

Steve's Short Story
Proudly Presents
Steve vs. the Blizzard
© Dec. 24/04

Driving through the snow,
In my four-door cavalier.
Through the snow I go,
Squinting all the way.
Trying to suddenly stop,
Tire's skidding along the ice,
Oh how fun it is to drive, when you crash into a ditch, oh.
In the ditch, in the ditch, cursing up a storm.
Oh how annoying it is, stuck here in the snow. Oh
In the ditch, in the ditch, wondering what to do.
Trapped in a bed of snow, with nowhere but hell to go.

So, there I was, with the front end of my car facing down and embedded into a pile of the whitest fluffiest packed snow you've ever seen. I tried to back my car out of the ditch, but the decline of this ditch and not to mention the slipperiness of the White Devil was too great for my poor car to even stand a chance of a recovery. The tires spun and spun, but they had nothing but a sheet of ice and snow to try to get any traction. *Why in God's name do they make these ditches so freaking steep? Huh?*

Then I got thinking, exclaiming out loud to no one but myself, "My cell phone." I cracked a chilling smile as I reached into my jacket pocket to fetch my trusty contact device. "Ah shit." I muttered to the rear view mirror as I saw that I had run out of power on my cursive phone. I know what you're thinking, why didn't you charge it last night, I did in fact plug it in, but silly me didn't check to see if it was plugged into the wall socket. Don't you have a car adapter you ask, of course I do, but it's still in the box, I figured, why would I ever need that, I'll just keep it charged, too bad from where I was sitting I couldn't kick myself in the rear end.

"I've got to get outta here and get some help." I explained to myself as I stared into the rear view mirror. I then pulled onto the handle of the door to open it and gave it a little shove to open it. Just my bloody luck, the snow was pressed against my driver's side door and was keeping it nicely shut.

I climbed over to the other side and tried my hardest to push that door open but the snow kept that one shut as well. In fact every door in the four-door was wedged shut due to the tremendous amount of snow from the blizzard, covering the outside. I just knew, deep down, if I didn't get out of this mess; the inevitable snow will eventually cover my car. It was only a matter of minutes. I tried to roll down the power window but, from the bitter cold night, they seemed to be frozen stiff, preventing them to work.

I was trapped in my own car and deep down; I knew there was no one around to come to my aid. Since the motor was still going and I had some gasoline, I turned the heater to full blast so I wouldn't freeze to death as I sat there and at a dollar twenty a liter, this was going to be costly.

I was just hoping some random person with a truck, or a tow-truck would drive by, feel like doing a good deed and help a person in distress out. I moved heavily around in the vehicle, shaking it about, so if the slim chance someone did stop by, they wouldn't see anyone standing

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around, but if they see the car shaking frantically, they'll know someone's trapped inside and needs assistance or just getting really lucky.

I guess all the moving around angered some God, because the car jerked forward some more, sinking further into the impending snow and engulfing the car with every passing moment. So, I stopped moving, staying absolutely still was now my goal.

Why am I out or town, why make the dangerous drive home during the whiteout snowstorm? Simple, my comic book came in, my store I usually go to is out of town and I figured, I had plenty of time after work today to get down there, pick it up and drive back before the blizzard took place. Well, I wanted to wait until I got home to read the new edition, but, while I'm here, might as well make use of my time. Wouldn't you know it, I knew I recognized the cover, this was last month's issue, I shook my fist with bitterness and tossed the unread comic to the back seat.

It's been a pretty boring half an hour just sitting here, with a thumb up my butt, conjugating an idea on departing this situation with my life still intact and reasonably unharmed, a few bumps and scraps will be understood if I can get out of this dilemma alive.

I found a notepad and pencil in the back pocket of the passenger side seat so I scribbled down some thoughts, mainly the ones I was thinking of the time. Would this be a good time to start writing my memoirs? Another story came to mind, maybe a will, I haven't done one yet, never figured I was old enough to have one, I always thought if I have one, than I'm planning to die soon. I checked my calendar, death wasn't anytime soon, I need to figure a way out before the cold gets to me.

I know soon my car will run out of fuel, shut down and I'll still be here, sucking up all of the remaining heat that I possibly can until I start to freeze from the frosty bitter devil that wants to keep me preserved for the person who eventually comes across my frozen deceased carcass. The sunset and the temperature must have dropped fifteen or so degrees but not inside my metallic beast, oh no, I still had fuel and I was going strong. Well, for the next hour or so before my car quits.

