

Waking in a semi truck is disorienting. One would think you'd get used to waking in a different place after doing it every day for seven years, but somehow it never happened for me. I felt like I'd just been jerked from somewhere else every time.

*Maybe it was the constant familiarity of my truck's sleeper that made the daily change feel so odd?*

I pawed around in the darkness for my ringing cell phone. "This is Jordan... Sorry, Sweetie, I just woke up... I know... I do too... I'll get in late tonight and see you in the morning... I love you too... Have a good day... Bye."

The walk-around inspection of my truck didn't take long. After I popped the hood and checked the fluids, I gave the tires a kick and checked the lights. I was ready to go once I was sure the excavator I had chained to the trailer hadn't shifted.

Taking off in the dark with a semi never got old. Give me an hour or two and I'd be ready to go back to bed, but the first fifteen minutes were always a blast.

The rest of the day of a long run honestly wasn't nearly as much fun. There was plenty to see out the windows, traffic to deal with, and lots of time to think. I took a good deal of that time to think about Amelia, and more to look forward to seeing her tomorrow.

Eventually, there was more sleep to look forward to. Same truck, same pillow, different town, and...