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by susfit smith

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Stan's Bike Has A Creepy Admirer

I grew up in the suburbs of Albuquerque and we lived in close proximity to nature. My younger brother Stan had just received a new bike as his birthday gift – it looked brilliant in black and red. Every day, when he returned from school, he would take the bike on a ride through the neighborhood.

A week or so after receiving the bike, Stan swore that he felt a presence in the garage. He shared his concern with dad who didn't take it seriously. From that day onwards, Stan could feel something moving away from the bike each time he went closer.

On a bright Sunday morning, when Stan took his bike for a ride, he felt something poking at him. He immediately stopped the bike and hurled it towards the ground. To his horror, he saw a slender snake in strong embrace with the bike's frame.

This snake was a beautiful creature with thick black and red stripes. Its presence was almost camouflaged against the bike. Stan raced home to get Dad and both of them returned started poking at it. After a while, the snake budged and made its way to the bushes nearby.

That evening, Dad realized that the snake had made a cozy nest close to where the bike was parked in the garage. Did the snake fall in love with Stan's bike? I would like to think so. Like they say, love comes in all kinds of shapes and sizes.

In Albuquerque Street, San Diego, CA

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