

At about two in the morning the BikerTrucker had parked his Rig, a 2012 Mack Granite, five clicks back from the top of of El Dorado Ravine. In his armoured trailer, which tripled as his machine shop, bike garage and home, he put his feet up and read old copies of Popular Mechanics and Guns & Ammo. When the sun started to come up and the chill began departing from the desert air he ate a can of spam and prepared for the days work.

It had been ten years since the world had come to an *end*. The open highways of North America had become a wild. Town appointed Sheriffs and their Deputies policed the barren remains and attempted to keep the savagery at bay. Farmers and farmable land had become precious commodities. Mechanics and Makers controlled marketplace discourse, but in a 100 mile economy. Medical care was available to those with the means to pay. To live was a choice between the despotic survival systems of the metropoli or the horror and uncertainty of the wasteland. The highways of America had survived. Stores of fuel were scattered across the nation and alternative energy sources existed. Humanity might be saved in time. The BikerTrucker had seen the apocalypse. He had seen many things since. His presence known in a world of limited connectivity. To the people of the world he was notorious enough to be myth. A legend of the open roads.

The Baxter Boys had come into some meth and had been terrorizing the countryside for just past a fortnight. The BikerTrucker had stopped at a gas station that they'd tossed for alcohol and tobacco. The merchant who ran that store said he'd hidden his daughters in an empty gas tank beneath the station. The BikerTrucker had told him that was a good idea. Two towns back he'd seen what the Baxter Boys did when they came across women. One of those girls told him that the Baxter Boys were on their way to the mines at El Dorado Ravine. Most men wouldn't have driven an eighteen wheeler up back mountain roads just to beat those boys to the mine. The BikerTrucker wasn't most men.

The BikerTrucker was big by anyone's standards. An expert in weaponry and mechanics. At his versatile workbench he cleaned his CheyTac 408 M300 Sniper rifle before packing one mag of .408 full metal jackets and two mags of regular .408's into his belt. Long ago, just after the end, he'd come into machining and shell loading equipment. He filled his shoulders holsters with two black short-barrel revolvers, called The Judge, that gave him the option of using standard .45's or .410 buckshot. He put on a clean undershirt and then his XXL black kevlar before donning a red flannel shirt on over that. Then he put on his shoulder holster and brown leather jacket. He wrapped his belt around his waist and dropped his custom cast '15 crescent wrench into it's holster. He brushed his beard, put on his sunglasses and then doffed a red baseball cap.

He started the walk towards the ridge, just a few buzzards fluttering in the orange sky.

The BikerTrucker would never know true peace in this world gone mad. He found solace in his cause. Making the world make sense, one spent cartridge at a time. His business was that of the absolute while he himself journeyed forever into the sunrise or sunset, seeking absolution. The mysteries of his origin were debated by all but known to no one but the BikerTrucker. The buzzards started to fly away from the immense man and towards the ridge. In the silence of the desert he could hear the trucks approaching. He picked up the pace of his footsteps, his size 18 boots grinding the coarse desert rocks beneath his feet. As he approached the ridge he got low.

Four tucks leading four trails of dust. The Baxter Boys. The BikerTrucker was on his stomach approaching the top of the ravine. He popped open the tripod on the immense rifle. The trucks came to a stop. The BikerTrucker chambered a shell and took aim down into the ravine. Four trucks for eight men. There wasn't much wind. Even if there hadn't been the BikerTrucker wouldn't have had to compensate much. As the men approached each other he sighted in on their vehicles and put a full metal jacket into the engine block of each of the trucks. The terrifying sound echoed through the ravine and the Baxter Boys were caught drawing on nothing. The BikerTrucker refreshed his mag and took aim. He turned two of the men's heads to pink mist before the rest ran for cover. One of the men tried to make a run for it and ended up losing a leg at the hip. The BikerTrucker shot out the truck's gas tanks. The flames forced the men out of their cover and out into the open. He crippled the rest of them. Then he packed up his rifle and went back to the Rig.

The BikerTrucker took his time riding his 2007 Harley Davidson Night Train down the switchback. He'd replaced the front end of the bike with that of a Suzuki 750 for improved handling, but he wasn't taking any chances coming down into the ravine. By the time he made it to the Baxter Boys two of them were still alive. One of them had the gumption to try and take a shot. The BikerTrucker dealt judgement, removing the guy's hand with a .45 and then his face with a load of double O buckshot. The last of the Baxter boys quaked on the ground as the BikerTrucker's immense frame drowned out the sun. The Baxter heard a rattlesnake in the background and watched as the BikerTrucker put his guns away before drawing the '15 crescent wrench from it's holster. Then, for the last time that day, he made the world make sense.

The BikerTrucker

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