

Chatham Mills
English 12 Advanced
October 28, 2015
Arrive Alive Essay

It was 10:27pm on Wednesday December 12, 2012. I was in the passenger seat while my mom was driving, and my sister was asleep in the back. We had taken a back way home and we were the only ones on the road. Or so we thought. We were at a four way stop, when out of nowhere we were hit from behind. I didn't know what was going on. I could do nothing but scream uncontrollably.

Flashback to earlier that day. My mom came home and excitedly announced some news. She had purchased a new car. She practically dragged me and the rest of my family out of the house and to the driveway. Parked there was her brand new Hyundai hybrid. Less than 100 miles on the transmission. She was so thrilled to have something new and worthy of showing off.

We left that night for my volleyball practice at about 7:15pm. I wasn't finished at the gym until a few minutes after 10. My mom drove her usual way home. We left not knowing that this was the wrong route to take. We left not knowing that there was going to be a drunk driver directly in our path with no good intentions.

It wasn't until after the car came to a stop on the other side of the intersection that I could stop screaming. It was almost an involuntary action. I had never been so clueless or scared in my life. My mom checked on my sister and me to make sure we were okay. She told me to call 911, then got out of the car to see what was behind us. There was a small crumpled car in the middle of the intersection. The hood was up displaying the smoking engine of the car. Fluids were dripping out from under it. I got out of the car in time to see the silver one start to roll backwards out of the intersection. This was not intentional. A truck had stopped on the other side just in time for a man to get out and open the rolling cars door. He pulled the emergency brake and told the woman driving to get out of the car. This is when I grew furious.

The woman's car was dripping fluids, on one end, and smoking on the other. It doesn't take a genius to know that that is not a good mixture. While my mom and the man who came to help tried to get her out of the car, I could see that they were struggling. She was completely incoherent. Not because she had passed out from the impact, but because she was drunk out of her mind. An older couple living in a house nearby came out to give me and my sister blankets and hot chocolate while we waited for the police to arrive. My mom told us to sit and wait, so that's what we did.

Although it took three people and five minutes, they finally managed to get the woman out of her destroyed car. This happened right as the police and the ambulance showed up. My sister and I were sent into the ambulance to get checked out, so I don't know exactly what happened after the police officers walked up to the woman. What I do know however, is that she blew over three times the legal limit on the breathalyzer, and that she totaled my mom's brand new car.

My mom was with a rental car for over two months while waiting for information from the insurance companies and lawyers. I was kept out of school for two days, and sports for two weeks due to a concussion I suffered during the accident. My mom had back pain for weeks afterward. My sister thankfully came out unharmed. I guess you could say that we came out of this accident overall pretty lucky. However there's another aspect of this we need to take into account. The fact that I didn't have a good night's sleep for months. The fact that I wouldn't drive anywhere with anyone after dark for months. The fact that I was scared to be on the roads because of one person's stupid decision to drive while drunk. The police report stated that the woman was only three quarters of a mile away from her house where the accident occurred. All I could think to myself was "Was it worth it?" Was your driving yourself home late one night while

you were so drunk you couldn't even help yourself out of your car worth it? She must not have thought about the consequences that came out of this. She must not have thought about the people she would be hurting. Think before you do is what I want the person reading this essay to take out of it. Think about who besides yourself you will be affecting.