

*Short stories about truck drivers and the trucking industry as a whole. Each story being completely different from the others, having its own twist to it.*

# **The Trucker's Nightmare**

by Chris Hanly

**Order the complete book from the publisher  
[Booklocker.com](https://www.booklocker.com)**

<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/10525.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood  
or online bookstore.**

CHRIS HANLY

# THE TRUCKER'S NIGHTMARE



Copyright 2019 Chris Hanly

Paperback ISBN: 978-1-64438-843-3

Hardcover ISBN: 978-1-64438-844-0

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, copied, or transmitted in any form including electrical, mechanical, or photocopying without written permission from the author, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews.

Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., St. Petersburg, Florida.

Printed on acid-free paper.

This is a work of fiction. All names, characters, places, and incidents are the products of the authors imagination or are used in a fictional manner and are not to be construed as being real. Any similarities to any places, organizations, actual events or people are entirely coincidental.

Cover design by Todd Engel, Engel Creative.

BookLocker.com, Inc.

2019

First Edition

Library of Congress

Hanly, Chris

The Trucker's Nightmare by Chris Hanly

FICTION: Thrillers / Suspense | Horror | Short Stories (single author)

Paperback Library of Congress Control Number: 2019908775

Hardcover Library of Congress Control Number: 2019908705

# Table of Contents

Preface .....	9
Night Caller .....	11
Ocean View .....	25
Road Rage .....	51
Scottie Pooch .....	60
Suicide Ride.....	74
The Chase .....	89
Addiction .....	131
Andy .....	150
Death by Insanity.....	176
Dying Eyes .....	195
A Woman's Touch .....	207
I Don't Know.....	211
The Preacher .....	215
Trucker's Nightmare .....	229
Unbelievable.....	248
Walking Out .....	256
The Quake .....	263
The Thief .....	276
Decatur Jones.....	294

## Addiction

Moving himself into yet again, another uncomfortable position on the cold steel chair, Bob looked around the sparse room one more time. Twenty-eight chairs like his own were lined up in four rows of seven. More than half of the seats were occupied by men and women from all walks of life.

Directly in front of him two women sat next to each other keeping their eyes forward. There was one gentleman who wore a three-piece suit that appeared to date back to the early sixties. This guy sat across from Bob holding a note book and pen. Near the back sat two young punks, maybe in their early twenties, acting as if the world owed them something more than what was dealt them. It appeared to Bob that they were forced to be here against their will.

He thought to himself, *This won't work very well for them. Such Dumbasses.*

Off to his left was a fold-out table with two coffee pots – one of which had been drained moments before this session began, well over an hour ago. The other glass pot had enough coffee for one, maybe two more cups. That is if the next two competitors were willing to compromise and share the black gold. Next to the pot were the remnants of some day-old donuts in a shredded box. This sure wasn't the Sheraton. Then again, it wasn't supposed to be. This was the place where the defeated and weak came together to “unload” their feelings, while others sat there half comatose, listening as they feed off the misfortune and misery of those speaking and crying their hearts out.

The woman up front, at the make-shift podium, kept blathering on about how horrible her life had been. Her makeup was running down her face from the crocodile tears she had been shedding for the last ten minutes. *Really! She was crying, how pathetic.* Bob thought to himself. *What a dump!*

Yet this was the place where he needed to be. Right in the stench of human waste.

He shook his thoughts clear after he realized he tuned her out for some time, unaware of the subject she had been harping on.

*What was her name...Mary, Martha, Mandy that's it! Mandy.* He recalled.

She was the prim and proper type. She wore a loose-fitting dress with a floral pattern that covered every aspect of her body. He noticed that it reached almost to the floor. She had on flat heeled boots that peaked out from under the hem of her dress when she shifted her weight from side to side. Her make-up, before her outburst, hid her age very well. With it now falling off her like a minor avalanche, it put many more years on her. One look at her and everyone knew she was hiding who she was from others, as well as herself.

