

WE WERE KIDNAPPED

By BRAD KORMAN as told to KEVIN BURKE

HAVING a run-in with a motorcycle gang is like having an accident or getting mugged, or arrested: You've never thought about these things happening to you; they only happen to other people.

That's the way it was when Laura and I were kidnapped by the Hell Raiders. Ironically, I'm a motorcyclist myself, the "square" kind that the outlaw bikers hate. One evening — it was just getting dark — Laura and I were walking along one of the lonely, isolated beaches you can still find in Southern California in spite of the freeways and oceanfront housing developments. As usual, we were talking about our marriage plans, where we'd live, how many kids we'd have.

We had just reached the top of a sand dune that fell away to a hidden clearing on the beach. And there, less than fifty feet away, were about two dozen or so of the Hell Raiders and their mamas. They had built a fire

BEHIND-THE-HEADLINES EXCLUSIVE
OF A YOUNG COUPLE'S NIGHTMARE



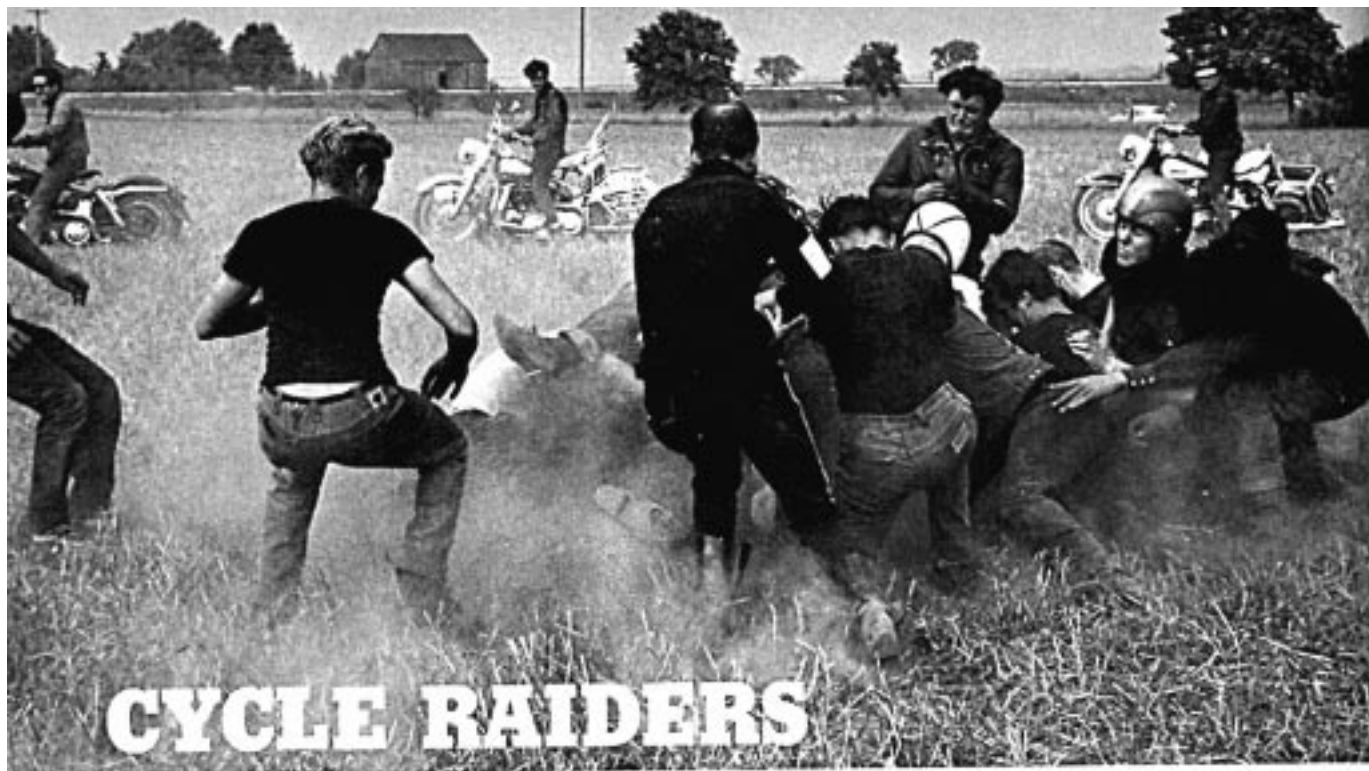
**YOUNG MAN, FIANCEE HELD
PRISONER BY CYCLISTS**

Here in their own words is an innocent couple's story of their ordeal at the hands of two-wheeled savages . . .

