

THAT

Selfie

GIRL

LINDA OATMAN HIGH

#ClickPicQuick

Fine.

I was taking
a selfie
when I died.

No lie.

My brain
was fried.

Distracted.

Impacted.

(And no,
as a matter
of fact,
I was not
on crack!)

Wacked, but
accidents
happen.

True that.

(That's why
they call
them
“accidents.”)

Hold the phone.

Click. Pic. Sick!

Post it
quick!

I didn't know
that stupid road
was so
slick ...

#PlusThatSquirrel

Plus
there
was
that
squirrel.*

It
ran
right
into
my
path.

Just
seconds
before

* #TheForest

THAT *Selfie* GIRL

the
crash.

poor
little
furry
squirrel
+
selfie
girl
=
SWERVE

#AllAboutMe

It was like
Instagram.

BAM!

Jamming,
slamming
with the band
Why So Bitter?

Planning
to go

on Twitter.

Also

my Facebook post.

(Social media is most crucial when you're 17 and
you need to be social and/or emotional.)

Believe me,
composing
your post
while driving
is not that
unusual.

I'll tweet about how

@THATSELFIEGIRL

sweet it is to rock this new blue hand-
knitted retro sweater, even better in
such amazing springtime weather!

And my skirt is
vintage
brown leather.

My hair is braided
and beaded
with real
feathers!

So?

You think that I—Macy Elaine Rain—
is—was—
crazy-vain?

Whatever.

#SoNotCool

It is so
not cool
to be
aiming
the phone
at your
great
zit-free
face
on a good
no-grease
hair day
one minute,

and then
dead

the next.

#BloodAndGlass

I was covered in blood
and smashed-up fragments
of glass.

Shards like
diamonds shimmered—

glimmered—

on my skin,
which was actually
kind of pretty,

except not,

considering
the circumstances.

#WayLongHome

The song
playing
was “Way Long Home.”

My Facebook post came straight from Twitter.

MACY ELAINE RAIN 1 min ago **Comment** **Like**

*I love Why So Bitter?
Digging song
Way Long Home! 😊*

That post,
along with my picture,
was my very last
tweet.

#ItAllHappenedSoFast

My post
loaded online

at 9:45,

the same time
as the first

911

call
was recorded.

The lights
and sirens
flared
and blared

at 9:49.

I was pronounced
dead

at 10:10 a.m.

(And yes,
we know time
in the afterlife.

Heaven has schedules
too.)

#TheSongGoesOn

The song
“Way Long
Home”
just kept on
playing,
all 3 minutes
28
seconds
of it,
after
I was
already dead.

The song played.
Cops prayed.

An ambulance
man made
the sign of the cross.

A firefighter sat in the moss, gnawing on
her perfectly painted red nails.

Major fail.
I'd already
bailed.

THAT Selfie GIRL

You know how they say
your entire life

FLASHES

before your eyes
as you die?

Well, that's not exactly right.

What flashes before
your eyes is actually

the
last
goodbye.



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