

Write a short story titled "The Selfie"



"Say cheese!" I said. As soon as I heard everyone say it behind me I pressed the button on my polaroid camera. Less than a second later, I saw the photo coming out from the top of my camera and started waving it around. When the picture appeared, everyone gathered around me so they could see it.

It had been a week since the crash happened. I looked at the photo, stuck on my wall, taken just an hour before tragedy struck. All of us looked so happy with smiles that reached our eyes. On that day, as we were leaving, one of my friends got in a car crash and didn't make it. Who knew, while taking that photo, that one of us wouldn't live to see the next day? I took the photo down from the wall, held it in my hands and stared at it. I immediately felt tears welling up in my eyes. If only I could go back and change what had happened.

I put the photo on the bedside table and went to bed. In my dreams, I found myself back in the moment, snapping the button on my camera. I suddenly remember what was going to happen after seeing my friends all happy and talking together. I knew I was dreaming, but at least I could prevent what had happened now. I spent the next hour doing what I had done before; talking, eating and just enjoying ourselves. When the time came to leave, I pulled aside the one that was supposed to get in the car crash and I offered her a ride home. "Sure, why not?" She took her phone out and called her mother and told her not to come pick her up. We both got in my car and I drove off.

I woke up to a knock on my door. I got up from bed and went to check my phone and saw that the photo had fallen to the ground. I gently picked it up and placed it back on the bedside table. I went to open the door. And there she was. I couldn't believe my eyes. "Did you hear about the car crash last week? I could see it from my window. It looked nasty."