

The Preacher series consists of western-style novels that recall the cowboys of yesteryear in the lives of today's bikers. These are men and women who live by a unique code of honor. Do Unto Others is book one.

Do Unto Others

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**Preacher:  
Do Unto Others**

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# **Preacher: Do Unto Others**

Book one in a series by **V.Shurtz**



***Comments:***

“A good western book that replaces the cowboys with bikers.  
—Cathy Brownfield

“It made me laugh and it made me cry.” —Jackie Middleton

“A fast read.” —Danny Knight

“Exciting western-style novel.” —Berry Hill

“I liked the honesty and the sense of honor it depicted.”  
—Yvonne Alexander



## ***Acknowledgments***

This is to thank all of my team for making this book possible.





The country between Fallon and Ely, Nevada, Highway 50, is flat with a couple of rolling hills to break the monotony, and it's also a place where the wind in your face can take control.

In mid-May, the country is a profusion of colors and smells. If you were to notice the indigenous plants, you would feast on the golds of goldenrod, the yellows of wild mustard, and the white flower of the wild radish. The purple of vetch stands alone amongst patches of pale blue that signify lupine.

Preacher, however, was not concerned with the flowers; he was worried about the tire that was going flat!

Damn it, he thought. Where am I going to fix a flat out here?

Preacher was about fifty miles out of Fallon. Where do you find a milk crate out here?

Shit! He thought.

As he turned his head around after looking at the tire, still going flat, he saw a storefront and what looked like a gas station. The storefront became a clapboard construction, painted some sort of beige or sun-faded brown. Across the highway, the biggest cottonwood tree that Preacher had ever seen was sitting in the middle of what looked like a gravel parking lot. Through the heat waves coming from the road, the setting became clearer the closer he got. It stood out like an oasis.

The station that Preacher saw was about one hundred yards away, and he didn't know if the tire would make it that far. He crawled off the bike, with the motor still running, and started nursing the bike toward the station.

Hank stood at the base of the old cottonwood tree in front of a Texaco station. The sound of a Harley had caught his attention. It caused him to look west toward the sunset. He stared at the mirage of a warrior. He shook his head; the vision cleared and became a biker pushing his bike. Hank recognized the style. The fat bobs, the wide glide, and the throaty sound of an old '74.

Preacher saw the old man watching him as he brought his bike up to a standstill in front of one of the bay doors. The old tree was surrounded by a bench that had been built in the years past. Two trucks sat in the shade. This must be a resting spot for

the locals, Preacher thought, as he took off his gloves and loosened his jacket. His black helmet sat on the sissy bar.

Around the base of the tree were a couple of old boys drinking soda, or whatever, and they were all looking at Preacher. Preacher shut off the motor, stood up, and stretched his back by arching it backwards.

“Excuse me,” Preacher said, walking toward the tree, “is the owner around?”

Hank put his hands in his pockets, standard practice, prior to speaking. “That would be me,” he said as he started walking forward.

“Glad to meet ya,” Preacher said as he strode up to meet the hazel eyes of Hank, and offered his hand. “Preacher, Shasta County, California.”

Hank looked at the offered hand. “Well, I don’t know if I’m glad to meet you, but I do own this station, and if you’re in need of assistance, you may be out of luck.”

Preacher pulled his hand back. So that’s how it’s going to be, Preacher thought; okay, I can deal with this. In his most civil tone and manner, Preacher said, “Excuse me, sir, but as you can see, I have a flat tire. I was hoping that I could fix it in the shade.”

Hank looked at the bike. Yup, the tire was flat. “Do you have the fixens to repair that tire? If not, I might have to charge you for the patches.”

Preacher smiled, “Yeah, I’ve got the fixens, but I would like to rent that milk crate over to the side of the shop.”

Hank smiled and looked at the milk crate beside the station. Grass was growing up through it. As he looked up, he met the gray eyes of Preacher. “Son,” he said, “you’re welcome to the use of that milk crate, and if you need any practice, there are a half a dozen flats next to that tire machine that need fixen, that is, if you’re of a mind to.”

Preacher smiled as Hank turned his back and headed back to his cronies around the tree. He had seen his type before. One of the good old boys that acted grumpy. Most would see through it.

