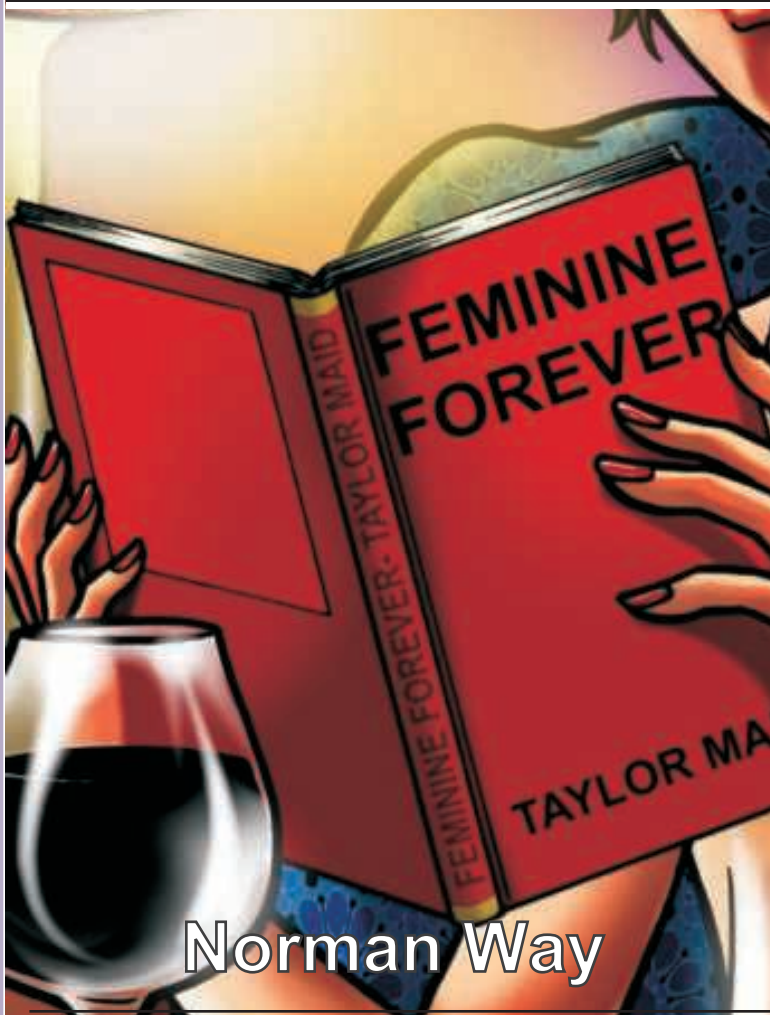




*Reluctant Press presents:*

## **Fugitive For Life**



**Norman Way**

A 'New Woman' E-BOOK

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# FUGITIVE FOR LIFE

**By Norman Way**

The two black males ran out of the convenience store and split up, one running up the street and one running around the corner. The second black man was halfway down the block when he heard sirens and decided to run into an alley.

At the dumpster he tossed a bag into it and continued running to the end of the alley only to see a squad car turning into it and come towards him. He stopped dead in his tracks and turned around to see another squad car coming at him from the other end.

Shortly cops from the first car had him spread eagle on the hood of the squad car and began to frisk him.

“Where’s the bag?” one of the cops asked.

“Bag, what bag, man?” asked the black man.

The cop shook his head as he cuffed the suspect. A female officer climbed into the dumpster and shortly held up a bag and a gun. She handed it to her partner and then as she started climbing back out she heard the cry of a baby.

She turned and pushed away a bag of garbage to find an infant, wrapped in a small blue blanket inside of a cardboard box. She keyed her mike. Shortly an ambulance pulled into the alley behind the squad car.

Later that evening the off duty female officer stood at the desk of the pediatrics ward of the local hospital. The nurse at the desk hung up the phone and looked up at her.

“My partner and I were chasing a robbery suspect this afternoon. In addition to finding the proceeds of the robbery and one of the guns used I found an abandoned baby in the dumpster too. How is the baby?”