Kind of like the suit guy as well, keeping his secrets from the world. If the truth be told that's what they all were doing here. Hiding.

Bob sat quietly in his seat, letting his thoughts run through his mind.

Bob's thoughts quietly wondered away once more. *It is so ridiculous that even in an environment like this, people feel they have to lie about themselves. This should be a safe haven where people can be themselves, not hiding in the shadows of another kind of life.*

Bob already decided before he walked into this dump that he wouldn't hide anything. When it came to his turn, he would lay it all out there for everyone. He would not keep anything hidden in the dark, unlike Mandy up there.

*The pathetic thing is, he thought while shaking his head in disbelief, she's the lead speaker for this group.*

Bob looked down into his Styrofoam cup only to see one stubborn drop of black coffee that refused to release itself from the bottom edge. He could have kicked himself for not filling up his cup one more time

before this circus of darkness began. His eyes flicked over to the remains of the coffee pot, unsure if it would be considered rude to get up while another was speaking.

For now, three cups will have to do. Hopefully there will be a break soon and he will be the first one at the coffee table. Even if he has to fight and claw his way to it, he would. Bob chuckled at the thought.

*How pathetic we all really are.* He mused.

His thoughts were interrupted, not by his own realization that he was drifting again, but by an outside force. His name was called out from someone up front.

“Excuse me Bob.” It was Mandy calling him. “I know this is your first time here but would you care to share a little of why you’re here?”

Bob felt uneasy at being called out like that. He already decided hours ago that this is what he needed to do. This even included if he had to force himself to stand up in front of a bunch of strangers and speak.

His grip tightened slightly around his cup, indenting it temporarily. He pondered the thought of grabbing the coffee pot for another hit, or simply walking out the door. He decided not to pursue this line of thought, for it could be read as a sign of him dodging the issue, like so many of them here are doing. Not Bob. Everything will be laid out in the open and he will face it like a man should. That is how it works.

He rose up, holding the Styrofoam cup like a kid grasping onto a security blanket at three years old. He smiled and walked to the front of the chairs to the cheaply constructed lectern. He pondered the thought that such a prop was here to help someone brace themselves from falling to the ground due to overwhelming anxiety.

Good luck with that, he mused.

Mandy nodded and sat down in the front row, accidentally shifting the metallic chair on the tile floor. The sound vibrated against the walls, waking up a homeless man in the back corner from his slumber.

He was apparently here for the warmth and getting free donuts and hot coffee.

Bob looked across the small audience. It was an interesting group of people. Including himself there was Mandy of course, the homeless man, the punks, “the suit” (he had issues). Near the exit sat what looked like a business man who was very well dressed. He kept looking at his phone, scrolling through the screen for who knows what. Charlie, was his name. His company sent him here. He was given this choice, or one other ultimatum. Hopefully he will get something out of this or it’s curtains for him. Then there was Stanley, sitting in the second row. Poor guy, he was so fidgety, and unable to hold still. Of course, the steel metal chair under him wasn’t helping in bringing him any comfort. Then again, pretty much everyone in the room knew that there wasn’t much hope for someone like Stanley. His kind of broke can’t be fixed.

Now, Lila was a different story all by herself. She sat in the front row slightly angled to one side of the podium. Her blouse was undone well below modesty and her skirt revealed more than should be considered legal. She used every opportunity to make sure she was the center of attention. The whole time in this cesspool Bob noticed her movements were intentional, while trying to feign such innocence. He could see why she was here. The track marks on her arms and legs told the other side of her story.

Bob saw movement in the middle row. Glancing over, he saw a guy named Eric rise from his seat. After hearing this guy talk, Bob had decided that this dude had major issues going on in his head, and that they were possibly to the point of mental.

Eric strolled through the aisle looking around in all directions, being completely paranoid of everything including his own shadow. He tried jumping away from it twice on this short journey...right to



the coffee pot, which moments ago had been only three feet away from Bob.

"Dam it!" Bob heard himself announce out loud. Gathering his thoughts quickly, he looked over to Mandy.

