

Spared

The strong stench of burnt rubber and engine smoke awakens me, I blink my eyes rapidly with hope to clear up my vision but it's no use. All I can see are lights- blinding lights in different hues of red and yellow. Time seems to have frozen as I watch silhouettes move about frantically from a distance. Bewildered, I try to move from my position on the floor but my body seems to be weighed down. I take a look to my left, as my vision begins to become more lucid, the sight of the flames consuming Jason paralyze me. For a second I think that I am in hell as I hear Jason's horrifying screams which snap me back to reality. I recall the deafening sound of the crash, the shards of glass and metal that flew in the air like birds, and the airbag- the trumpet signalling my end- go off in slow motion. Everything came to an abrupt halt in that moment, the smell of his blood consumed my nostrils-a foul smell forever engraved in my memory. To my horror, I realize that my heart has been speared by a big chunk of what seemed to have been the door of my Hyundai and as if on cue, the excruciating pain kicks in.

How did all of this happen? My head hurts terribly as I think hard to remember the cause of my life's end and out of the corner of my eye I notice my phone screen lights up- my heart throbs. I cry out to death, "Spare me!" But my wails appear to be to no avail as I slowly slip away from my world in ashes. I see the paramedics approaching but not even the best plastic surgeon would repair these scars- it's too late now. The taste of iron fills my mouth as I close my eyes and I'm welcomed by the darkness. I wish I could take it all back; I wish I never forced Jason to come to the mall with me, I wish I never ran the red light, and most of all I wish I never picked up my phone, but now all I can do is wish.

Suddenly, my eyes open to a familiar sight; a pink ceiling and scent of cinnamon and pumpkin- I'm in my room. I feel my chest at the area where my heart was punctured, there's no blood and I appear to be intact. My phone rings on my dresser and I see Jason's name pop up on the screen. A sigh of relief escapes my lips as I realise it was all a dream. I pick my phone and tell him all about my crazy dream. Despite his shock, he tries to calm my racing nerves. He says a lot of things but all that makes sense to me is: "Today it might have been a dream but tomorrow it may not so let's pay attention to the drive so we can all arrive alive." I chuckle softly at his cheesy rhyme.