

Hitchin a Ride

By

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Chapter 1

It was early in the morning in Chicago, Illinois at the University of Illinois (UIC)...

Joey Austin was a twenty-one years old, black hair, blue eyes, and one and forty pounds of one hundred percent pure American skinny geek.

He slept in his dorm room bed.

While he slept, he drooled on his pillow where a huge wet spot formed. A bad habit he's had since he was eight years old.

Joey had an exciting night, as he and his six fellow geek buddies graduated from UIC. Wally Spencer was his roommate, and they've been best friends since the first day they entered UIC. But at the moment, Wally was at the cafeteria for his last breakfast on campus.

They lived in a standard nine-foot by twelve-foot dorm room that had two beds each with a bedside table, dresser and a desk. The white walls have discolored spots where numerous science fiction and posters of sexy girls hung for the past four years – except over Wally's bed where a Beatles poster remained.

The closet by Wally's bed was empty, and a packed suitcase sat on the floor. He's ready to go back home.

Joey's closet had numerous cheap twenty-dollar Target khaki pants with light powder blue, pink, green and yellow shirts and light blue suit jacket hung inside with an opened empty suitcase on the floor by the closet door.

An alarm clock on Joey's bedside table blared that awful irritating noise we loathe, as it almost always interrupts a great dream. The type of dream you wish you could go back to.

Joey woke up, looked around his room in a daze.

He squinted his eyes and focused on the clock. He reached over and turned the alarm off.

He lay there for a few seconds to wake up.

He looked down at his pillow and hated to see his drool habit.

Joey got out of bed and slowly walked to the bathroom and yawned a few times.

Twenty minutes later in the shower, Joey rinsed the shampoo out of his hair. He turned off the water and stepped out of the shower. Joey grabbed his towel off the rack and dried off. He wrapped the towel around his waist.

He stepped in front of the mirror sink and squeaked away the moisture with his hand.

Joey studied his body in the mirror. I should bulk up. Big time! He thought while he examined his flat, almost non-existent chest muscles.

Joey noticed a substantial white head pimple on his chin. He started to pop it but pulled his hand away when he remembered if he popped it, it could leave an acne scar. He removed a tube of Clearasil from the medicine cabinet. He opened it up and smeared Clearasil on the unsightly pimple.

Joey walked out of the bathroom with the tube of Clearasil in hand and stepped into his dorm room. He threw the tube of Clearasil, and it landed in his open suitcase.

Joey glanced around the room where for the past four years he studied, played practical jokes, had the flu, played video games, and had numerous discussions about the hot chicks on campus with Wally, Sidney, Ricky, Lenny, and Sammy.

Those memories replayed in his mind. His eyes welled up a little, as they were the best four years of his life. But it was time to move on, as they all received their Bachelor of Science degrees in Computer Science – Summa cum laude.

Joey walked to a years-old faded stain on the carpet near his bed. He reminisced.

It happened during his first two months of freedom here on campus. He got shit faced when he drank two six-packs of Coors beers - a first for him. His stomach couldn't handle it. He never made it to the toilet and barfed by his bed - then passed out on the floor. Joey swore he would never drink that much again. A promise he kept for the rest of his time at UIC.

Joey walked over to the dresser, dropped his towel just as Wally, twenty-one years old, head full of red curly hair, face full of freckles with a short and stout frame entered the dorm room.

"You slept in again and missed breakfast," Wally reminded Joey, as he closed the door.

"I know," Joey replied as he opened up the top dresser drawer.

He eyed Joey naked at his dresser. "You'll never get a babe being hung like a squirrel," Wally teased.

Joey looked down at his pecker with disappointment. "I know. But the good Lord gave me something bigger - an IQ!"

Wally looked down at his crotch. "Yeah, I know what you mean. Big dick and the small brain isn't for me," they both chuckled then looked hopeful.

"But I want a hot babe," Joey prayed out loud.

"Me too, Joey. Me too."

Wally walked over to his bed, stepped on it, and removed the Beatles poster off the wall. He rolled it up, placed a rubber band around it, and dropped by his suitcase.

