The old Chevy's engine roared as Carlos made his way down the deserted road. "I **cannot forget** that feeling of freedom!" he thought. It had been a year since his last long trip, and now, finally, he **just got back**.

Suddenly, a blue light flashed in his rearview mirror. "**Watch out!**" he muttered, seeing the patrol car approaching. Carlos slowed down and pulled over to the shoulder. "**What was that?**" he wondered, noticing the strange noise his engine made when he stopped.

The window slowly rolled down and a serious face peered out. "**What's wrong, officer?**" Carlos asked, trying to sound calm.

"Please, **step out of the car**," the officer said in a firm voice.

Carlos sighed, just now? He had just gotten off work and all he wanted was to get home. "Officer, I **just got back** from a long trip, **do you want to** see my papers?"

The officer's expression didn't change. "Just step out of the car, please."

Carlos got out, feeling the cold night air hit his face. He watched as the officer checked the car. He thought about the hours he had spent fixing it, and how much he loved to **ride a car**. "I **can't** believe this is happening," he muttered to himself.