**Reaction Time**

Barry , better known as ‘Freak Show’ to the members of the Dusters Motorcycle Club, was a large man. He drug his **grizzled** frame off the Harley Softtail that he’d ridden up to The Burning Itch. The Itch, as it was commonly called, was an out-of-the-way dingy dive bar that served as the headquarters of the gang. It’s where they set up deals with their drug suppliers and socialized.

Freak Show was tired of drinking whiskey all the time and decided to try something different. He told Spooky Sam, the bartender, to hand him a **Malt Liquor**. What the hell, he’d never had one. Taking a big swig of the soothing liquid on this hot November day in Tucson, Arizona, he let it slide down his throat and calm his nerves about meeting with a new Meth manufacturer. He was always nervous meeting with a new face to talk about drugs. Worries that this ‘supplier’ could be DEA were never far from his mind.

Several of their brethren had been taken down in a major drug sting by the feds not long ago. Now the club was on the DEA’s radar, and conducting operations like they were, were likely to stay on their radar for some time to come. All of the club’s old tricks to sniff out a narcotics agent seem to have been figured out. Every law enforcement agency knew ways to get around them. That thought made Freak Show cringe, and he took another slug of his beer.

Without warning, a horrible rumble grew until it engulfed his entire insides. He felt like his blood had been sucked out and replaced with ginger ale. His vision darkened and he saw swirling **purple** shapes in front of his eyes. All of a sudden, he was as dizzy as he’d ever been and he fell over, crashing through a window on his way.

Looking out over the desert, there was nothing. Nothing but sand and cacti, and the occasional rock formation. In the midst of his hallucination, Freak Show could have sworn he saw a **jackalope** running across the dry lake bed outside the bar. Even in his fevered condition, he knew that had to be a mirage, because those weren’t real….they couldn’t be.

There was no doubt he was hip-deep in **anaphylactic** shock. Thank God one of his brothers in the bar had an Epi-pen that he carried for scorpion stings.