"Sidney, Ricky, Lenny, and Sammy are waiting for us in the parking lot."

"Okay, let me finish packing," Joey replied while he removed some tighty whiteys out of the drawer and slipped them on.

On the UIC campus, it had been a beehive of activity all morning where college kids moved out of their dorms

where an occasional parent assisted – proud their loved ones finally graduated.

Joey, in Khaki pants with a pink shirt and Wally, in cheap brown beltless pants and lime green shirt, walked with their suitcases, through the dorm parking lot.

They walked upon some parked cars to fellow geeks who are also dressed in dorky mismatched clothes; Sidney Watson, African American with a jovial face, Ricky Adamson, tall and lanky with a southern accent, Lenny Roth, Jewish, and Sammy Goddard, crew cut hairstyle, thick glasses and chubby. They also were twenty-one years old.

Joey looked at his other four friends, “Well, guys, I guess this is it.”

“Hard to believe we finally graduated. It seems like yesterday we first arrived here,” Sammy commented while he took one last glance of the campus.

“Now it’s time to pay off that huge financial loan after we get those high paying jobs,” Ricky replied.

Joey, Wally, Sidney, and Sammy all nodded in agreement. But Lenny didn’t worry about money, as his parents were filthy rich.

Something of interest caught Lenny’s eye. He got a huge horny grin when he looked to his left and got captivated. “Sweet!” he told his pals. They all looked where Lenny looked.

A hot babe, long blonde hair, shorts that showed off her sexy legs, a top that revealed her supple breasts, approached the guys while she towed a suitcase behind her. The guys stared as her boobs bounced and lusted after her every move.

“Hello. I’m Lenny,” he greeted her with a smile as she walked near them.

The girl immediately looked in another direction and moved away faster from the twelve eyeballs that lusted after her. I hate these creepy geeks wanting to get inside my

pants! She thought, and her body shivered, as she knew those geeks watched her every move.

The guys looked rejected as they spent their entire four years at UIC and never got laid or even dated. The only dates they had were with Rosie Palm and her five sisters. Lenny held the record as he dated Rosie Palm the most.

The guys watched as the girl rushed down the parking lot. Lenny had been faced with asthma all his life. He removed his inhaler from his pants pocket and inhaled his medication as he continued to watch the girl rush away.

Then one of their old history professors, forty-five years old, who wore a Harris Tweed jacket with horn-rimmed glasses, approached the guys.

The professor took a drag on his pipe then looked at the guys, "Congratulations on graduating, gentlemen."

"Thank you, sir," Joey replied.

"What are your plans?" the professor asked.

"I'm going to continue my education by getting my Master's at Full Sail University in Orlando. Then hopefully get a job designing video games," Joey replied with a smile that indicated his future would be great.

"Some kids never grow up," the professor chuckled then took another drag off his pipe.

"I'm moving back home to Columbus, Georgia. I got a civil service job offer with the U.S. Army at Fort Benning. That allows me to be with my kid sister and parents," Wally commented.

"I'm heading back to Little Rock. I have a lead on a job as a software engineer," Ricky added.

"I'm moving to Denver. My uncle can get me a job with Lockheed Martin as a computer engineer," Lenny replied.

"I'm staying here in Chicago. Maybe get into teaching," Sidney replied.

“I’m heading to sunny Phoenix. No job lined up yet. So I’ll stay with mom until I find one,” Sammy commented.

“Very good,” the professor commented then took a drag from his pipe. In the background, the professor eyed a campus janitor who wheeled a trash can to a dumpster. That sight brought back a memory. “I don’t know if I ever told you guys this before, but you did the right thing when you turned that other janitor into the campus police,” the professor commented.

“Smoking pot is illegal, and it’s dangerous for your health,” Ricky replied with a serious look.

“So is stealing CD players from the dorm rooms,” Joey added.

“We couldn’t get evidence, as many were scared of him, but he was also dealing pot to some of the kids in the dorm,” Sidney added.

“I thought he was going to kill us when he found out we turned him in,” Wally commented and looked a little scared as it brought back that memory.

