

ones I had seen in Life magazine as a child, but Life was over, and so I settled on the modest ambition of covering the school board without getting fired (Soderlind 11).

By seeing the quotation above, it is so clearly that she has ambition to get everything what she wants. She is a strong woman, not easy to give up and wants to prove to everyone that she has same happiness in her life, Somehow the way. She never feels enough for what she got, that is why she wants to go to Montana with her friend. The point is, she has heavy ambitious to get something and a value satisfaction of her life.

2.2 Friendly

The other characteristic of Lori Soderlind is friendly. We can see when Lori meets some people and becomes their friend. She meets them in her journey when she goes to Montana. We can see the quotation of below:

On Madeleine's first visit, she and I took over the communal kitchen to make a meal. It was the nerve center of that house: a cluttered box full of doors, ringed with unruly cupboards. The room was equipped both for cooking and doing laundry, with a washing machine that doubled as a counter top. Madeleine put a cutting board across the washing machine and chopped broccoli; I boiled cavatelli and sautéed onions on the brown stove, moving its one remaining knob around to work all the burners. Beneath fluorescent lights in a water-stained drop ceiling, we cooked dinner together. It was a ritual Madeleine said she thought all women should share, if they planned to be friends, because making food is a nourishing and

The West made me feel as if it was okay to be fast friends with a person I liked, when I found one; maybe that was why Madeleine, who had lived in Montana for years, always seemed able to be friends with anyone. I smiled at Bill, and then I looked at Madeleine.

Something more than trying to get rich, and sleeping, and staying well fed until I grew old and died; I wanted something free than that, more creative(Soderlind 7).

I quit my job at the Daily Journal about a year after I started and went to work for a slightly larger dying paper a few dead cities to the north.

She wants to create her dream or hopes with her work. She wants to become rich, can do anything like she wants until she is old and died. So that, finally she quits from her job and to go to north just to fulfill her needs.

Madeleine said, "Hey, you quit your job? Wow. That's exciting. That means you gotta go out there and stay on the road just as long as you can," and she started planning. Maybe she'd get the summer off. I said, "Maybe you could quit your job, too." That's what I wanted. I felt as if I'd figured out the secret to finding a real life, the best kind of life—just leave the junk behind! Forget it!—and surely if I felt it then she felt it too: when I thought of Montana, she was always there.

Based on the quotation above, it is clear that she is an independent person so that, she resigns from her job just for seeks her satisfactions.

2.5 Confident

Confident is having a feeling or belief that you can do something well or succeed at something: having confident. It show when Lori decide to resign from her job and go to Montana. we can see the quotation below :

Two days later I gave two-weeks notice. "I'm going to Montana," I told Walter, and then, everyone. "You're . . . what?" they invariably answered. "I'm quitting," I said. "I'm going to find America."

1.1 Invite her friend to go to Montana

Back in Milwaukee my mother's stern father was crossing my ruined name off his will, seeing that another loser grandchild was up to no

good; in New Jersey my parents might have wondered if they had lost another child, but they were kind enough not to say so(Soderlind62).

Below is the quotation when Lori quits from her job just for her journey.

Two days later I gave two-weeks notice. "I'm going to Montana," I told Walter, and then, everyone.
 "You're . . . what?" they invariably answered.
 "I'm quitting," I said. "I'm going to find America (Soderlind 58)."

The quotation below shows when Lori permits with her friend in place of work.

Others were dubious. When I told people at work that I was “going west,” they said this foolishness would ruin my life. “You’ll never get another job,” some said. “You don’t just quit jobs, you don’t just get to pick up and go. You’ll be sorry.” But that didn’t make any sense to me at all. What was this obsession with having a job? If you didn’t like your job very much and saw no future in it, then wasn’t staying wrong? Of course it was (Sodelind 59).

When she decides to resign from her job, there are many people, her friend exactly, says that she is foolish and getting regretted because she had leaft her job just for go to the west. But she does not care about them, and keep her decides to resign and to go to west.

Firstly, she visits her aunt in Milwaukee. She tells to her aunt that she wants to go to find America. Then, her aunt tells that she ever goes there and it is so awful for her. But she does not like to belief her aunt and still keep her decides.

We can see the quotation below:

This expression and its variations seemed to annoy people. It particularly aggravated my aunt in Milwaukee, who I visited at the start of my journey. "I'm going to find America," I said. "I'm going to take my time." She rolled her eyes. She'd looked once for America; she'd even joined the Peace Corps and gone to Thailand, looking for the world, but then she found Milwaukee. She said, "Oh, please. The world is big, go find a little part of it and be happy." Then she

the pilgrims were actually souls. Then I thought heaven might be the place souls go when bodies die, but enlightened souls could find it while they were still alive: peace on earth, wisdom, joy, bliss. Utopia. If we wanted, we could have all these things and life, too. Imagine.

Actually, this steep, snow-capped vision I had was Mount Rainier, viewed from Seattle. I didn't realize it at the time, but now that I've seen Mount Rainier, I know that this utopia I imagined was something I'd once seen on a postcard, stuck to a fridge, which my mind borrowed when it pictured a place where bright souls lived freely, singing Van Morrison songs in harmony on sunny days, sharing food off each other's plates. It was a paradise to which I hoped I, too, was going. Is it possible to cross this country and not believe in such a place, at least for a while?.