*Preacher: Do Unto Others*

Slapping his gloves in his left hand, Preacher turned on his heel and strode into the sunset toward his bike. It was a '71 FLH originally: wide glide, bucket headlight, and fat bobs that would take you two hundred miles. Preacher had modified it to his height and to the length of his legs. His old girl was stretched one inch with six-inch over tubes on a twenty-one inch Avon. Ape Hangers finished off the triangle with grips that were tasseled with eight inches of leather on the end. The bike was black in color with a luminance of the paint that made it look like a dark rainbow in the sun.

As Preacher walked back to the bike, he took in the bays of the station. The first one, the one closest to the office and bathrooms, had a hydraulic rack that ran off of air pressure. The other side looked like a hodgepodge of flat tires, a soak tank, and oil drums. A path of sorts weaved its way through the collection.

The outside of the station was stucco, brown with dust to gray at grass level because of the years of accumulated grease. The milk crate stood next to one of the oil barrels outside the building. Last year's grass looked like straw sticking out of everywhere.

In the front of the second bay, Preacher saw a place he could nose his bike in. The soak tank was close, and the sun was going down, so inside was a good thing. Preacher took off his jacket, set it on the tire machine with his gloves, and walked to his bike to push it forward out of the sun.

He made sure the bike was somewhat level before he went outside to retrieve the milk crate. God bless steel milk crates, Preacher thought, as he pulled it from the grass; they don't build them like this anymore. He pulled the grass out and banged the crate on the dirt. With milk crate in tow, Preacher started back to the bay.

\* \* \* \* \*

The crew at the tree changed two or three times before Preacher got his tire fixed. Hank, however, had been watching

the Preacher go about his business. In his cut-off T-shirt, Preacher had moved his bike into the bay out of the sun. As Hank watched, Preacher picked up the back of his bike, by the fender mounts, and kicked the milk crate under the frame. His shoulders and forearm muscles rippled as he worked, making his tattoos move as if they were alive. When Preacher pulled his spoons out of his saddle bags, Hank smiled and thought to himself, that man knows what he is doing.

Preacher stood up from putting his tools back in his tool pouch and looked at the sun. He had noticed Hank watching him throughout the afternoon and knew he had earned some respect from the old man. He blinked against the sun and looked back at Hank.

Hank stood looking at Preacher.

“Hank,” Preacher said, “do you think I could pitch my tent next to the shop and head out in the morning?”

Hank sauntered over, stuck his hands in his pockets, and looked at Preacher with a smug look.

“Preacher,” he said, “I will rent ya that space for the night and even buy ya supper over at the diner if you will fix those two split rims for me—them bastards hurt me every time.”

Hank looked sideways at Preacher, “I hear they’re serving meat loaf, mashed potatoes and gravy.”

Preacher cocked his head, looked at the diner then back at Hank, smiled, and stuck out his hand.

“Hank, I think I could wrap myself around a good meat loaf,” Preacher said.

This time Hank took the offered hand.

\* \* \* \* \*

Maggie had been wiping down booths and tables when she heard the Harley. The sound was not that familiar out here in the middle of nowhere. Here, most traffic sounds were pick-ups and big rigs trying to beat the scales. Pulling the curtains aside, she glanced out the window. A biker was nursing his Harley up to

Hank's station with what looked like a flat back tire. This ought to give them boys something to talk about, she thought.

Maggie had grown up in this little spot in the road. Her mother had owned this diner for as long as she could remember. The diner, station, and a small store/beer bar were the focal points of this country. The ranchers and the boys around the tree had been supporting this area for years. When you're the only spot in town, everybody knows everybody.

Maggie was a good looking woman of about forty. Running the diner had kept her in shape. Standing 5'6" or 7", she had long shapely legs, a trim waist, a nice small bubble butt, and coffee cup sized breasts. Her hair was piled on top of her head in some sort of bun, and it was flaming red. She looked like Reba McEntire.

As she stood looking out at the events around the tree, she shook her head and smiled. "Well, Hank, here's your broken wing," she said to an empty room.

"Did you say something?" came a voice from the kitchen.