“We’re lucky that campus police officer body-slammed him to the ground to prevent him from doing just that,” Joey said while he looked relieved.

“And old Sammy here got so scared he pissed his pants,” Lenny replied.

Sammy turned beet red with embarrassment.

“That happened two years ago, and he hasn’t been back here. I think you’re safe,” the professor reassured them.

The guys all nodded in agreement.

Joey’s eyes widen as he remembered something. He unzipped a side pocket on his suitcase, removed a digital camera, and turned it on.

Joey held up his camera to the professor, “Sir, can you take one last picture of us?”

The professor nodded with a smile that he would love to do that.

“Press here to capture this moment,” Joey showed the professor the proper button on his camera and then handed it to him.

The professor looked through the camera’s viewfinder while Joey and his pals huddled together with Joey between Lenny and Sammy.

“Get ready,” the professor told them.

Joey placed a peace sign behind the back of Lenny and Sammy’s head just as the professor snapped the picture.

The professor handed Joey his camera back. “Well, have glorious future young men.” He shook their hands.

He walked away, and puffs of pipe smoke trailed behind him.

The guys stared at each other, as they knew this is the end of one of life’s journey.

“I’ll email you all a copy of the picture when I settle down in Orlando,” Joey told them as he placed his camera back in his suitcase.

“We’ll have to have a reunion in five years,” Wally told the guys.

“We’ll all have hot wives, with big tits, by then,” Lenny replied with a horny grin.

The rest of them nodded in agreement and shook hands. A few minutes of silence passed, and they hesitated to see who would be the first to leave.

Ricky, Sidney, Sammy, and Lenny walked off in different directions with Wally and Joey left alone.

Joey and Wally looked at each other. “Well, I guess this is it, Joey.”

“Yeah Wally, we’re off to new adventures.”

Joey and Wally hugged each other.

They separated. Wally walked off with his suitcase.

Joey’s eyes welled up a bit as he watched his best friend leave.

Joey grabbed his suitcase and walked through the parking lot.

He walked up to a rusted out white 1990 Toyota Corolla.

He walked to the rear of it, unlocked the trunk and it squeaked as he opened it. He placed his suitcases inside the trunk and closed it.

He walked over and got inside.

He started up the Corolla up, and a puff of black smoke billowed from the tailpipe.

He backed up and drove off through the parking lot, leaving a trail of black smoke.

Chapter 2

Ten years later, in Chicago, Illinois...

It was a sunny, cloudless day in early June.

At a 7-Eleven convenience store, a beautifully restored red with red interior 1966 Pontiac GTO 2-door convertible, with Illinois tags and Cragar rims, was parked near the phone booth located at the corner of the store.

Tony "Jesse" Rodman restored this GTO with money he gotten from illegal means. Tony was a great mechanic but found a life of crime to be more profitable in a quicker way than being a grease monkey for a slave driver.

Relaxed inside the driver's seat of that GTO was Tony who for the past eight years insisted he's called "Jesse."

He was thirty years old with slicked-back black hair with long sideburns. On Jesse's left bicep was a tattoo of an old Western pistol thru his nickname "Jesse." Jesse's attire always consisted of cowboy boots, a cowboy hat, and blue jeans with an old western revolver belt buckle - he thought of himself as an old western outlaw. On the passenger seat was a blonde shoulder-length wig.

On the dashboard were a radar detector and GPS.

In the backseat, sat Frankie Rodman, twenty-five years old, sleazeball with a criminal record, but not as long as Jesse's. He also had a tattoo of an old Western pistol thru his name "Frankie" on his left bicep. Frankie was Jesse's younger brother, and Jesse was his hero. Like his older brother, he always wore blue jeans but hates cowboy hats. He would do anything Jesse told him.

At the phone booth at the 7-Eleven, Rose Cain made a phone call. She was twenty-five years old; drop-dead sexy with beautiful light blue eyes, with a small mole above her right upper lip, short red hair. She had a red rose tattoo on

her left hand. She was three months pregnant thanks to numerous drinks and unprotected sex with Jesse. But if the truth were known, she tricked Jesse into getting her knocked up, as she was madly in love with him.

