

## THE HITCH-HIKE MUSE (2)

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I saw George standing at the corner. I prepared myself and then jogged as I normally did to the corner.

George yelled to me before I got there, I remained cool I then went into a worried, nervous state.

He noticed and with a bit of concern asked, "Howya doin' Roge?"

I did not respond.

"Anything wrong?"

"George you're never gonna believe me," I said as serious as possible in a low voice.

"What'ya talkin' bout?"

"You know last night, after I left. . ."

"Yeah."

"Well I hitch-hiked home."

"OK and. . ."

"A shiny, black, two door Mustang stopped and three girls were in the car."

I noticed George's facial expression display a pickup of interest.

"YEAH."

"That's what I thought," I said, "especially when the gal in the front seat joined me in the back seat with the other girl."

George's eyes lit up as he exclaimed, "Really?"

Now I had his total attention.

"Yeah, I couldn't believe it."

"What happened, what happened?"

"The driver, a bombshell blonde, was gonna take me to Greenfield but instead of going around Schenley Park she drove through it. Slow. She made the big curves wide and the girls sort of rocked into me, giggling and all."

"Damn, you have all the luck."

"Well, near the circle, the gal driving parked between two trees, turned off the headlights and looked back at me."

George was really excited, "Go on, go on."

"It was terrible," I said. I tried regaining my initial nervous composure.

"What? What was terrible?"

"The blonde driver turned to me, pointed a gun and said you're gonna make love to all of us and if you don't do it right, you're dead."

"What happened? What did you do?"

I couldn't hold my emotions back any longer, "I'm alive ain't I." Then laughed my buddie's expense.

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