

## MAN IN BLUE

by Keren Green

My head slammed into something hard. I couldn't tell exactly what it was, but it sure as hell felt like a piece of metal. That warm feeling spread across my scalp. It could be blood. There's no way to tell for sure. Another bump and my head bounced around like popcorn and smashed into that same fucking piece of metal. Does he think he's four-wheeling? The prick!

I tried, again, to kick out what I guessed must be the taillight. Whoever made that stupid PSA seriously needed to consider the possibility of duct-taped ankles. It's not working! This fucking sucks and I'm probably going to die. Shit! Bloody, fucking, shit. Tears burned behind my eyes and prickled my nose as they found their way out. I closed my eyes and all I could see was my mother's smile. I tried like hell to recall the last thing I'd said to her this morning, but all I could remember was yelling a quick good-bye as I ran out the door. What about last night? Did I talk to her last night? I kicked again, as hard as I could... nothing.

My heart felt like it was going to beat right out of my chest as I felt the car slow down.

Rain spattered across the metal trunk. The tires swished through puddles. A cold air wafted in over my tear-soaked face. I could feel the car turn around a corner. He's driving much slower now. Where is he taking me?

Sirens blared. The police. Oh, my God, is he being pulled over? I held my breath as the car slowed to a stop. I didn't know if I should laugh or cry. Please open the trunk, please open the trunk. My ears vibrated as I listened with every ounce of my soul. A car door shut and footsteps approached.

"Evening. Do you know why I pulled you over?" a voice asked.

"No, Sir," was all he replied.

"You have a taillight out." There was a long pause before the policeman added, "Were you aware of that?"

"I, uh... no, I hadn't noticed."

"Can I see your license and registration, please?"

"Of course."

"Thank you. Wait here." The footsteps splashed through water as they passed by me.

Oh, my fucking God! He's giving him a fix-it ticket! Fuck! Think! I kicked as hard as I could. Then again, and again, and again. There was no room to reposition myself. If only I had a better angle. I kicked again. The sound of a car door... followed by footsteps. Keep kicking!

"Here. Make sure you get that light fixed."

"Absolutely. Thank you, Officer," he replied as he started the engine.

No! No! I'm in here! I kicked the taillight with every ounce I had left in me. Something cracked. I shoved my feet against it and pushed as hard as I could. It moved. I heard a piece of metal hit the ground. The car slowly pulled out. I scooted myself down and stretched my legs until I could push the top of my foot through the hole. He's not going to see me! I scooted myself closer and jammed my feet through the hole as the car made its way down the street. Fuck! No!

I tasted salt as tears slipped over my lips. Please, please, please. Sirens blared...

“Get out of the car with your hands up!”

The greatest words I’ve ever heard in my life. His car door opened.

“Drop it! Drop the gun!”

*Bam. Bam.*

The silence lasted forever. Then, footsteps sloshed through water. The jingle of car keys followed by more footsteps. I held my breath, hoping and praying, but not entirely sure who shot first. The trunk slowly opened. Rain hit my face and I squinted as my eyes adjusted to the street lights. I burst into tears as I saw the man in blue.