



TACO TUESDAY

A pleasant fall evening turns into
a tragedy.

Langston Harris

Taco Tuesday

We set off to the local Mexican restaurant that offered surprisingly authentic street tacos because, after all, it was Tuesday. Although we had not initially intended to go out, we decided to forego the complicated task of preparing dinner in our makeshift kitchen. The hectic renovation during the day prompted us to make that decision. Since it was late fall, the darkness had descended by the time we began driving west toward our destination. The traffic was also heavier than usual on the two-lane road. Consequently, I was driving cautiously and remembered seeing a line of headlights approaching from the west toward us. As the first of the cars passed our Mazda, there was suddenly a massive thump on the driver's side and I felt the car veer softly to the right and a grinding noise in the front. I carefully drove to the side of the busy road and stopped.

One of the cars behind ours also pulled over behind us. They offered help if we needed it. The woman from the other car told us they had seen an explosion of sparks, like fireworks, from our car when the crash occurred. They also mentioned seeing that the car approaching us from the opposite direction had hit a deer. While we called the police to report the accident, the man and his son from the other car told us that they were going to walk back to where the eastbound car had pulled over. Later, when they returned, they told us that the other car had indeed hit a twelve-point buck weighing approximately two hundred fifty pounds, which was dead and lodged under a guardrail on the other side of the road from us.

When the police officer arrived, we told him our version of what had happened. Since the car was not drivable, he was able to arrange for our car to be towed to a private lot. Afterwards, the generous people who had stopped to help offered a ride to our original destination, El Rodeo, to celebrate Taco Tuesday. Although they refused our offer to treat them to dinner, they were at least able to recover the dead deer, as allowed by state law.



The next day we went to the lot where our car had been towed. We were astonished to see the extent of the damage, even though we had seen it the night before, but on a dark, heavily traveled road. The insurance company ultimately assessed the vehicle to be totaled, which we had assumed it would be after seeing it on the lot. The best thing about this

Tuesday to remember was that it inspired us to buy a plug-in hybrid as we had been considering anyway. Nevertheless, we were very sorry that our old car had such a short life. It was too young to die.