"It looks like your dad has a new friend," Maggie said as she dropped the curtain and started toward the counter.

The diner had three booths under the front windows. They were the old vinyl type with the table running between twin benches. Against the side wall were half a dozen tables with chairs, and a gleaming white counter with stools on chrome pedestals shone under the lights of the opposite wall.

Maggie had taken over the diner from her aged mother. She had a brisk coffee club business, which Hank was a member of, a fair lunch, and once a week she cooked a special. Her specials ran from barbecue ribs to fried chicken. Tonight it was meat loaf.

Tina came out from the kitchen, behind the counter. "What did you say? My dad has a friend?"

Maggie met her halfway between the booths and the counter. She looked back at the windows, "Yup, your dad has a friend, and the boys around the tree are going to be talking about it for a week." Maggie looked back at Tina and said, "I don't know who I

feel the sorriest for, you and me for having to listen to them or that biker for having to deal with them.”

Tina walked over to the windows and looked out. “Well, Dad’s walking back to the tree, and the biker is walking toward his bike, so it can’t be all that bad.”

“Yeah, well, your dad’s famous for taking in broken wings. I’m surprised he doesn’t get burned more often than he does,” Maggie said.

\* \* \* \* \*

Preacher turned around after shaking Hank’s hand, to survey the mess around the tire machine. Several tires stood or lay, side by side in front of the old thing. The retractor on the bottom seemed to work as Preacher stepped on the foot valve. Other than that, it would be all muscle and iron to take the tire off.

Preacher looked at the two tires Hank had indicated; the first two in the row were 7.50 x 16’s on split rims. The tread on both tires and the rims matched, telling Preacher that they belonged to the same truck. Not much mud, but Preacher could see the goatheads sticking out of the rubber. There’s the culprit, he thought. He rolled one out and looked around for some tools. He found what he was looking for toward the back of the shop next to an old bubble tire balancer. The hammer Preacher chose was about the size of a four-pound single jack except it had a fin on one side that looked like an adze. The next tool he looked for was an old friend, the milk crate. He found the soap in a can by the tire machine and went to work.

Preacher broke the ring loose from the rim, walked it off with a pair of long screwdrivers and looked to see if it had a boot in the tire; it did. He picked up the tire and set it down on the tire machine, spun the collar down tight, stepped on the foot valve, and broke the bottom bead loose. He spun off the collar, picked up the tire, turned it over, and dropped the tire on the milk crate. When the rim collided with the crate, the tire came loose all around. All he had to do now was push the stem through, and

*Preacher: Do Unto Others*

the tire was off. Then, it was fix the tube and put it back together.

The compressor was on the west wall of the second bay next to the dunk tank. Preacher started to fill the tube with air then stuck it in the tank. When he noticed the bubbles coming up from the tube, Preacher put his finger on it and stood up. As he did, he saw a BMX bicycle leaning against the wall. Its front tire was flat. I'm surprised Hank didn't ask me to fix that tire as well, Preacher thought. He chuckled at the idea.

\* \* \* \* \*

As Preacher started on the second tire, he noticed a newer Ford truck pull up. A small boy, of about six, jumped out and came flying toward the station.

"Grandpa... Grandpa!" the child yelled excitedly, "I rode the mutton; I really rode the mutton." He puffed out his chest and said, "I'm going to win that mutton bustin' contest at the rodeo." Beaming with excitement and pride, the boy strutted back up to the driver of the truck. "Roy said nobody can beat me if I stick like glue. Ain't that right, Roy?"

"Isn't," Roy said, "and yup, if you stick like glue you can't be beat."

Roy wasn't a big man. He stood only about 5'10" or so with the slight build of somebody that spent a lot of time on the back of a horse. He had narrow hips, square shoulders, and forearms that rippled when he flexed his hands. His Levi shirt matched his jeans. His brown boots had seen a lot of wear. The boy was all but the spittin' image of the man, down to the small boots that he wore.

"Roy," Hank said, "Tina's going to be mad as hell at you for bringing Josh back this late."

"I suspect you're right about that, but Josh wanted to try it one last time. It was that last ride that Josh stuck for the time," Roy said. His voice wasn't apologetic, but it was that of accomplishment.

