

Arrive Alive  
By Khove Chubbuck

The officer had arrived on the scene shortly after the crash had happened. A white car was on its side. The other, a red pickup truck, had its front bumper caved in. It was obvious that the truck had T-boned the white car. Tire marks indicated that the pickup truck had attempted to make a quick stop, evidently too little too late. The officer called in an ambulance. Both passengers in the white car had thankfully made it out alive. The passenger in the pickup truck was unconscious. He had hit his head on the steering wheel. After the ambulance arrived the driver of the white SUV was transported to the hospital. They removed the driver from the truck and placed him on a stretcher. The police began to question the passenger from the white car. He was sitting on the side of the street. He had a gash above the forehead that was profusely bleeding. One of the medics handed the boy a rag to hold against the cut. "Make sure to keep pressure on the wound." The medic had said.

"How is he?" Asked the officer.

"He'll be alright. No concussion thankfully." She stated. "Oh, you should be able to question him, if that's what you were asking." She added.

"Yeah, thanks." The officer walked over to him and asked, "What happened?" No response. He asked the kid again and this time he responded.

"We were going to trivia..." his voice trailed off. "We go every week." The officer turned to the medic with concern. She shrugged and let him continue. The officer kneeled down. He put his hand on the kid's shoulder. "Start from the beginning. You said you were going to trivia?" The kid nodded and began to describe the conversation that had occurred earlier that day.

"We still on for trivia tonight at Junction? Nick had said: Yeah, should be. Alex, Nick and I should also be there."

"You said you have done this before?" Asked the officer.

"It was no different from what we had typically done. Every Wednesday we go to trivia. We never won, but it was a good excuse to hang out. Occasionally I'd see teachers or other kids from my school. It was a fun competition." The kid continued. "I had plenty of time between when I got home from school and when I was getting a ride. I took a nap, school's exhausting, you know? I woke up around four-thirty. I puttered around for a bit and ate dinner. Then I waited."

"Then what happened?" The officer repeated.

"Nate picked me up. I don't have a license so he always drives me over. Although, it's not that far away. I rushed out of the house and said bye to the dog and my sister. I hopped into his car and we headed out." He continued.

"What happened when you got to this intersection?"

He paused, his head was pounding and his ears rang. "Me and him were joking around. He was blasting his music really loudly. I could practically hear it from inside. I made fun of him, told him that's probably why he was loud. He laughed. I jokingly went to turn it down and he went to slap my hand. That's when that truck T-boned us. They had a red light but they didn't stop. Why didn't they stop?"

“That’s what we’re trying to figure out.” The officer on the ground got up. He moved towards the truck. By this point, the driver of the truck had come too. He was in hysterics, apologizing profusely. “What happened?”

“I-I... I’m sorry” he stuttered.

“You’re fine, we just need to know what happened.” The officer replied. At this point, he was getting irritated.

“I was on my way home from work. I had to work late. I got a text from a coworker. I looked away for half a second. I swear the light was still green. I tried to stop but it was too late. It’s not my fa- I’m sorry.” He began to get hysterical again.

“Calm down, you’re incredibly lucky everyone survived here tonight. Unfortunately, it’s unlikely you’ll get out of this unscathed. Legally I mean.” The officer figured things were pretty much summed up at this point.

“Are the kids alright?” The man suddenly spat out.

“They’ve seen better days, that’s for sure.” The officer replied sarcastically.

The man sighed in relief. “Oh thank god.”

“Do you have anyone to pick you up? We’ll get back to you in the morning for more questioning.” Said the officer. The driver called who the officer presumed to be his wife. He agreed to come in for questioning the next morning. The officer got back into his cruiser. His body relaxed and he let out a long sigh. He put his finger to the bridge of his nose and rubbed his eyes. “What a pain. At least everyone’s alive.”