

Split second

by Chris Miller

When people talk about the end moments when one's life flashes before his or her eyes, they often refer to time as slowing down. I can attest to this phenomenon during my final moments, before the collision: the song playing on the radio, the squeal of tires and flash of brake lights, and most vividly, the irony of what was printed on the back of the large truck in front of me: MT Casket Company.

