

I woke up with a purpose. Dressed in fresh clothes with more-or-less combed hair, I was walking across the parking lot minutes later. The restaurant was empty, so I took a seat at the counter and waited.

"Good morning," a pretty brown-haired woman said as she stepped in from the kitchen.

"Hey Amelia, how are you?"

She came forward and kissed me from across the counter. *It was a great kiss.*

I brushed a loose strand of hair behind her ear. "I've missed you too."

"Becky's already started your breakfast. I know you've got to go."

"So, how's school going?"

And so began the conversation we'd had about a hundred times. It was the conversation that has a lot of words that says nothing, because it's not about school and it's not about trucking, but it's about waiting. Waiting for college graduation, a proposal, a future, and a family.

And then there was another kiss. *Another great kiss...*

"I love you, Jordan."

"I love you too, Amelia."

I cried as I pulled out of the truckstop. My thoughts were only of her until I crawled into the sleeper that night and closed my eyes.