

Chapter 37      Roosevelt Boulevard

Aug drove away from her house on Princess Drive. He didn't notice the yards in Yardley as he made his way to Lincoln Highway to get to the Boulevard. Preoccupation with secrets filled his mind. While driving along he pulled his duffle bag from the back seat to the passenger seat.

He pulled onto 1. It struck Aug funny that a week ago he had been driving on the Route in Florida and here he was on it again. One thing hadn't changed. Beer trucks dominated the sporadic traffic flow.

He fumbled for his secret in his man purse. Among his clothes he found the water specimen cylinder that he housed a couple pre-rolled and a lighter. He didn't let Laurie in on this secret, and no opportunity occurred on their trip for him to sneak out and have a puff. He extracted one and fired it up while he drove and thought.

He thought about how her sudden mood change surprised him and how vulnerable she seemed when they were outside her house. Was something going on inside the house? The urge and temptation to go back and confront Laurie was strong. The temptation tempered with the thought about the last time he had barged in on his parents and the trouble that ended up causing. Is this what Junior meant about love? He wanted to be there for Laurie but not in an amorous sense.

He looked at the joint. *If I'm going to be a good family man and raise our children he thought I owe it to myself to quit. I'll use up what I got and that will be it. What Laurie doesn't know won't hurt her and he would now be a respectable man running a business.*

The Lite Beer truck in front of him had stopped for the red light at Old Lincoln Highway. Aug's zoning out in introspection almost cost him a rear ending into the truck.

SCREECH!

He stepped on the brake watching his bag fly into the glove box. He sat there thinking about how he had almost just effed up. He put the blunt in the ash tray and rolled down the windows to try and clear a little odor. The fear paranoia associated with an almost *oops* kicked in.

WHAM!

A vehicle rear ended Aug. He had been so distracted by the activity in front of him that he hadn't noticed what was going on behind him. He internally cussed and hoped it was nothing serious.

Aug hopped out to go look at the rear of the car. The passenger in the vehicle behind him hopped out and started walking towards Aug saying "Hey man, our bad...we're sorry about that..." Aug gave the dude a disparaging look as he inspected for damage.

WHOO WHOOO

The siren popped Aug's head up. An unmarked cop car had appeared behind the vehicle that had rear ended Aug. The siren had been flicked on and off to alert them of the presence of John Law. Flashers were activated. Fear really kicked in; now was not the time to be busted. Aug felt the sudden surge of incontinence trying to take over.

*Think fast, Rabbit* ran through his mind. There was no discernable damage. The light had been green and traffic flowed. Aug waved everyone off yelling to the cop exiting the cop car "It's alright; no damage." He assuredly with pace made his way to his car and started driving off. The other vehicle followed and so did the cop.

Aug drove the speed limit along the Boulevard. The tandem vehicle followed slowly behind. Aug lowered all windows hoping that the wacky smell of his vehicle cleared out and that the second vehicle behind didn't get a whiff. He discreetly worked on getting the butt from the tray into the container. He achieved success.

The cop kept following along until it exited at Woodhaven. Aug breathed a sigh of relief. He continued along in the center lanes of Roosevelt Boulevard. He approached the Red Lion light. A Miller beer truck was already stopped at the light. He slowed way ahead of the truck this time.

SCREECH!

A vehicle with Joy-Z plates zipped forward and cut in front of Aug and the beer. He slammed on his brakes to avoid rear ending the jerk. *Damn!* he thought. *What the eff? Well, anyone from the land where everyone is too stupid to be allowed to pump their own gas ain't that bright anyway. Whaddaya expect?*

Aug's eyes went left to see if he could get around the blankety blank. The vehicle that had rear ended him pulled up alongside. The passenger smiled at Aug and nodded his head at him. Aug nodded back. The light went green. The beer truck started. The Jersey car did not. The vehicle next to Aug did not. The shotgun now pointed at Aug from the passenger in the vehicle next to Aug did not move. Aug's bowels moved. He was a dead target sitting.

CRASH! BOOM!

The car next to Aug was rear ended at a high speed just before the trigger was pulled. The blast sprayed the window of Aug's car. The vehicles plowed forward in a spectacular crash.

Aug floored it cutting hard right. His car pushed into the rear bumper of the Jersey vehicle boxing him. The next thing he hit was a tree in the boulevard as he crossed over. The Jersey vehicle took off after him.

