

The Red Poniac

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Chapter 1 - The Red Poniac

2

1 - The Red Poniac

i walked at a slow pace on the sidewalk watching my breath escape my mouth and the sound of the clicks of my shoes. i slumped my backpack on my back and stretched. i looked around, the skies were clear blue, with snow still on trees and roofs of houses, even though it was the end of February. i sighed, and glanced into the woods next to me. there was a path leading to my house in the light woods, but i never took it. it got really dark in there and that's something i could skip. i continued walking on the cold cement under me, and watched birds fly back north of me. i took the long way home, not wanting to be there especially, my dad would be home by this time, and surely not sober. a low rumbling sound slowed to a stop behind me and i turned half way to see a dark red poniac next to me. the window slowly opened and i let out a small gasp.

"i thought you were dead" i choked out.

5 days earlier

i was walking home from a grocery store, getting food for my mom. she broke her leg a month ago walking down the stairs, so i took on the challenges of shopping. i came to an intersection and pressed a button to stop other cars to let me through. the green light flashed around the walk sign and i started to pace my way across the street. i was watching the yellow lines below me. i bit my lip as i walked, always nervous of cars next to me. i walked in front of a dark red poniac, ready to step up onto the concrete. i glanced into the car and looked at the person driving, a male wearing a dark clothing, his hand in his hair, messing it up. he was around my age, 16 or so. he smiled at me, and then leaned over to pick up his cell phone. i smiled back quickly and continued walking. i then grew nervous of how slowly i was.

i laughed softly to myself, trying to force the wave of my fear of car wrecks out of my head getting hit by a car, was one of my largest. i get to the concrete, and let my teeth loosen on my lip. i swing the bag full of milk, eggs, and icecream around while thinking to myself. i was about ten steps from the intersection when my bag broke. i cursed under my breath and started to pick my items up. it was quiet, until i heard a loud screech and horns screaming in my ears. i froze, and quickly looked behind me dropping my things. the red poniac was on its side, wheels moving ever so slowly, and another car, something from a junk yard, was spinning its way toward the way i came. it quickly stopped and backed up, driving away. the poniac was still, with gleaming glass on the ground, stained lightly with blood.

(continued soon)