

Lillian Zidle

Goosebumps

Present day:

They were all over my body but the air didn't seem cold. My vision is blurry and my head is ringing. The faint screaming of what seems to be my name fills my head. Why is someone screaming my name? What happened? Once my vision clears I notice my steering wheel, a white airbag and my seat belt protecting me from going through the windshield. I look up to see the hood of my car crushed by a tree. How did my car hit a tree? There is smoke coming from the hood. I unbuckle and move the airbag out of my way. Still hearing screams, I try to jam my door open. With all the strength in my body, the door opens. I stumble out of the car, unable to walk straight like I've been sitting for days. I wander around the car not even paying attention to the ground and what I'm stepping on. My eyes close trying to remember what happened...

The past:

I had just picked Alex up. We were on our way to the Fryeburg Fair. We were there for a couple of hours riding the rides, eating delicious food and petting the animals. Once the sun went down and the pretty colors in the sky started to show, we decided we were going back home. I was driving above the speed limit and my phone in my hand. I was looking at my phone texting my parents that we were coming home. Alex had unbuckled to get me something from the back seat. I look up for a split second to see a car on the other side of the road. They are swerving in and out of the double yellow lines distracting me from what's in front of me and my phone. The words "stay straight and focus on the road" repeated in my head. When I was on the last word of my text, Alex said my name. My vision goes dark.

Present day:

Now I remember. Someone hit me, causing my car to swerve into the woods. The front of my car hit a tree. Where's Alex? I searched around the car. Nothing. I couldn't find him. I call his name. No response. I look over to the other side of the road. There he was face down on his stomach. I rush towards him and roll him onto his back. I see blood all over his face. I don't know where it's coming from. I dial 911 and wait for the ambulance. Telling Alex help is on the way but he can't hear me. My eyes are overflowing with tears but they don't seem to fall. In the distance, sirens fill my head and flashing lights cloud my vision.

The bright fluorescent panels above blind me once I open my eyes. I squint and bring my hands to my head. I look to my side to see my parents sleeping in uncomfortable hospital chairs.

"Mom? Dad? What happened? Alex, is he ok? I ask so quickly.

"Honey." My parents say at the same time. "Alex didn't make it."