The Moment Time Stopped

It was very serene day, but if only if I knew what was about to happen to me. It would change the course of my whole life and I would lose something very special to me. Only if I knew.

"CRASH!" Lightning clawed its way through the night sky and the thunder grumbled in pain. The wheels of my car groaned under the cars weight just managing to keep up. Rain pattered on the ground, as if trying to break the sidewalk. Our car drove on, anticipating for our destination, holding us on its last legs. My son asks me for the hundredth time, "Are we there yet?" I scolded him, “I have already told you; we have another 10 minutes!" "Don't speak to our son like that!" my wife shouts back at me. "You should already know, John gives our son a few more chances!"

As my wife and I yell at each other, not only our storm gets bigger, also the one outside. The rain pours down in bucketfuls the tires on our car slip and my heart jolts out of place. Our car is in the air and falling, and I realize what has happened. We were driving up on a steep cliff and now we were falling off it. A waterfall of memories rush through my mind as I breath my last breaths of guilt preparing for impact. Suddenly The car stops falling and we are hanging midair, and everything has stopped.

I look at the back of the car and see my beloved son and wife. My heart races on and still I feel no impact. Fate herself has stopped time and made me think about what I have done. I knew myself that I was the one that would have caused their death. Sorrow washes over me and I start to choke out tears. Not only because that we were about to die, that at least we would be together when we died.

Everything started dropping again and I closed my eyes ready for impact. “BANG” The bonnet of our car caves in and I get crushed by the debris. Steel scrapes my and glass cuts through my skin. I hear the shriek of my son and the splinter of a tree. Then, everything goes black.

I search franticly through the leaves on the ground of the overgrown forest, my heart sprinting as I try to find the remains of my son and wife. The hours pass like minutes as I try to find any trace of them leaving this world. Suddenly, something caches my tear-filled eyes. I saw a brown leather purse and I realize the purse belonged to my wife. The beautiful object is splattered in blood, with her initials carved on the side of it.

I scamper around, still trying to find the bodies of my family. I stumble and fall. I glance behind me, and I see the most dreadful thing ever. The love of my life, my son and my wife, drowned in blood, silent and lifeless.