I was going to do. I figured it would be best to just
 not go back to Wichita at all. Instead, I'd ride all the
 way to KC, where I could see you & explain things. I hadn't
 thought past that point, but hoped something halfway
 positive would come of it. After all, we've got history, you know.
 So that's what was motivating me, pushing me.

A couple days out of ~~Linn~~ I was just about to Burlington.
 I stopped in Bethune here for the rest of the day, then
 got up at dusk & waited. Once it got late enough, must have
 been the wee hours of the morning, I hopped on the bike &
 pedaled quietly as I could into Burlington. I couldn't stop
 pedaling because that'd make a noise, & I didn't want to be
 heard. So I went through town there quickly & quietly as
 possible. Well, there was a guard shack of some kind on the
 eastern end of town, just west of the spot where I was
 waylaid on the trip out. A ~~small~~ ^{fire} candle was lit in the
 shack, & some one was sitting outside in a chair. I couldn't
 very well turn back at that point, so I just kept on going like
 it was nobody's business. The guard was asleep or at least he

THURSDAY 4 DECEMBER 2008

STOKKUR GEYSER

GEYSIR, ICELAND

The word "geyser" comes from Geysir, the site of a majestic geyser an easy drive from the Icelandic capital of Reykjavik. The original geyser no longer erupts regularly, but its smaller successor, Stokkur, reliably puts on a show about every five minutes.

had his eyes closed. I kept pedaling, & was past him. I relaxed a bit but kept going, then about a half minute later I heard HEY! & at that point I knew I'd been discovered & just started going flat out. A minute or so later I heard a couple whistling noises go by, one just to the southeast & 1 south of me. I started getting



light-headed but pressed on for as long as I possibly could, which was about ten minutes. ~~After that I~~
~~After that I~~ I slowed down a bit, but kept pedaling until I really blacked out. Couldn't say how long it was before that, or how long I was out. But I had a pretty good scrape on my head when I came to, as the sun was just coming up, & I was in a real steep ditch just off the road. Well I scrambled up the side of the ditch best I could & peeked out to see if anyone was watching. Nobody was in sight, so I hauled the bike back up to the road, saddled up & kept at it. I was in Goodland by the end of the day, so I must have been making decent headway.

I probably should have just gotten off the interstate & taken some country road, around. But the rains had kept up & it would have been a godawful mess just hauling the bike up to a country road where there was no exit ramp. Not to mention that the country roads probably weren't in very good shape, as from what I saw they were almost all dirt & gravel. That & I hadn't been thinking real straight since after Denver.

Just a day or two later, I had stopped in Oakley mid-afternoon. It had started raining real hard & I just didn't have the energy to go much further that day. So, I squatted out by an old Montana Mike's steakhouse. An hour or so later a cyclist pulled up. I'd heard him a minute before & hidden myself. He knew what was what, though, & called out to me. Said he'd seen my tracks leading into the parking lot. I stayed hid, but he kept calling me out & said he meant no harm. He didn't look like a punk, so I finally walked out to meet him. Young guy, said he was a "special courier" for some folks in Denver, heading to Lawrence to make a delivery. I didn't ask him about that, but seeing as how we were going the same way, I asked if he wanted to ride together. He shrugged & kind of agreed, & we left out the next day.

We rode along with each other for several days. The kid was really in shape, probably wanted to ride faster. But, I had a bunch of canned & dried food yet, & so he kept pace with me. It kept raining on us pretty steadily, only one real day of decent sun between Wakarusa & Hays.

Well, we were riding & were maybe ten or so miles
west of ~~near~~^{Salina} Salina when the courier spotted a group of
five or six guys coming north, just over a ridge south
of the interstate. Just as they crested the ridge, one
of the men let out a war whoop & waved his hands,
obviously trying to get our attention. Through the
rain, it looked like they were carrying something like
a box, a big box. As they got closer, we figured out it
was a man, & that he was seriously injured. You could
hear the moans fifty yards away. Well, at that point,
the courier said he'd ride on ahead & let a doc in town
know to expect company pretty soon. He was out of sight
in two minutes, so damn fast. Wasn't sure at that point
whether he was really going to alert folks or just getting
the hell out of dodge in case the men weren't the friendly
sort.

The men came up on me pretty damn quick. There were
eight of them, & they were almost ~~all~~ completely silent
except for the one moaning, until they reached me. One
of them said our friend is hurt or words like that in
pretty broken English. They were all Mexican except for
the one being carried. He was a blonde kid, not even thirty
& bet. Probably just a few years older than Sean. It's

left leg was splinted & cinched tight with leather straps & he had a black eye & a bump on his forehead, & they were carrying him with leather straps supporting him from below. It was a total fucking mess. They pointed at the bike & I immediately understood. ~~But~~ I resisted for half a second, but the kid being carried moaned again, & he said "mama." Well I let go. Just let go of the bike, didn't even think of taking my own stuff off it. Let them have it. They said "Gracias" almost in unison, put the kid on the bike best they could & turned east towards Salina. They moved a bit quicker than me of course, & were out of sight within ten minutes or so. I hoofed it as long as I could, almost into town. There was a farm barn on the outskirts, & it was really dry inside & there was even some dry hay, so I took off my soaking clothes & rolled up in that & fell asleep & that's where I am now. Well, Salina. I made it into town yesterday. Someone found the courier - actually I got found out by him. He really did help out, let a local surgeon know the men were coming into town. Didn't learn much else about what happened except that the kid was recovering & muttering something about mustangs. I wanted to get moving. island of Gotland, is in his native Sweden.

Answer: A. Ingmar Bergman. Faro, an ancillary island to the larger on from there, but the courier said he didn't know

where my bike was. said he heard a couple of the men
tussled over it after getting the kid into the doc's place.
One of them won out & took off, couldnt say which way.
That was that, pretty much. I didnt figure it was
realistic any more that I could make it to you in
KC without a bike. Maybe it wasnt realistic before,
either, & what happened was great plusitive. Maybe
But either way, ~~no more chance of making it~~

I asked, really begged the courier to stick around
another day. He did so under duress. I threatened him,
said I'd tell some folks what he was hauling (a bluff by
me that actually worked for once). So I been sitting
in an emptied out Wal Mart all ~~the day~~ day
writing this to you. You should at least know what
happened.

Not sure where to go from here. I suppose I can
scavenge up some supplies to get me on my way south.
Maybe beg off some more flour from the Methodists.
Well, regardless, I have a 90 mile walk ahead of
me, & its raining. Hope things are better
for you in Kansas City.

IF I ~~have~~ another attack of dizziness & never
come out of it, please know that you'll be the last
thing I think about before it all goes black.

All that's left of my love,

Sam

P.S. - I'm sorry this letter was so long. Just wanted
you to know that I didn't half-ass this whole
thing like the everything I did before you left. I
tried so hard this time &, there's not much else
I can say except I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.