

Chapter 8

Tuesday, June 21
Greybull, Wyoming

Lindsay drove into Greybull, Wyoming at three-thirty.

“Would you like to stop a minute?” asked Lindsay.

“Sure.”

Lindsay stopped at a large gas station and stepped out.

Heather got out and walked to the gasoline island.

“What grade are we using?” she asked.

“Eighty five,” replied Lindsay.

When they went inside to pay the bill Lindsay used her mom’s credit card to pay the bill.

“Lindsay?” asked Heather. “We stopped at the right place. Look at all the snacks. Want a hamburger? And shake?”

“Okay. Vanilla flavor please.”

While Heather waited for the goodies, Lindsay purchased some Aqua Vista water. She walked to the car and put the water in the back seat. Then Lindsay drove closer to the store.

They ate at a table in an adjoining room.

“This is one of the best hamburgers I’ve ever tasted,” said Heather.

“Yes, it is.”

When they finished Heather and Lindsay went to the Subaru and got in.

Lindsay started the car and drove south on Wyoming 789.

“There’s not very many people in Wyoming,” said Lindsay as she entered a small town named Shoshoni.”

“Stop in front of that eatery. I have to go.”

Lindsay turned right. Parking spots were scarce on the west side so she turned around at an intersection and parked in a well lit place.

“I like it here,” said Heather as she walked inside.

“Not bad,” said Lindsay.

When they finished in the rest room they ordered chocolate cones.

“Two boys came inside and ordered strawberry sundaes.

“Heather made eye contact with one of the boys.”

“Yum,” she said softly in Lindsay’s ear.

“They are too young, Heather,” said Lindsay as she took Heather’s hand and led her outside.

“Lindsay?”

“Those boys are juniors in high school at best.”

“Sorry,” said Heather.

They got in the car.

Lindsay started the Subaru and turned right onto the main highway.

“This is the driest land I’ve ever seen,” said Lindsay as she drove toward Casper.

“I totally agree,” said Heather.

When they entered Casper Lindsay almost missed the cutoff to Interstate 25.

“We should fill up,” said Lindsay.

Lindsay took the first off ramp, turned right on Poplar and stopped at a station. She filled the tank.

Heather had to pee so she went to the restroom.

Before they left Casper they purchased sandwiches and milk.

“It’s going to be dark in a couple hours,” said Lindsay as she drove onto the interstate highway. When she drove out of Casper she pushed the Subaru up to 75mph and cruised.

Heather fell asleep.

Lindsay was wide awake.

The time passed by.

Lindsay drove by Glenrock, Douglas and then Wheatland.

“Heather? Wake up!”

“I drifted off didn’t I,” she said sleepily.

Heather yawned.

“Stop yawning or I’m going to get sleepy.”

“Okay.”

“The reason I woke you is I have to pee in the worst way,” said Lindsay.

“Where are we?”

“We’re almost to a place called Chugwater, Wyoming,” said Lindsay.

“Chugwater? I wonder how it got its name.”

“So do I.”

“There’s the off ramp,” said Heather.

Lindsay slowed down and drove down the off ramp. She stopped at an intersection, turned left and drove under the interstate highway.

“It’s getting dark and I don’t like this isolated road,” complained Lindsay.

“Stop and go.”

Lindsay stopped, opened the door, pulled her shorts and panties down, hunkered down and released.

“That wasn’t very ladylike,” said Lindsay.

Heather handed Lindsay some toilet paper.

“Thanks.”

When Lindsay was decent she stepped into the driver’s seat, closed the door and burned rubber.

“Lindsay?”

Lindsay let up on the gas.

“Excuse me Mr. Subaru,” she said.

Lindsay giggled.

There’s the town,” said Heather.

Lindsay stopped and got out of the vehicle.

“I don’t like the looks of the area,” voiced Lindsay as she locked the car.

“Let me fill the tank,” said Heather.

“Okay.”

Next, Heather and Lindsay went inside the station to pay the bill.

Two guys were leaving.

They gave Heather and Lindsay the eye.

Lindsay avoided looking at them.

“Did you see that?” asked Heather.

“Yes. They’re hungry for what we’re packing.”

Heather paid the gasoline bill. Then she went to the rest room.

Lindsay tagged along.

“Let’s ask someone how Chugwater got its name,” said Lindsay.