Aug floored it through the local lanes zipping around a couple of cars. In his rear view mirror he saw two vehicles fly over the tree lined strip separating the local and express. They were bringing it. The cars had passed Red Lion. Aug turned his gaze back in front of him.

SCREECH!

He slammed on the brakes to avoid rear ending an old Audi putzing along. Aug went left. One car came left and the other looped way right off the road onto the landscaped curb. The vehicle came up and Aug found himself boxed in. The cars were flying trading paint. *Not Good* Aug thought. *Get off the main road* he thought. A road came up. He turned hard right into that vehicle. The car hit a curbing and it hopped over the curb performing a spin out.

Aug lost control and the car shot straight forward across Witten. A fenced in baseball field loomed ahead. Softball practice loomed ahead. Fourteen year olds practiced throws from the outfield.

BOOM! BOOM!

Shotgun blasts loomed behind. The car to his left loomed behind. *No time for them* Aug thought. *I wonder what this will feel like.* He was driving his car through the fence and there was nothing he could do about it.

CRASH!

The fence offered resistance. It pulled up from the bottom scraping metal as Aug's car passed through. His car spun sideways around scattering kids and coaches. The car slid onto home plate and stopped just as the relay from the outfield arrived. He waved his arms to the side thinking *SAFE AT HOME!*

BANG!

The ball flew in the open driver window and hit Aug in the head. The ball fell into his lap and Aug's hand flew to his head. Getting beamed with a hard flying baseball always hurts and this was no exception.

CRASH! CRASH!

The two chase cars flew through the fence. They spun out along the first base line.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Aug knew that he was in Philly again. The teens whipped all the baseballs they could as hard as they could rapid fire at all 3 cars. Aug took another beaming and a couple more baseballs also rattled in the car. *Eff me!* he thought kicking the car in fast motion. He could make out a bit of what the youths were yelling and he leaned his head out in passing yelling "SUCH LANGUAGE!"

BANG!

He got one last one on the back of his head before he could pull his noggin back inside the car. *OW!* he thought. *My head really hurts! That kid can throw! Someone needs to get him a*

*contract!* He plowed the vehicle forward towards center field tearing up deep tracts of dirt. The other two cars chasing him followed doing the same. All three cars jostled from side to side. They were hit by more balls as they passed more ball fields on the left and then the right and then the left. Trees lining a dividing walkway were avoided enough so that only body denting occurred. Debris and tennis balls came from the right side basketball and tennis courts. Aug temporarily threw up his hands in frustration. *More damn ball fields!* he thought. *Does this park never end?*

The cars pulled alongside. Aug could see them trying to fire at him but the drive was too rough. The fence at the far end of the field appeared in sight. Aug slammed on the brakes as hard as he dared without losing control of his car. The other two vehicles plowed through the fencing. A forest of trees was across Conwell Street. The left side vehicle spun out in the street. The right side vehicle plowed through and into a large tree in the forest. The head on crumpled the car.

Aug zipped on by the remaining car and back out onto The Boulevard. He didn't drive in either the local or the express. He took the super dangerous express route of the boulevard down the grassy median next to the local. His vehicle slid on the grass and he bounced off some trees.

BOOM!

The other car chased along on the Express side. In the background Aug could hear sirens going. They bounced over the curbs running the red light at Lott. Crashes were narrowly averted. They bounced back up on the center median. The cars passed more trees.

WHAM!

The autos slammed into shopping carts abandoned in the median. The cars both slung out in traffic sideswiping vehicles and then back in the median. They crossed Fulmer. Aug took the crossover into the express lanes. His pursuers followed. They weaved in and out of vehicles. The light at Grant approached. There was no place to go. Aug had a red light ahead; the traffic was stopped for the light and the traffic flowed through Grant. Aug turned to the center median and hit the brakes.

CRASH!

He lost control of his car and it swerved and started rolling. His pursuers rammed his car. A massive crash of rolling vehicles occurred. Aug saw Vitellius in a wheelchair flash through his eyes. Aug knew that he would join him. He bent as low as he could in the car.

It was Aug's lucky day. The rolling of his car being hit by the assailants turned the trunk side forward. The rear end of the vehicle took the initial blow on a glance from a crossing semi. The side of Aug's car swung back around and hit the side tires of the semi. Aug's car bounced off to the side.