

Cloudy.

That was the first thought that came to Larry. And blue sky? How could this be happening when he had just woken? He turned his head to the side. Stones raked the back of his head.

“Ow.”

His voice was a bark.

“Oh, shit,” he laughed. “I got drunk and slept on the side of the road.”

He tried rolling onto his side, but was barely able to move and felt like vomiting. Instead, he turned his head the other way where a road disappeared past a rotting fence and the side of a grassy hill. What surprised him more was that someone was lying right next to him with torn jeans and blood.

“Hey, you okay?” Larry said. “I’ll get help.”

Larry worked his hand towards his pocket and his phone.

The guy’s leg moved, which was the only part of the guy Larry could properly see.

“Hey, hey, you’re gonna be okay. I’m trying to get help, just hold on, can you tell me your name?”

The person did not answer. Larry kept reaching for his phone, while also raising his head to try and see more of the guy past his own fat belly; recently expanded after numerous Christmas lunches.

Just as he reached the top edge of his phone in his pocket, a police car came around the bend heading towards them. Larry sighed and relaxed.

The officer got out of the car and a man in orange hi-vis and a Santa hat followed after. Their expressions showed that whatever had happened to the guy lying next to Larry he was in serious trouble. Larry attempted to look professional in his hung-over state, but likely appeared as dopey as he felt.

“You alright?” the officer said. “Can you talk?”

Larry listened for a reply from the unfortunate guy next to him, then decided to speak for him.

“He hasn’t said anything, but he moved his leg, so he’s alive.”

The officer turned to the man in orange hi-vis standing a little behind him.

“Was there someone else?”

The man shook his head.

The officer turned back to Larry.

“Sir, there’s no one else. Do you know what’s going on?”

Larry rolled his eyes and explained what had happened from the moment he woke until now.

The officer’s face paled the more Larry spoke. The man behind the officer turned and faced the other way, his head in his hands.

The officer came closer to Larry and said, “Sir, you’re alone. Two hours ago, this gentleman behind me was driving his work van from a Christmas party when he lost control and collided with you along the roadside. Right now, his van is on top of your lower body. I’m very sorry, but until the paramedics arrive I won’t be able to move you.”

Larry stared at the leg next to him and this time recognised his footwear.

“That’s your leg, sir, everything else from your waist down is compacted underneath the metal frame of the van, there’s nothing we can do.”