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Arrive Alive Creative Writing Contest

My heart stood frozen inside my chest for what felt like a full minute. My jaw was locked in complete shock. The shiny silver bumper of my sedan had just sprang off the rear fender of a black Prius. My cell phone was stuck like glue to my right hand. I desired to hurl the piece of technology across the car in disgust and frustration yet my limbs were still in shock and despair of what had just occurred. It wasn't just any car I had rear-ended either, it was my father's car. The limbs of mine may have been in shock, but the mind was the exact opposite. It raced with fear, misfortune, and a strong sense of hopelessness.

The third weekend in a surprisingly warm April had just arrived. My father was away on a vacation for the weekend in New York. I was asked to run several errands for him while he wasn't there. In an agreement to do all these errands, he let me use his car instead of mine. On my way home from changing my father's car oil I found myself amidst some heavy traffic. My peaceful spring afternoon drive would not only be ruined by bumper to bumper traffic for over two miles, it was also about to be ruined by the sound of screeching of brakes followed by a loud thud.

I'd been in traffic for over twenty minutes. I was a mix of annoyed, dazed, and tired. To pass the time I was scrolling through multiple social media apps to try to keep me somewhat occupied as I crept along the packed road for another mile. Finally, brake lights go off and the line move consistently forward. As I continue along, my phone buzzes from a text message. I am unable to find it immediately and was forced to look around to see where

I had left it. My biggest mistake. I look up just in time to see it unfold. My car floating above twenty five miles per hour breaks through the fender of a black Prius in front of me. I send my foot shooting through the floor to attempt to hit the breaks, yet to no avail. I had just wrecked the front of my father's car while he was on vacation because I was too concerned with seeing who texted me instead of focusing on the wheel. In just a matter of a few seconds, my opinion on texting and driving had completely flipped.

Nobody ever truly understands consequences fully, until it happens to them. I used to never believe distracted driving was a major issue with major consequences until it happened to me. I was one of the lucky ones. Luckily I wasn't on a highway, and I wasn't going above forty miles per hour, yet it's still an incident that stays with me today. Even though the severity and extent to which I did it wasn't nearly as major as some others, the effects on me were still life-changing. It showed me that distracted driving in any way, shape, or form should never be considered to be okay. Under no circumstances or conditions is it okay to text, surf the internet, or browse social media while behind the wheel of 4,000 pound moving machine. Not only can it have fatal results for you, but also fatal results for others.