

Yellow Dress

The screeching truck was not going to stop on time; the driver held on to the wheel breathless. His eyes widened as he saw a beautiful woman in a yellow dress in front of him, standing with her eyes closed, welcoming him to her. His mouth opened in a scream as his truck's bumper made first contact with her stomach. He saw her body arch forward and her head slamming on to the radiator frame. The force rebounded her little body back. As he moved, he saw her lift off and float gracefully in midair, her hair suspended lightly above her head, her yellow dress floating around her like a cloud. He blinked, and she was gone. The truck had stopped moving. His ears were ringing and for a moment there was dead silence. Dreading what came next, his eyes moved downwards..

The 8 am sun glared in her eyes as she stepped out of her house. She locked the door behind her and fumbled around in her bag for her shades as she strode into the bustling street. It was especially busy in the mornings with trucks delivering goods to the local stores. Trucks full of fresh produce, meat and flowers for the market. Being so close to the marketplace, heavy foot traffic and vehicles at every nook and corner was only to be expected. Feeling happy about how her new dress shone under the sun, she fumbled around the bag for her matching shades. Her sudden obsession with yellow was obvious with her yellow bag and matching sandals. As she stepped off the footpath, she waded her way towards the traffic while still rummaging in her bag. Distracted she peeked a glance at the road not noticing the group of people waiting along the side.

As she took 2 steps on to the bustling highway she had been crossing every day for 4 years, time ceased to move. The wind slowed down to witness. The hawkers hawked in monotone. The eyes of the people watching widened slowly. Some raised their hands to point to the approaching truck, but it was all happening in slow motion. She looked up to the honking on her right and saw a truck sluggishly rolling towards her. Her fingers were touching her shades and suddenly she could smell flowers from one of the vehicles. She could faintly hear someone scream behind her but all she could register was that the sun was shining too bright in her eyes. She closed them against the light, feeling relief for a brief second. Suddenly time fell through and she felt a rush of wind pushing her back, with a final flash of her yellow dress.
