In Youngstown, *it’s illegal* to *run out of gas*.

Tyler, being the *social butterfly* he was, didn’t do *anything*, just sitting in the seat of his car, gripping the steering wheel with his arms straight as though this was a police pullover.

It was a late night, somewhere around late march. Tyler was *late* for his niece’s birthday party, and he hadn’t even head off to make the long drive.

As he woke up, realizing he had overslept, he quickly got prepared and headed out to his car. It was an older car, though still Tyler’s favorite. He stepped in, turned the ignition, and headed off.

Around after a minute or two, he noticed the gauge on the dash showed the fuel level as basically empty; “No biggie”, Tyler told himself like he had many times before. He had amassed through experience that his car basically ran on fumes for really long, he’d just get to the party, and tank up on the way home.

About 3 miles in, the bright *low fuel indicator light* began to blink, with a soft beep to follow; coincidentally so, just as Tyler had passed a perfectly good gas station, a grave error it’d turn out as he turned in towards the highway. “No biggie” was the recurring phrase here.

20 miles in, the engine had began making some real strange noises, and the veichle seemed to run out of fumes, the engine was slowly halting. “Damn it”, Tyler groaned.

Luckily, the highway was relatively empty at this time of night, and shockingly, the car went on for about another half mile. Now however, Tyler was at a halt; in the middle of the road.

He had officially missed his niece’s birthday party by now, and while that was *disappointing*, he couldn’t do much about it. After a moment of quick thinking, he got out of his veichle and started waving to bygoers; hoping to get some aid in his perdicament.

“Hey!”, he shouted, as a car passed-by, seemingly oblivious to his existence. “Fucker”, Tyler whispered to himself as a reply, flipping the driver off.

But the driver saw, and the driver wasn’t happy. That was immedietly obvious as he pulled over on the empty roads. “Shoot”, Tyler equally quietly mumbled to himself, as he quickly realized the huge error of his ways; now set in stone.

Perhaps the car driver was a kind person though, just trying to help him? — At least, that’s what Tyler hoped, but wishes don’t always come true.

The car came closer in reverse, stopping just a few feet away from Tyler’s now useless veichle. “HEY PUNK!” the angered driver shouted, as he stepped out of the driver’s seat, a rifle of some sort swung hoisted around his shoulder — in true american fashion.

Tyler, being the *social butterfly* he was, didn’t do *anything*, just sitting in the seat of his car, gripping the steering wheel with his arms straight as though this was a police pullover. Life flashing, Tyler just put up a brave face and turned to the rifle barrel now staring him, beside his window.

*Bang,* a life was lost. *Bang,* it was confirmed. The brief moment of roadrage had quickly reached it’s finale, as the driver, on his way back to his home lands of Texas, did not feel like wasting precious lead on a corpse.

Later ruled guilty to an account of murder, the maniac was sealed away from society (this wasn’t his only inning), and eventually, enough attention was brought to where the state made it official law, *never* to run out of gas on the roads.