

To my dear Lady Macbeth

It's safe to say, I outlasted the war (1). Flawless victory for the SCO Cross Gang. I was one of the last few men standing. Tension in the air- you know how it is - like the pub on a Friday night, smothered by Cigar Smoke. You could cut it with a knife. Here's how it went down.

As we rode in the fast lane, the desert road stretched into the horizon. We pulled up. Side by side, our bikes were aligned. The mental battle behind the stare-down rivaled what was going to be the bloodiest and most physical battle yet. Bloodlust was high and I was gunning for their heads. No-one was going to destroy the gang. It was an all-out clinic: stab after stab and punch after punch. They fought well; I fought better (2). My 44 took apart MacDonald's smug face and his toy knife! I've never met satisfaction quite like it. All in all, it was no doubt great news for TopDog and I can tell you now that he'll be howlin for weeks on end about how we came to dominate and will forever dominate this side of town (3). No biker-club within a one hundred mile radius is going to cross us now.

It wasn't long before the boys and I took to the road again. Come nightfall, roaring engines became music to my ears and the headlights of cars were jewels to my eyes (4). Then Ban.Q and I made a pit stop in an old dusty town. A few of the boys followed but the others continued on their deafening Harley Davidsons back to the Club. TopDog will be waiting there drunk or high or worse... sober. It was my genius idea to let the other guys hang with him before us real heroes finally made our return.

You would agree that we deserved to have a celebration of our own. Nothings better than a liquid lunch at 11pm and we definitely earned it. By the end of the night everything was spinning with envy but I do remember Ban.Q trying to pick up three weird cougars (5) at once. Mascara smeared, hair all oily and scrounged up and the overpowering smell of an exploded brewery. With two on one arm and one on the other, Ban.Q was wolf whistling and stumbling his way over to me. He tried to palm me off with the ugliest one but I told him that I have my Aphrodite on earth holding it down for me and I suffered harassment from the guys for a while but you're worth all pain, babe (6). Since when was being whipped a bad thing?

After that I didn't pay much attention to what cougars were all doing - except for some stuff they said (7). The taller bonier one shouted everyone a beer and screeched "Mac, Sargent of Glamis". (8) Before then I hadn't the slightest clue who she is or where she had come from but yet she knows my status in The Gang (9). Everybody clashed their lager glasses together and threw their heads back chugging down every last drop. Then we had a round of Jager bombs and the oldest of the three in hooker heels shrieked "Mac, Lord of Caws" (10) and cackled aloud. The guys were yelling, roaring, cheering, arguing, grumbling obliviously to what was going on but Ban.Q certainly heard it loud and clear (11). A few Lemon drops, Kamikazis, Jello shots and many bottles of gin later the creepiest most messed up one of them all climbed onto the bar table all the while holding an overflowing glass of tequila in her hand. She raised her glass in the air and wailed "Mac, Leader of The Gang" (12). Before I knew it all three were on the table shouting my name, shouting Ban.Q's name - shouting both our names. It was weird.

That's not all; the wild night seemed to continue into the next day getting stranger and stranger. Ross and Angus (13) rolled up on their Fat Boy Los and told me that Top Dog's stripped The "Lord of Caws" patch off of whatshisface and now it's mine - on my jacket!(14)

I don't know who those ladies are and I don't care but they have the wrong guy if they think I'll be The Leader of The Gang anytime soon. Who would even think of putting down The Top Dog?

It's Ludacris. He's the epitome of what this gang stands for - Strength, Power and Endurance. Besides **Little Mal** (15) takes over the reins when Top Dog Dunc's had enough. Even still, he has a long road ahead of him. Forget those crazy cougar ladies. **You are my darling and I miss you like crazy** (16).

Love

Mac B

P.S **Just heard TopDog's gonna pay us a visit but I know you'll have everything on lock and load**(17).