“So-so. He was pretty dehydrated and is still in ICU. We will keep him for awhile yet and then social services will take him.”

The cop nodded and left the counter. *Poor little tyke*, she thought to herself as she rode down the elevator. That night at home the female officer sipped a glass of wine and tried to focus on a television program but could only see the face of the shriveled infant in front of her. *Who would do such a thing and why?*

The next day as her patrol car passed the same alley her partner turned to her.

“How’s the little one doing?” he asked.

“Not good, last night when I checked he was still in ICU.”

The cop behind the wheel nodded and they continued their patrol.

I never knew my real parents. When I was five years old my stepparents told me that I had been abandoned as an infant and then shuttled from foster home to foster home until they adopted me. Why they had told me that at such a young age I don’t know. I guess I never got over the feeling of not being “wanted.”

I had two older sisters, Lisa who was thirteen, and Lois who was ten. I always felt like I didn’t belong in this family. Adopted as a baby neither of them was the center of attention any more so I guess they resented me.

I wasn’t real happy being their unwanted little brother either but at the age of five I was just beginning school and was hardly in a position to do anything about it. For the most part I kept pretty much to myself.

In school I was the smallest kid in class. Recess became a nightmare time, as I was awkward and un-coordinated. I was laughed at and teased by the other kids. When I spoke to my step parents about it my step dad took me out in the back yard and had me practice with a soccer ball and also a baseball, glove and bat.

I got better but I was still short and small framed. The summer after I completed the first grade I was enrolled in a martial arts course. The instructor was patient with me and soon I began to develop some self confidence as my coordination improved.

That same summer my stepmother's sister died and she was gone for three days to an out of town funeral. My dad's sales job would keep him away from home until Sunday afternoon so Lisa was in charge until he or my mom got back. We were all admonished to be on our good behavior.

Saturday morning after breakfast I went into the living room to watch some TV while the girls did up the dishes.

"I think it would be fun to have a maid to do all our chores while mom and dad are gone like the one in the movie we saw last night don't you Lois?"

"Yes but we have no money to hire anybody," answered Lois.

"Lyman is pretty enough. He would probably fit into some of our old dresses."

"Yes but how do we get him to do it?"

"Let's tell him we are going to play a game and he gets to play the part of the housekeeper."

"Do you think he will go along with it?"

"He'd better. Remember Dad said I was in charge when he was gone."

I had just shut off the TV when my two stepsisters came into the living room and suggested we play a game. I wanted to stay on their good side so I agreed to go along with it.

An hour later after they had sorted thru some of their older clothes I stood in front of them in a pair of pink panties and a pink petti slip. I tried on several of the girls' older dresses. They settled on a pink sundress, pink socks and a pair of black shoes Lois called "Mary Janes."

I sat at my stepmother's vanity while Lisa applied pink powder to my cheeks, pink lipstick to my mouth and after combing my hair down over my forehead she fastened a pink bow in my hair.



I couldn't believe the reflection I saw in the mirror. I was just as pretty as either of my two stepsisters. What was even stranger was the wonderful feeling I had. The pink nylon tricot panties felt so good on my skin.

"Now get up, put one hand on your hip, and walk around the room like a girl," said Lisa.

When I did both stepsisters were grinning as I made my way back and forth in front of them.

"Sit in the chair but smooth the skirt of your dress before you sit down and then get up again," said Lisa.

I followed her instructions feeling ecstatic as I performed my feminine routine.

"Very good, lets' go downstairs."

In the kitchen Lisa tied a ruffled apron around me and secured it with a bow in the back. I put on a pair of pink latex gloves then I proceeded to wash and dry the breakfast dishes. Next I did the vacuuming and dusting. Acting like a girl had come almost naturally to me, in fact it was almost as if I wasn't acting at all, just being my normal self.

We went upstairs to change the bed linen and towels. After vacuuming and dusting the upstairs I scrubbed the bathroom tub, sink and toilet then the downstairs bathroom as well. Lisa showed me how to operate the washer-dryer. I washed and dried the bed linen and the towels.