"Well you'd best explain that to his mother," Hank said.



“I think I’d rather get in a fist fight than do that,” Roy said. “She doesn’t think that highly of me anyway.”

“Give her time, Roy,” Hank said in a patient voice.

“I’d give her all the time in the world if she’d have me, but I think the devil will be selling snow cones before that happens.”

\* \* \* \* \*

While Hank and Roy were talking, Josh had wandered over to look at Preacher’s bike.

“This your bike, mister?” he asked.

Preacher looked up and smiled at the boy. “Yup,” he said, “that’s my bike.”

“Cool,” Josh said. “Can I look at it?”

“Sure,” Preacher said, “but remember the rule—you can look, but don’t touch.”

“That’s what Grandpa says too,” Josh said as he walked over to the bike. Look, but don’t touch, and keep your hands in your pockets.”

“I have a bike too,” he said. “It’s that one over on the wall, but it has a flat.”

“I noticed,” Preacher said as he went back to work on the tire.

This boy has been taught respect for other people’s property, Preacher thought.

The boy was about as tall as a yard stick with dark brown hair cut short, and not as slight of build as Preacher had thought. He was a tight little bundle of muscle and sinew. This boy runs free and plays hard, Preacher thought.

“Are you working for Grandpa?” Josh asked, walking back from Preacher’s bike.

“Only for a meal,” Preacher said.

“Yeah,” Josh said. “Grandpa does that a lot.”

“We’re eating over at the diner tonight too. My mom said we’re having meat loaf and taters. Do you like meat loaf?” Josh asked.

“Yup,” Preacher said.

*Preacher: Do Unto Others*

“Me too; okay...we’ll...see ya later,” Josh said as he walked over to Hank and Roy by the tree.

About the time Josh got back to the truck, the front door to the diner opened, and a young woman of about twenty-five or so purposely walked out and crossed the highway. Preacher was patching the tube on the second tire when he heard Josh call out in an excited voice, “Mom, Mom, I rode the mutton; I rode the mutton!”

“You did?” the woman asked.

“Yup, and Roy said if I stick like glue, I’ll win at the rodeo.”

“That’s good,” she said. “Now go over to the house and get cleaned up; you’re eating at the diner tonight, so get!”

“Okay,” Josh said dejectedly.

“Can you pick me up tomorrow afternoon?” Josh looked expectantly at Roy.

“We’ll see,” Roy said as he looked at the woman.

“Josh, go get cleaned up like I told you to,” his mother said.

“As for riding sheep tomorrow, or anytime soon, that will depend on what Roy has to say about being so totally irresponsible about getting you home on time,” she said.

“Tina, being late was not Josh’s fault. He rode for time today, and he stuck,” Roy said defensively.

“I’ll stick you if you don’t start keeping your word. He was supposed to be home an hour ago.”

Preacher looked up from the tube and smiled. Nothing like a domestic squabble to entertain one’s self, Preacher thought as he took in the scene.

Tina was all of 5’4”, well proportioned, with dark hair cut pixie style, and an attitude.

“Now, Tina,” Roy said, “that kid has his heart set on winning at the rodeo. If you don’t let him practice he won’t win, damn it.”

“So, now you’re telling me how to raise my boy,” she said in a slightly raised voice that dripped with venom.

“All I’m saying is, that boy needs a man around to help raise him, and I’ve taken on the chore.”

“What am I, chopped liver?” Hank asked almost to himself.

“Hank, you know that’s not what I meant,” Roy said in an exasperated voice. “I didn’t mean that at all.” Looking back at Tina, he said, “All I’m saying is the kid needs a younger man to do the things he wants to do like ride bikes and ride sheep.”

“Well, if you think you’re going to be his daddy, you’ve got another thing coming, cause it ain’t gonna be you,” Tina said.

“Isn’t,” Roy said as he headed toward his truck.

“Fuck you, Roy Gene,” Tina said.

Roy didn’t even turn around as he said over his shoulder, “I’ll pick him up at one o’clock tomorrow and *will* have him back by five.”

With that, Roy got in his truck, started the engine, and with a spray of gravel and smoking tires, the truck sprang up on the highway.

