

# The Miracle Taxi

Some call it a blessing. Others call it a hoax. The company calls itself The Miracle Taxi. It services all parts of the world and transports people to places. But the funny thing is that the taxi company refuses to take you to your destination. Instead, they take you to where you need to be. They also give gifts before customers leave. Clifford took a smoke in his pigsty of an apartment, staring at the papers his landlord handed him, early today. "Six months overdue. Screw sleeping under a roof." He sighed and took a look at the flier for The Miracle Taxi. Clifford would give this thing a try.

The flier said that he only had to say the phrase on the flier and the taxi would appear. He thought it was weird but followed what it said. He made his way out of his apartment complex and went to the sidewalk's edge. The city was alive with activity. People were talking and walking and smiling. Something Clifford could not dream of doing right now. He read the words that the flier said. "I desire what I require." Suddenly, a taxi sped down the street. It weaved around cars, stirring rage in drivers around the block. Clifford could hear the brakes as the car came to a halt in front of him. The driver opened the door and addressed Clifford.

"Listen closely," the driver instructed. "The moment you step foot in this car, everything you say will be ignored by me. You will not be taken where you want to be. In addition, this is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. You will never ride under this company again after this ride. You can always say no now and come back later. Do you want to take a ride?" Clifford nodded. He had nothing to lose, and everything to gain. The driver opened the passenger door. "Please take a seat." Clifford sat in the passenger seat and the door shut behind him.

The car began to move, and as it did, the world around it began to become mush. It was distorted, and it was impossible to tell where the car was going. Clifford thought of asking where he was going, but the driver had told him that he would be ignored, so he did not bother. "You know, there once was a man who was left by the woman he loved," the driver told Clifford. "He let it take him to the bottom level, and he lost everything. He died cold and alone on the streets, completely forgotten. It only would have taken an ounce of love to turn his life around, but he did not seek what he needed out."

The story was weird and out of place. However, it got Clifford thinking. What was weird about the story was that it was eerily relatable. He could remember the day vividly. The day she left. Clifford decided to vent to the driver, even though he would not listen. "A few months back, the world collapsed for me. Now, I am broke, and about to get evicted." The driver did not reply. "The love of my life left. Her name was Patricia. I might be cold, dead, and forgotten soon."

The driver stepped on the break and took his hands off of the steering wheel. "Understanding is how love prevails." The two sat in silence. Then, the driver gave Clifford an envelope. "Your ride is over. You are now where you require." The driver exited the taxi and opened the passenger door. "We hope you enjoy your destination." Clifford exited the car. He was at a park that he knew about three blocks from the apartment complex where he lived. The taxi driver closed the passenger door, entered the car, and sped away.

Clifford looked around. He did not see anything important, so he decided to open the envelope. He was about when he noticed something that blew him away. It was Patricia, and she was arguing with one of her friends. "A prank! You mean you lied to me about my partner cheating on me, then did not immediately tell me it was a joke? I broke off my perfect relationship because of you. Go screw off, and never talk to me again!" The friend walked away,

and Patricia sat down on a park bench, crying. Clifford thought about what he should do. From what he had heard, Patricia had only broken up with him because of a prank. In addition, Patricia had called their relationship perfect. He remembers what the driver said. “Misunderstanding is a great divider. Understanding is how love prevails.” Clifford approached Patricia.

“Hey, Pat.”

“Clifford? Listen, I am really, **really** sorry about everything. It was just a misunderstanding.”

“I heard you talk to your friend. You were lied to. I don not hold anything against you. I just want you back.” Patricia lunged forward and embraced Clifford. “You see, I used The Miracle Taxi to get here. Took me just where I needed to be. I also got an envelope from the driver. Wanna open it?”

“Sure.” Clifford opened the envelope and took what was inside of it out. It was a lottery ticket for the drawing that was worth four hundred million dollars. “Oh my goodness! They are about to announce the winning number! Let me pull it up on my phone.” Patricia pulled her phone out of her pocket and checked the lottery website. They were streaming live, so she pulled it up.

“Alright, we have been announcing small winners, but now it is time for the jackpot. The winning numbers are one hundred nineteen, one hundred ninety-four, one hundred eighty-nine, one hundred sixty-one, one hundred ninety-three, one hundred ninety-four, one hundred twenty-three, one hundred ninety-four, one seventy-six, and one hundred and five! Congratulations to our winner! Call the number and come to one of our offices near you!” The number announced was the exact number on the ticket the driver had given Clifford.