

## “Road”

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[30 Days of Writing](#) – One Word Prompts  
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Day 27: “Road”

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For the first time in a long time, Aaron found himself in the middle of nowhere. Before he moved back to New Ashton, before he settled in Las Vegas for a while, even, he'd been a drifter. He went from town to town, state to state. Aimless, for the most part, with nothing but the open road before him and regrets far behind him.

How long had it been? He did the math quickly in his head. About fifteen years, he figured, give or take.

Damn. He felt old, suddenly.

Aaron turned his face up toward the sky, letting the wind take the cigarette smoke far away from him. Open sky. Very few clouds. Warm. Just the sort of day where he could ride for hours. That was just what he intended to do. He had nothing to do, nowhere to go—at least, nothing and nowhere that was important.

Fuck it. He was going to enjoy himself.

Smirking slightly, Aaron finished off his cigarette and flicked the cigarette away from him. It flew in an arc and landed somewhere amid the gravel on the shoulder. He wondered where the road would take him, if he just drove it straight through.

Didn't matter. He was about to find out.

The motorcycle roared to life between his thighs again. Tires screeched, kicking up rocks and dirt as he peeled out back onto the lonely stretch of road.