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November 18, 2021

The Road Stained in Blood

Screaming, sirens yelling, commotion. Clouded thoughts flooded my head as I fought to regain consciousness. The high pitch noises penetrated my ears, while a fog of people ran around frantically.

“He’s bleeding out! Someone help the kid in the car!”

Moving was like walking in a patch of prickly bushes, one tiny little step would cut into my skin and make this situation more uncomfortable. My head scraped against the rug material of the car roof while the steering wheel jabbed into my thigh. The gloom fades away and it feels as if God flipped the universe. Everything was upside down. Smoke was pouring out of the engine as if it was fried and the flashing bright lights flashed at me, giving me a bigger headache.

Moments later while trying to not get my bloody nose in my hair I feel these warm masculine hands grab my head as if he was trying to support it and stop all the rushing blood from getting to my head. He places this yellow and blue foam material on my head and neck to help support it. I wish he could take it off. It was so tight and uncomfortable. I felt paralyzed and all I could see was eight feet. I could hear these faint voices trying to speak to me but it was all sounding muffled and faint. The warm bloody hands came back but this time slowly started taking me out of the car.

Have you ever stepped on Legos? It was like that feeling except ten times more pain and instead of Legos it was small pieces of glass and metal on the ground.

“He is coming out! Someone get a stretcher!”

More hands with white gloves on grabbed my body and took me out of the car. Every inch was pain and agony. As I get moved around I can faintly understand the reason for the chaos. There were bloody side rails and a white car crushed as if its identity got erased. Trying to focus more I see a little girl laying on the ground near the side rails drenched in blood. Did I kill this poor innocent soul I thought while seeing an older looking lady pleading in tears begging the little girl to wake up. More fire trucks and ambulances arrive, their tires stained red from the bloody roads.

“Someone help my daughter, please! She is not waking up! Julia you will be alright, people are on their way.”

People started to run over to the little girl and her mother but not to help them but rather to lay a white sheet over the young girl's body. My head spun, faster and faster, the sensations growing more painful by the second. The guys with the white gloves lay me onto a stretcher and strap me in tightly. As they were pushing me towards the flashing lights I began to fall asleep. Eyes start to become heavier and the strength to keep them open starts to disappear. I can see in the distance a grey cellphone busted up. Trying to look closer I notice my initials on the side of the cell phone and a half-written text I did not finish saying:

“See you soon grand....”