

Andy's Story

By Sarah Wilcox

February, 1992. It was a brisk winter morning in the quiet town of Gorham. The air was still and cold with the February atmosphere. Andy got up early in the morning to bring mail to the post office. He hopped in his green Geo-Metro (which he called the green goblin) and headed to the postal service inside a local strip mall. However, when he arrived he realized he had forgotten the mail. Feeling a little more irritated than he was two seconds ago, he restarted his green goblin and headed back home. He found himself behind a large 18 wheeler on route 114 heading towards Standish. The temperature of the air being shown through the steam coming from the motors of the trucks and the other cars bustling to their daily occupations. Andy was driving, minding his own business, when he heard the screech of tires ahead. Then, suddenly, the bright red brake lights of the large truck in front of him. A booming sound of metal crashing against metal cut through the cold winter air. Large pieces of metal are seen flying in a multitude of directions. Andy stayed sitting in his car breathing, huffs of adrenaline and confusion at the event that just played before him. He stepped out of his car, the air somehow more still and cold, not with temperature but with pure tension. The only thing breaking the morbid tranquility being the steam exuding from the site of the accident. He walked along to the truck each step breaking the silence in the air. He got to the front of the truck, displaying a badly damaged car crunched against the front of the 18-wheeler. A woman in a pink sweater stepped out of her house in response to the loud noise that emanated from the street in front of her. Andy took a look around at the mess of metal, glass, and other motor parts when he saw a distinct figure in a snowbank. He walked closer when he realized it wasn't a large piece of metal. It was a person. A woman lay

limp, slightly submerged in the snow. Her neck bent at a gruesome angle, clearly deceased. Andy felt sick to his stomach at the horrifying scene that lay before him. More motorists stopped, observing the accident. Andy, being one of the first people probably in the county to have a mobile cellphone, was charged with the task of calling for an ambulance. Apparently a 20 something year old kid decided to change his music while on the road, causing him to swerve in front of the woman who was driving in front of the truck. This caused the woman to crash into the 18 wheeler behind her ultimately ending her life.

Years later he gets a text from his niece, asking him to tell her the story of the fatal accident that took place that fateful day for an essay contest, and he is still able to recall many details of the horrific accident he witnessed all those years ago.