

The Crash

The first game of the season was always fun, up until now. The booming speakers along with the smell of roasted hotdogs and fresh deep fried funnel cake used to always cheer me up. Now, I wish that was all it took. The smell of smokey wood and cinnamon shoved me into reality. I remembered having lit incense in my room before I began getting ready. My vanity was a mess now, forgetting the fact that I had cleared it the night before. I glanced at the printed photos that hung from the gold rim on my vanity mirror. In the photos it was just me, nobody else. Me in my cheer uniform, me at the fair and me getting a reward. My mind flashed through the very clear memories of every one of those photos, hoping that they never faded away. I remembered my first game. The sick but also excited feeling. The cool, crisp air of the fall. The itchy feeling of glitter stuck on my face and the spotlight on me, or atleast at halftime. I looked into the mirror once again to find half-done eyeliner and messy hair. My eyes shot to the black alarm clock that sat in the window-seal beside the vanity. It was 3:45. I snatched up my eyeliner and straighter, and went to work. "Finished" I let out a sigh. Now it was 3:56 and I was almost late. I picked up my black and purple glittery bag with my name sewn in cursive on the front and stepped in front of my blue stand-alone mirror. *Perfect.* I thought. *Quite different from the inside.* I sighed and ran out of my bedroom door. I passed by the living room which was to the left of my doorway and walked into the kitchen that was to the right. My mom leaned against the black and white marble counter. "Where are you going?" She questioned.

"I got a game, love you, bye!" I informed her quickly as I grabbed my keys and zoomed out the door. I leaped off the wooden porch, gripping my keys in my hand. My blue toyota sat in the curved driveway that led up to my house. The door clicked open and I crawled inside. I turned the key as the engine started up and began to hum. New car smell lingered in the seats even after 5 months of having it and multiple quick grabs of Mcdonalds after a late game. I checked the time, quickly put the car in reverse and slammed on the gas. My upper body flew forwards. Realizing I needed to collect myself and I slammed on the brake. I quickly put the car in park. "Calm down", I said to myself. I fastened my seatbelt after realizing the dinging in the background that warned me to buckle up. After 5 minutes of breathing in my nose and out my mouth, I became collected. I put the car back in reverse, pulled onto the highway and began driving.

I noticed the dog shaped bobble head that stuck to the dash, a gift I had gotten last Christmas. A gift from my step-dad, or at least *that* step-dad. I wonder what I'll get from him this christmas? My mom never settles down, after having my brother and getting divorced. She is always on the hunt for someone to take care of us and play the role of *Dad*. Of course my brother and I have a dad, I mean doesn't everyone? Except ours just doesn't bother to see us or even visit. My mom never told us why, so I just pretend he's off working. I just tell myself that enough to where I believe it. "SCREECH" I was shot back into reality, when my tires slid off the road.

"Beep.beep.beep." I reached for my alarm clock but my hand fell to the side of the bed. I cracked open my eyes to find pale gray and white walls. On my left in a clear glass vase were a bouquet of yellow and pink daisies. Leaning against it was a white envelope. There was writing on the front but I was too sore to discover who it was from, I assumed my mom. As I began to realize where I was, memories of the crash began to flood my mind.

Soon I was upside down in a ditch, still buckled in. The airbag still inflated from the crash. Feeling stinging on my head as red dripped onto the roof of the car. Touching my head with my pointer finger, and the stinging worsening. My hand being soaked with hot, red blood. The sound of glass being broken in front of me. Being unbuckled then feeling the strong grip of hands around my forearms. Being dragged out of the broken windshield. The cold wet ground against my sore throbbing body. A deep voice screaming for help as they placed their index and middle finger together under my jawline to check my pulse.

The siren of an ambulance approaching. Being carried up to the highway then being placed into the ambulance. Just as I was slipping away, realizing a man with broad shoulders and a dark green shirt sitting beside me. "Hey!" he shouted to get the driver's attention. All I saw after that was darkness, then I woke up.