

*Dammit.*

I was pretty new to truck driving, but I had figured out a couple of things. Truckstops were really, really full after about seven-thirty at night. Parking places were hard for me to get into at the best of times, and truckers weren't known for helping rookies like me.

I had been at it for at least an hour. I backed as far as I was comfortable, got out and looked to make sure everything was okay, and repeated over and over.

*I had given up hope.* I was frustrated by the fact that I didn't know what I was doing, and that no one seemed to want to help me.

That's when this guy wandered up. He watched me for just a minute, and then he started trying to help me. We worked at it for quite a while. I think even he had wanted to give up on me. The thing was, he had just had an accident trying to back into a spot like I was having so much trouble doing.

We did finally get the truck parked. I learned to avoid 'Flying J' truckstops that night. I also took the guy that helped me to the restaurant and bought him a meal for his troubles.

While we were standing in line, that's when he told me he'd run out of money a day or so ago and hadn't eaten decently since.