

## WHAT THE BIKER CHICK SAID

A biker chick is talking to one of the bikers at the Dragoon Creek Campground. Their encampment is a few miles west of where the creek joins the Little Spokane.

Dragoon Creek is entering into August, which is firmly HIH in the middle of what we in Dream Fishing the Little Spokane call fire season. The birds, western wood-peewees, red-winged black birds, and a few quail hidden in the serviceberry, are keeping up an ebullient chatter.

The biker chick isn't talking to her biker, the one she came with, the one the others don't question, just another one who happens not to be her biker.

The two stand next to Dragoon Creek. The little trout stream lies still in the way a woman's hair lies. Individual strands could whip about like the mane of a galloping horse. But on this entering-August afternoon, they don't. On this summer afternoon, the Horsehead Nebula has got nothing on the flow of Dragoon Creek.

The biker chick is getting pretty animated. Her hands are painting the air. Right here next to Dragoon Creek, she looks like a photograph of Frida Kahlo. Look at the photograph, and the first thing you notice is that both Frida's hands firmly grasp a cocked

revolver. An ammunition belt is fastened at a provocative angle across her hips. The sleeves of her blouse flow on either side. The blouse is open, vulnerable, her left breast partially exposed. The revolver isn't pointed at the viewer. Her eyes are.

A red-wing black bird calls from the other side of Dragoon Creek. Soon after the biker chick says, "I know somebody who makes the best Spam fried rice."

Upstream, away from what the biker chick said, Dragoon Creek meanders this way through farms, tranquil, and that way through woods. Eventually you come to the Deer Park Mill Pond. Its concrete dam is a mid-summer's barrier to the stream's headwaters. "Can't get there from here." "What d'ya mean? I can't go no further?" "Nope, just like I said, y'can't get there from here." "Well, fuck that."

Back downstream at the Dragoon Creek Campground, the biker chick has just revealed that she knows someone with culinary skills. Maybe she should put in an application at Deer Park's Asian restaurant. The establishment opened not long ago. Folks laid down bets on whether the new business would make a go of it. Doubters cited the fact that there were no Asian springs to supply a flow of Asian culture. The percent of Asian residents in Deer Park was seventeen hundreds of one percent. An internet search of Asian links to Deer Park yields only the Asian restaurant and a single man who claims to plant gardens inside bottles.

- graduated from Osaka  
Bonsai-Zen Institute

- worked on micro-gardening for fifteen years
- taught bottle horticulture for ten years
- moved to U.S from Japan one month ago

Maybe the biker chick could begin the interview by offering to make her famous Spam Fried Rice, the recipe she got from someone she knows, this someone whose Spam fried rice is the best. She could say she'd like to begin on a trial basis, get her feet wet in the conjoining of cultures here along Dragoon Creek. In fact, she could write out her recipe on the back of a Japanese beer mat coaster.

#### Spam Fried Rice

1 can Spam  
1 can peas  
1 can sliced carrots  
1 egg  
2 cups yesterday's rice  
handful of wood ear fungus,  
soaked  
some soy sauce  
some ginger, diced

Cut up Spam and fry in wok.  
No need for oil. Spam fat  
will do the trick. Put in  
some ginger and soy sauce.  
Drain and put in the wood  
ear fungus, peas, and  
carrots. Remove. Fry the  
rice. Return the Spam

mixture. Whisk an egg and  
drizzle it across the mix.  
Eat.

Chances are the biker chick probably, most assuredly, won't put in an application at Deer Park's Asian restaurant. Instead, on this soon-to-be evening in August, her words prompt memories of Spam Fried Rice gone by. These memories call her to action. And her actions result in a fry pan brimming with Spam Fried Rice.

As if on cue Saint Francis descends from heaven on a Horsehead Nebula of a staircase. Life all about comes to the table. Then, the meal is served, the dish the biker chick knows so well, the dish she says is the best.