BY THE CYCLE RAIDERS

CALIFORNIA contingent of Hell Raiders was considered most vicious of all outlaw cycle brats (depicted above, right) . . .

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out of driftwood and were swilling beer, arguing, fighting and making love in the sand like a pack of animals.

I grabbed Laura and started back, hoping to circle around that barbarians' camp before the Raiders saw us. But it was too late. Whooping and howling, about a half dozen of them came charging up the dune, cutting us off from the path to the road.

"Wow, wow! Look what we found!" shouted one of them, a short, squat 200-pounder who resembled a barrel dressed in a gorilla suit. He was stripped to the waist, wearing only filthy jeans and cycle boots. The other three were standard model outlaw bikers—dirty, drunk and dumb, with the usual biker uniform of jeans, boots, Iron Crosses, swastikas and the rest of the juvenile junk they decorate themselves with.

They stood in a semi-circle around us, leering at Laura, who's tall, blonde, shapely and has the kind of untouched look that the bike bums go crazy over. If you've had a good look at some of the pigs that their mamas are, you'll know why.

But they weren't quite ready to do anything, because of me. I'm big (six-two, 185 pounds) and have a face that looks as if it's been in a few fights and survived—broken nose, a couple of scars. But it's all from cycle smash-ups. I raced motorcycles until Laura asked me to quit. Even sold my two racing bikes.

Just when the little band of Hell Raiders looked as if they had decided to take me on to get at Laura, another biker came up the



ALTHOUGH Hell Raider mamas put on innocent act for cops, they were often even more bloodthirsty than their men . . .

Motorcycle Gang's Hostages

MOTORIST TELLS OF COUPLE'S ORDEAL

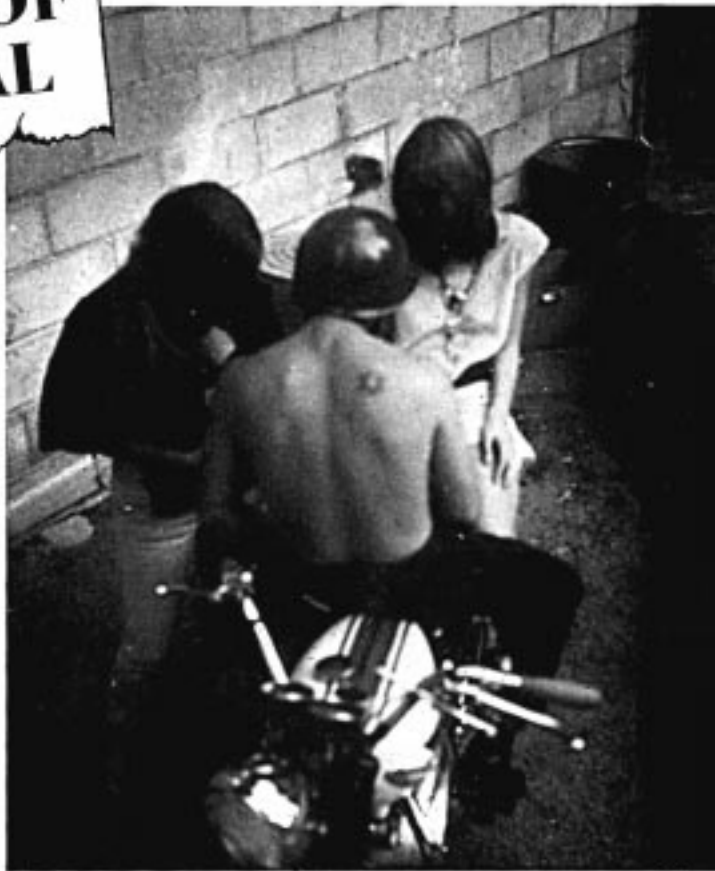
dune. They stepped aside for him. He looked familiar, a big guy, as tall as me, a little heavier. I looked closer and under the matted shoulder-length hair, Genghis Khan mustache and beard, dirty jeans and leather vest, I recognized the chief of the Hell Raiders.

"Hello, Brad," he said, in his gravelly, rather high-pitched voice. "Been a long time."

"Hello, Chink," I said in a flat tone. Laura held tight to my arm, fearing Chink Hannigan more than the other Raiders combined. But I wasn't afraid of him—not for myself, anyway—because I knew him from way back when—in high school, and for a couple of years after that.

Chink and I had always been competitors, for the quarterback spot on the football team, for girls, in fights. And after high school, first place in motorcycle races. The only time he beat me out was for that quarterback spot. I usually took the girls, the fights and first place in the races. And Chink was a grudge collector, a

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POLICE kept close watch on Hell Raiders but gang managed to stay within law until they kidnapped Korman and his girl

