

you and haven't heard from you since you left yesterday morning." Then he hung up the phone.

Jodie's back was starting to get sore and she motioned to Stacy that they would have to pull over for a few minutes. They found an exit off the freeway and pulled into the nearest gas station. They needed fuel anyways. They pulled the bikes up to one of the pumps and they took turns filling up the tanks. Once they were filled, they moved their bikes out of the way into a parking stall.

"I'll go pay for the gas," Jodie said.

"Sure, okay," Stacy said, as she followed Jodie into the station, and then headed to the bathroom. She had to pee ever since they left that morning. Stacy closed the bathroom door and removed her gloves. Her hands were stinging like crazy from the cuts on them. She ran the water over her hands gently and cleaned them the best she could. She felt so dirty and grimy. She hadn't had a shower in two days, but it was her own fault. If she had just stayed at the motel with Jodie none of this would have happened. She felt bad about things. She grabbed some paper towel and soaked it down with water so she could wash her face. Stacy closed her eyes; the heat from the water felt good on her face. When she was finished, she peed and rewashed her hands. She felt relieved now, and a bit refreshed. She struggled to put her gloves back on. Every time she touched them she cringed. *Damn they hurt*, she said to herself. When she was done she dropped the used paper towel into the waste basket and opened the door. Jodie was waiting patiently for her turn.

"Stacy, you should pick up some bandages for those hands of yours," Jodie suggested. It was like she had read Stacy's mind.

"Yes, I was thinking the same thing," Stacy said as she watched Jodie go into the bathroom. Stacy went into the little store at the gas station and found some bandages. While she was paying for them, Jodie came out of the washroom and went outside to her bike.

After purchasing the bandages Stacy went outside. "Got some," Stacy said, as she stood beside Jodie. She removed her gloves again and Jodie took a look at her hands. They looked like they were getting infected. "We better take care of these," Jodie said, "or we will be in deeper trouble if you can't ride anymore."

"You're right," Stacy said.