Bob cleared his throat and asked, "Everything that is said in here is kept confidential. Correct?"

"Correct Bob," Mandy interjected. "Nothing spoken here is allowed to leave the room." She announced this not so much for him, but to reinforce the sacred trust this group represented to everyone.

Bob nodded and looked down at the graffiti that was etched into the wooden podium he now stood behind.

"Hi my name is Bob and no I don't spell it backwards."

A few chuckles resonated through the room.

*Oldie but a goody*, he thought.

"I'm an addict."

"Hello Bob." came a chorus of voices.

"I came here to Narcotics Anonymous because I was told that this isn't just for drug addicts, but anyone with any kind of addiction."

Several people nodded in unison, except for Charlie who was still engrossed in his phone.

*Dumbass*. Bob thought to himself, hoping he didn't say it out loud.

Taking a deep breath, Bob decided that now was a good time as any to plunge into it.

"I know from what I've seen that people come here for many reasons, drugs, alcohol, food issues and even sex addictions." He unconsciously glanced over to Lila who sat smiling at him.

He continued, "I'm thinking that maybe my own addiction is sort of a unique one from the others. I'm not saying I'm special or better or even more damaged. No, not at all. I'm sure some are thinking, 'you haven't been down my road, try wearing my shoes for a day.' Thank you, but no. I couldn't even begin to imagine some of the things ya'll

go through. I wouldn't want to deal with those issues. Which actually after hearing some of you, it gives me hope that I can overcome my...vice, which is strangling the life out of me."

Mandy interrupted his train of thought, "That's what we are here for Bob, to help you overcome your addiction."

Bob smiled and looked around at the group.

Charlie was still on his phone. His story, which he had revealed to the group earlier was that he was found slumped over his desk completely passed out. Only this time it was the president of his company who found him. Considering he was told that he needed to work the steps or his company would fire him for alcoholism, he sure wasn't taking it too seriously.

*Again, Dumbass.* He thought to himself.

Poor Stanley couldn't help himself. Being just released from the hospital for another overdose on crystal meth, he was forced here by a court order to attend this program or go to jail. After ten years of using, he decided jail wouldn't be a good option for him.

Despite her heroin addiction, Lila's sexual addiction riveted every one of us, including Mandy. Lila was sitting in direct sight of Bob, with an impudent smile crossing her ruby lips, while revealing what she wasn't wearing under her clothes. This was enough information for Bob to know that Lila had a long way to go in her recovery.

The coffee pot was empty. Eric was standing next to the edge of the table guarding the area in hopes that someone other than himself would make a fresh pot of coffee, while he slurped loudly at the remains of the coffee he had taken from the pot. He was bad news. He stole anything and used people for what he could get from them. He said that about a year ago, someone had stabbed him five times. After he recovered, he tried to break into the same guy's house and was shot. He had announced he hated the pain it brought, but he loved the drugs he got at the hospital. He also admitted that he loved the thrill of not

getting caught, except by that guy. He also said he had never worked a day in his life, that is except for stealing. This program was also part of his parole.

As Bob looked over, he noticed the homeless guy gritting his teeth while shooting daggers of distaste for Eric. The look on his face was almost daring Eric to touch the remaining donuts.

Bob had second thoughts on being here. This wasn't for him.

Mandy smiled at him and encouraged him to continue.

"It all began three years ago. I'm a truck driver. Have been since I was sixteen, back when you could do those kinds of things and get away with it. Ya know, drop out of school, leave home and make your own way in the world. Ya' know, back in the day when you actually had to work to live. Now it's a bunch of spoiled brats wanting everything handed to them, like they deserve it. As if they were better than..."

Bob sighed. "Sorry those things irritate me. Anyway, it was a beautiful day. I had my windows open as I headed down the highway shifting gears and enjoying the weather. I was running with an empty trailer. So, I was making good time on the open road with very little traffic out there. I looked in my rearview mirror and saw a Mustang about a quarter mile back. From what I could tell it was a convertible with its top down. I love Mustangs. I have always wanted one, especially from the sixties or seventies. Just never went and got one, I recon. Who knows, maybe someday I'll get me one. It would have to be fast and a convertible of course. I'm planning on havin one when I retire. I'll drive it to all them folks that said I wouldn't amount to nothin and do donuts around em while I laugh my..."

