

Chapter 1

July 21, 2000

10:00 am

Interstate 10, East of San Antonio, Texas

Just east of San Antonio, Texas on Interstate 10 heading toward Houston, a charcoal Gray Ford Mustang passes an eighteen-wheeler like it's parked for a picnic. The tires briefly hug the breakdown lane then abruptly angle back to the center of the right lane as it flies down the highway.

The driver of the car hasn't even considered what would happen if he should pass a cop at this moment, or any moment since his nightmarish dash for freedom began.

The 2000 Mustang Zach Denton is trying desperately to keep on the road is only eight months old but already looks like it took last place in one of those demolition derbies. You know the one you can't help but hear about on the television because the advertisement's announcer is practically screaming it to you.

Zach is tired, hungry and thirsty. He has zigzagged across four states sometimes reaching speeds in the triple digits, and hasn't dared stop because he knows he's a dead man if he does.

If it had not been for the fact that his Ford Mustang can only go so far on a tank of gas Zach wouldn't have even stopped long enough to fill up, much less eat or God-forbid, sleep.