

John still couldn't believe it, he'd just saw Mike a week ago. John stared at his reflection in the motel's dingy mirror, fixing his tie and dusting off his suit shoulder. Leaving the bathroom, he wondered if it was right for him to go. John looked down at his things scattered on the cheap motel bed.

"Poor Mike," John thought.

He thought back on days of his youth laughing and smiling with his childhood friend Mike. The days that brought him so much joy reduced to ashes in one day. John lets out a sigh and packs the small suitcase he brought from home. He John glanced at his phone to check the time. He noticed a text from Mary.

"Are you on the way?" John repeated.

Glancing at the clock, John realized he had woken up late.

"Dammit, the bus," John exclaimed, as he rushed out the door of the crusty motel.

Running to the bus as it pulled off. John had just missed it. Plopping down at the bus stop bench huffing and puffing, he was reminded of times with Mike. Running and jumping until exhaustion, how Mike would laugh at him for not being able to keep up.

"Yeah, Yeah Mike, I get it," John chuckled, looking up to the sky.

John looked down at his phone and thought of a text for Mary.

"Hey...I missed the bus.....might not make it," John typed.

He waited a brief moment until Mary texted back.

"What do you mean?" Mary responded, "John, you can't, not be here," Mary continued.

John begins to text back but couldn't find the words to respond. He hung his head and let out another sigh. Mary had always been close to her brother Mike and me. She was always in John's

ear when he moved away. John felt like a burden in the end, never came around or called Mike. The pair who had been so close at once had grown distant as time passed them by. Never the less, John told himself he was going to be there for Mike this time, even though it would be the last. Jumping up from the bench, John unloosened his tie and shirt, picked up his suitcase.

"I'll be there this time... Mike," John said, as he walked down the side of the road.

Halfway down the road, John had become exhausted, between lugging his suitcase along and hoping to flag down a ride on the busy road, he was always in motion. As it all seemed lost, John was reminded of him and Mike auguring. How they would go on and on about things that mattered so little, that energy they had with each other even if it was clearly pointless on both sides they still fought on.

"I know, I know Mike...keep going," John said, clinching his suitcase tight.

John spotted a semi-truck and was determined to flag it down. He jumped ran and shouted on the busy road, so loud that it was faintly heard over zooming cars passing by. The semi took notice and slowed to a loud screech, followed by a loud burst of escaping air. The Driver of the semi rolled down the passenger window and leaned out.

"You alright there? You were flailing like a chicken with its head gone son" the trucker asked.

"Ha I'm fine," John replied, "Actually I was hoping to catch a ride to Portland, I have a funar....,"

John paused, afraid to finish that thought.

"You alright there?" the trucker asked, "If it's a ride to Portland your after you can tag along, partner," the trucker said, gesturing Mike to get in.

"Thank you," John replied, climbing into the passenger side of the cab.

The inside of the semi was clean and surprisingly neat to John's surprise.

"So, son, you headed to a function?" the trucker asked, noticing that John was wearing a once clean suit, now covered in sweat and dust.

"Something like that," John responded. "I'm going to see an old friend, that's all," John exclaimed.

"Must be some friend then," the trucker responded, letting loose a small chuckle.

"How do you figure, old man?" John asked, letting loose his own chuckle.

"Well son, I know I wouldn't be wearing a nice suit covering in dust and sweat, just to see someone I don't care about, that's all." The trucker explained.

Hearing that explanation, gave John a moment of pause. John realized that Mike was so important to him as a whole that even in times when he wanted to quit and give up. It was if Mike were there with him pushing him to see it through. In all the hustle and bustle, John took a minute.

"Thanks, Mike, for everything," John whispered.

"What's that son, you say something?" The trucker asked.

"Nothing, just ramblings," John replied.

The semi passing a sign that read "Portland Ten miles", John's Phone buzzed. He unlocked and saw miss call upon miss call from Mary followed by a text that read.

"Where are you, ass?"

John let out a faint chuckle and responded, "I'm on the way."