Except for Charlie messing with his phone when Bob looked around, everyone else was interested or at least faking interest.

"Sorry, anyway the Mustang was catching up to me and the top was down. And clear as day in the driver's seat was a woman with her

long blonde hair whipping around her face and the back of her seat. For a truck driver to see that is a dream come true. Ya know the movie where that family goes on vacation and that gorgeous blonde doodle drives up next to the dad smiling. That kind of dream. It used to be a much more common thing to occur back in the day, until those stupid phones came out. Now everyone is so focused on those dumbass things that they pay no attention to what they are doing and forget about life around them. Especially them women. You know I've had more close calls with drivers almost hitting my truck while messing with them dang fooled phones than I have with drunk drivers. In fact, I think that the increase in deaths on the road around our country is because of the idiots who think they can't live without being on them stupid things.

One thing most folks don't realize is that us truckers can see everything down in the vehicles as they pass us. And I mean EVERYTHING. Short skirts, no clothes, beer, drugs, phones, even them sick perverts that need to be shot in the head. So, whenever I saw one of them there folks messin with a phone I'd sound off my air horn to wake em up. Sometimes it worked and they'd put it down. Most of the time it don't. It's gotten so bad that I remember last year on a holiday I had to deal with dodging a drunk driver that had gotten in front of me. After a few minutes I was past him and I was smiling. At least with them ya know what to expect and are able to get out of the way when you see em comin. Not with the phone freaks, aint no telling what's gonna happen to someone around them.

So, as I was sayin. I kept my eye on the mirror as she came closer. She truly was a dream come true. She had on a beautiful blue blouse with butterflies and flowers on it. She had it unbuttoned all the way open and the wind assisted in showing a lot more than the necklace around her neck if ya know what I'm sayin. Of course, seeing this I bolted upright in my chair, my eyes locked on such a gorgeous view. I pushed the fuel peddle down for more speed to be able to pace her,

allowing her to come right up even with my side of the cab, in hopes that we would ride next to each other. Remember, I said we can see everything in a vehicle from up there. Yeah, I know it was a trucker's fantasy. Ya can't blame a guy for dreamin. Even though the outcome would be she would just move on while laughing at a poor sap like me. I could live with that. Just seeing a little more would be thrilling enough.

As our speed evened out with each other I noticed we were going eighty-five miles an hour. No problem there. My KW could do one hundred and thirty, easily, and it has.

As her car caught up with my cab the dream grew more intense. She had on a loose black skirt pulled up to her hips with her left foot up on the corner of the windshield. To save some time she had nothing else on. If she was in a regular car or SUV, I still wouldn't have missed that sight."

Bob looked up and saw Lila. Her hand was slowly gliding up and down her leg while smiling at him. It looked like she was about to drool over her own fantasy. She truly is a mess.

Mandy also seemed to be enamored with the description of Bob's life on the road. The others were also listening intently to what was being said. Eric even sat down, eyes up front paying attention. Everyone, that is except Charlie, who was still messing with his phone. *Dumbass.*

Bob was feeling embarrassed for opening up to these strangers about the beginning of such a deep-seated uncontrollable addiction that truly began with this fabulous fantasy coming to life before his very eyes.

Looking back at Mandy, Bob asked her once again for reassurance that everything said here would stay in this room. Not only her, but others agreed adamantly that nothing would be spoken outside these doors. Even the young punks were in agreement.

*Naturally, they would be. Bob thought to himself. They wanted to hear the rest of the story and they would. They're in for more than they thought.*

Lila simply winked and licked her upper lip.

“Okay then,” Bob continued. “I’m gonna be completely open and honest about this and not hold anything back.”

Bob sighed then proceeded.

