

## His Girl

Rem loved driving semi-s for the mere fact that they intimidated all the other drivers on the highway. He loved getting right behind a Geo Metro or Honda Prelude, pushing toward those little bumpers and then slightly backing off, only to come back a few seconds later and move in a little closer. Nighttime was the best time to really fuck with other drivers. Rem imagined that his truck's over-sized headlights struck fear in the hearts of many travelers who had seen one too many horror movies.

He checked out his smile in the sideview mirror. Seeing a little piece of meat stuck between his yellowed teeth, Rem reached for a postcard of the Grand Canyon and used it to fish out the gristle. Hoping to find some hooligans on a road trip, he eyed the contents of each passing car. His favorite victims were teenage girls, out for the night in daddy's car. The exaggerated nature of teenagers made it easy to see their reaction from where he sat in his cab. Girls usually pulled at each other's shoulders, threw their hands in the air, and whirled their heads around trying to get a better view of the automotive assault that he was inflicting upon them. As cars sped by, Rem saw a few potential opportunities- a new white VW Beetle with a license plate that said "doozer," and lime green Neon with a boy driving, two girls as passengers. He let them

both pass without trying anything.

Finally, a red convertible Mustang pulled alongside him in attempt to pass. He had been driving since noon, and had no idea what the temperature outside was, but he was pretty sure that it was too cold to justify having the top down, but the girls didn't appear to care. There were three of them in the car, singing obnoxiously to whatever they were listening to. The driver, a brunette with big breasts, must have been tapping her foot on the accelerator because the car shot forward and backward rhythmically. The blond in the backseat was thrashing to the music so hard she looked like she was having a seizure. Peering down into the passenger seat, Rem realized the third girl was staring back up at him. She was decent looking, not great. Her hair was pulled back in a bun, her breasts barely there. *The girl does have some nice legs*, he thought. She wasn't smiling or bobbing her head as fiercely as the other two. She kind of nodded to the beat that he couldn't hear and let her eyes trace his truck and then his face.

Rem thought about pulling out his 8 by 11 poster board that said in lazy handwriting, "Show me your tits." But it somehow didn't seem appropriate when he glanced again at the girl, so he left the sign on the floor of the passenger seat. The look on the girl's face was almost dreamy, as if

the truck and its driver represented some deep desire of hers. Rem realized the amount of bullshit this idea contained, but he held on to it for a second. What if she had always wanted to travel cross-country in a miniature mobile home, delivering sacks of starch to food suppliers? Or maybe she just really wanted to have sex in the cab of a semi.

Unfortunately, Rem had given up on the idea of sex on the road. Ever since he read that article back in 1989 about the rapid spread of AIDS due to truckers fucking whores state to state, he had tried to abstain from this bad habit. The girl looked fairly clean, sitting in that Mustang, swaying to the music, staring up at him. For her, he would make an exception. Suddenly the girl was smiling as if she had had the same thought as him. The brunette driving apparently did not realize the transaction that was happening between Rem and the girl, because she rudely interrupted it by pushing the gas pedal and finally passing him. Once clear of the truck, the Mustang yanked itself into the right-hand lane and continued to speed along.

Rem could no longer see the girl, except for when she occasionally leaned over the armrest that divided the car and twisted around in order to talk to her friend in the backseat. For some reason he didn't want the mustang to slip away from him, he

wanted to hook his truck to their back bumper and just drag behind them. For once, he felt bad that his headlights were aligned at the driver's eye level, their reflection blinding the user of the rearview mirror. Rem could tell it was bugging the brunette because she kept reaching up to adjust the mirror and deflect the light. It had been about fifteen minutes since his girl had made herself visible to him by leaning over. He swerved a few times, trying to glimpse her face, but his timing was never right. She was always looking the other way or hunched over messing with the radio.

Rem was starting to get frustrated and thought about giving up when he noticed the red and blue lights swirling behind him. Realizing it was him the cop car was trying to wave down, Rem stared sadly at the taillights of the mustang as it sped away and he pulled over. The officer approached the truck slowly and tapped on the door. Rem pushed it open a little.

"Why don't you step out here for me," the officer said.

"Was I speeding, sir?" Rem asked in his best wholesome truck driver voice.

"You were following that other car pretty close, weren't ya?"

"Was I? I guess maybe I was. I've been on the road awhile. I think I was just tired."

"You know, I was following you for quite some time. You were swerving a bit. You been drinking?"

"Uh, no sir. Just tired, I think." Rem rubbed his eyes with heel of his right hand as if to feign fatigue.

The officer eyed him for a few seconds and then shook his head.

"There's a truck stop about five miles down the road. Why don't you stop there and get some sleep?"

"Yeah, good idea. Thanks for the tip." The officer handed back his license and dismissed him with a little wave. Rem turned and dragged his feet back to the truck. He actually felt tired now and just wanted to reach the truck stop.

Five minutes later, he pulled off the highway and parked his truck with all the others in the gravel lot to the left of the building with the sign that advertised clean restrooms, strong coffee and cooking comparable to grandma's. Rem got out of the cab and headed for the well-lit diner, suddenly overcome by the need to relieve himself. The bell above the door clanged as he entered. The place wasn't so much a restaurant as it was a typical gas station with a hamburger joint attached. He kept his head low and headed right for the restrooms. Finally the urinal was in front of him and he let out a big sigh as his bladder emptied. The nasty, little comments on the wall

before him seemed less entertaining than usual. Rem liked to add his own touches in each restroom he visited when traveling, but he just didn't have it in him tonight.

He tugged his zipper back up and exited the restroom still fastening his belt. Over the top of the rows of junk food and cheap souvenirs, Rem saw the back of a girl's head. Her hair was pinned in that newly familiar bun and she was standing beside two other girls. *This is it, it's her*, his mind raced. The blond and brunette were scanning the candy quickly, moving fast down the aisle. But his girl stood staring down at the food that lay before her. Rem walked up next to her, pretending to look for something specific. She paid no attention to him, not even glancing up from the corn nuts selection she was perusing. Her friends were heading for the door and she would be gone any second. He remembered the smile she had given him on the dark highway. He spoke to her.

"Hey there, pretty thing."

The girl slowly raised her chin, allowing her eyes to meet his. The corners of her mouth lifted as if to give him back the smile. Eyes twinkling, she replied.

"No way, fat-ass." Her left hand reached down and grabbed a bag of barbeque corn nuts. She turned to look at him one more time and then walked away.

She was standing in the checkout line  
with her friends as Rem walked to the door.  
He heard her say,  
"They were out of the ranch ones."

*Megan Eley*