

Rebecca Kendall waited for her boyfriend, Tommy Fletcher. She pushed her dark blonde hair behind her ears as she looked up and down the quiet suburban street. *Where is he?* she thought.

She thought about messaging him but didn't want him texting while driving, so she kept her phone tucked in her jacket pocket.

Rebecca loved the fact that Tommy stood a good six inches taller than she. His muscular body would encircle her, and she felt safe in his arms. His perpetual smile always made her smile back. He was perfect. He was just never on time. Rebecca's mother didn't approve of him because he was 24, and Rebecca was only 19. They still went on dates, but Rebecca preferred to wait for him outside...less drama that way.

She got off the steps and wandered around the damp grass soaking the bottom of her torn jeans and sandals. She laughed to herself as she remembered the little argument with her mother about wearing torn jeans on a date.

"You're not going to wear those silly things, are you?" her mother had asked.

"Sure. We're just going to a movie," Rebecca answered. That's the only thing they ever did. Tommy was working on his degree in film production, so he was obsessed with seeing just about every movie ever made. Tonight, they were going to see a sci-fi thriller about life on Mars. Rebecca wasn't that excited to see it, but she wanted to spend time with Tommy. Plus, they were taking the long way around to see the sunset from the top of Oak Creek Canyon.

"Well, you would think a gal your age would have enough sense to wear something decent."

"Oh, Mother..." she said as she rolled her eyes. Their arguments usually ended that way.

Her mother had shaken her head before walking back into the house.

It began to sprinkle again when Tommy drove up in his silver Hummer, and Rebecca ran to the curb to meet him.

“I thought you’d never get here,” Rebecca said as she climbed into the giant SUV and closed the door. They kissed briefly before Tommy provided an explanation.

“Sorry ‘bout that,” he said.

“Why were you late?”

“My dad didn’t want me driving tonight. There’s a severe storm warning out. I reminded him I’m 24 and can do what I want. It was the same ol’ argument...ya know... ‘not under my roof...blah, blah, blah...” He shrugged and pulled away from the curb. “I need to find my own place! But here I am! Nothin’ can happen in this tank!” He pounded the dash to emphasize his point.

“Great. I’m glad you convinced him. I was just about to go back inside.”

“A few drops won’t hurt, but ya think it’d be all rained out by now. Look at the size of those rain drops.”

“Maybe we should just go to your house.”

“Nah, I want to see this movie. Besides, my dad’s still pissed, I’m sure. I don’t wanna deal with it.” Tommy turned on the radio and found a good station as he merged onto Highway 89A.

The highway wound through the pine forest, and the sun attempted to peek through the black and purple sky. The song on the radio played and beat rhythm with the windshield wipers and the pelting rain.

As Rebecca rested her head on Tommy’s shoulder, a car veered into their lane.

“Tommy, watch out!” Rebecca screamed, and Tommy jerked the steering wheel away from the oncoming headlights. The tires lost traction. The car spun out of control and off the edge. The guardrails, meant to keep cars off the edge, were no match for the huge, silver Hummer as it crashed through the rail and into the trees.

The passing car continued on its way, oblivious to the carnage left behind.

Several minutes later, the blackness behind Rebecca’s eyes receded, and she felt a jolt as the car rocked on a branch. The SUV hung precariously over a ravine—a large oak branch kept the car pinned above the canyon floor. She felt something cold and sticky coming from her ears and forehead. Touching it, her fingers came back bloody red. Her ears rang and her body ached as the seat belt dug into her chest keeping her from careening through the windshield.

To her left, Tommy slumped over the steering wheel—his eyes open and bleeding. Rebecca gasped and reached out to him, but pain shot up her arm, and she quickly withdrew.

The car lurched again, and Rebecca felt the sickening sense of falling as her vision blurred and then turned black. Luckily, she missed seeing the car as it plunged through the trees and landed on a rocky ledge. It left a tangled mass of dirt, flesh, and blood.

**End of Sample of Nothing But A Song© by Keri De Deo**

**Purchase at:**

[AMAZON](#)

[BARNES & NOBLE](#)

[LULU](#)