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11th Grade

The Cycle

(Mini story)

I wake up everyday drained and confused on my bed. I pass through the hallways of my home, thoughts and thoughts filling my head. Another day of uncertainty, another day of misery. Heading to school, the sky painted marble blue. Crossing the street, I had an odd sensation. A girl in pink dropped her books and got stuck. Next thing that happened, she got hit by a truck. My eyes pop open once again, drained and confused on my bed. I pass through the hallway of my home, thoughts and thoughts filling my head. Walking down the same street all over again, there was the girl that had my attention. Impulsive I am, my feet moved without hesitation. Pushing the girl out of the way, I believed I saved the day. A scream was heard and sirens were roaring. The truck crashed, sparks and flames flashed. I wake up in an instant, this cycle is persistent. I ride my bike down the street, hoping to be there in a beat. I see the truck up ahead, I try catching up. Grabbing the car handle, I see the driver unconscious and next to him a damsel. I look forward to see the girl in pink, I panic and break the truck window. I grabbed the wheel, and began to steer. I missed the girl by an inch but couldn't save the driver in time. I close my eyes and I felt as if I were soaring. I wake up once more in my bed, this cycle will never end.