

A Christmas Drink

It seemed like a good idea. A drink with colleagues after work. If only I had not had that last drink. If only I had not gone through those lights. It is not as if I was in a rush to get home. She probably has a loving husband and children who adore her. She shouldn't be out this late. She should have looked. Some people just don't think. It's not my fault. Why do these things always happen to me? No licence no job.

"Just take a long deep breath and blow into the tube, madam"