

In a Moment

By Isabella Van Zandt

The last moment I remember is the sirens becoming louder and louder. I see the broken glass that has been stained red stuck into my body. It's almost as if I'm the pincushion that you use for sewing and the glass is the needles pricking my skin deeper and deeper.

“Are you okay?”

“What is your name?”

“Can you move?” They ask, and all I can respond is “Where is an m-my sister?” They disregard my question. I kept asking and asking, it felt like I was spiraling down a black hole. All I want to know is where is Rose.

“WHERE THE HELL IS MY SISTER!” I scream everything became quiet. Still, no one would answer the damn question. Then it hit me, I knew what had happened, why they wouldn't answer the question. I broke down and started to cry, I couldn't breathe, speak, or see. My chest felt as if someone was squeezing me too hard, hard enough where

it became painful to breathe, my heart felt like it was being ripped apart in my chest. How could this happen to me? Why am I so stupid?

“C'mon Sammy stop paying attention to your phone for one minute.” Whined my little sister Rose. I rolled my eyes into the back of my head, why couldn't she just leave me alone? “I want to play...” at one point I just blocked her out. “Go play with your dolls or something leave me alone, you moron.” Ooo a Snapchat from Jessica! Maybe she will tell me about what happened at the party after I left. I tapped on the notification ignoring Rosey tugging on my arm, “You wouldn't BELIEVE what happened to Caty last night, SHE GOT DRUNK AND DROVE HOME!”

What an idiot I thought, who would even do that? Just then a news article popped up on my phone, it was Caty Cordelia's mugshot. She got pulled over for a DUI when she was driving home from the party. Caty ended up hitting a dog and some mailboxes, she was never the brightest in our classes and was a hot mess. She was always trying to

get attention, she got the attention she always wanted, but not the way she probably hoped.

“Sammy!” Yelled my Mom. I saw my little sister through the crack in my door with an evil grin on her face. I dragged my feet out of my room as if I was on my way to my execution and my mother was my executioner. “Why won’t you play with your little sister? You’re going to college this fall, it’s not like you are going to see her a lot.” She lectured. I was going to go to Ohio State University next year, so I won’t come home until Christmas vacation. It’ll be freedom from that little brat that I call my sister.

“I want to go to the mall, can we PLEEEASSEEE go to Build a Bear? I saved my birthday money to get Mr. Whiskers a new friend!” Rosey cheered.

“No, you are seven years old and you still call your stuffed animal Mr. Whiskers? You’re such a loser, no wonder why you don’t have any fri-”

“Samantha don’t you dare speak to your little sister like that!” argued my Dad.

They were always favoring Rosey, I was eleven when she was born. She was a surprise baby, no one expected her, but everyone called her a blessing. “FINE! I’ll take the baby to freakin’ Build a Bear, but when I go to college don’t expect me to come back. I hate all of you!” I screamed at them.

The room went so silent I swear if dropped a pin in that room it would’ve sounded like thunder it was so quiet. I don’t know why I said this or what made me, I saw the tears start to roll off of my mother’s cheek. She’s been having a hard time ever since I’ve been accepted into Ohio State, I guess she never wanted me to leave. “I think it’s best if you and your sister go now” my father stuttered. I got the family car keys and Rose followed me out. I got in the car and she stood by the door. “Do you hate us?” I heard her whisper to herself. “Sometimes I do, I get so mad I can’t help it. I had plans today, Jessica and I were going to be roommates and we were going to get stuff for the dorm room.” After my

response, I saw her lip quiver. “C’mon Rosey, don’t cry. I’m sorry I shouldn’t have say that to you.” I saw the storm start in her eyes. “How about this I’ll get Mr. Whiskers a friend and we’ll go out for ice cream after, you can even sit in the front seat just don’t tell mom, okay?” Rosey was big for a seven-year-old, she towers over all of her classmates, I always tease her that she’s a part giraffe.

As we were driving and Rosey was singing out of tune to some Disney song. Then my phone lit up, it was James. James was one of the cutest boys that were going to go to my college this fall. I gave him my number during the spring, I can’t believe that he remembered me. I knew that I couldn’t wait to respond, I reached for my phone and kept checking the road. I started to open my phone and get to my messages. “Hey” he texted me. I started to text back when I heard a scream. It was Rosey, I looked up only to see an SUV racing towards my car. I jerked the wheel off and we went off the road. My car flew off the road into spinning into the air and hitting the trees. I heard my bones crunch like a twig and the grass piercing my skin, and then my head hit against

something and everything went black. That's when I heard the sirens and the questions and no one would answer my questions. I looked around, and for a moment I saw that Rosey was on the ground and looked like a toy doll thrown to the ground. I didn't realize that since she was too small for the front seat she would be thrown out of the windshield. I was put into an ambulance and went asleep peacefully. When I woke up in my hospital room I saw the doctors, police, and my parents.

“HOW COULD YOU BE THIS STUPID?” My mom said as her voice was cracking. “I'm sorry, I didn't mean to, is Rosey okay? No one would tell me where she is at the scene of the accident.” I spat out. She was next to me and I saw her hand fly to my cheek and felt a sharp pain. With that, I already knew the answer to what happened to Rosey. I felt the warm liquid that freed from my eyes, I tried to wipe my tears but I could move my hands. I tried focusing all of my minds into moving my limbs but I couldn't. “You're paralyzed from the chest down, you might be able to move your arms a little after you go through intense physical

therapy.” The doctor said with no emotion, I started to cry harder I felt like I couldn’t breathe.

“Stop acting like a child, Samatha. Your sister Rosey is BRAINDEAD in the next room, because of you. You just had to check your phone while driving and couldn’t pay attention, could you? And you’re crying because you can’t move. In my opinion, it should be you that’s braindead, it should be you that we have to decide if we want to donate your organs, not your seven-year-old sister.” Dad said to me.

After that, the doctor thought it would be good if everyone took a breather and so they left me, except for the police officer who had more questions on what happened before the accident. I told her everything, from the argument I had with my family before I left to the house to that I let a seven-year-old sit in the front seat and texting and driving. The officer said that there will be a trial and that I would have to go to jail after I get released from the hospital.

Day after day I spent my days alone in my hospital room. No one came to visit me. My family disowned me and never saw me again and

my friends pretended not to know me. I heard Rosey's funeral was beautiful, I wish I got to say goodbye and see her one more time before she was buried in the ground forever. During the trial, I pleaded guilty, because I was. I got twenty years for manslaughter and child endangerment. When the verdict was announced I heard my family members cheers and people crying. I heard my mom say that it wasn't long enough, I didn't cry though I knew I got what I deserved. I destroyed my family forever, I took the happiest person I knew and killed her.

I am a killer.

I'll never be able to do anything that I planned. I could forget about college, I'll be thirty-eight before I get out, I'll never see Rosey or my parents ever again. I wish I could go back in time and never check my phone while driving or letting my seven-year-old sister sit in the front seat. I wish I never told them I hate them, instead I would hug them and tell them how much I love them. I would get Rosey a hundred friends for Mr. Whiskers and give her the world. Instead, I get to spend

the rest of my life in a wheelchair with no family or home and I'll do my
twenty years in jail.

In a moment I destroyed my life and the people around me lives.