

Oak Ridge Apocalypse: Dusk of Man Episode 2 W.H. Gilmore

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7:29am, August 31, 2016

As soon as Dr. Hines hung up the phone, Pam picked it up and dialed the number for the Head of Security in the Paul Sinclair Reeves portion of the Y-12 Complex. Craig Irons picked up the other end on the second ring.

“Irons,” he said.

“This is Jennings, sir,” she informed him. “We have a possible Code Blue.” By that simple statement she communicated the nature and seriousness of the emergency. A Code Blue indicated stolen materials by an employee.

“Initiate lockdown,” Irons ordered. “I’ll be there in two minutes.”

“Yes sir,” she said briskly and heard the line go dead from the other end. “He’s on his way,” Pam told Dr. Hines.

“Good, what’s next?” he asked.

“He ordered us on lockdown,” she told him as she pressed the red button under the counter. A crash gate came down covering the front door with a slam that made them both jump. At the same time a signal was sent to the main security office for the Y-12 Complex. Within minutes the entire Complex would be completely sealed. Security personnel scrambled to get their weapons to secure the perimeter.

“Of course,” Dr. Hines replied.

As promised, Mr. Irons arrived with little delay. He asked, “What do we have?” by way of greeting when he got there. It was not just his impressive career in law enforcement that helped him land the job with P.S.R. He was all business. He always got right down to it and got the job done. His degree in Criminology and Justice from Kent State launched his twenty-year career in law enforcement. He spent two years with the Panama City Police Department, five years as a Sergeant with a Tennessee Sheriff’s Office, and thirteen years with the Metro Nashville Police Department. He held certificates in Firearms Instruction, Officer Survival Tactics, and in SWAT/CRT. Craig Irons took his responsibilities very seriously. It didn’t hurt that he was an imposing figure, standing six feet four inches and weighing in at two hundred and sixty-five pounds.

“Jeremy Collins, one of our Lab Techs, left early.” Dr. Hines told him. “When I looked into his work assignments to reassign them I found a sample missing.”

“What was his reason for leaving?” Mr. Irons asked Pam.

“He told me he had a doctor’s appointment,” she answered.

“Did he state a reason for this doctor’s appointment?” He asked.

“No,” she answered.

“Did he seem agitated or nervous? What was his demeanor as he left?”

“No,” she replied. “He didn’t seem all that nervous. He was just creepy, but that’s normal for him.”

“In what way,” Mr. Irons pressed.

“He’s just weird,” Pam answered. “He just stares at me too much, makes me feel uncomfortable.”

“Why have you not reported this to HR?” Irons asked.

“Well,” Pam thought about it. “I mean, he keeps his hands to himself, and he has never said anything inappropriate. He just strikes me as a perv.”

“We will deal with that later,” Mr. Irons told her. “Carry on,” he said to Dr. Hines.

“He logged out twelve samples of R-83 at 5:45am, and logged them back in only fifteen minutes later. Now one of the samples is missing, and Mr. Collins is not answering his phone. He has not replied to the message I left him either.”

“I wish you had not tried to contact him. But, that aside, is anything else missing?” Mr. Irons asked.

“Not to my knowledge,” Dr. Hines answered.

“Okay, hold that thought.” Mr. Irons picked up the phone and dialed the Head of Security over the entire Y-12 Complex. “Stilman,” he said into the phone. “We have a Code Blue. Recommend full lock down.” He listened for a few seconds and then nodded. “Copy that,” he said and hung up.

“Dr. Hines, if you’ll come with me, we need to review the security video and determine what Mr. Collins was doing before he left.”

“Okay,” Dr. Hines agreed.

Mr. Irons sat down in the chair by the control board for the video surveillance system and motioned for Dr. Hines to take the other seat. The wall was covered with monitors showing various areas within the P.S.R. laboratories. "When did you say Dr. Collins logged out the samples?" Mr. Irons asked him.

"Oh, um, 5:45," he replied.

"Okay, I'll pull up the storage room at that time and we'll follow his movements forward from that point and see what he did."

"Okay," Dr. Hines agreed.

Soon, the central video monitor showed the cold storage room, and Jeremy standing at the log book. "Here he is logging out your samples," Mr. Irons said.

They watched as Jeremy picked up the tray of samples and exited the room. Irons switched to the hall camera and they watched Jeremy reach the end of the hall and turn the corner. Mr. Irons switched to the second hall's camera.

