

Arrive Alive

She felt nothing. She could only hear the sirens and the voice of the EMT telling her to try to keep her eyes open. She didn't know what happened, only that she couldn't keep her eyes open for much longer.

Sarah woke up for her morning shift for the diner at 7:05. She clumsily put her work clothes on and washed her face with cold water to try to wake herself up. The house was quiet. The only thing she could hear was the sound of the wind blowing against the window screens. She tiptoed downstairs trying not to make too much noise so her parents wouldn't wake up. Since it was so early she didn't want to wake them because she would just send her mom a text later.

Her old Subaru started up with a growl. Probably time to get a new car? She only hoped. It was a nice day outside. The leaves were golden yellow and the air was crisp. This was Sarah's favorite time of the year. She loved the bright colors and the weather was not too warm or cold. It was just right. There was a little breeze, so her window was cracked and the sound of her music flowed through the car. She was excited for her shift to be over even though it hadn't started yet, because when she got done, her favorite meal was going to be waiting at home. It was her turn to pick the family dinner for the night. Her dad's homemade spaghetti and meatballs was the best thing in the whole world.

She was five minutes away from work, and drove up to the intersection that was usually busy later in the day. The light turned green, but her car never reached the other side. The car that crashed into her was a black Ford F-350 that barely had a dent in the bumper after the collision.

The 2007 silver Subaru was in shambles. Completely destroyed and compacted. Sarah's body motionless, and crumpled in the driver's seat. The young man driving the truck stumbled out of the car a little dazed. He couldn't believe what just happened. What he just did. The sight of the other car horrified him, and he could barely see the top of the girl's head through the shattered window. The ambulance was already on its way, he could hear the faint sirens in the distance.

The ambulance and cops arrived. Pedestrians and drivers on the road went past slowly to see what was happening. The EMT's raced over to the heap of silver material that used to be a car. The door was jammed shut and needed to be opened using a saw in order to safely get Sarah out of the car. Or what was left of her.

The head EMT was a young man. People called him Dean. He had seen a lot of destruction and hurt people, but never anything like this. What he saw changed him. It's hard when you see a 17 year old girl, lacerations all over her face and body and broken limbs hanging on. He picked her out of the driver's seat, laid her on the gurney, and tried his best to save her life with the rest of his team.

The one thing about that day was that while everything was happening there were blue skies. Not a cloud in sight. Sarah's parents could never understand why something something so horrible could be happening on such a beautiful day. Sarah died right before her parents arrived on the scene. She never got her favorite dinner. She never got to say goodbye. She never got to send her text to her parents, but the man who hit her got to send his.