"You did a good job Lyman, lets' watch the afternoon movie."

Halfway thru the movie I served the girls pop and snacks on a tray and then picked up after them when the movie was over. Later after the girls had fixed sup-



per I served it to them at the dining room table and did the dishes afterwards.

That night Lisa removed my makeup and put the girl things back in her closet. When I got into bed that night I thought about how good it felt to be a girl for a day. The next morning when I put on my cotton briefs they felt foreign, almost rough. I wished I could have worn those pink panties.

My step dad came home early that afternoon and my step mom returned later that night. They were both pleased that the house was in good order. When my step mom remarked how clean everything was, my stepsisters could hardly contain their giggles.

The summer passed and school began again. I had no trouble earning good grades and my stepparents were pleased. I was still too short to be any good at baseball, basketball or football. I liked soccer but even there I got knocked around quite a bit though I always got back up again. I did excel at martial arts and soon I was the top student in my class.

I was not growing taller as fast as the other kids. Once one of the older kids jostled me in the men's room and a quick chop to the throat and kick to the groin let him know I wasn't going to be pushed around. It was the last time any of the older kids tried to bully or pick on me and when they tried that on a classmate I came to his defense and let them know they should pick on somebody their own size.

Periodically I would think about wearing girl's clothing. I noticed the way the girls at school were dressed as well as how they walked, sat down, and fixed their hair. I loved the commercials on TV for make up, hair products, and women's clothing.

Magazine ads were my favorite as I could look at them up close. I wondered if I would ever be able to look as good as they did. I also thought about why I, as a male, would think that way. Was I supposed to be a girl?

Over the next several years there were only a few occasions when both my parents were gone. I was back in panties, dresses and makeup again. I did my house-keeping chores without complaint. My stepsisters enjoyed their little game and I never let on that I was enjoying it more than they were.

At sixteen Lisa was asked to the Junior Prom. When no one was around I looked at the magazines she had bought. There were hundreds of beautiful dresses and I wanted to see myself in all of them. I couldn't wait to try on a pair of high heel shoes to see what that was like.

All the girls in the photos had perfect hair, nails and makeup. When I looked at them I thought about my own reflection in my step mom's vanity mirror when Lisa had finished making up my face. I thought I could very easily be one of them.

Two weeks after Lisa's prom both mom and dad would be gone for a Saturday. When I finished my cleaning chores Lisa took me back upstairs. After taking off the sundress she slipped her prom dress over my head. It was too big of course. I slipped on the high heel pumps Lisa had worn and they too were a bit big.

After stuffing a tissue in the toes of the pumps and pinning the back of the dress so it wouldn't hang on me I was amazed to see how good I looked in a dress and high heels. The pink taffeta felt good on my skin just like the pink tricot panties.

“Let’s go down stairs and show Lois. When you get to the stairs pick up the slack in the dress with one hand and grab the banister with the other.”

I followed her instructions and discovered walking in high heels was easy once you learned how to balance yourself. When I walked into the living room Lois’s mouth dropped open in surprise when she saw me.

“Oh my God!” she exclaimed as I paraded around in front of her trying to act like the models I had seen on TV.

“He looks as good as any girl at the prom did,” said Lisa.

I had become very confident as I walked around the living room while Lois watched me. I smoothed the skirt of the dress as I sat down next to her on theavenport and crossed my legs.

“Pretty cool, huh?” I asked Lois.

“Cool nothing, you are absolutely gorgeous,” she replied.

I got up and Lisa followed me back upstairs. I kicked off the pink high heel pumps and Lisa unzipped me. After pulling the dress over my head she put it on a hanger and returned it to her closet. She helped me take off my make up and I got dressed again in my male clothing.

That night when I got into bed I dreamed I was wearing not only her dress but all the dresses shown in the magazines Lisa had bought. It was a one-woman show and I loved being the center of attention.

