

Jocelyn Bolt

English P8

Ms. Stein

29 October, 2019

The Little Girl on The Pink Bike

“ You killed my daughter!” That sentence remains stuck in my head as I sit in this jail cell for the rest of my life.

Coming home on a beautiful Friday evening, I was already late for the party that I was going to. My friends have been blowing up my phone since the moment the party has started. “Where are you??” or “Are you coming? The party started.” I couldn’t escape the amount of texts and phone calls I was getting. The thought ran through my mind even more. Thinking to myself *should I text and drive?? But my parents always told me not to.* Stopped at a stop sign I thought that *you know what maybe I will just this once, I am stopped so nothing can go wrong RIGHT?!?* Nothing did happen but doesn’t mean I should continue doing it. I remember being a little kid and my parents telling me never to text and drive or drink and drive *“Bad things will happen if you do”*. Zoned in on driving, I finally am halfway to the party, rushing, blowing through stop signs, and dodging cops. I was doing great, making good time, my speed? 50 mph. I look down at my phone and see texts pouring in by the minute, I decided to reply back because why not? I can pick up the phone and be all right, I mean the party is less than 1 mile away. I looked down for one second, ONE, but it was too late. I didn’t have enough time to react to the little girl riding her bike across the street and her parents watching her. I tried. I

slammed my brakes but it wasn't good enough. I can still see the little girls body lying limp in the street and her little pink bike destroyed. The following day sitting in a jail cell, I get a newspaper. "***20 year old distracted driver hits and kills a young girl on a bike this past Friday.***" My stomach turns, throwing the paper to ground I ball up in the fetal position and cry. The last sentence in the article spoke loud to me "**Stay off your phones, don't text and drive, stay safe and Arrive Alive.**"