

I knew it was wrong. Of course I did. It had been drilled into my head a thousand-and-one times. Don't text and drive. Don't talk on the phone and drive. That's how people get into accidents. That's how people die.

I guess I thought that something like that wouldn't happen to me. That something like this couldn't happen to me. I'm young. My whole life ahead of me and I have the entire world to see. It didn't matter the many seminars and speeches I had heard about the deadly penalties of texting and driving. It didn't matter the many reports I saw on the news of the deaths caused by distracted driving. I was seventeen and trying to enjoy the many pleasures of life.

I suppose this thinking came when I saw other people doing. When I saw my peers doing it. They only did it when there were no other cars. They only quickly glanced at their phones. Only occasionally replying if it was a short answer, and replying in long messages at stop signs and red lights.

I had checked my phone briefly on numerous occasions, always when my car was completely stopped. I guess I figured that this one phone call was more important than any of the others so that I could risk looking at the contact and answering the call.

That's all it takes. A few seconds of distraction, another distracted driver.

Laying in this hospital bed, I can't even remember who was on the other line of the phone call. I guess it must not have been that important if I can't remember it now. But, because of my lapse in judgment I didn't see the other driver. Never saw the other car barreling down the other side of the road.

Now, I have to deal with lawsuits, medical bills, guilt. I killed another human being because of my poor judgment. I knew it was against the law, and yet I still did it. It shouldn't of had to been an indecent like this to truly teach me that distracted driving is deadly driving and that no text or phone call is worth the life of a person. I guess I've learned my lesson now, and I will never make that mistake again.