"Why is he on the ground?" Dr. Hines asked.

"Hold on," Mr. Irons said. He backed up the video to a few seconds before Jeremy came around the corner. They watched Jeremy turn the corner, slip and fall. The tray of samples flew out of his hands and crashed to the floor. "That's why," he said.

"That explains the cracked tray," Dr. Hines commented. "And there," he said pointing at some broken glass on the floor. "There's our missing sample. He didn't steal it. He broke it."

"So why did he run?" Mr. Irons asked. The video played on and they watched Jeremy get the broom and dustpan to cover up his mistake. They watched in amazement as he got paper towels to finish it up.

"Wait, back it up," Dr. Hines told him.

"What did you see?"

"Watch how he jerks his hand back. See that? He cut his finger on a piece of the glass. He's infected."

"How bad is that?" Mr. Irons asked.

"Not good for Mr. Collins, but it shouldn't be dangerous to anyone else. See the white rings on the vials? That compound has to be introduced directly into the blood stream. The problem is, we don't really know what it will do once it's in a human. We're not at that stage yet."

"How bad?" Mr. Irons asked again.

"Right, well, simply put, that is a synthetic virus designed to attack cancerous brain cells. The idea is that this virus, being small enough to penetrate the blood brain barrier, will be able to enter the cancerous cells within the brain and kill them. The virus is supposed to break down the cancerous cells into glucose, a substance the brain can use as fuel. I don't know what it will do to Mr. Collins' brain. It could do nothing, since it is unlikely he has brain cancer. It could attack healthy brain cells, in which case Mr. Collins is in a great deal of danger. The only good news is that, since it has to be introduced directly into the blood stream, only Mr. Collins is in any real danger, and we may be able to help him if we find him soon enough."

"Okay," Mr. Irons said. "I'll get the police looking for him."

"I'll get the hazmat crew started on that hallway and trash can right away," Dr. Hines said. "We don't want to take any chances. The least Mr. Collins could have done is dispose of the glass in one of the biohazard disposal bins. What he did endangered the other staff members."

"Okay," Mr. Irons said. "Unless you have any objections, I do not believe the lockdown is still necessary."

"No objections."

"Then I'll call in and cancel it," Mr. Irons said.

"Okay, call me if you need anything else," Dr. Hines said as he stood up to leave. He checked his watch on his way out. Mr. Collins had been gone for nearly two hours.

7:30am, August 31, 2016

Old Willie Walker looked up from doing his rounds when the lockdown alarm started. He just shrugged and went back to his work. Quittin' time was only thirty minutes away, but with a lockdown in place, there was no tellin' when they would let him go home. Willie had been doing custodial work for over forty years. The last twenty of them were with the Paul Sinclair Reeves Research Laboratories. It wasn't a bad job. They just had a lot of funny rules about stuff. But that was okay by Willie. He was just an old black man doing his job. At

sixty-nine years old he had no use for overly restrictive policies. He figured they had their reasons, so let them run around with their procedures and protocols, and all of that other foolishness.

Old Willie knew that he didn't need no procedures or protocols to empty a trash can or mop a floor. He admired the shine on the floor. He took pride in a job well done. He kept the floors so shiny they looked like they were covered in glass.

Willie pulled the top off of a garbage can to empty it. It was full to overflowing, so he pressed down on the trash to compact it and make the bag easier to tie shut. He jerked his hand back in surprise. He stared in disbelief at the piece of glass stuck in his palm. He was bleeding, but not too badly. It was just a little bead of blood.

What kind of fool would throw out broken glass and not cover it up? Willie thought. He plucked the glass out of his palm and dropped it back into the can. He wiped the blood off on his pants and looked at his palm. It wasn't bleeding anymore, so he went on with his work. Then he tied the top of the bag shut and pulled it out. He replaced the liner with a new one and dropped the full bag of trash in his cart. Willie continued on his rounds, muttering under his breath and wishing he could get his hands on the idiot who had put the glass in the trash can.

"That's a' right," Willie muttered. He had a shack out in the woods by his fishin' hole. Today would make a great day to just sit by the water and fish with a bottle of sippin' whiskey. Willie looked at his watch. He had about enough time to take the trash out to the dumpster and put the cart up before he would have to clock out.