From the quotation above, the writer gets idea that in the middle of her way she drops in place near Sturgis sort of on the way to Mount Rushmore, and somewhere in the heat of South Dakota, midday. They share about their expectation in her journey. Furthermore, they are ceasing in near Sturgis while Madeleine says that it's sort of on the way to Mount Rushmore. They pass a field of sunflowers with their faces turned to the sun, but the field was behind us and there was nothing. Lori feels so happy because she finds something that so amazing. We can see the quotation below:

Madeleine was looking at a road map, this whole conversation having apparently ended for her miles ago. "Let's stop near Sturgis," she said. "It's sort of on the way to Mount Rushmore. There's this big biker rally there. "Sure," I said. And the extended finger that had stood for Steve curled back with the others.

We passed a field of sunflowers with their faces turned to the sun, but then that field was behind us and there was nothing, once again. I held the steering wheel tightly and ripped down the highway. I was so afraid, just then, of Madeleine. She had become enormous to me, invested with importance she could not have understood. I rolled down my window. The air rushed in like a flood of invisible cotton, soft and edgeless. It smelled like the earth baked in sun. Oh god: it could all be so beautiful, it could, it could, if we wanted. I yelled

We walked toward them on the crossroad, looking for people. Madeleine took out her camera and whispered, "This is wild." She had to whisper; we both did. The place didn't seem to want to be roused. We walked. For a long time, nothing moved but us, The road was dotted with wooden carcasses, empty homes and shops in a cluster, trailing off into other structures in various stages of decay. It was evening, quiet anyway, but the place was thoroughly vacant; it was emptier, it seemed to me, for having been something once. I could feel everything that was missing, but I could only see what was there. Fifty yards away, a man emerged from a garage with a horse and walked the horse across the road. Both man and horse disappeared into a horse trailer and Rapelje was still again.

They walk to the crossroad and try to find people while Madeleine take a picture. In along day when they walk, they did not find anyone there, just wooden carcasses, empty house and store in cluster. They walk until evening. She imagines fifty years ago there is a man emerged from a garage with a horse and walked the horse across the road then disappear whereas Rapalje still exist.

Probably the taxes unpaid for years, and the bill probably not much anyway. So it was still possible to be a homesteader, after all. Pay off the taxes and take some place over, and the rest of your life is all up to you. Wouldn't need much money. I stuck a piece of grass between my teeth and said to Madeleine, "I think I'm going to just stay here, live in that old house over there, fix it up, and write."

Too expensive,” she answered. “Think of all the money for repairs, see that floor? Rotten. The electric hook up would need to be redone completely. Probably dry rot everywhere. And there’s probably skunks,” she said. “I wouldn’t try it.” Hmm,” I said, because really, what else could I say. Was there anything Madeleine didn’t take

seriously? Good god, most of my life was pure fantasy. I just wanted to live with this idea, at least for the day. Here was what remained of the world my own family had been born out of, so remote from any life I had ever known.

When walking around in Rapalje, they saw Rapalje School empty for summer. They met someone who has blond hair and ruddy-faced he. They talk about Rapalje so much and ask some questions about the town. Then, some quotations of the woman at the bar squinted and said there isn't any jail, never. Most of people do not really care of them and dislike strangers. We can see the quotation below:

Turns out it was neither. We found someone to talk to, a blond and ruddy-faced woman who was uncapping beer bottles in a bar inside a Quonset hut right in the center of Rapelje, where the east-west and north-south roads met. I had come to notice Quonset huts in tiny towns all along our route, as if people weren't interested in actually building at the risk of losing anymore. Quonset huts, I supposed, could be dismantled and moved. This one, with a bar inside and a large open area that looked like the town meeting hall, echoed like a pail any time anything moved. We scraped stools up to the bar and ordered two Rainiers and asked some questions about the town, about that old concrete thing, for instance: was it from a bank, or a jail? The woman at the bar squinted and said there wasn't any jail, never had been. Another man sat there, ignoring us, which seemed crazy to me, in a place so small. It was not as if this bar was in a place where anyone might stop, normally; it was not as if they ever saw anyone beside themselves or that they could possibly be sick and tired of people coming around to ask questions about Rapelje. Maybe people in very small towns just don't like strangers. But I was not a stranger; my family made this place.

She begins look for something that can remember about her grandparent.

She finds a bar and a bank like her father said. Although it is not as like as before,

just leaving quiet, old and finish. They find the place is so dirty and think of

Lori's grandparent until getting dark and they are leaving the place (Bank). Then,

Her ego is escapism and her journey. She leaves her parent and all of her bad feeling by going somewhere to avoid disappointed, until she decides to go to Montana because of ultimate freedom. She thinks that the great idea to get freedom and realizing her escapism by adventure to Montana. Super ego from Lori is when she camps alone without someone accompany her, she feel so sad and lonely. She realizes that what she done is stupid think. Finally she goes to back to her home and thinks to be better and useful to other.