

Annika Edgar
English 12 Advanced
Ms. Stein

The Street Racer and The Couple

The Woman

The concert ended at 10:32pm. My boyfriend took me to see my favorite band in Chicago for my thirty-first birthday. I was ecstatic because it was my first time seeing a band live in concert. Considering how much we both loved music, it was truly one of the best experiences of my life. The Chicago city lights lit up the dark sky, creating vibrant yellow and white tints. Cars with red head-lights passed us, and white tail-lights leaving us behind. My boyfriend gazed over at me, admiring how I watched the city scenery as we walked hand-in-hand.

The Driver

The concert ended at 10:32pm. My buddies and I were downtown at the street racing event, hoping to be next. Crowds of people gathered to watch us do doughnuts and speed down a wide alley that leads to a main road. The sounds of the cars were roaring, with faint indistinct yelling from the people watching. There isn't normally a large crowd, but thanks to the concert, everyone stopped to get a glimpse of the racers. It was nerve wracking. I've never seen this many people in one area before, let alone watching us.

The Woman

My boyfriend and I were trying to get to our parking garage, but the art and scenery stopped us every block or so. Everything was so beautiful and perfect. We felt like the main characters in a romance movie. He held my hand tightly, nervously watching every single person and what they were doing, as we walked through pools of people. We heard what sounded like thunder coming from a small alley a few blocks away. We didn't think much of it until the sounds got closer, and louder, with each step out of the city.

Annika Edgar
English 12 Advanced
Ms. Stein

The Driver

It was thrilling. The eyes of people watching us, the sounds of each car and my heart nearly beating out of my chest. We were next. Me and my other driver got in our cars, it was finally our turn to race down the alley. Revving our engines, we look at each other for a second holding eye contact. Then back to staring out the windshield, waiting for the “all clear”. We get the all clear and I start off with the lead. He drives close by, inches away from beating me. I push the gas pedal down one more time so I can secure the win. There’s a crosswalk ten feet ahead, not thinking much of it because no one was there. I’m going to win this. I look at my friend driving behind me, gloating, I make a face at him and take my hands off the wheel. The second I look back to the windshield there’s two people walking in the crosswalk. I can’t stop, I don’t have time. A split second goes by and I feel the weight of a body get pulled under my car. My heart is in my stomach, I can’t catch my breath. It feels like a rock is on me and I’m trapped.

The Woman

The crosswalk was ten feet ahead of us, we were one block away from the parking garage. My boyfriend looks at me just before we get to the crosswalk and he tells me how much he loves me. I tell him I love him more. Smiling, he gestures for me to walk first on the crosswalk, not letting go of my hand. I look down the wide alley for half of a second. There is a car two inches in to my right. He’s not stopping. I feel my hand get ripped from my boyfriends like I’m trapped in the undertow while swimming. The driver had no hands on the wheel and, and was staring at the car next to him. I let out a breath from the impact of the car. That was my last breath. My last time holding my boyfriend's hand. My last second of living before I get taken away from everyone who loves me.