I saw myself coming down a runway, turning around, and then returning backstage to try on another

dress and another pair of high heel shoes to model for the very appreciative crowd whose applause was still ringing in my ears when I woke up the next morning.

Another year went by and by now my housekeeping role had gotten a bit tiresome. As much as I loved being cross-dressed I didn't care to be relegated to being a maid for my stepsisters. I couldn't see spending the time when my parents were away as their servant.

In a sense I was sort of trapped. I liked the way I looked and felt when I was in feminine apparel but resented being reduced to the level of a servant when my parents were gone. It was a conundrum of sorts which for the present time I could not find a way out of.

Lisa graduated high school and left for college. There were still weekends when my parents were gone so Lois kept me en femme doing the household chores. Once she had me model Lisa's senior prom dress, a very "adult" looking black taffeta dress with black four inch heel stiletto pumps. She had me wear bright red lipstick and blusher too.

I never let on how much I enjoyed my brief forays into femininity but the housework was getting to be drudgery. Lois became more and more picky about how she wanted things done. For some reason she continued to bitch at me about miniscule things. I knew I had to put an end to this but how was the question.

My first brush with the law came following Lois's high school graduation party. Several classmates and I took some beer from the house where the party was held. At the park the cops found us and two of the older boys were arrested while another juvenile and my self were released to our parents.

I received a lecture from my stepparents and that was the end of it. My stepsisters came home for the summers. About once a month I was back en femme for their amusement. Lois was enrolled in a beauty college about fifty miles away and thought I would be perfect to practice on.

When my parents were away she gave me a manicure and pedicure in addition to painting my finger and toenails whatever color suited her. That along with plucked eyebrows and makeup gave me an even more feminine appearance when I cross-dressed and did the housework.

Lisa had found a black long sleeve, a-line style maids' uniform, apron and cap at a thrift store and with the help from a friend had it altered to fit me. A pair of three-inch heel black leather pumps from a garage sale completed my new maid's ensemble.

She also purchased a palette of blusher and a cheap red lipstick and taught me how to apply my own makeup. Looking at myself in the mirror you would not have recognized me as I had the outward appearance of the perfect domestic servant.

Relegated once again to performing the household chores I didn't complain. I hated having to take orders and be treated like I belonged to them but the joy I felt when wearing lingerie, make up, a dress and heels overrode my desire to stop letting them take advantage of me so I continued to obey them.

At school, except for being mentioned in the school paper as part of the soccer and martial arts team, I was essentially a non-person. The other boys in my classes had grown much taller while I was still shorter than most of the girls.

I began to feel like an outcast at school as well as just a servant at home and essentially a maidservant at that. I wondered what place I was going to have in this life here or anywhere else for that matter.

Two years later when we attended Lois's graduation from the beauty college several of her classmates seemed to be looking me over carefully. I wasn't sure what deserved this scrutiny unless of course she had told then about using me to practice on before I began my household duties en femme.

With Lisa working in fashion design for a company a hundred miles away and Lois working full time in a beauty salon thirty miles away I now had the house pretty much to myself. I was happy now that for the most part I did my household chores for my stepparents and not my two bossy stepsisters, though I did miss wearing the lingerie, make up, dresses and heels.

My second brush with the law came after I just received my drivers' license at sixteen. I was at a party after a football game and once again the police showed up. This time they found not only alcohol but marijuana as well.

I had never smoked anything but just being there was trouble enough. Once again I was let off with a warning from the judge, though at home I was grounded for the balance of the semester.

Following the Christmas break I began working part time at a pizza joint and started saving a few bucks. The work was mindless of course but it was my first paycheck and I needed the money. My parents gave me a ride to and from work until I could save enough money for a down payment on my own car.

Just before my sophomore year ended Lois called and asked if I wanted another part time job over the summer to supplement the few hours I was putting in making pizzas. The receptionist had quit without notice and they needed someone to start right away so I agreed.

I picked up on everything quickly and shortly required no supervision, which impressed the manager. I was busy greeting customers and making appointments over the phone. I liked this job better than working at the pizza place.

