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Blitz

All I could see was midnight black.

Looking out the windows and seeing nothing but the bright moon and stars told me it was late. With the weather supposed to get bad later, I had to get home. The state football game was tomorrow. I knew I should get somewhat of a good night's sleep. Pulling my keys out of my pocket I stood up from the living room couch in my grandparent's house. Both my grandparents usually fall asleep well before the eight o' clock games, but since I was over with them they stayed up. It was easy to tell when they were getting tired. My grandfather would nod off then suddenly snap his head back in a desperate attempt to stay awake, and my grandmother would turn the pages in her book twice as slow. I gave each of them a hug before I left and told my grandfather to let me know if the Patriots win, even though I knew he wouldn't make it through the next minute.

Getting into my truck, it was cold. Frost was dispersed over the windows of my truck in veins of beauty. Stretching down to the door handles making it difficult to open. I turned the key and waited for the fog to clear on the windshield before the ten minute drive back to my house. All I could think about was the big game tomorrow. Everything I dreamed about as a kid was about to come true. From peewee, to senior year that's all I could ever think about. On the way home it started to rain. Slowly at first, but then it began to come down extremely hard. Soon the visibility became less and less, so bad in fact that the lines at the side of the road were only visible out to thirty feet in front of me. A blanket of water that seems to never end. Driving slower helped but it was still pretty hard to see. Only some cars were on the roads—for it was late. I came up to the stoplight slowly and was able to stop well before the line and the stream of water that had formed over the street. I waited for it to turn green. Slowly I pressed down on the accelerator and began to pull out into the intersection. With a flash—I see the bright lights to my left rushing toward me like a linebacker on a blitz full steam ahead with no intention to stop.

I felt my muscles clench so hard it was as if they became steel. Then came the impact. Slammed sideways so hard the truck began to roll, over and over and over. Glass shards and pieces of metal flying inches from my head. The rearview mirror was knocked off and hit me

square in the forehead. The last thing I remembered was being upside down for five short seconds. Just enough to see my legs pinned between my seat and the dash that had shifted down almost two full feet. Then, all I could see was midnight black.

Every couple hours I would wake up in the hospital, but only for a minute or two at a time before passing out again. When I finally regained consciousness I was given the news: both legs crushed, a fractured skull, three cracked ribs—and the worst of all—paralysis from the waist down. I later learned the driver that hit me was intoxicated and ran a red light. He survived with only a broken wrist. For me however, there will be no state championship game, no celebrations, no college football, and the probability that I'll never be able to stand on my own two feet again. Never drink and drive...arrive alive.