

Section 1

Green. Green. Green.

Yel-

Yellow light. The ephemeral green light mounted on a dock across the water had dimmed, and I was left with eye floaters. From the corner of my eye I caught a glimpse of yellow, and what felt like safety was taken away in an instant.

Just moments ago, I was behind the pedestrian crosswalk when the light changed. Now in the dead center of the city's busiest intersection, an array of red headlights assailed me from left and right. Their wheels started turning. Their engine roars eclipsed the hums of mine.

I slammed the accelerator; inertia slammed my body into the seat.

That was the first time I drove through a yellow light.

I stop at yellow lights. Yellow lights are inherently a risk. Novice drivers are reactionary: the moment they catch sight of a potential threat, they slam on the brakes. But in that moment, slamming on the engine was the only option. I learned that there are times when taking a seemingly unimaginable risk can lead to better outcomes.

Section 2

Two experiences with risks?

(this below one is kind of lame because im just imagining all of the set up for nothing)
My heavy footsteps could have dented steel as I walked through the pool gates, heart hollow like the ones at rollercoaster peaks, face a glowing pink red. My friend ran over to me, concerned

Section 3

Random bullshit about yellow lights