Final Destination

Anna Bowman

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The sky falls in a sheet of gray, washing over the tallest mountains, flooding the monotonous stretch that spreads into interstate, taunting me at every turn.

The Tempest squalls as the tide pulls at my tires and the torrent coats my window, despite my need to see the Toyota that I tail too closely.

This deluge of heavy mist and sleet sustains as I continue to drive into the mammoth, slick puddle, so I collide—a tidal wave, devastation.