Between the two jobs I had little time for myself but managed to put a down payment on a used hatchback car with my parents' co-signature. I was glad to have the freedom it offered me.

The salon was broken into over the Fourth of July weekend. The only thing missing were some expensive wigs and the plastic heads they were sitting on. A new shipment of human hair wigs arrived the next day but they had to be styled before putting them on display.

I was pressed into service on my day off to wear the wig as it was styled and then sit under the dryer. After it was combed out Lois applied some blusher and lipstick in addition to plucking my eyebrows and curling my eyelashes so I could be photographed for the advertising displays. I wasn't sure about this but when I saw the photos I knew there was no way anyone would recognize me.

Following my modeling stint I continued to work as their receptionist and at the pizza parlor. It seemed as if I was always coming or going to work with little time for anything else but I was meeting my car payments and that was the main thing I was concerned with.

My junior year started and I was replaced at the salon with a full time girl. I continued to make pizzas but only on the weekends. It was a relief to have some time for myself but a good share of that free time was taken up with my studies.

It had been awhile since I had thought about cross-dressing. While sitting under the dryer I had felt very relaxed. I guess I could understand why women liked being pampered. After my comb out when Lisa was applying my make up in preparation to be photographed I overheard one of the beauticians remark how pretty I was and that "he probably should have been a girl"

I tried to Google information about cross-dressing and transvestism but parental controls blocked my attempts. I knew that there would be no library access either.

A classmate gave me some instructions on how to circumvent parental controls in exchange for fifty bucks and some free pizzas. I thought it was a small price to pay for getting some information that I wanted to know.

The next weekend when my parents went out to eat I circumvented the parental controls and found a whole world I didn't know existed. I wasn't interested in the porn sites but found lots of places where men could buy feminine apparel, shoes and make up as well as clinics that counseled people who felt the same way I did.

I re-set the parental controls on the computer and thought about what I had just discovered. It was as if I suddenly had something in common with millions of people from all walks of life and all over the world too.



I knew I had to continue my research to better understand myself.

After taking my finals I was looking forward to putting in more hours at work. My car was nearly paid for. I was disappointed at not being able to get a date to the Junior Prom. I was certain it was because of my height or maybe word of my temporary stint as a wig model had leaked out among the girls in my class or others in the student body.

I had stopped at the mall on a Saturday the previous February to find a fashion show in progress. I sat down on a bench for a few minutes as the girls paraded around a makeshift stage modeling the latest prom dresses. I closed my eyes briefly and imagined myself wearing them along with high heel shoes.

The summer seemed to drag on forever. I continued to do research on the Internet. I hadn't the foggiest idea what I was going to be doing after graduation. A lot of people with degrees from college or tech schools were looking for work and I had no particular field of interest. My grades were good enough to get me in just about anywhere though money would be the main problem even with student loans.

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They say everybody's life has a turning point. I guess mine was shortly after school resumed following the Christmas & New Years break. I was walking out of the back door to my car after work when I heard a "pop-pop-pop". The driver of a car glanced briefly at me and then tore out of the parking lot. The car next to mine still had its' motor running and the driver was slumped over the wheel.

When I opened the passenger side door I could see blood dripping down the steering column and on the floor was an attaché case half open displaying money inside. For whatever reason, I am still not sure exactly why, I closed the case and put it in the trunk of my car. I went inside and called 911.

The police arrived shortly. I told them I had just exited the restaurant and saw a car speeding out of the parking lot. I found the driver of the car next to mine slumped over the wheel. They wrote down my description of the driver and the speeding car, asked a few more questions, and then let me go home.

My stepparents had already gone to bed. I went upstairs and placed the case on my bed. I opened it up carefully. There was a 9mm pistol sitting on top of bundles of cash. I went to the bathroom and put on a pair of disposable gloves.

Returning to my room I picked up the gun and sniffed the barrel. I had not been fired so I set it aside to examine the money. There were eight bundles of cash plus some loose bills on top. I counted out the loose bills to find the total came to six hundred and fifty dollars.

