

Early Morning

As he expected, the streets of Laredo were quiet. It was, after all, just after three in the morning. He took the ramp onto Interstate 35 South, making sure to keep within the speed limit.

The sky was dark, the summer air warm. As the highway rose and fell from one overpass to the next, he looked out over the hood of his car. In the distance, the US-Mexico border was only a couple minutes away, a border he'd crossed more times than he could count. If all went well tonight, within a couple of weeks he'd be far away, in Canada maybe, with enough money to live