

It's Not Fair

It sat in the driveway as if it was on a display. Bright-eyed, young, and adventurous, he stared in awe at his sisters new car. Freshly and recently cleaned just moments before, the water droplets that remained on the car glistened like diamonds and the sun reflecting off the white paint nearly blinded him. Not only had he fallen in love with the cars appearance, but also the idea of the car itself.

Freedom.

However, what once was love would soon turn into infatuation. He steps into the car with his older sister and with no place in mind as a destination, they set off to experience everything for themselves. Driving under the city lights, getting to explore recently unidentified territory, and the ability to practically go wherever whenever you wanted. Crossing through the next intersection the two only had one corresponding thought running through their heads.

What could possibly stop us?

The thought was suddenly shrouded with sheer panic and adrenaline as a SUV approached from their right. A loud bang was followed by glass flying, metal crunching, tires squealing, bones snapping, and blood dripping. The passenger side of the car had been hit even while passing through the intersection on a green light.

Her every breath was deep and shaky, almost as if they were her last. Escaping the cars grasp, she stumbles out and her knees strike the black pavement that was now littered in shards of glass that reflected the green street light. Now laying on the ground disoriented, immobile, and

blood dripping down her cheek, she feels a sense of relief as the sirens get louder and the red and blue lights get brighter.

With the ambulance now having arrived, she is helped up from the ground to be treated for her wounds. However, a sudden realization dawns upon her as she gets up. The blood that stained her cheek as it dripped down and fell off her chin wasn't hers, she hadn't even been cut anywhere remotely close. It was her younger brothers.

Terror.

Her eyes widen and blur, chills run down her back, her hairs stand up, her chest tightens, she is overwhelmed with fear. She had looked back only to see her brother covered up by police and the SUV driver with their phone still in hand. What was a blur in her eyes turn into a continuous stream of tears and the tight feeling and pressure in her chest is released like a that of a stretched rubberband as she cries out *ITS NOT FAIR.*