

I Almost Got Hit By a Car In the McDonalds Parking Lot on Broadway Street

I almost got hit by a car in the McDonalds parking lot on Broadway Street. You know the one. Everyone knows this McDonalds—it is like every other McDonalds. Or maybe not all McDonalds foster near-death experiences. I really couldn't tell you: I only almost died at this one.

But what I can tell you is that I almost got hit by a car in the McDonalds parking lot on Broadway Street. You were too busy killing a Big Mac to notice you almost killed me. And my death under your wheels would have been slower than that poor burger, and far less vicious. But there was no malice in your ignorance; I was merely an innocent bystander to the ferocity of your feasting.

But in the moment between noticing your gorging and noticing the speed of your engine, I almost got hit by a car in the McDonalds parking lot on Broadway Street. The culinary comedy was nearly a tasteless tragedy. You were as relentless with your devouring as you were with the gas pedal. And I was so entranced by the spectacle before me that you almost reduced me to a speckle. In that instant my eyes were both microscopes and telescopes. You were truly miles away, lost in your burglary bliss, and yet you couldn't have been any closer.

Well, maybe you could have been an inch closer, when I almost got hit by a car in the McDonalds parking lot on Broadway Street. For a brief second, I forgot that it was a near-miss and perceived it as an inevitable impact. Autopilot took my wheel while a burger was at yours,

swerving me out of danger while you cruised towards disaster. Your driving literally took me off my feet, while your burger took you off yours. I jumped out of the way to save my life while the burger jumped into your maw to end its own. My life quickly flashed before my eyes, but yours isn't far behind if that is how you eat and drive.

The biggest threat to me wasn't the food when I almost got hit by a car in the McDonalds parking lot on Broadway Street. You noticed only your meal and your destination, with nothing between them including the human-sized target I call me. Since you treated the driveway as empty, I took it upon myself to empty it for you. After my deft dodge I wiped off the dirt from your driving disaster. There was no time to ask for a napkin, and based on your ferocious feast you needed them more than I, anyways.

It was quite a mess when I almost got hit by a car in the McDonalds parking lot on Broadway Street. You drove off as if nothing happened, and nothing did happen no thanks to you. I'm not sure if I shouted obscenities or blessings, damning you or praising my creator. Probably both. Although I think that goes for most encounters at McDonalds, be it with food or Fords. But whatever my protests to the heavens above or behind the wheel, you left never knowing what you almost did. Not that I think it would have mattered to you; while I won versus your bumper, burger won versus your humanity. In the end you got what you wanted, and I just happened to survive it.

I almost got hit by a car in the McDonalds parking lot on Broadway Street. And the worst part was that afterwards, I wasn't even hungry.