

Arrive Alive

As I lay there broken and bleeding in the fresh white snow, I wondered if the grizzly bear would circle back around to finish me off. I could hear the song “blood on the leaves” by Kanye West still blaring on my car stereo. All of a sudden the roar of the blood thirsty bear overpowered the song. The fear shot life into my body. I sprang to my feet and started running. I knew it was going to take a miracle for me to arrive alive.

I woke up at before school at my usual time of 7:15. During the winter I always go downstairs to watch the weather on the news. I love tracking blizzards and other winter storm systems. I was especially excited today because the blizzard of the century was on our doorstep. Before I left for school, my mom warned me to come straight home due to the quickness and immensity of the storm.

As I pulled into my parking space my friends Justin and Tyler were right behind me. They asked if I was going to the party they were throwing tonight. I told them that I had to be home after school because of the storm. After a long five minutes they talked me into going. They told me that the party was from 7:00 to 11:00. Before class I pulled up my Doppler raider app on my phone. The storm was scheduled to hit hardest at 10:00. I already hated the thought of driving in a blizzard, but the fear of missing the party far outweighed the fear of driving. After all I’ve had my license a whole two years, and I’m basically a master at driving.

I left my house undetected at 6:50. On the short ride to Justin’s I noticed flakes of snow starting to fall on the windshield. When I arrived, the house was full of people. As the party went on I was oblivious to the outside world. Before I knew it the time was 10:30. I started to panic. For the first time in two and a half hours I looked outside. All I

could was a rushing river of white, screaming past the window. I grabbed my keys and ran to my car. When I stepped outside the blizzard hit me so hard I lost all the air in my lungs. It was hard to even walk to my car. I had to dig out a path just to leave the driveway. Every bone I'm my body told me to stay at Justin's for the night, but because I'm a master driver, I knew it was better to brave the journey home than to risk being grounded. As I raced home, through the back roads of north Gotham I felt my car skid out of control, into a tree.

I was hightailing it back to the car when I noticed that with each step a sharp pain was radiating from my left ankle. I looked over my shoulder and a bear was charging at me. I dove into my crumpled car for shelter. The bear jumped on the roof and was clawing at me through the shattered window. I was digging through the glove box to find my hunting pistol I always keep in the car. Just as I reached the gun the bear squeezed through the window. He was about to deliver the fatal blow right when I pulled the trigger. Bang! The bear slumped lifelessly to the ground. I dialed 911 on my phone and called for help. I may have been in bad condition, but I was going to arrive alive.