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P1

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Writing Contest

The sirens drill into my skull

Their lights blinding me

My foot still digs into the floor

The pedal crunching beneath it

Still in my hands

A shattered screen

My thumb resting next to the send button

“Ill see you later, I love you”

My head drops back

Into the headrest

Chunks glass stick into my skin and clothes

Rain pours into the car

Through a watermelon sized hole

In the windshield

The other car is diagonal to me

All I can hear is the shrill scream of a child

*“What did I do, this is my fault”.*

I slowly put the phone down

My hands shaking

“I’m sorry”, I quietly think aloud

As if they could somehow hear me