I secured the money with a rubber band from my dresser. I counted one of the remaining bundles to find a total of one thousand dollars. About half of the money was in hundreds and fifties. The balance was in twenty and ten dollar bills. This made a grand total of \$8,650.00

Sitting there looking at more money than I had ever seen in my life it kind of took my breath away. I wasn't exactly sure of what I was going to do with it either. Suddenly a thought occurred to me. I had given a description of the driver of the speeding car to the cops.

That same driver had also gotten a look at me and knew that I worked there. How long would it take to find out no money had been recovered at the scene by the police and then to track me down to ask me about it?

I felt a pang of fear. These people were obviously not the kind you wanted looking for you. I closed the case and put it in the bottom drawer of my dresser. I took off the gloves and showered. The hot steamy water helped ease my concern but it was still a while before I could go to sleep.

The story played up big in the newspapers the next day as a drive by shooting. The victim was an unemployed teacher from out of town. There were no further details except that police were continuing their investigation.

Over the next few months I began putting the small bills in the cash drawer at work whenever a large bill was used in payment. In addition I exchanged some of the money at the bank for hundred dollar bills. I wasn't sure how I should dispose of the gun or the case.

With high school graduation just around the corner I finally had converted all the stolen money into sixty hundreds, fifty fifties, and the rest in small bills. I kept the stack of bills in my dresser. I thought I had been pretty careful. No one had asked me anything at work or at the bank.

One night when I was off I drove to the mall and just before closing I tossed the case into the anchor store's dumpster. I stopped at a wayside along the river and after wiping the gun with a rag I tossed it far out into the river. I was still nervous when I got home but I went to sleep right away.

It was just a month before graduation ceremonies when I was leaving work at five that I noticed two black males in a white sedan drive into the parking lot as I was leaving. There was a third man in the back seat. I wondered if it could have been the driver of the car that night. I decided to take a different route home though the white car never appeared in my rear view mirror.

Now I was more than a little concerned. I didn't want to feel paranoid but I began to be more aware of the cars parked at work as well as who was behind me when I drove to and from work. I began to take different routes each time just to be on the safe side.

A week after graduation the same white car with two black males pulled in the parking lot as I was walking in to work. They both came in and placed their order. I glanced at them occasionally as I worked in the back but they didn't seem to be looking around for anyone. After they left I breathed a little easier but I knew that I was going to have to do something soon.

Quitting my job to work elsewhere in the same city wouldn't help me any. I had to re-locate and fast. I tried to think of where I could go and get work quickly with only a high school diploma and some restaurant experience. Vegas seemed to be the only option available to me. The sticking point was that I had to disappear from here and fast. I sat up that night after work and began to sketch out a plan

I thought about contacting my classmate that had helped me circumvent the controls on the computer at home. He once told me he had friends that could help me out with just about anything, for a price of course. If ever I needed that kind of help it was now.

After an hour meeting with a friend of his and five hundred dollars lighter I had a new DL and birth certificate. It would only be a few more weeks before everything would be set. Seeing that white car again just before I was ready to put my plan in to action only made things worse.

Without telling my stepparents I quit my job. My last night at work my car was stolen and found wrecked exactly according to plan. The insurance settlement paid off what I owed with a few grand left over. I told my parents I planned to rent a car for a week until I could find another one.

I purchased a large backpack at a thrift store and a thick volume of poetry at a used bookstore. I cut the center of the book out and except for five hundred dollars placed all my cash inside of it. I placed it in the duffle bag along with an envelope containing my new birth certificate.

For another week I pretended to drive back and forth to work. On Friday I closed out my bank account and put the cash in the poetry book. On Saturday afternoon I turned in the rental car and paid my bill. A co-worker gave me a ride home.

I didn't go to bed that night. At two am I put some changes of underwear and socks, a couple of shirts, an extra pair of jeans in the backpack along with my rain jacket. I crept down stairs and in the dining room I ran my old DL and birth certificate thru the shredder. When the noise of the shredding stopped I paused to hear if my step parents woke up to the noise but they didn't.

