

The Trucker's Nightmare Never Ends is a collection of short thriller stories involving the trucking industry with unexpected twists to them.

Destined for Ever After

By Chris Hanly

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CHRIS HANLY

**THE
TRUCKER'S
NIGHTMARE**

NEVER ENDS

BOOK 3



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Hangin' Out

I can't believe this! I really should have known better. Now look at me!

Man, my hands are killing me, and it's all because of my stupidity. It is so amazing how one's life can change so fast with one simple decision.

I knew better that day than to get impatient. All that construction and the traffic. The backup seemed to be endless. I still don't know what got into me. Taking that alternate route was my undoing.

Everything was fine until I came around that curve. I sure didn't see it coming. If anyone had been with me, they could have been my witness. There was no way I would have been able to avoid it. They would have totally agreed with me. It really wasn't my fault!

That hole in the road was so massive, I'm actually surprised that I didn't blow a tire. Or two. Yeah, it could have been two of them. In all reality, I am lucky to still be alive!

Well, I can't actually say that now, but back then I was lucky to have survived it all together. That stupid rig and trailer bounced all over the place. Almost flipped.

There wasn't even a warning sign put out there. I mean, what the heck! That road should have been closed.

"Hey guys! Yo, you think you can release my hands? The duct tape is cutting off my circulation!"

Figures, no answer.

My second mistake. Good grief! What was I thinking back then? My mistake was going back and checking on the load. I knew it had to have been slammed around in the trailer after that ordeal. I knew it would be okay, since I had an extra seal on the doors for the load.

Okay. So, rethinking the situation I realize that checking the load was actually my third mistake.

The second mistake was standing in the shipping office after the manager had left the room. That was my second mistake. Man! The idiot had left a group of seals on top of his desk, all of them having the same seal codes imprinted in them.

I figured an extra seal or two would be a good idea, ya know, ‘just in case.’

Actually, now that I think about it, that was his mistake. So, I am back to mistake number two.

Wow, the pressure in my eyes is so intense. Didn’t know my eyes could itch so bad over this.

Well. I broke the seal out of the handle and opened the door. I could see that several boxes had toppled over. I probably shouldn’t have climbed up in the trailer. That was mistake four, or was that three? I never have been any good at math.

Like a good Samaritan, as well as wanting to keep my job, I simply began to restack the boxes. After setting the fifth box back in place, I reached over and picked up the next one. It tore apart.

I actually froze up. I lost time as I glared at the contents. Then, insanity must have set in.

I reached down and grasped several piles of hundred-dollar bills banded together. At this point, my heart was racing uncontrollably in my chest. I can’t blame my ol’ ticker for that. I was looking at a gold mine! Well... a green... that is a whole lot of money!

I remember looking at the rest of the boxes, pondering the idea that possibly all of these boxes were full of cash. Well, like I said, insanity set in. And with that, curiosity flooded my thoughts, which for me, has never turned out so good.

I opened another box. Yep. It was also filled with tons of banded up cash. I broke out in a sweat, dropped the money and jumped out of the trailer.

I managed to jump out of the trailer, close the door and race back into the cab. Sitting in my truck, I was able to focus on slowing my heart rate and clearing out most of the crazy thoughts running through my mind. Trust me I was so thankful that I had managed to get myself under control.

I went to the back of the trailer, resealed it and drove off. This had been such a draining experience, as you can imagine. I knew I needed to get recharged. So, I drove the truck home to my farm. I figured that a hundred miles... or so out of route would be no big deal. Not really.

I knew my wife wasn't going to be home for hours. I went inside the house and grabbed an ice-cold Mountain Dew, from the fridge. After a few minutes I walked back to the truck, gulping my drink down. After standing there for an eternity, I broke the seal on the trailer once more.

I did mention that I had a couple of seals, didn't I?

After I placed the two of the boxes of cash that had been opened, in my hiding spot under the barn, which by the way, my wife has no idea about, I resealed the trailer and left for my destination.

It took an hour for me to calm down after that, and there was no sleeping that night. Which looking back was good, in that I was slightly off course, due to my unscheduled detour, and had to make up a lot of time to get to my destination.

I knew that the next afternoon the trailer would be emptied and counted, and they were probably going to notice that they would be two boxes short.