“As I said, we had been going the same speed and she was running dead even with me. I could see every curve and shape on her. The only thing that bothered me about this perfection was she hadn’t bothered to look up at me or smile my way. Trivial I know, but it was a big deal to me. Then the answer came into my view as to why she hadn’t looked up. In her right hand was a cell phone which she was looking at and scrolling through with her thumb. She was so pretty and yet completely oblivious to her environment, namely me. Ain’t no tellin what was so important on that gadget to not notice that I’m right next to her checking her out.

Well, one thing about truckers, we have a way of being noticed. I grabbed the rope for my air horn and pulled it one good time while smiling from ear to ear at her. The sound got her attention. She looked up at the truck, then at me and smiled so beautifully. She laid her phone down on her bare right leg, waved at me and noticed her blouse swimming around her in the wind. Her eyes locked on mine as she grabbed each end of it and tucked it behind her ribs. She laughed as my heart rate increased with every move she made. I couldn’t believe this was actually happening.

She winked at me, then blew a kiss in my direction as she readjusted her skirt.

Then it happened. The most vial sickening scariest nightmare that could ever happen. The fantasy was abruptly and cruelly ripped away from both our lives. The speed in which such a dream, actually a

reality, a once in a life time experience could possibly ever be stolen from two people was unfathomable.

She...

...she picked up her cell phone and began going through it again.

My dream....” He paused.

“No, my whole life ended there at that moment. It was at that point my addiction began. My heart sank and I entered into an abyss of hopelessness.

I tried to recover from the shocking moment. I forced a smile on my face and grabbed the air horn, sounding a short honk. She just smiled and winked at me. For a moment I thought we were gonna resume where we left off. I know it sounds crazy but when you're out on the road as long as we are, your imagination can get the best of you. Even dreams can be real. Instead she went back to scrolling through her phone. Mind you, we were moving side by side at ninety miles an hour by this time.

Even though such a beautiful woman was next to me and allowing me to admire her almost naked body, she wasn't there. She wasn't participating in this role playing. I thought, 'How could she possibly be so lost in the vicious technology of today, when next to her was a real person in complete awe of her.'

I sounded the air horn again. This time when she looked up, I signed for her to put the phone down. Her smile turned into a slight scowl, but to my surprise she did set it down. Then she smiled again, while she raised her hand up and gave me the finger. Then she grabbed her phone up again and became lost in it one more time.

I thought to myself, 'This isn't right, it is not supposed to be like this. I'm right here next to you. I should be the one you are looking at, not that techno-piece of crap.'

Bob glanced up. "I became confused and disoriented. How could someone just close out another person like that. Choosing a phone over

a person didn't make any sense to me. Surely it was a mistake. Maybe I was reading it all wrong. That's what it was, at least that is what I told myself. So, I smiled once more and blew the horn again.

She didn't look up this time. I also noticed she started to pick up speed. The thought ran through my mind I can't lose her like this, so I sped up also, staying right next to her.

She looked up at me and laughed. Then she raised her phone up and waved it around like Princess Di used to wave at people. She stuck her tongue out at me with her phone raised higher, making it a point that she was scrolling through it while still picking up speed. I looked at the speedometer as I accelerated to keep up with her. We were reaching close to one hundred miles an hour. So far, speed wasn't an issue, as long as she didn't floor it.

I looked in the mirror and then I glanced up in front of us. Surprisingly, there wasn't a vehicle in sight and nothing came across my CB about any bears being around for the last hour. So, we were good for the time being anyway.

Riding along side of her, just as we reached a hundred miles an hour, I looked down at her. She had put her leg down from the dashboard and didn't look too happy at this point. She however, was still scoping things out on her phone. That stupid bimbo. What is it about them dumbass phones anyway?

At this point I realized there was no reason to continue this madness. I double checked the area around us, then I tightened my grip on the steering wheel. After that, I turned the wheel, and forced my rig to run into the side of her car. The impact jolted her sideways in her seat as the tires lost their hold on the road.

