



The Headless Hawg Man

And now...the story of Mr. Ichabod Hawg. 'Twas a clear and pleasant evening. Ichabod was out riding his Harley, letting the blustery breeze blow through his high and tight. In the distance he heard the mindless howling of alley cats.

As Ichy increased his speed, all of his senses became alert. "This is living," he thought. Suddenly, from a shadowy storm drain, darted a stinking sewer rat. There was a screech, a shout. In an instant, the flash of polished chrome and thundering grind of metal against asphalt was absorbed by an eerie silence.

Nobody knows exactly what happened that day. However, if you listen carefully you'll hear the low rumble of his engine as he approaches from a distance, ever searching for the dirty rat that made him lose his head. Observant eyes might see that a helmet still rests on the back of his bike, exactly where it was the night poor Mr. Ichabod Hawg disappeared.

The moral of this story: *Wearing your helmet just might save your neck.*