Rain, Rain Go Away

By: Sophia Surrett

 Seven minutes. The amount of time my roommates and I could’ve delayed our journey to Texas Roadhouse for their fluffy golden rolls with a side of whipped cinnamon butter. Instead, it was the amount of time it took for the once-rising water to finally fall flat against the pavement.

I drove into what I thought was a puddle. The false hope that I would make it across the river was convincing but fleeting. It was all an illusion of what looked like a couple of inches deep.

As I held my breath, the nose of the car crept into the water first; a swell developed where my car was pushing through, and the rippling tide made its way into the inner workings of my car, straight to the engine.

 Then, my car went into the hydrostatic lock.

My foot was tapping the gas pedal with no roar of the engine. My heart sank. I slowly turned my head in disbelief to my roommates to notice them mirroring my reaction.

A sour smell made my nose twitch as I realized what was happening. The fumes usually escaping the exhaust pipe were now being circulated inside my car. Thus, the logical decision was to turn the car off, but this took the A/C with - and mind you, it was late July in Alabama.

Sweating and suffocating, I tried to get an airflow but to roll down the window was to bring in the rain.

So, just like my car, I stalled.

I didn’t know what to do except call my dad. But, I was afraid my dad would ask why I willingly drove into standing water, and I had no excuse.

Before I could even call him, my roommates had their boyfriends on the phone, shouting the news as if they were the ones driving. Meanwhile, my car was becoming a sauna. It was my own personal hell.

“Oh my gosh! The water is coming up to the windows,” my roommate Hannah screeched to her boyfriend. “We’re going to die.”

The water was high but reached its maximum level at the base area of my door. She’s a bit dramatic.

The water began to subside, and it was now time to assess the damage.

My car wouldn’t turn over.

At this point, my parents were on their way to the scene. The moment my dad stepped out of his truck, I knew that he would not acknowledge my existence for the next few hours. My mom tried to console me as my own raindrops streamed down my face.

My car, still, was not turning over.

“Why would you drive into water, Sophia?” my dad said.

He rubbed his hands on his face aggressively as he tried to work his mechanical magic. He was unsuccessful.

I had yet to find an explanation as to why I decided that driving through water was a good idea. One would think that I was in a river, or a lake, or that I must have driven into a pool to have a car that was auto-locked from water damage. But it was the shallow dip in the entrance to my apartment building, which can apparently hold up to a foot of water, that was the culprit.

30 days later, my car was pronounced dead.

Next time, I will wait the seven minutes.