Seeing the look on her face was one of the greatest moments, I had ever experienced. Well, that is right after I saw her phone drop to the floor board and vanish under her feet.



I brought my rig back into my lane as her Mustang dropped off into the center median. I remember watching grass and dirt shoot up into the air, as her car slid out of control and headed toward the other side of the highway. The rain from the night before helped to keep the momentum up under her car, bringing total chaos to the driver, as the edge of the median on the other end approached.

I slowed down significantly to watch this spectacle occur. Unfortunately, my timing was off on this. As her car became air born, I noticed two big trucks running side by side in the other direction. They didn't even have a chance to hit their brakes before the passenger side of her car hit the front end of both trucks at the same time.

At this point everything seemed to move in slow motion. Pieces of the car and both trucks exploded in all directions as smoke burst out from under the tires of the trucks from the strain of trying to stop the eighty thousand-pound giants. The car shredded into fragments along with what looked like the bloody corpse of the woman shooting out in several directions. The odd thing about the horrific sight was I actually noticed her phone flying through the air, even at that distance. How ironic was that. The car rolled seven- or eight-times settling upside down on its roof. The woman appeared to have landed in several areas. Honestly, it truly was so heart breaking to see two such fine trucks coming to a stop completely destroyed because of my lack of timing. I had hoped that the two truck drivers were able to recover from that and would be able to continue driving, maybe in brand new trucks. Sometimes truckers can't recoup from such a trauma."

Bob paused, gathering his thoughts. "I don't know why that woman had to ruin everything over a stupid phone. Those truck drivers and their rigs would have been just fine if it wasn't for her. She just couldn't leave it alone."

Bob looked up to see that Lila now sat straight up with her skirt pulled down over her legs as far as possible and one hand covering her

mouth. Stanley, for the first time was sitting perfectly still, not even noticing that Eric had dropped his coffee on the floor. Bob reckoned by the look on Eric's face that he didn't realize it either.

*Such a waste*, Bob thought. *I should have grabbed some coffee when I had the chance.*

Bob noticed the homeless guy scurrying out the door without the donuts. For the first time since this session began, Charlie actually had his phone put down and was watching Bob intently, eyes wide open.

Bob spoke again, "I have to be honest; the thought crossed my mind that I hoped no one would be able to ever find that phone. Maybe that would teach that blonde bimbo a lesson she wouldn't forget."

Bob looked down into his empty coffee cup. To his surprise, he was still holding it. One drop of that black gold still held on to the cup for dear life, as if the two were fused together and are never willing to give the other up. They were fighting for each other's lives, all the way to the end. Bob smiled. *It is just like an addiction, never surrendering.*

"To keep from being asked any questions, I shifted gears and got my rig on down the road. It was a few days later that I found out one of the truck drivers died of a heart attack. Such a tragedy. I was glad to hear that she also didn't survive, but there was no mention of her phone being found. That could be good or bad now that I think of it. If found it would be proof the accident was her fault by showing that she was on it during the wreck."

Bob paused for a moment, regrouping. "This is the point when my addiction began to explode and go completely out of control."

"It was less than two weeks later when I noticed a Cadillac was approaching me from behind. I could see it was an older guy as he changed over to the left lane next to me. Just as he was coming along side of my trailer, he swerved into my lane twice, almost hitting me. When he came up to the side of my cab, I saw he was typing something on his phone. I set my air horn off. This startled him so much he

dropped his phone. I laughed until I saw he was giving me the finger and yelling something that I was sure I didn't want to hear. I saw him reach for his phone as he was passing me up. This pissed me off, so I floored the old rig and picked up enough speed, catching up to him, where I could see he was messing with his phone again. People just never learn.

The sun was setting and there was no sign of traffic anywhere. This old timer had the jump on me but not for long. I shifted gears and that truck of mine jumped forward as if it knew what I was up to. I managed to get the left side of my bumper even with the right side of his rear quarter panel. I glided my truck over into his car being careful not to do it too hard. I had just finished fixing that side of the truck a few days ago. On impact he immediately lost control and began to fish tail. I hit my brakes so he wouldn't hit me. He slid sideways in front of the truck and ran off the road crashing into an oak tree head-on.

