

The Moose

7:58 PM

Sirens and flashing red, white, and blue lights. Blood everywhere. The lights and sirens are dulling everything else. You can faintly smell something smoky. What happened? Where are your friends?

Let's take it back a couple of hours.

5:39 PM

Now back at the yellow house on the corner, we see a nondescript black car. No, it's your friend's black 2013 Dodge Charger. The car would soon be crushed beyond recognition with the people inside dead. Right now it's low on gas and sitting in a driveway, waiting for a person inside that yellow house. You can see in your head the low, long, black hood hitting the moose legs at 57 MPH on Rt 25 and the animal comes crashing down on the windshield and roof but that comes later. Right now, the person in that yellow house is getting ready to go to a concert at 8:30. Inside the house, the car owner will call his friends to check on when he will pick people up and in what order after he gets gas. You are the last person he will ever pick up.

6:25 PM

The black Charger pulls into a gas station and fills its tank for \$3.05 a gallon. It will still be full when he hits the moose later that evening. He hasn't picked anyone up and is visiting his first friend's house.

6:37 PM

He arrives at the first house and spends too much time there, which causes him to start running late. They spend 30 minutes talking in excitement about the plans for the evening and eating food, nobody thinks to look at when the show opens.

7:16 PM

They arrive at the next friend's house and after realizing how long it takes to get to your place, they settle for a quick stop before leaving quickly. Still, people need to think about looking when the show opens.

7:30 PM

Finally, they get to your house and you rush out into the back seat of the waiting black sedan as it sits idling loudly in your driveway. The car's exhaust system leaks which makes it extra noisy, but it won't matter after the vehicle is crushed beyond repair later that night.

The argument immediately follows as you ask why they were late, followed by excuses from the driver. It doesn't matter, though, as you are all off again, speeding down the road toward your destination.

7:45 PM

The discussion in the car bounces from topic to topic but centers around the excitement of the show they won't ever see. People are talking loudly, changing the music on the radio, putting in and taking out CDs. Nobody thinks about how the driver pulled out his phone to look at when the show opens. He wasn't speeding egregiously, a couple of miles over the limit, but enough. There was no time to swerve as he saw the fifteen hundred-pound moose in front of the car when he looked up from his phone.