

Forget, no matter how much I try, the incident replays itself over and over in my mind. **I cannot** escape that image. **I can't** believe how quickly everything happened.

I was driving down the road, music blasting, when suddenly I heard a loud bang. "**Watch out!**", I yelled, even though there was no one else in the car. A huge deer had just jumped out in front of me. I managed to swerve and avoid it by a hair, but the scare left me trembling.

Minutes later, blue lights flashed in my rearview mirror. "**What was that?**", I mumbled, more to myself than to the phantom deer. I rolled down the window.

"**What's wrong, officer?**", I asked, my voice shaky, though I knew the answer.

"**Step out of the car**, please," the officer said, his voice firm but not aggressive.

I obeyed, feeling the cold asphalt through the soles of my shoes. "Officer, I swear, **I just got back** from a long trip and I just wanted to get home. It was a deer. It came out of nowhere."

The officer nodded, his flashlight sweeping over the front of my car. There was no visible damage, but my heart was still pounding like a drum.

"Alright," he finally said. "Just a warning. Be more careful."

A sigh of relief escaped my lips. "Thank you, officer. Thank you so much."

As I got back into my car, I wondered if I would ever recover from that scare. "**Do you want to**" **ride a car** again so soon? At that moment, no. But I knew I'd have to. Life goes on, and sometimes, you just have to keep going, even after such a big fright.