8:00am, August 31, 2016

Mr. Irons strode purposefully to the front desk. Pam waited to hear if the news was good or bad.

"We got lucky on this one," Mr. Irons told her. "Mr. Collins did not steal a sample like we had feared."

Pam breathed a sigh of relief. "Good," she said. "I'm glad to hear it."

"He did cut himself on a piece of the glass container it was in, and likely infected himself with God only knows what, so we're not off scot free," Mr. Irons amended. "But there is no point in continuing this lockdown. Stilman concurred. He called it off, so go ahead and clear the code and raise the gate."

"Yes, sir. Does that mean Mr. Walker can go home?" she asked, gesturing towards Willie sitting on a bench nearby.

"Yeah, go home Willie," Mr. Irons told him. "We'll see you tonight."

"Thank you, sir," Willie said. He tipped his hat to Pam and said, "Mornin' ma'am. I'll see you later."

"Bye Willie," Pam called after him.

"As soon as your relief is cleared and gets here, you can go too, Ms. Jennings," Mr. Irons told her.

"Yes sir," she said. She watched him leave to go tend to some other pressing business, and she sighed with relief. She checked her watch and saw that it was only a few minutes past quitting time anyway.

8:30am, August 31, 2016

"Excuse me, sir," the man in the yellow hazmat suit said as he stuck his head into Dr. Hines' office. His voice was muffled due to the suit's helmet.

"Yes?" Dr. Hines replied, looking up from his paperwork.

"The hall floor is nearly done being scrubbed, but we cannot find the broken vial," he informed the director.

"I did point out which trash can, didn't I?" Dr. Hines asked.

"Yes sir, but apparently it got emptied before we got to it. All we found was a Starbucks cup and a couple of napkins."

"You're sure you got the right one?"

"We pulled the contents of the one you specified," he said defensively. "If it's not the right one, it's because we were told wrong."

“I didn’t mean it like that,” Dr. Hines apologized. “Of course you had the right one. I’ll call Mr. Irons and have him check the security camera, but it’s a safe assumption now that you’ll have to search the dumpsters out back.”

“That’s just great,” he said as he left the office, clearly not happy with the turn of events.

Dr. Hines picked up his phone and dialed the number for Mr. Irons. *This morning has been a rough week*, he thought as he listened to the ring pulses. Dr. Hines looked at his watch. Mr. Collins had been gone two and a half hours.

9:30am, August 31, 2016

Jeremy’s finger was throbbing something awful as he drove into Chattanooga. He could feel his heartbeat in the pulses of pain. His finger was also starting to swell pretty badly, and it had started oozing some kind of clear fluid. Not to mention that it was starting to smell bad. Jeremy wiped the sweat off his brow with his other hand. He was burning up despite of the A/C running full tilt.

Time for a pit stop, he thought. He looked up and saw a CVS Pharmacy sign off to the side of the Interstate. He took the exit and pulled into the store’s parking lot. He maneuvered the car into a spot near the door and got out. He locked his door left handed to avoid hurting his right index finger and went inside.

Jeremy looked around apprehensively, not sure where to start. All of the aisles looked the same to him, and he couldn’t seem to decide where to start. He was having problems clearing his head. It was like a fog had descended, not over his vision, but over his mind. Simple decisions were more difficult than before. He must have looked as lost as he felt, because while he stood staring at the aisles, a kindly looking older woman approached him.

“Can I help you find something, young man?” she asked politely. She was a short but well-built woman, a little on the overweight side. She had a pleasant smile, graying hair, and reminded Jeremy of his mother. Jeremy took a breath and felt better already. She would know what he needed. He looked at the name tag on the CVS shirt she wore.

“Yes, Betsy,” he replied. “My finger is killin’ me, and I need aspirin or Tylenol, or something.”

“Let me see,” she instructed him. He let her see his finger and was relieved to see the concern in her eyes. “You’ll need a lot more than aspirin, young man. That’s getting infected. How did it happen?”

Jeremy thought fast, not having prepared a story ahead of time. “Oh, umm, I shut it in the car door,” he blurted out. He looked for disbelief in her eyes and didn’t see any.

“Well, you may have broken it,” she told him. “It’s awfully swollen, how long has it been?”

“Oh, um,” Jeremy stammered. “Yesterday. It happened yesterday.”

