

– Disclaimer:

Hello, and thanks for reading.

It is probably not PC for a middle-aged white guy to write from the perspective of a young woman in 2022. I'm sorry if I offend anyone. My intent is to provide a terrifying warning of what may be about to come\*. I wrote this because I felt *someone* had to write it, I had the idea, so it had to be me.

If anyone wishes to steal the idea, please do! We must be prepared for that storm brewing, now unleashed, that is the legacy of the Trump Presidency. Roe is only part, I hope you all know. Any vestige of left-leaning ideology is to be swept under by the great power of the US Supreme Court. This story is intended to wake people up to that reality.

I felt I had to write it. I intend it to be cognizant of all the valid concerns the Left has, but it still may offend some. My deepest regrets for that.

\* – *Is* coming to pass, if you're watching the news.

A Road Trip – October 2025  
(or A Story Which the Author Hopes has a Very Short Shelf-Life)  
Dameon J. Voshty

The chill of late Fall in Alabama makes the anxiety seem less palpable. Plus, my hormones being wack and, in general, a disdain for the Alabama humidity makes the window's gush of cool air comforting. Brendan doesn't like it, though, keeps asking me to roll it up. I did before. I would now, but then ten minutes later I'd find it had been cracked again, apparently something unconscious within me. A nervous tic.

Brendan loves me, very much. We may die out here, driving in the middle of the night in Alabama, but this is the time we have to go. Daylight is our enemy. But he can't stand the cold. Only man, only person I know from Alabama who wishes it were hotter. He asks in the sweetest tone his baritone can muster.

“Honey? Hon? Could you..?”

I put my finger on the window switch. The mechanical vvvv as it closes. Already I feel hot.

The night hasn't saved us yet. State Trooper Doug found us “speeding” an hour ago. We weren't, but you don't really need a reason to get pulled over in the second Trump term. Cops got nearly free rein, can pull you over for two-and-a-half above. It's wasn't about the speed. Five below in this car, with these occupants would'a gotten flagged no matter what. It's how it's done here anymore.

Still, we thought the late hour would protect us. False hope. Stupid hope. And now I probably can never go home again. My momma's home, and her daddy before that, built nearly a hundred years ago. It's gone from me.

“Outta the car!” State Trooper Doug yells. He could'a been polite, but these are the times. “Now!” he adds for emphasis.

Brendan took the lead. “Officer, we just headed Georgia ta meet-up with family. We're not...”

Doug saw it differently. “Now! Ma'am. Now!” I got out slowly.

“Ma'am, are you pregnant? You appear that you may be pregnant. Are you aware that it is against State law to travel across State lines to get an abortion?”

“Yes, officer,” I replied, “I am aware. We're just goin' over the border see June and Jeff.

They're friends, sir, and family too. Jeff was married, officer, ta my..."

"Are you pregnant?"

"Maybe."

"If you don't know, you will soon." Doug pressed the button on his intercom, "Sally?"

Sally responded, "Dispatch. Who's this? Doug?"

"Rodger that, Sally. I need a K9 and Portrasound dispatch west of mile marker 192, US-78."

"The usual."

"Doug hill." That Doug found this amusing was evidenced by the quality of his smirk.

"Rodger that, Doug. Dispatch out."

I guess they've trained dogs now to smell with-child, but I knew that, so had concocted an elixir I found online. Patchouli and cinnamon and anise covered the smell so the dogs got confused. Burned a little down there, but it was a preparation that needed to be taken in case of circumstances like these. So the dog didn't find anything.

The Portrasound, however, I didn't know about. It's a portable ultrasound device adapted for this purpose.

"Ma'am, I'm gonna need ta put this solution stuff on your belly."

"Get your hands... How can this be legal?" Brendan sobbed.

"No officer, you may not put..."

"Then, by order of the State of Alabama, I am authorized to immobilize..."

"Alright, I'm preggers! That what you want? Got one in the oven. Not your right to know nonesuch! My body!"

"Ma'am, according to State Statute, I am required to confirm..."

