

No Copyright Lawyers After The Fall

“It doesn’t **feel** like the end of the world,” I said. “I still have Wi-fi.”

“Slow-motion crashes are still crashes,” my friend said. “Ever watch *Mad Max*? The people in that movie probably didn’t feel like they were going through the end of the world, either. But they ended up there anyway.”

I looked at my drink, and then the city skyscape. There **were** fewer lights. It got worse every night.

I downed my drink. “All right, dammit. You’ve convinced me. It’s time to activate your Knight Riders project.”

It should work. Roving biker gangs don’t **have** to be evil.

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