

Arrive Alive Creative Contest

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He gazed upon her anguished, emotional eyes. Though she could not move, or even speak, he knew exactly what she was thinking. All hope was lost. This was the end. He would simply have to forget about her.

But was it that easy?

Every breath was deep, as though it could be her last. And it very well could be. Her eyelids would slowly close with every inhale. And then they would linger, opening them gently every time she exhaled. It sounded like a sigh of relief, like she was happy that she wasn't dead.

He has nothing to say to her and even if he did, he wasn't even sure if she could hear his words. It was remarkable she could keep her eyes open, if only for a fraction of a second. He felt a swell growing in his throat. There was no way he could cry in front of her, no matter what state she was in. Gently, he placed his hands around hers. Right when he squeezed, he heard her breath drop.

*No, no, no.*

He rapidly removed his hand and situated it on the side of her neck. He could feel her pulse, but her eyes remained closed and her breathing fading.

He had allowed the one he loved to fall. A tear welled up in the corner of his eye. He couldn't contain himself any longer. The swell crept up his throat, exploding out of his mouth; his back bouncing with sobs. She would die, and he hadn't even kissed her.

He heard the ambulance sirens in the distance. His first instinct was to get out of the car so he could help paramedics locate the car. He stumbled when he took his first couple steps, looked around at the spinning world, and threw up. That's when he knew. This wasn't just about losing the girl that he loved, but he was the one who killed her. Because of his ignorant decisions.

Eventually, the police cars came and ambulances flooded the scene of the accident. Paramedics flew to the sight of the wrecked car without hesitation. He was able to finally observe the scene now. Everything came into perspective. Police questioned him about what had happened and his words came out in slurs between the mumbled sobs. Whiffs of vodka arose with every word that left his mouth. His eyes were glued to the wreckage; glass covering the ground, the hood of his car smashed against the towering oak tree, and

paramedics dragging her body out of the crushed car. It was his fault that he had gotten drunk at the party, his fault for going so fast, and his fault that she would die.

The click of the handcuffs rung in his ear. Everything was over.