I removed the plastic liner from the shredder box and stuffed it in my backpack. After taking two water bottles out of the fridge and putting them in my back-

pack I walked out the back door. This was going to be it, I was on my way.

It was a warm foggy evening as I walked down the entrance road to the county highway. I turned back once to look at the house. I wasn't really leaving anything behind and there was certainly nothing much ahead of me either, especially if those men in the white car found me.

At a brisk pace I began walking down the country road. I had calculated it would take me about two hours to get to the main highway. Across the highway were railroad tracks. I knew there was a weekly freight train that headed west to the Twin Cities.

There had been no traffic on the road at this early hour, not even a cop. As I approached the main highway I could hear an occasional truck going by the intersection. I stopped close to the stop sign to catch my breath. When the road was clear I ran across the main highway and up the embankment.

Standing in the middle of the tracks I looked to the left and saw the oscillating headlight of the approaching diesel engine. I had timed it perfectly so I continued down the other side of the embankment and hid in some high brush. I heard the diesel horn at the cross road a mile or so away. I slipped off the backpack and urinated in the brush despite having done so just before I left the house.

The headlight of the diesel lit up the area in front of me. I slipped on the backpack and crouched down until the diesel passed. I ran up the embankment and along the train. We lived just outside of town. The train had to slow down as it moved thru town and across several cross streets. I grabbed the ladder of a short gondola car and climbed up the side and then dropped

inside. I walked to the corner of the car and sat on the floor with my back against the rear of the car.

I was elated that I had made it this far without a hitch. My job resignation, falsified claim for my car to the insurance company, new DL and birth certificate, and my late night run to meet the outgoing freight train within just a few minutes. I had made in essence a clean getaway. Lyman Anderson no longer existed. Lynn Anders was on his way west. Go west young man, someone had once said, so I did.

I could feel the train picking up speed. I got up to my knees and peered over the edge of the gondola car. It was still too dark to see much of anything but as the train went into a curve I could see the lights of the city far behind me.

I removed the plastic bag from my backpack and let the shredded pieces of my old DL and birth certificate flutter away into the slipstream. I sat back down. I felt sleepy but I knew I had to stay awake. In a couple of hours we would be going thru the Twin Cities and I wanted to be alert for any switching of cars or direction of travel. The car began to rock back and forth more as we moved faster and faster.

The eastern sky began to get pink. I peeked over the edge of the car and saw us approaching a bridge up ahead. I sat back down again. Shortly we crossed the river and now I was in Minnesota. The train began slowing down. It was about seven am when the train came to a complete stop.

I waited a few minutes before looking over the edge of the car. I could see the rail yard ahead of me. We lurched forward again and I sat back down. The train moved slowly again for about twenty minutes and then came to a stop.

When I peeked over the edge of the car again I saw several lines of boxcars to my left and a wooded hillside to my right. It was now nearly daylight and I could see a building on the other side of the line of cars to my left. I decide to hop out and hide in the hillside until it was dark again.

I clambered over the side of the low gondola car and ran for the woods. I picked my way carefully so that I would be closer to the building. I found a place where I could stay out of sight and yet have a fairly clear view of the rail yard. The train I was in suddenly lurched forward. A few minutes later I saw it had turned north. I sat back down and took a drink from one of the water bottles.

For the rest of the day I stayed hidden and watched the activity in the rail yard. As soon as it got dark I made my way towards the building. Fog rolled in and visibility was reduced to about twenty feet or so. I crept towards the side of the building and stopped to listen under an open window.

There was some conversation about women, work, pickup trucks and then one of the men said: "West-bound is late, should come thru about one am." I sat still for a minute and then worked my way back to where I had been hiding.

I had second thoughts about staying there so I walked back and climbed into a boxcar that was closer to what appeared to be one of several main lines that went thru the yard. I drank half a bottle of water while I waited. It would be several hours before that west-bound was due thru the yards.

