

MY LUCKY NIGHT (I)

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That Friday night the winds came wave after wave, much like an ocean. The winds rustled and dropped dried tree leaves while my hair blew to lend that free spirit feeling.

It was great to know I'd see my new girlfriend at the dance.

I felt enthusiasm, confidence and lucky this night as my hand went down and a thumb went out. Nothing could stop me.

Chargers, Malibus, Mustangs, Camaros and one Judge all passed me coldly by as the setting sun disappeared. Distant street lights tried helplessly to save day, but they succumbed to the dark.

A Hornet, a Volkswagen Beetle, a Kadette and an ol' Montclair passed. It certainly hurt my morale to think drivers of those cars wouldn't stop for me. "But nothing gonna stop me tonight," I said to myself checking my watch noticing now 7:30 pm.

An older Buick came my way, " C'mon buddy, c'mon you can do it, you can do it, Awwwww you S. O. B.," I yelled at the passing car while I shivered from the cool breeze. I began to think I should have worn a jacket. I knew I wouldn't appear cool with it so I figured I didn't need it? On second thought, another Mustang passed, I would have brought a jacket if I hadn't felt so damn lucky.

This HAS to be a ride, a hippie mobile. A beat up, broken down Volkswagen bus. "Here I am, here I am... AHFFFH hah!"

My luck had finally arrived as the bus door creaked or rusted open, I wasn't too sure but I had a ride.

"Where ya headed?" A young, blonde haired woman in torn denim asked me.

"Oakland."

"Get in," she replied letting out an odd chuckle.

I didn't care about the vehicle all I had to do was make Oakland, four miles away. I was confident the nuts and bolts would make it that far.

Cough, sputter, cough. I got concerned because the cough wasn't from the girl nor I. We coasted to a stop about 100 yards from where I had been hitch-hiking.

"We're out of gas," I remembered her saying.

I replied, "WE?"

"We," she said, "Can you help me push it to the gas station?"

Just then I saw George's Plymouth rounding the far bend and passing the Volkswagen bus in a blur. My heart sank and I didn't feel quite as lucky now knowing he would have given me a ride.

"Let's push it to the service station," I remembered saying, thinking to myself and looking at my watch, "It's not that far."

About fifteen minutes later I was sure we weren't THAT FAR from the service station. Ten minutes later I gave a last heave-ho and shoved the monster over the service drive hump headed for the go-go juice.

"Whew," I said, panting and nearly out of breath as I caught up to her and the "love mobile."

"Got any money?"sa

"What?"

"We need gas."

I don't know if I was in shock or considered my newest girlfriend alone at the dance.

"How much you need?" I asked.

"Couple of bucks ought to do it."

I handed her two dollars and watched it disappear down the bus's drain.

I finally got to the dance after the Volkswagen Bus Olympics. I checked my hair, tried cleaning up just a little and I was ready.

First person I saw that I knew was George.

"Where's Peggy?" I asked.

"She was so excited about you. She wanted to know all about you. Why'd you make her wait?"

"I had a helluva time getting here."

"You should have called me."

"I know. Where's she at?"

"I think she got tired of waiting and this good looking guy, a senior I think, kept asking her to dance. She finally did, you just missed them leaving."

"WHAT!"

"Sorry Roge, you shouldn't kept that one waiting."

I stood muted with that lover's emptiness then thinking I was still lucky as I never had to see her with him.