They left the rest room and walked to the counter.

“How did Chugwater get its name?” Lindsay asked.

The girl at the cash register reached over and picked up a card. She handed it to Lindsay.

The top side of the card was about a chili recipe. Lindsay turned it over and read about Chugwater.

“Oh, that makes me sick!”

“Let me read it,” said Heather.

She read about the days of Indians and buffalo and she learned that the Indians used to drive buffalo over the nearby cliffs. As the buffalo fell to their death they made chugging sounds.

She held her stomach and gave the card back to Lindsay.

“We should get more water,” said Heather.

“The only water they have is Aquafina,” said Lindsay.

Heather picked up two twenty once bottles.

“I’ll pay for them.”

“Okay,” said Lindsay. “We should get going,”

They left the building.

Lindsay unlocked the auto.

They piled in.

Lindsay started the engine and drove back the way she had come in. A sign told her which way to go.

Out of the dark a pickup darted in front of their car.

Lindsay pulled off to the side of the road and stopped.

“Heather? It’s those men. Open your door and get out!”

When Heather was clear of the door Lindsay exited, shut the door and locked the car.

“What’s wrong?”

It was a masculine voice.

“Are you girls afraid of the dark?”

Lindsay took Heather's hand as she bolted out of there. She heard the men give chase.

Heather and Lindsay ran over weeds and rocks until they couldn't hear the men.

"Over here," Lindsay said. "Let's hide on the other side of this berm."

"Okay."

They lay still and rested.

"Where did they go, Sam?" said a man named Joe.

Heather feared the man's husky masculine voice.

"I don't know Joe," replied Sam.

Lindsay learned that the fellow named Sam was several years older than his friend Joe.

"I wanted so badly to nail that blonde to the nearest tree," said the husky guy in disappointment.

Lindsay winced.

"Yeah, and I could already taste the red head," said the older man.

Lindsay covered Heather's mouth so she wouldn't make a sound.

"I see the lights of a farmhouse over yonder," said Sam.

"I'll bet they went there," said Joe.

When the men were out of earshot Lindsay removed her hand from Heather's trembling lips.

"Get a hold of your self," Lindsay said.

"Those men were going to rape us."

“Yes, and if we don’t do something about it they will rape the first female they find in that farmhouse.”

Lindsay stood up and helped Heather get up.

“Come on, Heather. We’re going to prevent it if we can.”

“We’ll end up getting raped.”

“No we won’t.”

Though Heather had her doubts, she followed Lindsay. Slowly her body calmed.

When she reached the farm house Lindsay noted the door was open.

A woman named Melinda screamed.

Lindsay hurried through the door and entered the kitchen. She picked up a frying pan.

“Mom!”

Lindsay entered the bedroom. The guy named Joe had a forty year old mother on the bed.

The woman was struggling.

The older guy had a twenty something girl on the floor. Sam’s head was near the door.

Lindsay went into action. First she hit Sam on the head with the pan.

The mother screamed and struggled wildly.

Heather knew the woman thought she and Lindsay were on a crime spree with the men.

“Get off that woman!” yelled Lindsay.

“You?” questioned the man in surprise.

Lindsay swung the pan at Joe’s head.

He dodged Lindsay and took the pan away from her. He got up on the other side of the bed.

Heather helped the younger woman get up.

“Go lock yourself in the bathroom,” said Lindsay.

Melinda complied.

“I would rather have you anyway, Blondie.”

He threw the pan at Lindsay.

Lindsay stepped to the side and ducked.

Joe rushed Lindsay. He tried to get her arm.

Lindsay got a grip on his right arm and placed a Karate chop to the guy’s neck.

Before the man could react Lindsay dislocated the man’s index finger of his right hand.

Sam got to his feet and attacked Heather.

Heather tried to sidestep him.

Sam hit Heather in the head.

It was a glancing blow and Heather shook it off.

“Zuruckschlagen!” Lindsay yelled to Heather.¹

Heather screamed and kicked Sam in the chin.

Sam fell to the floor.

Joe watched in amazement.

¹ “Zuruckschlagen” means “Fight back”

Lindsay kicked him hard in his crotch.

Joe knelt down in pain.

Lindsay helped the woman get one the other side of the bed.

“What’s your name?”

“Luann Coulter. I’m more worried about my daughter, Melinda.”