“The swelling may be making it look worse than it is, but you really should go see a doctor about this. You broke the skin at the tip. If you clean it up and keep it covered, it should be okay until you see a doctor.” She looked at him expectantly. When he just shuffled back and forth from foot to foot, and no reply seemed forthcoming, she said, “Oh, come on. I’ll help you find what you need.”

“Thank you,” Jeremy replied, relieved to have the assistance.

“You’ll need some peroxide,” Betsy muttered as she led him down the aisles, making her selections from the shelves, “and some finger bandages.” She led him down another aisle and asked, “Is Ibuprofen okay?”

“Yeah, sure,” Jeremy replied. “I guess so.”

“Ibuprofen helps to reduce swelling, as well as being a pain killer. It should help. You’re not allergic are you?”

“No, that’s fine,” Jeremy said.

“Then let’s get you rung up,” she said as she led him to the registers. Betsy walked around the corner and keyed in her code to unlock it. “Can I get you anything else?” she asked him.

Jeremy got two twenty ounce bottles of Mountain Dew out of the little cooler by the register and said, “Just these, thanks.”

Betsy busied herself with ringing up his items. “Now, make sure you keep it clean, and you really should see a doctor about getting some antibiotics,” she told him again.

“Yes ma’am,” Jeremy replied. He picked up the small bottle of hydrogen peroxide and looked at it dubiously. “How do those finger things work?” he asked pointing to the bandages.

“They’re just small Band-Aids,” she replied. “You have used Band-Aids before, haven’t you?”

“No, not really, and my mom didn’t have any that looked like that.”

“Tell ya what,” Betsy said “as soon as I finish ringing you out, I’ll help you bandage it up. How’s that?”

“That would be great,” Jeremy replied, very relieved. His head was still foggy.

“Okay. Now, how will you be paying for this today?” she asked him.

Jeremy pulled out his wallet left-handed, and carefully took out his mom’s emergency credit card. “Here you go,” he said as he swiped the card through the machine. While Betsy finished the sale, Jeremy popped the top off the bottle of Ibuprofen and washed a couple of them down with some Mountain Dew.

“Sign please,” Betsy instructed him, indicating towards the credit card reader. Jeremy, careful to not bump his index finger, clumsily signed the screen. His signature looked worse than usual, even considering the use of the stylus on the touch screen. “Thank you,” she told him. “Now let’s get that patched up.”

Jeremy put the credit card back in his wallet and clumsily deposited it back in his pocket. Then he let her take his hand to work on it.

“This may sting,” Betsy warned him as she dabbed at the wound with a cotton ball soaked in peroxide. Jeremy winced, but let her work. Betsy carefully cleaned his finger tip and then opened the box of finger bandages. She set one aside and then opened a tube of antibiotic ointment. “This may help slow the infection some,” she told him as she applied it to his finger. “But you still need to go see a doctor.”

“Yes ma’am,” he said.

“And this will keep the dirt from getting into it while it heals,” she added as she placed the bandage on his fingertip and folded the wings around to hold it in place.

“Thank you again,” Jeremy said, and he took another drink of his Mountain Dew. Drinking the cold liquid felt good, and the caffeine was helping lift the fog a little.

“That is quite alright, young man,” Betsy said with a grin. “You just take care of that finger. I’m sure it will be alright in a few days if you go see a doctor.”

“Yes ma’am,” Jeremy said again.

Betsy tossed the trash in a can under the register and put the rest of his order in a plastic bag. “Here you go, hon, have a wonderful day, and be sure to come back.”

“Yes ma’am,” Jeremy said, not wanting to tell her that it wasn’t likely he would ever stop there again. “You have a good day too,” he told her as he headed for the door.

Betsy watched him leave. *What a nice young man*, she thought. Jeremy reminded her of her own son, Richard. She felt really good about helping him. She hoped that someone would help Richard if he needed it and she was not there.

Betsy noticed her thumb was itching. She looked at the blister on the pad above the joint. “Now, when did that break open?” she wondered. *That’s what my flower garden gets me*, she thought.

Little did she know, by the time her shift ended, her thumb would look just like Jeremy’s finger.

Jeremy climbed back into his car and started it up. He dropped the bag into the passenger seat, and the opened Dew into the cup holder. He eyed the bottle of Ibuprofen and thought, *What the hell*. He popped the top off and swallowed two more. His finger still hurt like hell. At least his head was a little clearer, likely due to the caffeine, but welcome in any case. He pulled out of the CVS parking lot and headed back for the I-75 South onramp. He glanced at the dash clock as he merged into traffic. *Not too bad*, he thought. *Still making good time*.