I pulled over and ran up to him. The hood, grill, and motor were pushed up to the dashboard, pinning the old man in. White smoke was billowing out from the engine compartment. Fortunately for him there appeared to be no fire. He was awake but badly beaten up. Blood was everywhere. He didn't have a nose left on his face and one eye hung out of its socket. I searched around the area in front where he sat for his cell phone, no luck. I would have broken it in pieces and dropped it in his lap. With his good eye he looked at me and garbled something like he was gonna sue me or something. That wasn't a very nice comment to say. I looked around and I found a piece of trim off his car next to my foot. I picked it up and noticed one end came to a perfect point. So, looking into his good eye, I placed the point of it onto his chest. I said to him 'This will teach you to mess with your phone while driving. Then I smiled at him as I slowly pierced the trim through his chest into his heart. I was surprised just how easy it was to do something like that. Getting past the shirt, the skin wasn't hard at all.

I could actually feel the metal trim slip over the edge of one of his ribs as it pushed its way into his body. I could actually see the life drain out of him.

I ran back to my truck and pulled away. As I was gaining speed, I looked in the mirror. There was a car coming into sight. I was satisfied to see that there was plenty of distance between us, to the point where I knew that I could get away with it.

When I parked that night, I washed the blood off my hands, steering wheel and shifter. It is amazing just how messy that stuff can be.

As I sat there in my bunk, I realized I was addicted to bringing justice back to the highways. I needed to do my part in saving lives from this destructive force that had been unleashed. I was called to stop these inconsiderate phone freaks from destroying lives and families; and so, it began.

I couldn't tell you how many lives were saved from these 'phone fools' as I call them. Now, I did handle it fairly. If I saw one on the phone, I always blew my air horn to warn them. If they put it down – cool. If not, well I hate it for them. It didn't matter what age, sex, color or even if they were handicapped. Heck I even took out a truck once. Thing flew right down an embankment into the river and GONE! That one did some damage to my rig. It took me a couple of weeks to fix it.

Bob raised his coffee cup to take a swig, then realizing it was a futile move. He placed it in the center of the lectern, covering up a scratched in symbol of N A with a circle around it. The bottom of the cup fit perfectly in it, indicating what was used to assist in the design.

"I'm not gonna bore you with all the details of these escapades. I will say this. It became almost like an obsession to hunt these terrorists down and stop them from taking other lives. Every night I'd look for the perfect opportunity to take one more out of commission.

Two days ago, I was running an early delivery when I saw a car swerve several times. Just like the others, it was in the left lane. The car would veer out of the lane toward the left median and then it would glide over into my lane. A new target was coming my way and as odd as it was, there wasn't another car in sight. As it approached from behind, I saw it was a young woman. Her phone was showing just above the steering wheel and both of her hands were on it speeding through some phone screen or something. She came along side of me, almost hitting my trailer, as she was lost in the mesmerizing grip of that death machine, people call a phone. She was not even aware that I was next to her. Once more she swerved slightly toward me so I blew my horn. Her reaction was letting me know I'm number one. This time I agreed with her, for she had no idea what she was in for. I saw movement in the back seat. A little girl, which was all dressed up, was sitting behind the woman. A little boy was facing the girl in the rear passenger side. It looked like they were having a blast talking to each other. Well, at least the woman cared enough for them to have their seat belts on.

She swerved again almost hitting my fuel tank without missing a beat on her phone. Kids or no kids she was violating the new code of the highway and she had to pay.

Hopefully the children would be okay.

