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Accident

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Accident

Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"It all happened so fast, yet it all happened so slow. The front end of the car hit first. The hood began to fold like an accordion, one wrinkle at a time. I was able to see the scratch on the very front of the hood that I had made when sitting to look out over a sunset the same summer. I saw the small dent above the taillight that was made when I misjudged a turn at the grocery store. I saw it all, and it was slowly, yet seemingly gracefully, flowing toward me."

Cover Page Footnote

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ADAM LESZYK

ACCIDENT

It all happened so fast, yet it all happened so slow. The front end of the car hit first. The hood began to fold like an accordion, one wrinkle at a time. I was able to see the scratch on the very front of the hood that I had made when sitting to look out over a sunset the same summer. I saw the small dent above the taillight that was made when I misjudged a turn at the grocery store. I saw it all, and it was slowly, yet seemingly gracefully, flowing toward me.

There was no sound after the initial squeal of the tires. I felt like I had dove under water. There were faint sounds around me, but everything was muted and jumbled together like a tape recording on slow-play. Everything was like deep chimes going off, echoing amidst the arches of a cathedral somewhere far away.

The complete feeling of helplessness didn't hit until the pain shot through my body. At first, it was only my toes, then ankles, and then legs. The pain shot up through my body as if a thousand needles pricked me all at once. The pain was unbearable, but then it came to a surprising and welcomed halt. There was no feeling of suffering from below my belt. I thought I may have been dreaming, and that I would wake up from this nightmare at any moment, but the pain resurfaced once again.

This time, I felt my chest. My breathing was starting to become tough, as if I was breathing in syrup or glue. I wasn't drowning, I knew that, but there was fluid in my lungs. The fluid was from somewhere inside, somewhere deep inside.

The last fraction of a second I remembered was being jolted back in my seat. My head reached down to my chest, then launched backward to the headrest at lightning speed. I felt the unmistakable crunch of bone and sinew. It was after the final whip that all was quiet, all was silent, and all was calm.