On the other side of the valley, Dexter crawled out of a small one person transport vessel that had crashed into a tree. He was coughing as he cleared his throat. Dexter looked down to his legs. One was missing. *Damn that artificial leg.* He cursed in his head.

Taking a look around, he saw it a few feet away. Dexter grabbed hold of some weeds and pulled himself across the ground. Reaching the leg, he checked it out. No damage could be seen. Dexter sighed a breath of relief. He reattached his leg and stood up.

Looking over the damage he tried to find something that would be salvageable from the crash site. There wasn’t much. He grabbed a light jacket from the ships hold and a seventy-two hour kit. That would have to do him for the time being. Dexter hoped he would find JoAnn quickly. He could discipline her in front of the media, after which he would be exonerated from making this years race a shamble.

Dexter imagined what the newspapers and channels were saying about the event. He imagined what the various stations were going to have to switch their programming to tonight. Everyone expected to see the race live. Now there was nothing to watch.

He imagined a few stations would cover him and races past. How this one was a failure and everything else. The others might, if he was lucky, not say anything and just switch to regular programming. Something told him he wouldn’t be so lucky.

Slinging the seventy-two hour kit over his shoulder he headed east. It would get dark soon. Dexter would need to find shelter if he didn’t want to freeze that night.