There was nothing to do except wait so I sat down again and closed my eyes. I saw myself in those prom dresses parading around in front of an audience. The



blare of a diesel horn interrupted my dream. I had fallen asleep.

I got up and looked out of the boxcar door. It was dark and the fog was thicker than before. Thru the thick fog I could see an oscillating light in the distance to my left. Checking my watch it was one ten am so that had to be the west bound freight. I hopped out of the boxcar and made my way across several tracks and then between one more line of cars.

With the thick fog I doubted if anyone could see me but I squatted down anyway. The ground vibrated under my feet as the train got closer and closer. There were four diesels pulling the train. I waited until a dozen or so cars also passed in front of me and then ran to the train. It was slowing down so I waited for an open boxcar.

Running with the slower moving train I pulled myself up and walked to the rear of the boxcar. A few minutes later the train stopped. In another fifteen minutes we began moving again. I stood just back of the open door. You could not see much with the fog but as we picked up speed it wasn't long before we were out of the rail yard and heading west.

I drank the last of the water and tossed the bottle out the door. Walking back to the end of the boxcar I suddenly felt very tired. I sat down and immediately fell asleep. I didn't dream about anything. When I woke up it was broad daylight.

I got up and walked to the other end of the boxcar and urinated. I didn't want to stand in the open doorway for fear of being seen even though we were traveling thru the rural countryside. It was two in the afternoon. I had slept soundly for about eight hours.

With no idea exactly where the train was headed I only knew that we were about eight hours west of Minneapolis and at about fifty miles an hour I was now over four hundred miles from the main yard and about six hundred miles from home. That left about sixteen hundred miles to go to the west coast, if in fact that was where we were headed.

I sat back down just to one side of the open door of the boxcar and watched the scenic countryside go by as the train headed west. It was after midnight before I felt sleepy enough to return to the back of the car and lie down. The sudden braking of the train shook me awake.

I got up and walked to the open door. The train slowed some more. I could hear the warning bells of the crossing alarms as we entered the edge of a city. In the early dawn light I barely made out the license plate of a car at one of the crossings and found it to be a Nebraska plate. The train slowed again and soon I could see a large rail yard ahead. I could only presume we were entering Omaha.

The train slowed and then came to a stop. I sat in the back of the car and waited. About thirty minutes later we began moving again. The train crept ahead slowly and once again we crossed several roads with traffic waiting at the flashing crossing guards. We picked up speed and soon it was moving fast again. I went to the front of the boxcar to urinate again before returning to sit down next to the open door.

I was hungry. In my haste to pack and get out of the house I should have made a couple of sandwiches I guess but I couldn't afford to miss the night freight when it came thru. It was a good thing because I had been there within just a few minutes of its' passing.

It was nearly dark when the train slowed and now at the crossing guards the cars had Missouri plates. We had been stopped for almost forty minutes when I heard two men talking by the long train on the adjacent track.

“Wish I were going to Vegas,” He lamented.

“Me too,” the other one chimed in.

The adjacent train began moving. I saw the two men walking away from me. I went to the back of the car and slipped on my backpack. I checked to see the two men about fifty yards down the track so I jumped down and ran for the slow moving train. I climbed in another boxcar and walked to the back.

The cars began jostling more as the train picked up speed. I glanced briefly behind me to see two men coming from the diesel engine of the train I had been on wave to two men passing them. A change of crews had prompted us to stop. Fifteen minutes later as the train I was on went up a grade I saw the train I had been on begin moving slowly northwards out of the yard.

Once again I had lucked out by keeping my eyes and ears open. I drank the last of the water in the second bottle and tossed it out the door. Vegas here I come I thought as I sat down against the rear of the car and tried to go to sleep.

When I woke up it was cold. I hadn't given it a thought that part of my journey west would be thru the mountains. I got the rain jacket out of my backpack and slipped it on. It helped until it got dark. That night as we passed thru the mountains I kept pacing back and forth. I didn't want to go to sleep and catch a chill so I kept moving.