



## FREEDOM RIDER

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her, where they'd exited the off-ramp. There was a bit of a rise so you weren't able to see too far in the distance. Jodie raised her hand to her forehead to shield the sun from blinding her. She saw some lights in the distance just coming over the crest of the hill.

"Stacy!" Jodie said, while waving her arm at her. "Come here, quick!"

Stacy jumped off the bike and went to stand beside Jodie. She too held her hand up and squinted to see what it was. Suddenly the light that Jodie had seen was now two lights, no four lights. It was an incredible sight, and the rumbling noise approached them even closer. All of a sudden, there was a stream of headlights coming towards them at an extremely fast pace. They were heading to the off-ramp and they weren't slowing down! The girls were now paranoid and afraid. They moved themselves over to the other side of their bikes so they weren't at the edge of the road. Just as they moved over they suddenly realized what it was. It was over a hundred bikes, riding side by side, roaring off the freeway. Stacy moved so she was behind Jodie.

"Jodie," she said quietly, "who are they?"

"I don't know," Jodie said. "Don't worry Stacy, they aren't coming for us."

The bikes neared them and the pipes on the bikes were so loud that they both had to put their hands up to their ears to muffle the noise. The bikes flew right past them, but not without noticing them. The three riders in the front stared right at them, as though they were going to ride right through them. Jodie took a deep breath and did all she could not look at them, but their eyes were fixed on them.

As the group passed, Jodie's eyes followed them until the very end bike went by. It was like a big thundering blur of black leather, meshed with chrome and dust.

The girls turned and looked at each other. Jodie stood there, her heart pumping fast. She wasn't sure what to think. She had never seen a group of bikers this big before. They gave her the chills. The looks they gave her made her shiver. Jodie stared at Stacy for a moment and then looked back at the bikes disappearing over the ridge of the next exit ramp. They didn't appear to be friendly bikers. Jodie only knew that Stacy and she would have to continue up the exit ramp behind them to get back onto the freeway. Jodie didn't like the feelings she was getting about this group. The colours on their jackets looked vaguely familiar to