"Hey, I can't feel my feet!"

Figures, no answer. They just don't care.

That night I actually thought that I had an ingenious idea. I grabbed the invoice that the customer would receive.

I remember smiling. The shipper used black ink to write up the total amount of boxes that had been shipped. Seventy boxes. The way

he wrote it out, I knew I could change the zero into an eight, just like the other eights that he wrote on the invoices. Fixing the seven to look like a six was a little tricky, but I thought I did a pretty decent job on it. I had now successfully changed the quantity on the bills to match the number of boxes being delivered.

In spite of the pain in my hands, feet and the itchy pressure surging through my eyes, this is actually a very stunning and beautiful view.

Three things I really didn't think of, until I was formally told, was the fact that the paper work always showed the same amount to be shipped, every time. Also, they sent a copy of the bill to the customer, after I had left. The third thing was, they fix their books. Yep, they actually informed me that there are always a hundred and fifty boxes that were actually sent out.

Yeah. They also, whether being kind, or they were trying to make a point, told me that every box was indeed full of carefully counted and inventoried stacks of money.

Let's see, if I can just arch my back, tighten my stomach and swing up.

"Ouch! Augh! That didn't work out very well,"

This sucks!

"A little help here!"

I think I'm gonna be sick.

Oh, how stupid of me.

"Ha-ha! I forgot to use my arms."

Ok, swing arms, arch back, tighten stomach and swing...

"Augh!"

I should never have quit working out. This beer-belly is out of control.

Man, this rope swinging me around is totally not doing me a bit of good right now. Why did they have to hang me upside down over this bridge?

Yuck, I think I can taste my digested breakfast in my mouth. Gross!

Drug cartels! Who would have known? They seemed like legitimate companies.

Maybe if I turn... my head... yeah, I see 'em.

"Hey, I can see you up there. Listen, I'm ready to come up now. I think you did a great job in teaching me a really good lesson. Lesson learned."

Oh, my neck.

That is one long drop to the bottom. Why couldn't they have picked a bridge over a river? You know, somewhere safer than this intensely deep gorge. At least a water landing would give me some kind of fighting chance.

"Okay, you can bring me back up now! I'll take you to it. I... I promise."

That should do the trick.

"Hello, people! It's time to reel me in like a little..."

"Is that... gun fire?"

Great! Now they're shooting at me.

"I said I would take you to it! Stop shooting!"

Wow, they sure are making a lot of noise up there. Sounds like they are shooting each other up there.

"Stop shooting each other!"

I swear I am gonna be so sick if they die and leave me here. Man, that will totally piss me off. Great! Now my head is killing me. Can this get any worse? I mean really!

Who is messing with the rope? It's moving. Actually, it feels like a machine is vibrating it. Oh great! Now I'm in the middle of a shoot-out while an earthquake is happening.

This is gonna hurt, but I have to look.

Breathe in and... Go!

“Sandra, honey! You found me!”

“Those idiots are dead, Sam.”

Wow hearing her voice resonate against the sheer cliffs around me has some amazing tones to it.

“Thank you, baby. Now can you get me down from this mess?”

“I found the money you hid in your stupid hiding place, out in the barn.”

Crap!

“Oh, good. How about if we run off somewhere together and just enjoy spending the money. We can go anywhere you want.”

I am so glad that I know when I sing to her in that childish voice it always works to soften her heart. I wish I could look back up at her, the blood surging through my eyes are killing me.

Wow, my head is killing me.

Okay, it’s time to put my head back down.

Ooohh, the pain of it all.

Okay, I have to keep my eyes closed.

Well, at least I’m safe now.

“Sam., I love that idea.”

Oh yeah, work it baby.

“I am so happy to hear that sweetie.”

I am feeling a little relief now that this was just about over.

“Sam! There is just one thing about that. I’m gonna spend it all without you being around.”

“What!”

Ooohh! I feel weird. Man, why did I open my eyes so fast, everything is so blurry.

“Sweetie! Baby? What are you talking about?”

My ears are ringing so badly from the pressure.

“I’m not sure I heard you right, hun.”

What is that vibration? My whole body is feeling it.

I have to look.

“Augh! The pain of it all.”

What is she doing?

