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Mr. Simpson
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What have you done.

Imagine that you and the person you loved the most hop into your car to drive to your favorite restaurant. Everything is fine.

“I haven’t been there in the longest time. I wonder if they still have that masokut for the restaurant. He was weird and smelt like sweat and death.” Your loved one said getting into the car. You both laugh and start talking about past experiences about the restaurant.

You then hear a ring of your cell phone and by instinct you open the cell phone with one hand still on the wheel and the other hand texting. “Oh I got a text by Rachel, This will one take second.” You say. “Um, don’t you think you should be paying attention to the road?” Your loved one says. “It will only be a second.” you say.

It feels as though time has stopped, you were so preoccupied by the text that you didn’t notice that you’re moving the car onto the other lane.

Things blur, it takes you a second to realize your loved one is shaking you trying to get you out of the daze from texting.

By the time you look up to your loved one to ask what’s wrong, the truck from the other lane is starting to collide with the hood of your car. Everything afterwards is darkness, it feels like a nightmare that you want to escape from.

You awake to bright lights and hearing the beeps of the EKG. You look around only to see a nurse fixing the person next to you pillows, you can’t tell who it is. When you ask what is going on, the nurse is surprised you’re awake early but then composes herself.

“You’re awake?” “Where am I?” “You’re in the hospital, you have been out for three days since your car accident.” “Car accident?!” “Yes, your car hit head on with a truck, you were lucky that you only lost a foot.” “What I lost a foot?!” “Yes. At least you’re not like the current state of the passenger that was in your car.” “What happened to my loved one?! Where are they?!”

The nurse steps away from the patient next to you and you see that it is your loved one. The nurse tells you that they have two broken legs and was forced into a coma to heal.

The feeling in your heart drops and you feel the world stop around you.

You start to question yourself like I should have waited to text back, I should have pulled over to the side of the road to respond, I should have been better I should have payed attention to the road and now my loved one have to be like this maybe forever if I only knew the consequences.

Now imagine you’re the person who sent the text message. Asking something, unknownst to the fact that the person you’re texting could be driving.

“Hey Pat, I need help with a question. Can you help me?” Waiting impatiently for their response.

They see it and begin to write. Nothing, no response, just waiting for their response. It stays like this for hours. The next day you come into work looking for Pat.

“Hey has anyone seen Pat I need his help?” “Haven’t you heard? He got into a car accident and is the hospital.”

Then the blame and questioning starts to happen. Thoughts like I’m the cause of this, I should have asked him if he was driving, he’s hurt because of me. Why did I do it. If I only knew what I know now. The regret after learning of the accident they were in due to the text you sent and the pain they must suffer due to your impatience to wait.

The blame belongs on both of Pat and Rachel’s fault, not just one of them. They were impatient and this is what happened. We live in a world that wants all now and can never wait for a second. Put down the phone and breathe, and pay attention to the important things in life. Stay safe and don’t text and drive.