Yup, Preacher thought. Nothing like a family feud to liven things up. With that, Preacher went back to the tire.

After Roy left, Hank turned to Tina, stuck his hands in his pockets and said, “Tina, you shouldn’t be so hard on Roy; he’s only trying to help that boy.”

“Yeah, I know, but he frustrates me every time I see him. He doesn’t show me any respect, and he won’t listen when I tell him what I want,” Tina said.

“Then don’t tell; maybe ask,” Hank said; “you might try some honey instead of vinegar.”

Tina shook her head, “Dad, I’m not trying to catch flies.” With that, she headed back to the diner.

Hank, after watching her cross the highway, walked over to Preacher who was just finishing up the second tire. “Son, you’d better get washed up as well; we don’t want to be late,” he said in a sarcastic voice.

Preacher nodded knowingly at Hank and said, “I don’t think I want that hellcat after me for being late.”

“Neither do I,” Hank said; “neither do I. Come on, Preacher; I’ll show you where you can wash up.”

With that said, Hank walked toward the back of the shop.

*Preacher: Do Unto Others*

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Behind the office, on the right side of the first bay, Hank stepped into a doorway and flipped the switch. The room was narrow and long. It ran behind the back office wall to what Preacher thought were the outside bathrooms, about fifteen feet. At the far end was a counter with a sink at one end. A hot plate with a small coffee pot sat on the opposite end. A small fridge was under the counter and coffee pot. A twin bed sat against the wall with a cabinet of some sort, on the back wall. A few cobwebs decorated the corners, and it needed to be swept. After the chaos of the second bay, Preacher was impressed.

“Preacher,” Hank said, “there’s no sense you pitchin’ your tent around the side of the building when there’s a decent bed right here, a hot plate for coffee, and you won’t get no bugs off that mattress. You might as well put your bedroll there and be comfortable.”

“Sounds like a plan to me,” Preacher said.

“Soap right here, scrub brush on the sink,” Hank gestured toward a black and white box of 20 Mule Team Borax.

“I’ll just head on over to the house and see how Josh is cleaning up.” With that, Hank walked out.

Preacher heard the bell in the office ding and looked out to see what was up. The old truck that sat at the pumps had seen better days and so had the owner. The man Hank was confronting was about thirty-five with shaggy dirty hair, dirty clothes, and a beer can in one hand.

“No,” Hank said. “No more credit until you and that old man of yours pay me off.”

“You’ll be sorry you said that one day,” the stranger said.

“Eddie, don’t threaten me!” Hank said with conviction in his voice.

Preacher walked out to the front of the first bay, and with Hank’s last remark stinging his ears, he asked, “Hank, everything okay?”

Hank turned around with a toothy grin on his face and said, "No need to worry, Preacher, I got this handled."

"Who's this biker trash, one of Tina's lovers?" the stranger asked.

"Now you watch your mouth!" Hank shot back. "Preacher is of no concern to you; he just happens to be a friend of the family. Now get, and don't come back unless you've got some money."

"I'll be back alright, and you're not going to like it," Eddie said. He took one last pull on his beer, threw the can in the back of the truck, and left with wretched laughter erupting from the cab.

Preacher walked up to Hank as the idiot drove off. "A friend of yours?" he asked.

"No, but like those goatheads, he's a thorn in my side. You best get washed; we're due over at the diner in a bit."

"That works for me," Preacher said and walked over to his bike.

Preacher pulled his bike back from the second bay, pushed it over to the first one, and backed it in. Shouldering his saddle bags, grabbing his bedroll and poncho liner, Preacher headed toward the room that Hank had offered.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun was just setting when Preacher, Josh, and Hank walked across the highway to the diner. Several trucks and a few cars were parked, at various angles, in front of and alongside the place called *Maggie's*.

"It looks like Maggie's meat loaf is highly thought of around here," Preacher said as he stepped up on the porch.

"She has a better turnout for her fried chicken," Hank said, "but the meat loaf is a good standby."

Josh held the door while Hank walked in, and Preacher held the door for Josh. "Are you gonna sit with us tonight, Preacher?" Josh asked as they walked in.

