

Cortnie Jones

She was late for work and speeding was the only answer to her problem. She woke up fifteen minutes before she usually leaves and Clara knew that if she was late to work again she would be written up or fired. She got up sprinted to her bathroom to get at least a thin base of foundation on her face so she didn't look dead. She then quickly brushed her teeth and pulled her hair up into a messy bun puff at the top of her head.

"Where is my shirt?" She asked herself. Of course she dropped it somewhere on the floor the night before and couldn't find it that morning. She looked for five minutes before finding it magically put in her dresser probably from her mother. She threw it on and ran to her car. She opened her car door, started her car and put her seatbelt on. She then put her car in reverse and started driving. A few minutes of driving she realised that she hadn't connected her phone to music, she could have just listened to the radio since grabbing her phone would require her to reach to the passenger seat. But she wanted to risk it. She grabbed her phone, plugged in her phone and started to play the first song that came on, luckily she liked that song. She contemplated on grabbing a coffee only waking up half an hour ago she needed one. But for the sake of her job she decided to toughen it out and continued to race to work. A couple minutes later and a song came on that she didn't want to listen to, she skipped it on her steering wheel and another song she doesn't like comes on. She skips again. Still no. She then decides that she's just going to pick the song from her playlist. She unlocks her phone and finds a song she likes but before clicking it, BAAM!! Her car slams into something and she can't understand what happened. She didn't see anything in the road. She looked away for a second. People around her car started screaming and calling the police and she realizes that she must have hit

someone. From a moment, a second, or a glimpse at her phone she had put someone's life in danger. How could she ever live with herself.

School had just ended and Candance was walking down the hallway with her friends.

"Air hockey sounds cool, can I come too?" her friend Lydia asked.

"Ya of course it can't be for too long though, I've got play practice tonight." Said Macey whose house was the hang out spot. "Candace you should come too, it'll be fun!"

Dreading the question she tried to think of the fastest most believable excuse. "Umm my mom wouldn't let me" she said.

"Ask her"

"No she was in a bad mood this morning I don't want to make her mad." She hated lying to them but she just needed some time alone. Living in such a huge family she never gets time to herself so walking home was the only time she can be alone and be at peace.

Before she knew it, she was at the door of the lobby saying goodbye to her friends. She put in her headphones and started walking home. It takes her 15 mins to get home so she started listening to music right away. She started thinking about her life, what will she do when she's older? Why does she have such a passion for music but no motivation or ambition to do anything about it? Why was she so shy? She crosses the road and begins walking on Lincoln street. Maybe she should just go to college for something she can make money from and be successful. Or maybe she should move to New York or California and try her best at achieving her dream. Before she knew it she was across the street from her house, she must have lost track of time. She had already passed the crosswalk where she usually crosses the road and decided that she would just jay walk this one time, it would be fine. She sees a car coming fast on one side and none on the other. She knows there is a line behind that car that would keep

her on that side way longer than she wanted. She tried to race it. She starts crossing, half walking, half jogging and then she realizes that the car doesn't see her and that it isn't stopping. She starts running but it's too late and the car clips her. She feels pain that she's never felt before. Her hip slams into the side of the car, crashing into her headlights and shattering them. She falls to the ground and feels her right leg starts to go numb. Before she realizes there was a crowd of people surrounding her and the police were called. Why did she have to cross then? Why didn't she just wait? It would have saved her a lot of pain.