

Paul Lambrecht
www.typeabpositive.com

about 235 words

ROAD GOO

By Paul Lambrecht

The car crash splattered the fellow all over the road, the windshield, the face of his passenger. One last kiss. The plaintive baleful moans of Oasis still filtered out of the car's speakers.

The first cop on the scene, Carlos Blanco, blanched at the sight. An olive-skinned ghost. The driver had apparently swerved to avoid a motorcycle darting through

traffic. This was during the rush. The motorcyclist had fled.

The driver had hit the abutment head on and smashed his face in as if it were a ripened pumpkin.

All the drivers coasted past on their way to work and continued vivacity, slack-jawed with awe.

After they'd seen the tragic human goo, they hit the open patch of road, and sped up on their way to blissful catharsis. The ambulance came and they took the passenger away, but left the goo.

The goo was dead. It hadn't been at first, choking on surfacing inner goo, but had stopped gurgling and struggling, like a snorkeler at the flagging end of his strength.

Then some men cut Goo out of the car interior and zippered his remains into a body bag and put him in the back of a van. This one was going to the morgue.

Well, there he goes, thought Carlos, still on the move. They always got somewhere to be.

End.