10:00am, August 31, 2016

Dr. Hines looked up as Mr. Irons strode purposefully into his office. “What have you got?” the doctor asked him.

“They found the broken vial in the dumpster, or the remnants of it anyway,” Irons reported. “The security video shows that the third shift custodian, Mr. Walker, emptied that receptacle moments after the lockdown was initiated.”

“Okay, that explains that part,” Dr. Hines said.

“Yes, but it gets worse,” Irons told him.

“How is that?” Hines asked.

“It’s possible that Mr. Walker is also infected.”

“How do you know?”

“When emptying the receptacle, he pressed down on the contents of the can with his bare hand and reacted as if in pain. He picked something out of his hand, dropped it in the receptacle, and wiped his hand on his jeans. It could have been a piece of glass from the sample container.”

“That, we do not need. Where is Mr. Walker now?” Dr. Hines asked him.

“He went home when the lockdown lifted. I dismissed him myself. We have not been able to contact him. He doesn’t answer his phone. I’ve sent people to his house to get him, but they have not reported back yet.”

“So, we now have two infected employees at large. Please keep me posted.”

“Will do. Now, about Mr. Collins. The police his photograph and a description of his car and license plate number. They entered his apartment, and he is not there. They report that it looks like he left in a hurry, but as yet they are not certain where he would go.”

“His personnel file should list an emergency contact,” Dr. Hines offered. “Check that. It might help.”

“I already have. It’s his mother in Tallahassee. The police are watching his credit cards for activity to give them an idea of which way he is going, but we don’t think that will help.”

“Why not?” Dr. Hines asked.

“They’re all at their maximum limit,” Mr. Irons told him.

“I see,” said Dr. Hines. “All of his cards are maxed out?”

“The ones we know of are. I suspect he is running on cash, which is why there is no electronic trail,” Mr. Irons stated.

“That would make sense,” Dr. Hines agreed. “I still think he is headed for Florida.”

“You may be right. Just in case, the police are setting up a rolling road block at the Tennessee and Georgia border on I-75.”

Dr. Hines looked at his watch. “Mr. Collins has been gone just over four hours now. You can drive a long way in four hours.”

“We know. I’ll keep you posted,” Mr. Irons told him.

“Thank you,” Dr. Hines said to his retreating back.

11:45am, August 31, 2016

Austin Stanley snuck around the side of the school. He paused at the corner to see if any teachers were in sight. He was twelve years old, and had just started the 7th grade at Marietta Middle School. He liked middle school so far, but the day was just too good to spend in school. Besides, he had five dollars burning a hole in his pocket. There was a snickers bar and a Dr. Pepper at the corner store waiting for him, and he never passed up a chance to talk to Wendy, the cute clerk he liked.

He scanned the parking lot to see if the coast was clear. It was, so he quickly ran to the bicycle racks. As soon as he got there he went to work on his combination lock. Checking to see that the coast was clear every few seconds Austin quickly turned the dials to the right numbers. With it unlocked, he wrapped the vinyl covered chain around the seat post and clicked the lock shut. Trying not to make a lot of noise, Austin untangled his bike from the others. He looked up just in time to see a teacher step out the doors of the office wing and head towards the classrooms across Polk Street. Austin hit the ground and watched as she went by. He lay flat on his stomach. Without even being aware of it, he held his breath. She wasn't one of his teachers, and he didn't know her name, but that wouldn't stop her from throwing him in detention. Austin worried that she might hear his pounding heart. It felt like it would jump right out of his chest at any moment. She walked briskly by, clearly intent on her destination and unaware of the truant in her midst.

As soon as the teacher was out of sight around a corner Austin popped up and checked to see that it was once again clear. It was, and not wanting to wait around and get caught, he pushed the bike out of the bicycle area, jumped on at a run and shot through the parking lot towards the Maple Avenue. Just as he rode behind the gym on Walnut Street he heard a man yell out, “Hey kid! Get back here!”

