



**W**HY'S SYLVIA HARPIN' at me to take her on trips all the time? How come she doesn't understand I got a business to run, can't go flittin' around like I'm some kind of kid on a motorcycle?

Ka-wa-saki. Kawasaki...900...900 what? Where's that kid goin' on that thing anyway with a bedroll? Can't sail it to Hawaii, can he? Can't fly it to Aca-pulco, can he? Kids.

Wonder what it's like just travelin' alone on a motorcycle with your bedroll. No traveler's checks. Goin' anywhere you want. How's a guy get along? What if I said, "Sylvia, so long for two weeks, maybe more, I'm hittin' the road on my Kawasaki motorcycle and my bedroll and that's the way it is"? Where would I go? Wyoming? Maybe first the ol' home town's where I'd go. Wonder what they'd say. Elton, he'd come out of his drug store and say, "Hey, Murray, thought you were in the travel business." And I'd say, "Business got boring, so I'm traveling."

Wonder if Margaret Stevens is still there. Maggie. "C'mon, Maggie, I'm taking you away from here. Goin' to Wyoming. Don't pack, just bring yourself." Bet she's prettier than ever. Maggie.

Dumb kid. Why'd he go and park that thing in front of my place for?

**Kawasaki**  
lets the good times roll.