

COLD, LONELY NIGHT (6)

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WORD COUNT: 334

I lived in the City of Chicago in 1973, but a girl I was fond of lived well outside the city. I'd go see her some by taking a commuter train as far as I could and then hitch-hiked the rest of the way.

It was winter and I could not start on my way until after dark. The commuter train ride wasn't bad but I did not know the area and only knew to follow a boulevard to an intersection, then a right, and a left.

One night was especially cold and I had already walked further than any of the previous nights. I began wondering if this young lady was really worth it. She wasn't faring well as the temperatures were dropping and it suddenly seemed darker.

I kept walking and thumbing; thumbing and walking when I viewed my surroundings. It did not relax me to realize I had and still walked to the side of a cemetery. I'm thinking, a Chicago Cemetery in the winter. What the hell was I doing there?

It was a bitter Arctic cold night. My feet, hands, face and entire being were very cold when a Volkswagen Bus grinded to a stop. The side door opened and I jumped inside. I never looked up, but mentioned I was going toward the BIG intersection.

I had my head down as I was trying to get warm. It was very dark in the bus and it was minutes before it dawned on me, "What's my environment?"

I looked up and quickly concluded, "Bad news."

There were many people in the bus. All hippish and I did not feel too comfortable. I had been very dumb not to have noticed the scene as I boarded. Then again that was my plight when the bus had stopped.

Just as I was feeling less secure a voice from the front said, "You're here."

"Great."

The Volkswagen Bus stopped, I hopped out and I saw that girl a last time.

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