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

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.