Lucky car, it'll survive this unfortunate travesty unlike yours truly, I honestly don't think it cares neither if I survive or not. What's it really matter to it, someone will eventually just come by, feed it fuel and claim it for themselves, making it's purpose in life stretch on while I'll still be here like a Popsicle in a freezer awaiting to be licked away. It does sound kind of sexual considering the circumstances doesn't it?

Which leads me to here, my final thoughts, I just hope to whoever finds me and reads this can somehow thaw me out so that I can go to that damn comic book store and shoot them all in the head. I mean come on; I've been going there for years and he couldn't tell me that the comic I picked up was last month's and not the new issue?

Alas, to the final thought: Please tell all that whom I know that it was a blast, and for God sake, how come you didn't find me?! I never thought I'd go this way, I actually thought I might go down fighting, not sitting here waiting for the gas to be guzzled down by my own property. Divvy up the DVD's and evenly hand them out amongst yourselves and enjoy them as much as I have. And that was when my pencil tip snapped off. Just my damn luck, couldn't even finish my goodbyes.

An hour passed and eventually the gas drained, causing the vehicle to shut down and stop producing the only thing, at this time, keeping me alive. The cold demon found its way through the cracks and seals of the windows and destroying every last ounce of the heat it had encountered. The heat put up a lasting battle but couldn't win the war considering the amount of bitter cold that was waiting for it outside. The battle took a good three hours to be resolved;

at that point I must have been hallucinating, because I could envision the cold air combating the hot. But before the cold demon claimed victory of the inside, I could already feel its affects slowly engulfing me from the outside.

Feeling powerless, I just sat there, shivering and shaking my blue fist at the weak and pathetic hot air for failing me so quickly. It hurt to even sniffle, since my boogers were now frozen and the saliva in my mouth along with it. Lips chapped, I couldn't wet them anymore and I was now looking for a way to end this frozen misery faster.

I was almost done when I came up with the most ingenious idea of my lifetime, and the timing on it couldn't have come at a better time, considering it was almost over by this point. I climbed over the driver's seat and into the backseat, pulled back on the backseats to reveal the trunk area and climbed inside. I thankfully remembered to bring the keys with me and used the keyless remote to pop open the trunk to reveal the outside world. I had to help the trunk open a tad, there was a clump of snow, nothing a desperate man, in dire need of freedom, couldn't overcome.

"Freedom!" with my teeth chattering I managed to cry out as my feet hit the snow and I sunk in up to my waste in the cold wet fluffy snow that is borderline killing me. I used every last drop of my life to muscle through the snow and make it to the side of the road. The breeze got stronger, like the frost demon didn't want me to succeed tonight, I could feel it trying to take my life but I fought through it and climbed out of the ditch and crawled over to the road.

Struggling to squint, the force of chilly air shoving itself down my throat, was almost unbearable, I didn't know how I was going to overcome this menace. This cold-bitter foe obviously didn't realize who it was toying with, that's right, me, Steve, Captain Nobody Special, but my will to live superseded its past victims I'm sure of it.

The snow flew down at a remarkable rate, you could barely see in front of you; I knew exactly what was going on, the chilling devil threw more snow down so that no one could see my attempt for attention and just drive by at a speed of ten kilometers and never seeing my presence. They just drove by, some nerve, they weren't going to pick my ass up; just leave me here to freeze. But I wouldn't allow that, no one, not even snow will get me that easily, not without a fight. I exerted every last hope I had and threw myself out, in front of the next vehicle that drove by. If I couldn't wave someone down, then I'll just land on their hood and see how that works. And hell, I rather get ran over and die that way then to freeze to death.

But it was a total success; I landed perfectly on the hood, causing the driver to slam on the brakes, swerving for the next little while as the tires desperately tried to find something to hold on to, the edge where my car leapt off. The ditch was coming closer, I was about to release my grip from the wiper blades but I couldn't, my hands were frozen stuck. The driver twisted and turned the wheel in both directions; the vehicle spun, performing a few donuts before eventually coming to a sudden halt, inches shy of the ditch my car went over. I rolled onto the snowy concrete and bumped my head off of the ground and knocked myself out for some time.

Hours later I woke up here in a nice warm comfy hospital bed with a cute nurse checking over me as I finished my notes. I made it, ha-ha, I survived the dreaded cold demon and was safe, snuggled in this nice warm bed, sure I was eating the most foul-grotesque hospital food ever consumed, but I was enjoying every last bite. Nothing could be better, I decided to get up and stretch my... Hey wait; I can't move my legs...

THE END