I blew my horn again with no reaction. I did it again to give her the benefit of the doubt; after all she did have two kids in the back seat. She ended up swerving again at me and managed to regain control. Now, I was furious. I looked around for witnesses. No one was even in sight. We were coming up to a bridge that went over our highway. There was a guard rail just before the pillars for protection from car damage. With all the previous experiences under my belt this would be a breeze. I slammed my truck hard into the side of this chick's car. Her vehicle spun sideways and the impact of the crash into the guard

rail was so vicious that her car flipped over in the air and literally wrapped itself around the pillar of the bridge above. The roof of the car hit it first completely crushing inward. Those poor kids didn't have a chance after that. How could a woman, especially a mother, be that abusive to little children, is beyond me? I sure hope she learned her lesson."

Bob crushed the cup in front of him into a small ball while looking for a garbage can. With none to be found he replaced it back on the pulpit. Gazing at the destroyed cup, Bob pondered, *Where inside this tiny mass of confusion did that one drop of coffee now lay? Is it hiding in a compressed little corner waiting to be rediscovered like so many addictions that lay in wait to strike again, or did it get squeezed out and is now set free to haunt someone else?*

"I think I'm beginning to understand addiction and how it works against us."

Still looking at the destroyed cup Bob continued, "I got a call last night. It was my daughter, Lisa. She was crying and trying also to talk. This never was a good combination for her. This time she was hysterical. From what I was able to make out, her best friend had been in a wreck. She told me that there were witnesses who saw Carrie get hit by a truck and her car had flipped into a bridge. The truck driver didn't even stop.

The vision from the other night ran through my mind. So, it was Lisa's friend who flipped me off and was messing with her phone.

I had a thought run through my mind that she deserved it. I didn't realize that I had said it out loud in the phone.

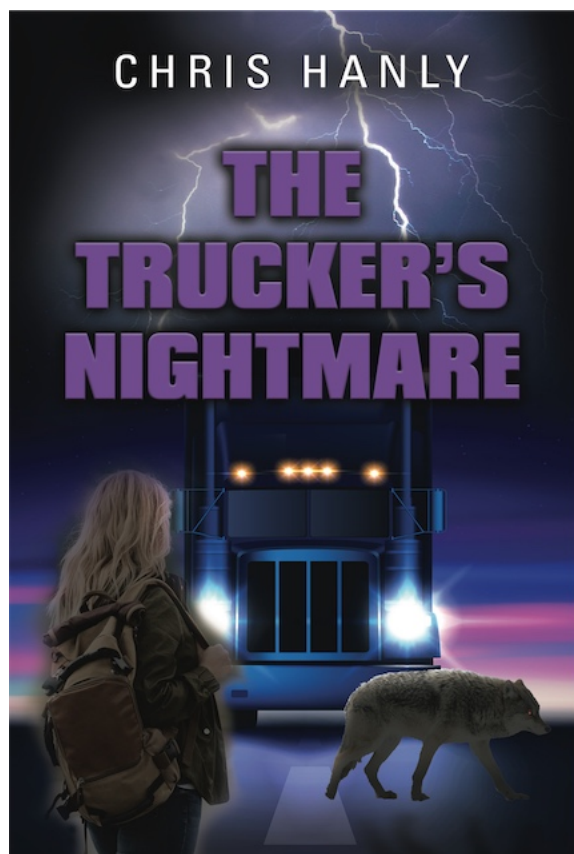
Then she managed to say to me through her deep sobs and tears, 'What did you say? She was my best friend! Carrie is dead! Sarah her daughter and Little Joey are all dead!'"

Bob looked out at the room of the fearful statues with their eyes frozen on him.

*In this case, Bob thought, you could hear a pin drop all the way in the back far corner of the room, and the sound would be heard echoing against the walls. It is so quiet in here.*

Bob sighed. "Hi, my name is Bob, I'm an addict. I need help. Oh, and umm... Little Joey is....

...Little Joey was my grandson."



*Short stories about truck drivers and the trucking industry as a whole. Each story being completely different from the others, having its own twist to it.*

# The Trucker's Nightmare

by Chris Hanly

Order the complete book from the publisher  
**[Booklocker.com](https://www.booklocker.com)**

**<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/10525.html?s=pdf>**

**or from your favorite neighborhood  
or online bookstore.**