

Prom Night Disaster

By: Annabelle Towle

Ping! Ping! Ping! This was all that could be heard throughout the truck. My bright screen that she forgot to turn down could be seen in the reflection of the windshield. It was raining, I could understand that much. Prom was the big discussion of the night and from what I could acknowledge, she enjoyed herself. Maybe a bit too much, after a while I got put in her pocket book, not being able to see what was happening around me. The next time I was free, she was crowded with her friends in a corner with a flask being passed between them.

As we were approaching the truck, she had me in her shaking hand, while she was staggering around the parking lot. Running into different things and continuously falling into the hard concrete below us. Finally arriving at the right vehicle, she forgot to put me on my stand, instead securing me in her grasp while she drove down a dark road towards what she thought was home. Message after message came through me, either from Snapchat or the messages app from her friends and family telling her she looked beautiful in her dress. I wish I could have silenced them, but she kept clicking on them too fast. The least she could do was turn my brightness down, it could be a key factor in reducing her vision from the road in front of her.

The music loudly seeping through my speakers wasn't ideal, but she wasn't all there. Part of her was in the truck, the other strayed behind at the Townhouse, where prom took place. She was answering one of the last Snapchats I sent to my screen

when she turned my camera around, so I could see out the front of the truck. It was dark and the windshield wipers were on one of the highest settings possible. My back camera was facing the speedometer and I saw she was going 62. Briskly, I looked up on the Google Maps in my system what road we were on and the correct speed limit. It was a private road called Bradbury Rd and the speed limit was 25. We were going 37 over the speed limit.

After going back to looking out of the windshield, I saw a deer saunter into the headlights. I wasn't sure if she saw it until the last minute and that's when I saw her eyes widen while a bead of sweat rolled down her cheek. She slammed on the brakes and I went soaring forward into the dashboard and onto the floor. She didn't pick me up, the only thing she could do is swerve around the deer.

Before I could process what was happening, I'm hurdling into different things in the truck and she's hanging upside down from her seatbelt. Blood rolled down her face and onto what should be the ceiling. Small shards of glass were laying on my screen and there were thousands of little pieces littering her hair. We hit a tree. While on the ceiling, I'm trying to activate my S.O.S app that her mother made her install. All that was coming through were the text messages and Snapchats. They were taking up the space in my storage. I couldn't activate the S.O.S and so I was forced to lay face up and watch her slowly die.

Unfortunately, I was a distraction. I didn't allow her to arrive alive.