

## The Short Drive

Steve had to pull shift that night, and he knew the winter roads might be bad, so he decided to leave early for work. *I've don't have to be there until 2:00 AM, so I've got plenty of time*, he thought to himself while starting his Suzuki Sidekick and pulling out onto the snowy road. As he passed by his neighbors, he noticed a few houses that still had their lights on were being turned off for the night. *Gotta get a day job*, he thought to himself envying his neighbors a little.

Soon he was on the highway, cruising down the road at a reasonable speed of 55 mph. The road was about barren, until he passed by a van that was on the side of a hill covered in snow. A minute later he saw two more cars abandoned in a ditch. *Oh no the bridge*, he thought to himself. He started tapping on the breaks to slow down, but it was no use. He had reached the bridge too soon.

Before he knew it his jeep was spinning out uncontrollably. When it finally stopped he found himself halfway across the bridge on the opposite side of the highway. After he got his bearings back he started to drive off, but he didn't get far. The jeep was driving funny, so he pulled over to the shoulder and got out to look. "Damn," he said looking at the right rear tire that had been ripped halfway off the wheel's rim.

Not happy about the situation, he gets the tire iron and car-jack out of the trunk. While jacking up the jeep something went wrong, the car-jack busted and dropped instantly to the ground. Before he could say anything, he saw something out of the corner of his eye. It was a semi-truck heading for the bridge. *I'm dead*, he thought to himself, but the semi had instead veered off the road and down a ditch. Steve had a sigh of relief, but only for a second. Headlights from another car were coming. Steve tried to warn them, but it was no use. The big Cadillac went out of control hitting the opposite side of the bridge. It was like a pinball machine, as soon as it hit the rail it sent the car spinning onto the other side of the road - on a direct path for Steve.

"Oh Hell No!" yelled Steve as he watched the huge car coming toward him. Before he knew it the Cadillac had hit the rail not five feet from him, and bounced over to the other side of the road, just missing his jeep. The big boat of a car finally stopped on the other side of the road, and the driver got out to look at the damage then waved an apology to Steve.

A few minutes later a highway patrolman came down from the other side of the bridge that apparently wasn't as slick, and drove down to setup warning signs for oncoming drivers to slow down. Steve was lucky, because two minutes later a line of cars and trucks came running down the highway. Steve waved at them as they passed by. Finally another patrolman came by and helped Steve replace his tire with a spare.

"You're one lucky son of a gun," said the officer while he helped Steve change the tire.

"Don't I know it," he said shaking his head. A few minutes later he was back on the road heading to work, and thanking God all the way.