

The Colliding Elevator

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Sometimes in life, people are put into situations where they aren't really sure how to act. Some major event happens out of nowhere, with no warning, and they don't know how they should respond. Some more than others, are thrown in situations they plead won't happen again, or wish they could go back in time to prevent it. Some events in life leave people feeling as if they either got a second chance at life, or a sudden harsh realization of reality.

John and David are brief acquaintances. They were forced into meeting each other in an elevator that magically stopped out of nowhere. The men are complete opposites of each other. John seems like that kind of guy you would find working on a construction site. He seems like he has no problem getting paint or dirt on his shirt, or within the crevices of his palm, without being in a rush to clean it. He has a strong build, which means his body is easily impacted by the work in which he does. He seems like he is hands-on in life, more active rather than passive. John has worked on elevators before, and doesn't seem to understand why an elevator this new and advanced could possibly break down. David, on the other hand, seems like he is the kind of man who just has things handed over to him, rather than him getting up and getting them himself.

These two kind of men, with two different composesures, probably wouldn't flock together if living in nature.

Both David and John have been trapped in this elevator for hours, although to them, it seems like days. David remembers he got on the elevator at ten after nine, while John is convinced it was like 8:30ish. David feels he is the one who is right, after all-he does feel like he is the one educated to know things accurately. John doesn't seem to care about David, or what he thinks about anything, let alone the situation. Both the men want to get out of the predicament they are in, but John has already given up on trying to make it happen themselves. The men have been arguing about this and that since it broke down, and any little thing could cause the men to snap at each other at any second. David keeps getting anxiety and feels like if he doesn't do something then and there, they will forever be trapped. John finds David annoying and irritating, while David thinks John is a good for nothing, worthless bum. The men just want to get out of the situation and away from each other altogether. The tension in the condensed area keeps rising and the men are both easily getting heated. John: "A person like you saving us? Ha-ha good joke. You couldn't get us out of here even if your life did depend on it!" David: "You better watch yourself." John: "Why what are you going to do tough guy?" David: "I don't think you know what I am capable of; I am a very powerful person."

Now John finally gets up and he looks bigger than David remembers from when he first entered the elevator.

John: “Oh yeah? How powerful?”

David: “Ok, John, let’s relax now. Let’s both take a seat.”

The little dispute eventually leads to a large heated argument. John goes in to punch David when all of a sudden the elevator door opens with an abrupt jolt and their first sight is a bright white blinding light. The men, at first, are completely blinded and lost as to what is going on. They lose track completely of the altercation that was just about to occur between them. (Although, secretly, David is surely grateful.) John seems to forget what he was just about to do and puts David down and walks towards the intriguing light he sees in front of him. David, hesitant at first, follows. They hear a loud noise and David automatically turns around to go back into the elevator, but it’s gone. He calls for John to tell him what has happened, but John is too occupied with what is in front of him rather than behind him. John recognizes the scenario in front of him, but he doesn’t know why. “David, just be quiet. I know this, I know this, but why?” John says.

David, who is still in shock as to what is happening and now feels trapped, looks a little to the left and sees a door with his name on it in quotation marks. He opens the door to see a young woman hunched over, out of breath. He moves around to see her face, and now sees the woman is struggling. She can’t seem to breathe,

let alone hold herself up. David goes to help her, but his hand goes right through hers, as if he is a ghost. He stares at the woman a little longer to realize it is his mother, although he is not present in the room. He remembers the dress, for it was one of her favorites. She is complaining out loud about the pain and decides to drive herself to the Emergency Room, claiming something isn't right.

John finally recognizes why his surroundings look so familiar. It's a house in the middle of a desert, with no one living in it and nothing around it. Some of the glass in the window is broken with the curtain flowing because of the wind. There is a storm with rain coming down the size of footballs. The sky is a shade of dark gray John only remembers from one point in his life.

John walks closer, up the narrow walkway and into the house. Once inside, he remembers it all too vividly. He remembers it like it was yesterday. He walks into a kitchen, where he sees a married couple around the age of forty arguing and screaming at each other at the top of their lungs. The woman was complaining how her husband was some "drunk dumb slob," which now allows John to come a sudden realization.

As John watches, he hears the man scream in his wife's face and says that he is "the man of the house and he can do whatever he wants, whenever he wants." He sees the male throw a beer bottle onto the floor and hears footsteps running down the hall. He walks into a room,

and sees a little boy about the age of 6 years old, hiding in his closet, rocking back and forth crying.

John tries to touch the little boy's arm but he can't. Although the little boy can't see him, he looks directly at John as if he does. John now sees the big picture more clearly. That little boy, crying over his parents arguing, is himself. John has gone back into the past, back into one of the darkest days of his life—back to the day he has tried to forget the most. John always looked up to his dad and liked when he said he was the man of the house because his dad was his role model. He remembers being scared of what was happening. He then remembers his dad getting so angry that he walked into their bedroom and packed all of his belongings.

When his dad was walking out, there was little six-year-old John blocking his path. John's father looked down quickly and sighed, as if he forgot his healthy, loving son even existed. He tapped John on the head twice, and scooted him out of the way. John could never forget the smell of his father, for he smelt it every time he was in the room with him. Later in life, he discovered that that smell was the stench of pure alcohol.

He then walked past little John, stumbling from all the alcohol in his system. Adult John, the one from the elevator, is overlooking this with tears building up in his eyes. Six-year-old John runs out the door after him, stopping before the porch steps to watch him go. Adult John screams to get his attention instead of what he is about to see, although his voice goes unheard. Adult

John knows what is about to come, and wishes nothing more than to distract the little boy. John watches on as his drunken father trips over his own two feet into the car. John can barely see through the massive amounts of rain. He cannot even see his own fingers in front of him. John's father turns the key and starts the ignition, ready to pull out of the driveway. He starts to back out, excelling more and more as the long driveway draws to an end. Adult John remembers seeing lights through the rain all the way out in front of the house smashing down the dirt road. Once again, he can't help but yelp.

David, although he cannot be seen, tags along for the ride. His mother is breathing heavily, struggling and gasping for air. She cannot seem to catch herself and get her breathing back on track as her face quickly loses its color. She clearly isn't getting the circulation she needs, and it is obvious to see she needs to get to her destination faster, before death comes to her sooner.

He doesn't remember why his mother looks so sick from his childhood, but he knows for sure that this lady with him is his mother. It's pouring rain and she is struggling to see through the windshield wipers. She decides it is probably best to call her husband, who is with their son at an outing for the day. She pulls the phone out of her purse but drops it on the floor by the passenger seat. She now hears it ring, assuming it is her husband, and thinks what perfect timing. She leans over to get the phone, not paying attention to the road. David screams and begs for her to leave it and pay attention.

David sees lights coming at them from the side. He closes his eyes.

The scenario that both men were in suddenly disappears and both men are back in the elevator, with a newspaper in their hands. The date of the paper is the day after John remembers his dad leaving. The front cover read: One Female, 38 and One Male, 41 DIE in Same Crash, Different Cars. As both men read on they concluded John's drunken father backed out of the driveway so fast, he collided with an oncoming car, whose female driver wasn't paying attention. The woman was David's mother. Both were killed instantly upon impact. The men can't help but look at each other with disbelief with the newspaper from over 20 years ago still in their hands. The elevator door now opens on the 89th floor, where businessmen are casually walking around with their suitcases, running amuck, waiting for the next big thing...