

“Whoa! That’s good enough!” He disconnected the tow vehicle and sent the boss on his way home. Truth be told, he wasn’t doing anything to help anyway. “Get her back on the jumper cables, Skip. I’ll get the brakes set so she doesn’t run away.”

The two men were huddled around the heater vents in the pickup cab minutes later. It was still spring – it had gotten chilly once the sun went down, but now it was just plain cold.

“Any idea what’s wrong with it?” Skip asked.

“I hope the battery’s just dead.”

“You’d think it would have started before, if that were the case,” Skip said.

“You never can tell. I remember when I was running in Kansas once. I wasn’t paying attention and plowed into a road at the end of a field,” he said. “I know it sounds funny. Anyway, the road was built up a couple of feet above the field. The rig actually flew over it – you could see a spot where she didn’t leave any tire tracks. The landing hurt something. It took a few hours to figure out she’d blown a relay in the drive system when I crashed. A three dollar part had a bunch of us confused for hours.”

“How did you fix it?” Skip asked.

“We stole another relay out of a system the rig wasn’t using. Say... How hard did you say you hit that railroad track?”

“Pretty hard. Why?”

“Because we just figured out what’s wrong. Let’s fix this thing, get her home and get some sleep.”