Rose hung up the phone and strutted back to the GTO with a grin.

Rose opened the door and sat down in the passenger seat. "They believed every word I told them," she told Jesse as she closed the door.

"Sweet. We better hurry and make our next move," Jesse said while he started up his GTO.

He backed the GTO out of the parking slot and drove out of the convenience store parking lot and raced down the street.

Jesse raced his GTO down the street and weaved around numerous cars to catch another car way up the street. Jesse had previously trailed this car before pulling into the 7-11 store.

He finally slowed down and again tailed that silver Lexus HS Hybrid in the right lane. "Let's hope this works," Jesse told Rose and Frankie while he trailed the Lexus.

Rosie looked a little concerned it might not work and didn't want to hear the wrath of Jesse when things didn't go according to plan.

After Jesse tailed the Lexus for ten minutes, he glanced in his rearview mirror and saw two Chicago police cars that raced down the street after them. Jesse smiled, slowed down, and increased the distance between his GTO and the Lexus.

The two Chicago police cars raced in the left lane, and one got behind the Lexus, and the other one stayed even with the Lexus while in the left lane. Their lights flashed, and their sirens blared. The Lexus pulled over.

Jesse pulled into the left lane and drove away slowly so he wouldn't bring unwanted attention to himself.

Sidney Watson turned off his Lexus. I wasn't speeding. He thought to himself while he removed his driver's license and insurance card from his wallet.

He reached over and opened his glove box. He removed his car registration.

Sidney's eyes widened in panic when he saw a Chicago police officer at his door with a 9mm pistol aimed at him.

"Step out of the vehicle with your hands up," the police officer yelled from outside the car.

Jesse drove down the street and looked at his rearview mirror. He watched as Sidney stepped out of his Lexus and raised his arms in the air. "Worked like a charm," Jesse said then smiled at Rose. She looked proud of herself making Jesse happy.

"Sir, I wasn't speeding," Sidney told the officer with his arms in the air.

"Down on your stomach with your arms spread out," the officer yelled as he inched his 9mm Glock closer to Sidney.

Sidney almost pissed his pants as he got on his knees then got on his stomach. He spread out his arms; the second his stomach touched the street. He fought hard not to piss his pants.

Another police officer walked up and put his 9mm Glock in his holster. He removed his handcuffs off his belt. He slapped one on Sidney's left wrist then slapped the other one on Sidney's right wrist.

"You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be appointed to you. Do you understand these rights as they have been read to you?"

"Yes, but I don't know why I'm being arrested. I wasn't speeding and didn't do anything illegal. I swear," Sidney said with a stunned look.

"That's what they all say," one of the officers told Sidney.

A third police officer walked up to the other two police officers. "I found this under the passenger seat," he said then held up a plastic evidence bag with a one hundred bill inside.

Two of the police officers pulled a stunned Sidney up on his feet.

They walked him to one of their police cars.

They put him in the back seat.

Sidney thought he was in a nightmare when the officer closed the car door.

Twenty minutes later, Jesse, Frankie, and Rose broke into Sidney's first-floor apartment.

Rose and Frankie rummaged through Sidney's bedroom.

Clothes were dumped all over the floor.

Dresser drawers dumped on the floor.

A busted picture frame with broken glass was scattered all over the floor.

The rest of his bedroom looked like a hurricane came through.

Jesse sat at Sidney's computer desk in the living room.

He opened a desk drawer and rummaged through the items inside. He closed it.

He opened up another desk drawer and rummaged through it. He closed it.

He looked at the closed seventeen-inch MacBook Pro laptop. He opened it up and looked it over. He finally found the "On" button and pressed it. The laptop was up and ready in less than a minute.

It took Jesse five minutes, and he found Sidney's address book. Jesse turned on the printer and printed out the entire address book.

"I got it," he yelled out to Rose and Frankie who were in other areas of the apartment.

Three minutes later, Rose and Frankie entered the living room.

Jesse got up, and they left Sidney's apartment.

