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David Klein

None of us mentioned the food truck. There was too much else that required our attention. We had stories to post about the seven confirmed dead and the eleven still missing. About the remnants of the hurricane dumping six inches of rain in less than twenty—four hours and lifting the rivers and streams to record levels and the Schoharie Creek in Fort Hunter taking out the foundation of a two-hundred-foot bridge on the New York State Thruway.

The pier closest to the western abutment collapsed first, at dusk, the iron fittings and posts ripping away from the dissolving concrete piers. Then the middle pier tumbled. The pavement and road bed broke like ribbon candy. Traffic was heavy at the time, despite the weather warnings; it was the Friday night of Labor Day weekend and people were traveling for their last shot at summer or to get their families home before school started.

Westbound vehicles slid down as if on a steep ramp, and plunged into the river. Eastbound was like driving off a cliff. Two tractor-trailers, seven passenger vehicles in total, by last count. Several vehicles swept

