

Super Bowl Sunday

By: Mason Finck

Driving home from baseball practice every Sunday night features an annoying and sometimes even dangerous journey. Especially when the drive is paired with a heavy snowfall during a frigid February night. On this Sunday, roads in southern Maine display a tightly packed layer of slippery ice and fresh snow. The snow is so fresh, the roads have not been salted yet. Driving in my Toyota Corolla, with minimal traction, and in pitch black, complicates the journey. This Sunday night, the Super Bowl is taking place. Already upset that I had to miss most of the game because of my practice, I decided to grab my phone from the cup holders in my center console, and look for a score update.

The second I pick up my phone, the top notification is from ESPN. Exactly what I wanted to see. A gray box on my screen featuring the bright red E in the left corner read: Patriots on the 10 yard line in OT. My heart dropped. It has felt like ages since the Patriots have won a Super Bowl. Ecstatically opening my phone, I scrolled to the game. I was so excited to watch the Patriots go for the game winner, that I had to catch my car slowly slipping and drifting off of the slick, windy road. As I quickly slowed the car down, I could feel the traction getting worse and worse.

This drive is done every Sunday, so I have a pretty strong feel of the roads that I am driving on. Driving with my left hand on the wheel, and still keeping an eye on the game with my phone in my right hand I see there is 10 seconds left in the game. The clock is slowly ticking down while the Patriots line up to snap the football at the 10 yard line. Down by 6. The longest 10 seconds of my life. As the clock strikes 1, the center snaps the ball perfectly into the

quarterback's hands. Two steps back, and the quarterback goes to release the bright brown football.

The ball soars through the air in a tight spiral and is headed for a Patriots receiver. Right as it was about to be caught, I felt my car lose all traction to the road. I go spiraling off the road in an instant. The front of my car smashes into a tree, and the airbags explode. It is too late though. The damage is done. I slowly start to drift off into what turns out to be the longest sleep of my life.

I finally wake up, and I am spread out in a hospital bed. All of my friends and family are surrounding me with worried faces. That look of worry slowly trickles away into expressions of relief, as they see I am waking up. I have spent three days in the hospital, and it is a miracle I woke up. I tried to get up and out of the bed, but I could not move anything. My heart dropped. I frantically tried to move around but still could not. All I could do was turn my head. From looking at my phone once while driving, I would never be able to walk again.