“Umm, Sweetie. Darling. What are you doing?”

“You asked me to help you down.”

“Hun. Where did you get that saw?”

“The trunk!”

“Stop sawing the rope, Baby! If you don’t, I’m gonna fall and probably die.”

Oh good. She stopped.

I know I am going to regret this. I have to look up.

Augh! There she is, but what’s with the look on her face? I know things are a little out of focus, but it looks like she is... smiling.

She never smiles. Ever. Not even at our wedding. In fact, she didn’t smile on our wedding night either!

“Sam., I know what will happen! I’m not stupid!”

Oh crap!

“Of course, you’re not Doll!”

Can’t hold my head up any more. Oh, this motion is making me sick. I wonder if it’s true that you can drown if you throw up in your mouth, upside down?

“Help me up and we can talk about this, okay?”

“Hmm, well? No!”

“Please! No, no, stop cutting the rope!”

This isn’t good.

“Sandra, you can have the money, just help me up!”

“Make up your mind! First you wanted down, now you want up. So indecisive! I guess I need to decide for you.”

Oh my!

The release of all that pressure on my feet and ankles is heavenly. I don't think I like the extreme tingling sensation now rushing deep into my stomach, or the high ringing pressure in my ears.

I wish I could get my breath. At least I'm not completely upside down.

Hey, I can see Sandra, even though she is a shrinking blur. She really is getting smaller.

"I still see you."

What a head rush this is.

I hope I won't feel...

About the Author

This is the third book in the series that Chris Hanly has been working on. Chris has been driving trucks for over twenty years and decided to write from the truck driver's perspective, adding a twisted view to the stories. During the time that he actually makes it home to be with his family, he still continues his efforts in writing new stories. After all these years he still loves to travel around the country, meet new people and experience life on the road. Chris lives in Huntsville Alabama with his wife Amelia, and their Chihuahua- Ingrid (Iggy). His now grown-up kids Jetti and Trent are close by.

Also by Chris Hanly:

The Trucker's Nightmare

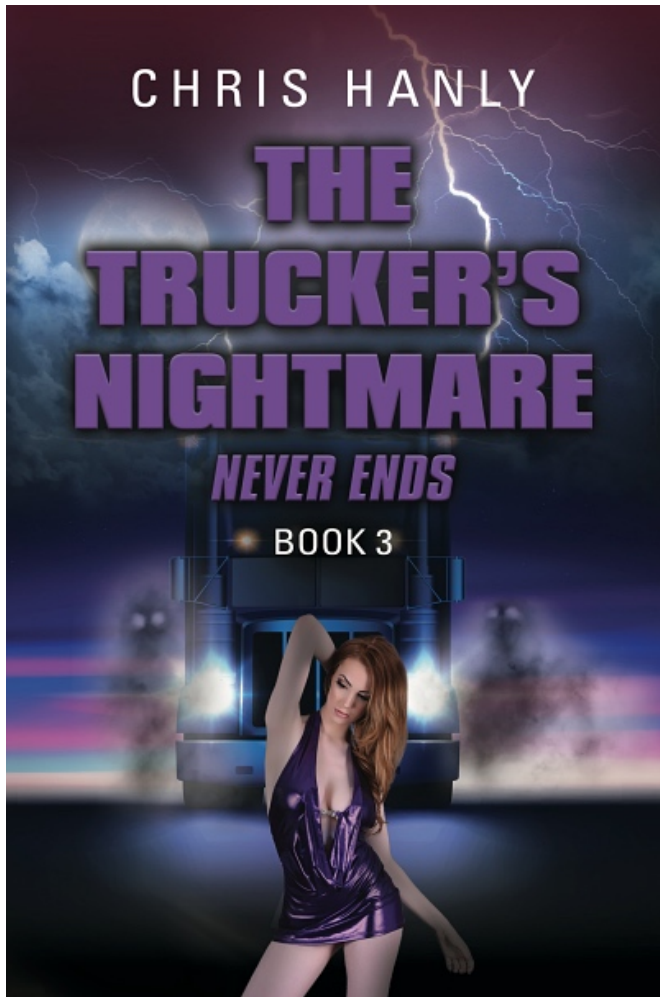
The Trucker's Nightmare Continues: Book 2

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