

Adam Peterson

“The text”

Zzzz.. Zzzz.. Zzzz..

You feel the vibration from your phone.
The steering wheel still encased by your cautious hands.
You feel the same vibration coming from your right pocket.

Zzzz.. Zzzz.. Zzzz..

You nervously question whether you should remove your right hand from the steering wheel or leave it and just ignore the vibration, but it continues.

Zzzz.. Zzzz.. Zzzz..

Now you are worrying it could be someone in trouble and try to tell yourself it couldn't be, but your panic overwhelms your brain.

You slowly let your right hand off the steering wheel thinking if you do it calmly enough it will be safe.

You are wrong, you can never be cautious enough with only using one hand.

You slide your right hand into your pocket and wrap your fingers around the phone.

You pull it out with such ease that your levels of confidence sky rocket and you think to your self, “I can do this, I can look at this phone quickly and not worry about crashing.”

Wrong again, as you look down at the phone trying to read the text from your friend, you quickly look up in time to find you are headed through a red light you didn't see while you were looking at your phone.

You feel a big smack at the back of your car that makes you feel like you just survived a small earth quake.

You suddenly feel a quick thud to your head and everything goes dark.

Zzzz.. Zzzz.. Zzzz..

You open your eyes slowly to that dreaded vibration.

You slowly focus on the screen that lays next to you, the first text reads “Drive safe”, but then you read the latest text “I hope you are okay, get well soon.”

You peer across the room to find your family sleeping in chairs, “Where am I?” you ask yourself, as you look down and see you are in a hospital bed with a cast on your right arm.

With your left hand you feel your face only to bring yourself to a conclusion everything is in tact.

You were lucky, you don't get lucky often. Don't get distracted, don't text and drive. Stay safe and arrive alive.