"Put the damn goop on my belly." I lifted my shirt. Cold ooze on my stomach in the cold October night. It felt like fingers in my uterus, peeling back layers of privacy, but that's the law and that's what happened. Confirmed. There's a kid. The State documented that I was going to have a child.

"I can let you go, ta cross the border, but you will have ta see the County Examiner within one month's time to verify the health of your unborn person. Here's a ticket." He handed Brendan the piece of paper because it was Brendan who was responsible "This a fix-it ticket, you understand? Once, within the month, you confirm your kids OK, we drop it all. Never happened. Understand? But if your unborn person is not OK, both you and your wife--"

"--girlfriend," Brendan corrected.

"Yer not married? And yer havin' a kid?" Indignant was Doug. "Well, upon your return I strongly suggest you get married. You sin in the eyes of God, you know. We'll help with that. We got a program..."

"Are we free to leave?" Brendan asked, anguish and torment in his voice.

"Yes. Yeah. As long as you understand these rights as I have explained them." Officer Doug forced the ticket into Brendan's hand who had, thus far, refused to take it.

Doug paused. "If, God forbid, something were to happen to that little person in yer tummy in Georgia, you will be prosecuted to the full extent for murder. First degree. You understand?"

Brendan made eye contact with the copper for the very first time. "I do." And from that moment on we could never go back.

What on Earth has devoted me, and Brendan, to this task?

You see, I aced the ASVAB. The US military is gonna make me an officer. I mean, non-commissioned, but still. I'm gonna be a leader of men. Some women too, but I always dreamed of that. Bossing around boys. It's the culmination of my goals and work and drive. So Brendan and I celebrated.

Never trust a rubber from an illegal coin-operated machine. When the at-home test came up positive I wept for hours. I spent a week in bed, mostly, dropped the job I was workin'. Brendan held my hand, made sure I ate, but the place I went, I didn't even want him around.

"We have'ta do some'in." His twang is so cute. So we made a plan and bought patchouli and anise and cinnamon at three different places to avoid suspicion and found a back way down less-traveled roads and left as late as Brendan's drowsiness would allow, all so that I can serve my Country.

I mean, of course US armed forces would have supported me. It would'a been a mark on my record, they would have forced me to have the kid, and since I was active duty, they would have done so in a ward in a military hospital with Brendan maybe a continent away. It would have slowed my progress, limited my deployment opportunities, but the military couldn't discharge me for this. If Brendan and I got married and he joined up, his career would be unscathed

Maybe it's selfish, but I didn't want all that. I want to be me. The Army is where I'm supposed to be, untethered from some little kid I didn't want to have. I want to have a real career, a real chance at serving my Country in the harshest places available. To prove me mettle. To boss around boys. To be a bad-ass. To rock-and-roll with the best damn military on the face of the planet. If I show up pregnant, they'd make me an orderly or some'in like! Some lackey They'll bury me in the justification of a family Mom. That's just not me. I don't even like kids!

So, maybe it is selfish. My State (my old State) says it's murder. But even the cost of my familial estate can not deter me. To live like I'd like to live means more than money. It is freedom, and one thing I know, no matter the Law or the President or some Supreme Court can tell me that part of that isn't the right to take some pills and end it all in a hotel bathroom. I have the liberty to control my own body and this Country which I will forever love, cannot tell me otherwise. I don't care if I'm being selfish or whatever, it is my right as an American to *be* selfish, and that shouldn't depend on where I live.

But our story's not done.

Brendan had to pull over after all that with the cop to vomit and to stop his shaking. Though we were just minutes from the border we had to recoup. I almost felt like a miscarriage could just come now and we'd all be saved, but the cop had issued a ticket. The kid had been ultra-porta-sounded half-an-hour ago. They could still figure out murder charges, even still on this side of the border. My life, Brendan's life...

Doug had put our stars in place. Five minutes down the road and the State of Georgia and a medically-inducted hotel miscarriage, that was our only option.

I mean, we could rethink our entire life before dawn. Brendan was a good at customer service, though he hated it. He could get a job, I could have the kid, we could live in our home until we died. We could decide all that on a dime in the middle of the Alabama night. We could.

