

Evan Rogers

## Debris

It began the same way every night; she shut her eyes, cocooned in the covers of her long and narrow bed, waiting for the Nyquil to set in and send her to sleep. A few minutes of tossing and turning, looking around at the plain, whitewashed room lit only by the light of the moon, and sweeping her hair behind her head. Before long, unconsciousness came rolling in like lazy thunder. Her breath deepened and her eyelids fluttered shut. Her muscles relaxed, and her mind, always exhausted, was at rest. Then the dream began.

She was in her car, a Volkswagen Beetle with bright green paint, like a peapod driving down the highway. The dreamcatcher hanging from her mirror swayed back and forth, catching the fading light of the afternoon on its glossy beads. Cars zoomed down the highway in the opposite direction, rumbling, shining. A boy laughed in the seat next to her, leaning in to plant a kiss on her right cheek. He ran his hand lightly down her arm, and she grinned, feeling the warmth that spread from her heart down to her stomach. His hand reached hers, resting on the wheel, and she grasped it, lacing her fingers in with his. He talked as she drove, chattering on about nothing and everything, the sun falling closer and closer to the hills in the distance. They passed a rock formation and she smiled as he rattled off the name of the type of stone. She wanted to look at him, but she somehow knew she shouldn't. She wanted to see the way his eyes crinkled when he smiled, his white teeth flashing... What was stopping her? She

looked. The sun flashed in her eyes, but she could still make out his face, pale and hazy, framed in the afternoon light. She spoke to him quietly, squeezing his hand. He looked at her, but it was wrong, his head jerking forward towards the road.

He screamed- it could have been her name or it could have been just a noise. She looked back just in time to see the truck racing towards them. It sounded its horn, and she swerved desperately with her free hand. The world crashed in around her, colors swimming in her vision, tearing and crushing, and then the world faded to black.

She woke up with a start, body twitching, cold sweat running down her spine. Blindly, she reached her arms out across the bed, searching for his warm body sleeping next to her. Her fingers brushed only air. Shivering, she got up and turned on the light. The room was silent, the bed empty, harsh and white under the glare of the fluorescent light. That was when she remembered. Sighing, she turned the light off and got back into bed. There were a few hours left till morning.