"I will if you want me to," Preacher said.

"Okay," relayed Josh.

*Preacher: Do Unto Others*

As Preacher walked through the door, he immediately stepped to the right, putting his back to the wall, and surveyed the crowd. There weren't as many customers as Preacher expected, judging from the number of cars parked outside.

The front booths were full, three tables were occupied, and two men sat at the counter.

Josh scurried over to the counter and hollered, "Mom, we're here!"

"Okay, honey," came a voice from the kitchen. "Go sit with Grandpa. I'll be right there."

"Mom, can I have a soda with supper?"

Tina stuck her head around the corner and asked, "How many did you have with Roy this afternoon?"

"Maybe a couple," he said.

"Maybe a couple, or a couple?"

"Two," Josh said.

"Then it's milk tonight," Tina said as she slipped back into the kitchen. "Go sit down, Josh, I'll be there in a minute."

"Okay," he said as he turned back toward Hank.

Preacher stood with his back to the wall as he watched Hank say "hello's" and Josh get "no's." He had washed the tire grime off himself, brushed out his long hair, and had it tied back in a pony tail that reached below his shoulder blades. He had changed Levi's and wore a Hells Angels support T-shirt with the sleeves cut off.

Preacher stood six feet tall, broad shoulders, thick chest, and had the narrow hips of a rider. Black stubble shadowed his face, and the creases around his eyes were from both laughter and squinting into the sun. There was a noticeable lull in the noise as the customers took in the stranger.

"Josh, let's sit at that first table. Preacher, pick a chair and please sit down; you're making all these cowboys nervous," Hank said with laughter in his voice.

Preacher sat with his back to the wall. He had a clear view of the entire room and the front door. It pays to be cautious in a strange environment. The tables were set for four, and the

booths were set for two. Preacher glanced around the room. The walls were painted off-white with a brown border at ceiling level. The tiles on the floor were multi-colored brown to match the border. The smells emanating from the kitchen were that of fresh baked bread, meat loaf, and coffee. Preacher's stomach started to rumble. Hank came striding back to the table after sticking his head into the kitchen.

"Well, Preacher, what do ya think?" he asked as he sat down facing Preacher.

"Not as crowded as I thought it would be, judging from the trucks outside."

"Well, it's not fried chicken, but people around here do like meat loaf with gravy," Hank said. "I asked Maggie to add another slice to your plate for the work you done for me this afternoon."

"Good," said Preacher. "My stomach thinks my throat's been cut."

"Okay, you three, what do you want to drink?" Tina asked as she carried three full water glasses to the table. "Milk for Josh, coffee for Dad, and what will it be for you, Preacher—beer or coffee?"

"I think I'll stay with water, if you don't mind."

"I don't mind," said Tina.

"How did you know my name?" Preacher asked.

"Well, when Dad hollered your name out, we were all introduced to you. Besides, I saw you working over at the station this afternoon."

"That'll do," Preacher said.

"Thank you," she said as she made eye contact with Preacher. "I'll be right back."

When the plates arrived, Preacher noticed that Josh's had one piece of meat loaf, Hank's had two, and Preacher's had three thick juicy slices. His plate was piled high with whipped potatoes, and a spoon full of mixed vegetables garnished the side. The meat loaf and potatoes were swimming in rich brown gravy, and four warm homemade biscuits sat invitingly on a separate plate.

*Preacher: Do Unto Others*

“This looks like my mama’s cooking,” Preacher said as Tina set the plates down.

“That’s cause it *is* homemade, right down to the biscuits; enjoy,” Tina said as she walked away.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was dark when Preacher and Hank wandered out of the diner and crossed the highway over to the station. Their meal had been a relatively quiet affair. Hank had talked with his neighbors; Josh and Preacher had concentrated on the food. Maggie personally delivered the dessert of cherry cobbler with vanilla ice cream.

“Hank,” Preacher said, “that was a fine meal; thank you.”

“After the work you done for me this afternoon, it’s the least I could do,” Hank replied.

Preacher nodded his head in a silent acknowledgement. “Ya know, that Maggie’s a fine lookin’ woman,” Preacher said; “she spoken for?”

