

Street

by Jenue Brosinski

The heat sunk itself deep into my pores and penetrated my lips as it forced me to breathe it into my lungs. I struggled to break free from its uncomfortable embrace but the more I resisted the stronger it became. Submission was my only option so I laid still and stared at the dark.

Fighting had left me thirsty. I began to contemplate if my degree of thirst was worth getting out bed. It was way past midnight. I was supposed to be asleep. I felt the tiny beads of sweat, which had collected on my skin, roll down as I stood up and made the long journey to the kitchen. The cold glass of water sent a pleasurable cool sensation over my body. I relished it and went back to bed.

I closed my eyes, relaxed my muscles and sleep was within reach. The heat was now bearable so I started to drift off but a horrendous noise shook me awake. It sounded like a car crash but somehow different. I was sure that it wasn't gunfire but was still reluctant to look outside my window. I followed my street sense and stayed in bed. Crash! There it was again but this time the sound was muffled.

I sat up, turned my bedside light on, and waited. I didn't know what I was waiting for; maybe another crash. Instead, I heard running footsteps that traveled across my bedroom ceiling and continued down the hallway stairs. When I heard my apartment door open, I ran to meet my mother. She had a look of horror on her face and was babbling.

“Did you see it? It was horrible. Did you see it?”

“What happened?” I asked while wondering why she looked out the window. I remember her pulling me back from the window when I was little. “In this neighborhood

curiosity will kill the cat and satisfaction will not bring it back” she used to say to me.

Now, it was her own curiosity that had led her to the window.

“A car chased this poor man around the corner and then ran him over. Then it turned around and ran him over again. It was horrible. The first time the car hit him he was still alive. I could hear him screaming. After the second time, he was quiet.”

She was shaking with terror and the look on her face was indescribable. I’ll never forget that look.

My apartment door opened again and in stepped my uncle.

“Did you see?” He said with shock. After a short pause he continued.

“When I saw her turn the car around, I yelled from the window that I was going to call the police.”

“It was a woman?” I asked with astonishment.

“Yeah, she yelled back that he deserved to die.”

Whoa. This was going to be a long night, I thought to myself... and it was. Eventually the police came, asked a few questions and cleaned up the mess. I went to back to bed grateful that I didn’t see anything.

My day began early. As I walked down my steps, it was hard not to notice the white outline in the street that marked where the body used to lay. I got down to the sidewalk, walked a few steps and found myself standing in front of a red circle that the police had drawn. In the middle of this circle was pink tissue.

I can’t believe my eyes; pink tissue. The horror that I had seen on my mother’s face was now on mine. There was no way around it. The thought of accidentally stepping in it made me sick. There are things that you certainly don’t want on the bottom of your shoes

and this tops the list. I carefully stepped over the little circle and was relieved when I had accomplished the task. All day I dreaded my return home for fear that I would once again be confronted with the circle and its contents. I was overjoyed when it started to rain and when I got home the contents of that gruesome red circle had been washed away. This is how I grew up.