

One Black Wheel

by Carl Santoro

"There's that car again!" Ameila shouted.

"Where?" asked her girlfriend.

Ameila pointed out north, but
by then her friend only got a
glimpse of the dust clouds left behind.

"I know that guy," Ameila mused,
squeezing her eyes and mouth tightly.

"Did you say he has one wheel
with no hub cap?"

"That's the rebel comin' out of him."

"Who is he?"

"Why. That's. Johnny. Star."
Amelia said with a twinkle in her eye.

"Say, isn't he the guy that saved that
kid from the house fire?"

Amelia folded her arms behind her head
and leaned back onto the grass and smiled.
"That's him."

"What's he look like?"

"Him? Why, he's mostly dust and smoke,
wind, speed, blur, the smell of
pine and gas, the heat of flames."

"That's bizarre. I never seen him."

"You won't ever, honey.
Johnny died that day."

