

## Part I: Molly

Molly runs on freeways. The pavement burning embers against the soles of her shoes. Mirroring the fury of her own soul. She sometimes knows where she is going and even then she rarely knows. She says she's running to forever. But there's not an ill-fated map to somewhere like that.

Morning commuters call her an enigma. Truck stop frequenters call her a lady. Molly calls herself Molly and that is all. Sometimes she gets coffee, black, from the McDonald's before heading off in her worn down Nikes. She never runs towards the sunrise, because these things are tricky and Molly doubts there are any answers in rebirth. No, Molly just outruns the sunset, too afraid to get too close yet knowing she can't get too far.

She never slows down. Always looks for the next greatest thing of importance in her flawed exodus. When people ask why she never settles down long enough, never makes connections, Molly says:

“Didn't you know I burn bridges for a living?”