

Oh My God

"I think he's dead. Oh my god, what are we going to do with him?"

"God damn it, Artie! How the hell should I know?"

"You're the one that hit him."

"You really screwed up this time!"

"I told you we shouldn't have taken your dad's car for a joy ride. That was your stupid idea."

"Now we're really screwed!"

"Who would think some asshole would be out walking, this late at night?"

"Getting hit was his own damn fault," says Artie.

"So that's what you're gonna tell the cops? It really wasn't your fault, it was his?"

"You don't even have a license, and to make it worse, we've been drinking."

"We're going to jail, for sure!"

"I can't go to jail. My dad will kill me, especially after he was so proud of my football scholarship, and all."

"God damn you, Artie! I told you we shouldn't have done this!" says Skip with a tremble of fear and hatred in his voice.

"Stop your whining and help me get the body outta the ditch and into the trunk, before someone comes by and sees it."

The two struggle dragging the body from the side of the road and hefting it into the trunk.

"Now what are you going to do with it?"

"I don't know. Let me think."

"Whatever you do, think fast and get moving before someone see us sitting here, and asks if we need help."

"Alright, alright, I'm thinking."

They give the car a quick inspection and are amazed there is no damage. Even the air bags hadn't gone off. The victim apparently saw the car coming and tried to run out of its way, but stumbled, in his panic, and fell just before Artie and Skip rolled over him.

"Here's what we are going to do," says Skip.

"We'll drop the body off the Turnpike bridge when someone goes by, and it'll look like they hit him."

"Oh my God, you're just going to make things worse. What if the poor guy, that hits him, gets killed too, trying to avoid the accident?"

“Stop being a baby. Nothing is going to happen.

”We’ll use the Elm Street bridge. There’s never any traffic in that area, this time of night. It’ll be a clean getaway.”

They roll to a stop at the bottom of the Elm Street bridge, turn off the lights, and pop the trunk. It was hard enough getting the limp body into the trunk, now it’s even harder to get it out.

Each grab a leg and drag the poor bastard to the bridge’s railing. With the legs are folded over the railing, the body is lifted by its arms and suspended over the roadway below, awaiting some innocent chump to pass beneath.

“Wait! Not a car, let’s use a truck? It’ll be safer for the driver,” says Skip.

“Okay, but one better come soon. This guy is getting heavy.”

Both keep their heads twisted over their shoulders, looking for a semi, when Skip hears a faint voice utter, “Where am I?”

“Holy shit!” says Skip. “I think he’s alive!”

“No fuckin way! Get ready, here comes an eighteen wheeler.”

“But, he is alive! We can’t drop him!” insists Skip.

“Bull shit. He’s going down. We can’t leave him. He’ll turn us in.

“Here it comes. Three, two, one, drop!”

Artie releases his grip. The body swings to one side nearly pulling Skip off the bridge.

“What the fuck are you doing! Let him go!”

“I can’t, he’s still alive. Help me pull him up.”

“Fuck you, he’s your problem now. I’m outta here,” says Artie as he leaves Skip hanging over the bridge.

Artie scrambles back to his car and pounds the accelerator to the floor, hoping to get home before his dad knows his car ever left the driveway.

Again, the barely perceptible voice questions, “Where am I? What are you doing?”

“I’m trying to save your life. Help me!” says Skip.

What was an inanimate body is now alert, and fully aware of the danger he is in. He struggles to help his rescuer.

Skip maneuvers his own body back from the railing's edge, allowing the victim to position one foot on the bridge's bottom girder. Then his other foot and eventually one hand on the upper girder. Skip guides the victim's other hand to the upper girder, too. Once the man is stable, Skip leans over far enough to grab the back of the victim's belt and asks,
"Can you stand?"

"I think so."

"Here's what I need you to do:

"Bring your right foot next to your left, then your right hand next to your left hand.

"Don't worry, you're safe, I've got your belt.

"Now extend your left leg and arm to the next position, along the girders. We're going to sidestep to the end of the bridge, where you can jump down to the grass and walk up here to the sidewalk."

The two keep sidestepping until they are away from the highway below and safely over the grassy incline. Skip releases his belt and the battered man drops a few feet to the grass below.

"You okay?" asks Skip.

The victim laying face down in the grass, musters enough strength to respond, "I think so... What happened?"

There's no response, only the diminishing sound of scurrying feet across asphalt. By the time the victim can roll over to discover his savior, he is gone into the darkness.

Unfortunately for Artie, disappearing into the darkness wasn't quite that easy. He is only a few hundred yards down the road, illuminated by flashing red and blue police cruiser lights. He has just been pulled over and charged with: Speeding, Driving without headlights, Operating a motor vehicle without a license and DWI.

The officer handcuffs Artie and locks him in the backseat. Now in the driver's seat, the officer explains the potential trouble he's in. Artie, the smoothie, musters tears, apologizes profusely, asks for a second chance and explains how his father will "kill" him should he be arrested. The officer buys it and offers leniency if promises to never do such a stupid thing again.

Artie is quite proud of himself and realizes there is still time to get home before his dad even knows he was gone.

The officer returns to the back door to release Artie, but hesitates when he hears the faint voice of an approaching man, staggering toward him.

"help me! please help me!"

The officer immediately calls for medical aid and attends to the injured man. Artie, still locked in the back seat watches the entire event, confident in knowing the man was never conscious long enough to realize he had anything to do with it. His confidence is abruptly shaken when he sees the man point to his car and the officer walks over to examine it for signs of damage or blood.

The man is eventually whisked away by EMTs and the officer returns to his car. This time nothing is said to the other while the officer adds something new to Artie's citation and then press it against the cage between them.

"Read it Asshole," the officer yells.

Added to the original four charges are two more heavily underlined items: Hit and Run and Felony Vehicular Assault.

Guess there'll be no getting home early tonight and hiding this little adventure from his dad now.