“Naw,” replied Hank. “She grew up around here, in that house behind the diner. She left right after high school, went to Reno and thought she could get a job there with one of the shows. When her momma got sick, she came home to run the diner and look after her. She’s been back about five years now. I brought Tina and Josh home about three years ago, and the two of them have turned that diner into a gold mine. She does a good breakfast trade and a fair lunch, but her evenings have always been slow. It cost her more to keep the lights on and the grill hot than she was makin’. Now she closes around six, except on *special’s* night. Then she stays open till the customers leave, somewhere around nine.”

“I’m surprised someone hasn’t gotten a hold of her, her being a good business woman,” Preacher replied.

“That red hair of hers tells you a lot about Maggie; she won’t have anybody. The man that can tame her will have a fine person to stand beside him.”



The two of them had reached the station. Hank turned on the office lights. "Preacher, there's an enclosed shower out that back door if you're so inclined, hot water and all."

"You saying I need a shower, old man?"

"Not yet," Hank chuckled, "but if you're going to do any work tomorrow, you might."

"Work tomorrow?" Preacher asked as he turned to look at Hank with a smile on his face.

"Well, if you're not in a hurry to get gone, I could use some help over the next couple a days. Can't pay ya much, but I can sure as hell buy ya supper." Hank looked sideways at Preacher, "Can you weld?"

"Now, why would you ask me that?" Preacher asked.

"Well, Roy's dad is coming in tomorrow to pick up those two tires, and he said he has a loose muffler, and I told him we could fix it."

"Oh, you did, did ya?" Preacher chuckled.

Hank stuck his hands in his pockets as he turned to face Preacher. "Well, I sorta said I'd ask if you could weld, and if so, we would fix it. I can't see so well anymore. It's hard to use that torch if you can't see."

"What else can't you do that you need me for, Hank, more tires?"

"No," said Hank, "but I'd like to take a run into Fallon to the parts store and get some brake pads for Maggie's car. That is if you'll stay one more day."

"Well, I guess I will be needing that shower after all," Preacher replied.

"Good," Hank said. "I'll make it right for ya, Preacher."

This time Hank stuck out his hand.

\* \* \* \* \*

Maggie and Tina were cleaning up after supper. Tina started the dishwasher and wiped off the work counters in the kitchen as Maggie wiped the tables and swept the floors.

*Preacher: Do Unto Others*

Maggie was wiping down the counter when Tina came out from the kitchen. “Well, Maggie, what do ya think of Preacher?”

“He’s big, that’s for sure.”

“He’s good looking too,” Tina said as she smiled at Maggie, “in a rugged sort of way.”

“That man could cause a lot of trouble if you crossed him,” Maggie said as she looked over at the station to see Hank and Preacher talking.

“Imagine, a Preacher on a shovel.”

“What did you say?” Tina asked. “A Preacher on a shovel—is that anything like a witch on a broom?”

“Not even the same, Tina,” Maggie said.

“A shovel is a type of motor for that Harley. It’s an old ’74 by the looks of it.”

Tina stopped at the corner of the counter and looked at Maggie. With an evil grin on her face, she asked, “Now, how would you know that, Maggie?”

Maggie looked back at Tina, wiggled her eyebrows and simply said, “History, girl, history.”

They both exploded with laughter.

\* \* \* \* \*

Preacher wasn’t ready to go to bed when he finished laying out his bedroll and poncho liner. He made the coffee for tomorrow with grounds out of his saddle bags and then pulled out his medicine. He knew it was against the law to have cannabis in Nevada, but it helped him relax. With swift adept hands, he rolled a joint and stuck it behind his ear. His bike was resting comfortably in the first stall. Grabbing a clean rag off the workbench against the back wall, he started wiping the old girl down—five hundred pounds of black paint, chrome, and steel. When he finished, he folded the rag and laid it on the seat. The light was off in the office. The only light came from Preacher’s room. Let’s go see this shower, Preacher said to himself.

The Preacher series consists of western-style novels that recall the cowboys of yesteryear in the lives of today's bikers. These are men and women who live by a unique code of honor. Do Unto Others is book one.

Do Unto Others

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