“Call 911, Luann. Then I would appreciate it if you could get some rope so I can tie these guys up.”

Joe got up and ran for Heather.

Heather screamed.

Luann screamed.

The man tackled Heather.

Heather fell on the hardwood floor.

Joe hit Heather on her chin. Then he ran his fingers along her thighs.

Heather felt woozy.

When Heather and I fight in a tournament we are barefoot. We look for ways to score points and win the match cleanly. Our instructor taught us how to defend ourselves and help others who are in peril. Then the name of the game is to disarm your opponent and neutralize him or her with as much force as is necessary.

Lindsay retaliated by kicking the back of the man’s head.

Joe’s head swayed.

Heather recovered and tried to move out of the way.

As he fell he grabbed Heather’s legs.

Heather's legs fell under him as she hit her chin on the floor.

Lindsay helped Heather get to her feet.

"Help is on the way," said Luann.

"Good," said Lindsay.

"There's plenty of rope on the porch."

"Take your daughter and hide outside," added Lindsay.

Heather and Lindsay waited for Luann to get Melinda outside.

"Let's get the rope," said Heather.

"Okay."

They walked outside and looked for some rope.

Suddenly Joe ran out of the house and lunged at Lindsay.

Lindsay sidestepped him.

He faced Lindsay.

She kicked.

Joe grabbed her left leg and yanked.

Lindsay moved as in a cartwheel and kicked him in the head with her right shoe.

She twisted her leg free and fell hard. She jumped to her feet.

Joe's anger helped him gather strength.

"Kannst du mir ein Holz Takt holen!" screamed Lindsay.²

Heather saw a shovel handle on the porch. She ran to the porch, grabbed the wooden bar, hurried back and swiftly poked at the back of Joe's head.

² It means "Fetch me a wood baton!"

Joe cursed and turned around.

Heather tossed the makeshift baton to Lindsay.

Before Joe could hurt Heather Lindsay whacked the side of his head with the wood bar. As she pulled the shaft back she stepped forward, crouched and swung the baton against Joe's ankles.

Joe fell down.

Lindsay rose up and whacked the side of Joe's neck with the bar. She swiftly followed with a blow to the side of Joe's head.

He fell lifeless to the ground.

Heather fetched some rope.

Lindsay tied Joe up.

Heather tied up Sam.

"Luann! Melinda" yelled Lindsay. "You can come out now."

Luann cautiously returned.

Melinda followed her mom.

"The men are now harmless."

"I see that," said Luann with a smile.

"Who are you gals anyway?" asked Melinda.

"Think of us as your guardian angels."

"Thank you," said Melinda.

"You save us from these monsters," said Luann.

"We should probably go," said Heather.

“What will we tell the sheriff?” asked Luann.

“The truth,” said Lindsay.

Lindsay and Heather walked to their car.

“Can you get out?” asked Heather.

“I think so.”

Lindsay unlocked the car and stepped inside. She started the engine and carefully backed onto the highway.

Heather got in.

Lindsay was silent until she was back on the interstate highway and driving South toward Cheyenne.

“Are you okay, Heather?”

“My left shoulder is sore, but I’ll be fine. How about you?”

“I twisted my ankle some, but not severely.”

Lindsay drove past Cheyenne and into Colorado.

“The traffic is terrible,” said Lindsay. “I’m going to take the first exit into Fort Collins.”

“Oh wow. This is where Colorado State University is.”

Lindsay stopped at a station. She got out and asked a pleasant looking man how to get to Boulder.

“Go west to College and turn left on highway two eighty seven.”

“Thanks.”

The man nodded.

Lindsay returned to the car.

“A man said to drive west to College and turn left.”

“You handle the traffic, I’ll watch for College.”

Lindsay drove to an intersection that had two left hand turn lanes. She pulled into the outer left hand turn lane.

“This is college,” said Heather.

Lindsay turned left onto College and drove south with heavy traffic.

“Colorado State University is on our right,” said Heather.

Lindsay noticed that a big motel had no vacancy.

“I don’t think we can find a place to stay here,” said Lindsay.

At five past two in the morning the girls checked in at the Rose Motel in Loveland, Colorado.

After they brought their luggage in the room they lay down on the queen bed.

Heather pulled a blanket over Lindsay and her.

Soon afterward they fell fast asleep in their clothes.