But here's the thing. Brendan is also good at guitar. He is terrifically better than good. He is born a rock-star and he is gonna be a rock-star whether he wants it or not. There is no dampening his will to be any other, and no more insufferable pain than seeing his face before his first beer after a shift at T-Mobile Customer Service. This is not only my decision for me to make, I have to let him be free also. It is for people like him that I will fight when I join. American originals.

No, our fate has been cast towards the five miles remaining of Alabama. This was the only way to go. Forward.

So we steadied ourselves with a J, a felony for both of us due to my condition, and started the car.

Five miles can be perpetual. We knew the cops were not the real fight. The law can take away our land, the vigilantes can take your life. They wouldn't kill me, of course, just lock me in some old

plantation hole where they used to do things to slaves until I came to term. Then they'd kill me.

So there's that. And, they'd probably chop Brendan's head off in front of me if they catch us. So we turned off the headlights.

It's not an especially well-lit night. The moon's gibbous, but clouds keep covering it, making focusing on the road that much harder. Thirty was about as fast as we could go. When other vehicles came through, we had to pull over stat, kill the engine, and hope to God it wasn't one of them. Nope, only two in those five miles; a trucker and some drunk redneck who didn't even notice he came within two feet of our parked Prius.

Two miles left. I had brought my field glasses, so we brought them out. About 5:00AM, a little before, which is good 'cause five's when the world starts waking up. Perfect time for us.

It's wooded, so there's not much to... wait. Flickering light means moving light. Another car? No, don't think so. Too orange, like fire. Do these yokels really carry torches?

I remembered seeing something on the news, an interview with the head of some vigilante group.

"If is by the light of Christ that we stricken ye back to hell," he said while lighting a tiki torch. I remember it so clear 'cause of the look on the reporter's face.

Yep, they're probably running around at the Alabama – Georgia State line at 5:00AM carrying tiki torches to burn out the abortion evil-doers. Some people apparently do this for a living now. Wonder how they get paid.

They are big trouble for us. We can tell they're on both sides of the road. We assume they will stop anyone traveling through.

"Ram 'um?" suggests Brendan

"Naw. They expect that. Probably have like rumble-strips. Shred our tires. We'll never make it." Then it came to me. "Too bad we don't have any tiki torches."

A "torch" is an easy thing to build. Take a piece of cloth, rap it around a branch, add a flammable substance, done. We made four, used kerosene we had brought with a camp setup.

"Lights on, dear."

"Lights on." *click* "Into the belly of the beast," Brendan says as he presses on the accelerator. A mile on and sure enough an armed woman forces us to pull over.

"What'er you doin' out here all by yer lonesomes at this hour?" she asks

"Oh, we're goin visit June and Jeff," says Brendan

"June and Jeff," I repeat, feeling profoundly dumb.

"Oh, and we brought you folk some torches."

"Torches?" the woman replied.

Brendan motioned to our recent creations. "Torches. To burn out the abortion evil-doers." I almost laughed. But it worked! Woman says, "Oh, OK. Great. Glad youse on our side. Drive up there, to Gus. He'll take 'um. He's gonna ask you few questions, y'all, so be prepared, but if you one of us, good Christian, you ain't got no fear. God bless!" She waves.

"Bless," mumbles Brendan as he brings the car within yards of freedom. Gus walks up, taps the window for it to be rolled down. vvvv

"God be with you," extols Brendan

"And with you, uh..."

"Brendan"

"Brendan That's not a Christian name..."

"I converted later." Brendan has been letting the car roll, feet being important now. Past the border marked with just a sign that says "Georgia State Line" (riddled with bullet holes), is a simple convenience store. Advertised is gas at \$6.19.99 a gallon, Bud Light, and "Abortion pills here!" Safety.

"Could you put on yer parking brake 'er somin'?" We're stopped.

"Sorry. Jus wanna see June and Jeff."

"June and Jeff," say I again, feeling even more awkward.

"I don know them. Where you com'in from?"

"Bama," contorts Brendan "Uh, Edwardsville?"

"You nervous? Why'r you nervous? Get out."

"We got you some torches," is Brendan's attempt at evasion

Gus swings up his AK-47. We hear the safety click off.

"Jus wanna see Jeff and..." he's stuck in the sights.

