

The armored truck rolled down an empty highway. A fact that gave the driver a brief pause in his daily routine. A bead of sweat rolled down his greying hair. The nature of the truck's armor lent itself handily to the insulation within the vehicle. Both from bullets and the weather. And he was less than thrilled about it on a hot summer day. He was slightly more thankful for it today when he began to hear the intermittent thudding against the back of the truck.

The driver grunted in annoyance, and ripped the car around the corner. The thudding ceased, and he was forced to grunt again, this time in surprise. What awaited him was a barricade, stacked two cars deep. Men hunkered down behind the rusted doors of scrapyard cars. The driver could see the engines peeking out beneath the hoods of cars too small for their parts. Even the rifles that they leveled at his truck were bolted together with nails and duct tape.

The driver stepped out of the truck slowly, his aching bones sending another grunt out from the depths of his throat. In response, the men at the barricade tightened their grips on their makeshift weapons, and refocused their sights from the windows of the truck, to the descending driver. An unavoidable frown creased the driver's face as the sun beamed down on him. He made his way around the truck and inspected the damage. The doors had fared well, displaying a few dents, but the rear windshield was riddled with spiraling cracks of glass. He grunted again, and the men at the barricade flinched.

The old man returned to his truck and reversed away from the barricade, popping a cough drop into his mouth as he left.