

Eli Pierce

Ms. Stein

Advanced English

April 14

The Brown Deer

I was now freaking out because this car was trying to kill me. This truck has followed me almost all the way home from town. Surprisingly the truck was so close that he couldn't see my blinker. The only thing I could see through my rear view window was his grill. My long angle like bangs kept getting in my eyes and made them sting like a bee sting. I started hyperventilating in this small car listening to loud music. The music gets to me as I try to figure out to get home safely, when this dark oak colored elegant deer walks onto the road. My foot finds the breaks and slams down knowing that the truck would run into me. Like every corny movie I got to see the slowdown version of the accident. The bright light of the diesel truck getting closer, and this clueless deer not understanding what is happening. Milliseconds later I feel the push of the other car. The crunch of the trunk triggered the air bag. A big white cloud came crashing into my face with a snap. The force made my upper eyebrow rip, and my teeth tear my cheek open. A relieving pop came from my neck and I could feel a blood vessel burst. The force of the truck propelled my car forward towards the deer. What sounded like a cannon firing came from the front of the car, then a rolling of something large.

Henry wakes up to see smoke as thick as a cloud filling his cab. The car spins in Henry's eyes and he falls out of the truck. Holding his stomach and trying not to completely empty his person, he hears his phone ringing. The noise felt like a jackhammer on his skull, hitting faster than a hummingbird's wing. The phone is shattered like a spider web, squinting as hard as he could, he reads it was his girlfriend. The color drains his body as he remembers why he is here. The fear and anxiety stops his head from completely turning to see the grey car. The car he had just innocently hit was pleated worse than an accordion. He hadn't realized the car ahead of

him, his girlfriend had taken his priority once again. Finally Henry made eye contact with the dead deer twitching on her roof. The speed his feet were moving was unbelievable, like the cartoon characters spinning their legs. The smell of the tires made him sick, and after filling the cracks in the road he opened the small car. The once white air bag was completely tidied with red. Her music still rang out but was covered by a deer's rear end. Henry lifts the body out of its resting place. Her pasta like hair falls down like a waterfall onto his arm and her hand swung like a swing. He could feel the once happy, kind spirit leave her body.