

Two Lefts do not make a Right

Original Story by Andrew Johnson

Alex crossed his arms and began tapping his index finger against his shirt at a ponderous tempo, letting out a long-bated breath at the same time. Staring at his handiwork, he was entirely unconvinced that anything could possibly go even remotely well for him anymore. His head was also killing him now too. The gash on his temple had stopped bleeding by the time he finished, but it was still raw to touch and had left him with a pounding headache that made it hard to think.

Thinking back to earlier that day, Alex couldn't believe everything that had happened to him. *Damn. All of this because I made a left turn, huh?* He had been on his way to the grocery store in order to pick up some beef stock for dinner that night, but wasn't paying much attention to the gps, singing along to the radio. Because of this, he almost missed his turn and, in his panic, he ended up turning left instead of right.

No big deal though, one wrong turn wasn't going to put a dent in his day. It was bright as a button, with nary a cloud in sight, so a little detour along the back roads next to the river wouldn't hurt anyone. Until of course he ran over a nail and put a massive hole in the back passenger tire. Again, not a big issue. Kind of a pain, but not a huge hassle. He got out to check on the tire and get ready to change it, but as he stepped away from his car, he heard the loud squealing of tires and the incessant honking of a car horn rapidly approaching.

Looking back, he saw an SUV barreling down the hill towards him and his car, blaring their horn. Alex could just make out the terrified expression on the driver's face as the SUV raced towards him, and it only took a nanosecond for Alex to process what was about to happen. They were on a small, one-lane dirt road next to the river, and Alex hadn't pulled his car far enough to the side to give the SUV room to pass.

Alex dove out of the way, rolling down the hill towards the river as the SUV slammed into the back of his own car, sending his dingy little sedan spinning down the hill after him. By some sheer stroke of luck, his car avoided him, sinking into the murky depths of the river as Alex cowered in the grass with his hands over his head, making himself as small as possible to hopefully avoid any other debris.

Once the ringing in his ears faded, Alex slowly lifted his head and took a look around. Barely the front bumper of his sedan was above the water at this point, meaning that the cars and all of Alex's belongings inside of it were toast, including his wallet and cell phone. Well, it was unfortunate, but at this point Alex was more worried about the safety of the other driver and any passengers they might have had. Struggling back up the steep incline of the hill, Alex stared in horror at the wreckage of the SUV in front of him.

The front of the car had been completely smashed in, and amidst the broken glass Alex could see blood slowly oozing out of the driver's side. Rushing over, Alex pried the back passenger door open, finding himself face to face with a silver briefcase that had been opened and spilled by the crash, sending hundreds of bundles of dollar bills scattering around the interior of the car. Panicking at this point about what had happened, Alex tried to pull the driver's seat back, but to no avail. The amount of blood was sickening, and Alex had to stop for a moment to retch onto the dusty road.

Eventually, Alex managed to pull the corpse out of the driver's seat and out of the car. He laid the body down on the grass, noting that the man was at the very least well dressed, in a crimson suit, that may or may not have gotten that color very recently. The man's face was completely ruined at this point though, so unfortunately Alex couldn't determine whether the man had been handsome or not.

Alex also took a moment to gather up all of the cash that he could from the car, setting it back into the briefcase as neatly as he could and placing the briefcase on the grass next to the corpse. At this point the adrenaline had worn off, but Alex was still panicking. Could he be tried for murder? He couldn't be sure. He checked the man's coat pocket and found his phone was completely smashed also.

Sinking down onto the grass next to the corpse, Alex pondered what to do next. He really didn't want to go to jail. It wasn't like he had anyone at home that would miss him, but there was absolutely no way he would survive in jail. He was a five-and-a-half-foot tall stamp collector who drifted between odd jobs to pay his rent and buy food. There was no way someone like him would last long in prison. He came to the conclusion that there was only one way for him to avoid jail: he would have to hide the body and money. And how convenient! There was a river right there.

Alex carried the body down to the river, doing his best to avoid getting any bloodstains on his clothes, and when it was by the edge of the water, he used his foot to push the body, rolling it the last few inches until it splashed down in the water. Right as he was about to throw the case of money in the river after the body though, he heard the slamming of car doors back up on the road. Terrified of being caught like this, Alex panicked, whipping his head around to look for some sort of escape. As he did though, he took a single step in the wrong direction, spilling off the edge of the grass and into the river himself, hitting his head on the edge of his now-submerged car, knocking himself out.

Eventually, Alex woke up again. He found himself having washed ashore on a small sandbar next to the body from earlier and a bunch of garbage. He wasn't quite sure what had happened, but from the blood dripping down over his eye and the pounding in his head he managed to deduce that he had hit his head and been knocked out.

But here he was once again. The case of money and body having followed him to this trash heap, where he had no idea where he was. Sighing to himself, Alex decided that he needed to continue with his plan to hide the body and money. Now that it had washed ashore, he figured that it would be good enough to just cover the corpse with a bunch of the trash that was lying around. So he did just that, leaving the silver briefcase of to the side also, before stepping back to admire his handiwork.