Austin looked back over his shoulder and saw the Vice-Principal jogging across the parking lot after him. He was gesturing for Austin to turn around. With his adrenaline pumping, Austin put on another burst of speed and shot off down the road away from the school. He hoped that the Vice-Principal had not recognized

him. But with the sun on his face and the wind in his hair, it was hard to care. Just a few minutes later, Austin was riding up Holland Street towards the Exxon on Bells Ferry Road.

12:00pm, August 31, 2016

Jeremy rarely, if ever, got sick, but he sure was sick now. He felt worse than he ever had. He knew he had a fever, and his head was throbbing. He had muscle aches throughout his entire body. It felt like a really bad case of the flu. What did not feel like the flu was his finger. It was absolutely howling in pain. He had swallowed half the bottle of Ibuprofen already, and it was clearly not working. *Maybe I got a bad batch*, he thought with disgust. *Wouldn't that just be my luck?*

He rested his head on the side of the gas pump, and the cold metal felt amazing on his temple. All too soon the pump clicked off. Even the click felt like a jab into his brain. He hung the nozzle back in its cradle. He forgot to grab the receipt from the pump and collapsed into the car. "Where the hell am I?" he muttered. He looked around and saw the Exxon sign. As his head cleared a little he remembered pulling off for gas in Marietta, just outside of Atlanta. Jeremy closed his eyes and willed the fog in his brain to lift so that he could get moving again. For a moment he thought he might pass out, but he fought his way back to consciousness.

He opened his eyes and started the car. He waited for his vision to clear up a little and he put the car in gear. He pulled away from the pump and went towards the exit on Bells Ferry Road. Jeremy looked left and saw there was no traffic, so he hit the gas. He heard a loud thump at the front of the car and looked towards the sound. As he slammed on the brakes he saw something sliding off the hood into the road. He watched as the thing slid off the hood of his car and realized it looked like a body. But something wasn't right. It was far too small.

Jeremy brought the car to a screeching stop. He threw the transmission into park and got out to see what he had hit. As he got out of the car the bandage on his finger got snagged on the door handle and got stripped off. The pain was huge. Jeremy paused to let the pain subside and let another wave of dizziness pass. When he finally rounded the front of the car, Jeremy stared in horror at the broken body of a young boy lying in the road. Off on the sidewalk was the mangled remains of the kid's bicycle.

I've killed a kid, Jeremy thought. He staggered over to the kid and dropped to his knees. The boy's legs were not straight like they should have been, and then Jeremy saw the six inches of femur sticking out through a rip in the boy's jeans. There were scrapes and cuts all over the boy's face and arms, and blood trickling out of the corner of his mouth. Jeremy barely turned to the side fast enough to avoid vomiting on the poor kid.

Jeremy stood up and looked frantically around to see if anybody was coming. For the moment, there wasn't a soul paying him any attention, but Jeremy knew it wouldn't stay that way for very long. "Sorry kid," he said as he bent over and grabbed the boy's arms. He started pulling the kid off the road to the sidewalk. The kid came alive and screamed in pain as the shattered bones in his legs ground together. *Good he's not dead*, Jeremy thought.

"What's your name kid?" Jeremy asked as he got the kid over to the sidewalk. The kid didn't answer, so Jeremy asked again as he looked both ways up and down the road to see if anybody was looking. The kid still didn't answer.

Jeremy shook the kid's arm to rouse him and felt that bone shift. *Hell, I broke all of his bones*, Jeremy thought. The kid opened his eyes though, and he seemed to focus on Jeremy through the pain.

"What's your name kid?" Jeremy tried again.

The boy tried to answer, but couldn't. He turned his head and spit out a mouthful of blood.

"Come on," Jeremy encouraged him.

"Austin," the kid finally managed to whisper.

"Hey Austin, I'm gonna go get my cell phone to call for help, okay?" Jeremy told him.

"Please don't leave me," Austin pleaded. He tried to hold onto Jeremy's arm, but he didn't have the strength. He couldn't get his hand to work.

"I'll be right back," Jeremy told him. He brushed Austin's hand off his arm, smearing the discharge from his finger on the kid.

Jeremy got up and went back around to the driver's side of his car. He looked up and down the road again didn't see anybody looking. "Sorry kid," he muttered as he got in, threw the car into gear and tore off up

the road towards the interstate. If the kid was lucky, somebody would find him and call for help. Jeremy had more pressing problems and couldn't wait around. He turned south on I-75, and a few minutes later he was on the I-285 bypass around Atlanta.