

One last ride for the sake of the times we shared. A simple little excursion for the sake of what we told ourselves was manliness and bravado. The trip wouldn't last very long; it couldn't thanks to our daily lives and obligations to putting food into the gaping maws of our families. We couldn't get the entire gang back together, but at least we had the golden boys, right? Maybe it wasn't the most scholarly of ideas, and maybe having helmets would have made the difference. Driving into the sun was worthwhile, even on that black road--the lights came quickly.