"June, baby. Jeff and June. Let's do as he says. We got nothing to hide." I am terrified, more scared than I ever remember, but I tremble in confidence, a knowledge that this could be the end of liberation, and it is only with calm that I can be free.

I get out first, back to the border. Brendan steps out, too slow for the innocent. Gus notices.

"You and yer beau 'er out here at 5:00AM to visit, what, some alliterative relatives? Friends? Where they live?"

"At..." I start to say.

"Him!" points his gun into Brendan's face.

"Atlanta?" He caught it! I want him to be closer to me so we can make a run if it comes to that. He's too far away! Over here, you dolt! Make your way towards me! We're so close.

And, miraculously, he senses me, casually wanders to my side as the assault weapon follows.

I chime in to give Brendan a break. "Atlanta. Corner of Pine and 6<sup>th</sup>. You wanna look it up?"

I am bluffing. I've never been to Atlanta. I have no idea if there are numbered streets. All big cities have numbered streets, though, and even if a town only has three roads, one is named Pine. Plus I'm betting he's never been to Atlanta either, and I don't expect he knows how to use his phone.

"No. No. Jus, you know, there'r people out here try get over there to that shop to murder their babies. We stop that, you know, every day, every night. We stand here and wait for them to come, to murder their kids. But we stop them anyway necessary. But you jus seem two nice kid visitin' family or whatever."

"Yeah. June and Jeff. So, can we..?" Brendan motions to the car.

"We heard a report, you know we tied in with the police, we heard some kids try'in get here, to that Godless land, and she was pregnant."

"I don't know..." Brendan replies.

"It was hours ago, now, kids didn't show. But cop said they drove one of them yellor commie cars. Like yours. What is that? A toy-o-ta? Japanese bull ask me. But that sounds like you."

"I saw someone in a Honda turn around an drive off number of miles back." I was coming to understand Gus' intellectual capability, though he did know the word "alliterative". Still, the chance was worth it.

"Really?"

"As God as my witness." I'm very glad I don't much believe in that stuff or maybe He'd just strike me down.

"Well, as long as you not pregnant, yeah, you can carry on. Have a good time in Satansville."

"God bless," I say.

"Gowbess," mumbles Brendan as we close our doors. But fate has one more game. The ticket Officer Doug wrote flies out the window. Gus takes note. The window is still down.

"Now, wait. You said you hadn't spoke with no police."

"Gun-it!" I scream. Brendan follows my order like it has been expected. Our hybrid lurches forward.

We hear the unmistakable click of a safety switch being flicked back off, then the even more lucid tone of a bullet's whiz. Four more, two breaking glass.

But, technically, we've made it. We're over the invisible line between immutable policy decisions. We have made it to Georgia!

Rounds discharged from firearms don't care. Georgia does not push ammo back.. We are still in mortal danger. One of our tires goes flat. Here, in the middle of nowhere, vigilantes can move bodies, clean up messes on the wrong side of borders. Lie. Georgia's no safety yet.

"That store thing." I point, as a round passes though my seat. I feel it fluff my hair.

It is very difficult to control a car with a flat tire. Brendan is a really great guy, but driving isn't his strongest suit. We spin out, stall. The vigilantes approach

But, you see, both sides can have their vigilante types. A group of four women has heard the gunfire, leaves the store to which we were headed, grabs their own guns from their cars. Not as much the middle of nowhere than I thought!

"Down!" I scream, bullet whizzes now streaming from our backs.

"Podunk brats! Back to your Alabama hole. This is Georgia land!" the women shout.

"Baby murderers," yells 'Bama.

"Redneck cavemen!" retorts Georgia. But the gunfire has stopped. It is a standoff now, a frontage, and we are in no man's land.

"Drive. Slow. Favor, like, left," I tell Brendan

"Yeah. Gulp. Slow." We skitter a step forward, the bububub of the deflated tire marking our journey, then turn around, to the left of course. In a few minutes we park, badly, at the Georgia convenience store of liberty. "Bama walks back to their line. Georgia helps me out, congratulates Brendan on surviving, and, after hours of fear and trepidation and terror, we are finally safe.