



Daily Stories

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My name is Rusty Miller.
Forty-nine years old. Twenty-six years on the road.
I've hauled everything from frozen meat to carnival rides, but the heaviest thing I ever carried wasn't in my trailer... it was a memory.

It happened one winter night in Wyoming—the kind of cold that bites straight through your jacket and into your bones.

I was driving east, snow tapping the windshield like impatient fingers, when I saw something that made my stomach drop.

A stroller.
Right on the shoulder of the highway.

No car nearby.
No person.
Just a stroller half-covered in snow.

I slammed the brakes so hard my coffee flew out of the holder.

I jumped out of the cab, boots crunching through the icy wind, breath fogging the air.

"Hello?!" I yelled.

No answer.

I moved closer.
The stroller wasn't empty.

Inside, wrapped in a thin blanket, was a baby—maybe six months old—cheeks red from the cold, tiny fists curled tight from fear.

My heart started pounding.