Sidney sat, scared and lonely in a small jail cell. He was in shock and couldn't figure out what happened to cause him to be arrested.

A police officer walked up to Sidney's jail cell. "You can make your phone call," the officer said while he unlocked Sidney's cell door. "Come with me," the officer instructed Sidney.

Sidney walked out of his cell and followed the officer.

They walked past the many jail cells. "Hey, there sweet cheeks. Are you a virgin? I can change that," a heavily tattooed bald man said to Sidney as they walked by his cell.

Sidney was scared to death as he watched that creep blow him a kiss.

Sidney followed the officer to a phone on a wall at the end of the walkway. "You have one call," the officer told Sidney then walked about ten feet away and waited.

Sidney dialed a number. "Hello," Sidney's mother answered.

"Mom, this is Sidney," he said.

"Hello baby," what's going on?" she asked from the phone.

Sidney's lips quivered as he mustered up the courage to tell her. "I'm in big trouble," he told her as he refrained from crying.

"You need money?" she asked.

"No. I need an attorney," he said.

"What's wrong?" she asked, concerned. Sidney's eyes welled up while he told her why he was arrested.

Jesse's GTO raced, about eighty miles per hour, south down Interstate I-57 in the left lane.

More than a month had passed down in Columbus, Georgia.

It was a hot, humid, and sticky July evening, and the distant boom of thunder filled the sky with a huge thunderstorm to the west.

Wally Spencer hadn't changed over the past ten years. He was still a skinny geek but now lived in an upscale apartment complex in Columbus called Ridgewood. His software engineer's job with the U.S. Army at Fort Benning had been a great source of income with the job security of being a civil servant. They never got laid off. He thought when he was offered the civil service position when he was at UIC.

Wally's apartment was clean and well organized. It was the same way Joey and Wall kept their dorm at UIC but was now furnished with expensive furniture. The Beatles song She Loves You played from a CD player in a bookcase in the living room. Near the bookcase is a computer desk with a twenty-four inch iMac computer.

In the kitchen, Wally prepared a salad in a bowl.

"It's you she's thinking of," he sang along with John Lennon.

Wally whistled the song and danced the salad bowl to the dining room and placed it on the table.

Wally danced to the living room where his college dorm Beatles poster hung on the wall next to the framed picture of Joey and the guys, taken by the professor on the day they left UIC, and a picture of Wally and his kid sister, Kathy – a biker chick near her Harley Wide Glide motorcycle.

Wally glanced at the picture of his college buddies.

They never had their every five-year reunion like they wanted, but stayed in touch by way of emails and other electronic means. But Joey did attend Wally's parent's

funerals five years ago – the aftermath of a drunk driver on Interstate I-185.

"I finally got a hot woman," Wally told his pictured buddies. "And she's hot!"

Wally danced over and cranked up the Beatles tune on the CD player.

"She said she loves you," Wally sang along with John Lennon again, then whistled and danced his way back to the kitchen.

Unbeknownst to Wally, two Columbus police cars raced up to the outside of his apartment building. The cars screeched to a stop by Wally's Toyota Prius. Four police officers, one of them of massive size, jumped out of the cars and rushed up the stairs to Wally's second-floor apartment door.

At the far end of Wally's apartment complex parking lot, was parked Jesse's GTO.

Relaxed inside the driver's seat of the GTO was Jesse. Rose relaxed in the passenger seat, and Frankie relaxed in the back seat. They all drank Budweiser beer, the only beer Jesse will drink, munched on chips and watched, through the front windshield, as the police officers stood at Wally's apartment door.

Near Wally's apartment, he had very nosey neighbors. They're both in their mid-fifties and their whole life centered around spying on their neighbors. So, in their apartment, that woman and man peeked out their living room curtains watching the police officers at Wally's apartment.

Inside Jesse's GTO, Jesse, Rose, and Frankie watched with interest like they were watching an episode of Cops.

"And the show begins," Jesse said with a proud smile then takes a swig of Bud.

The police officers knocked on Wally's apartment door. "Columbus police officers," one of them yelled, as he knocked on Wally's door again. No response. The only thing

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