

Swell of Sorrow

by Nevin Libby

My alarm starts blaring from my phone and it is a quarter of five. I can barely open my eyes from being up late the night before. Tired as ever I get out of my bed and start to get ready mentally and physically for the biggest swell of the year to come through to Maine. I travel outside to my car where I can feel the brisk morning air that fills me with excitement. Still dark in the morning I use my phone flashlight to see where I can fit all my stuff in the car. Starting to look like a clown car by fitting in my surfboard and cramming my towel and wetsuits right along with it. Put my key in the ignition, put the car in drive, and start to accelerate.

Realizing I have not had the chance to look at the waves yet and the orange rays from the sun are just barely peeking out from the clouds on the horizon I pull out my phone. With one hand on the top of my cold leather steering wheel and the other looking down at my phone, I take a glance up and realize I'm swerving into the other lane. I immediately feel a rush jolt to my head and I adjust my steering position to fix my mistake. I put my phone down and think nothing of it. I realize that the car is too quiet and my eyes are feeling heavy so I open my window to allow some cool air to rush in. I also decide to take my phone out again and put on some calming music for my nerves. I continue to drive and start thinking once again how I still have not seen the waves. I have to know what I am going to be getting myself into. With one hand on the steering wheel once again and already forgetting about previously swerving into the other lane once I decide to take out my phone. I pull up youtube and start typing with my thumb for the beach webcam live stream. This is where my life changed forever. My little hatchback gradually shifts into the other lane once again. Another car's headlights I can see from my peripheral vision

shining right in front of me. I look up and immediately shift my right foot from the gas to the break, but it's too late.

I remember waking up in confusion and hearing the loud roar of a horn and feeling a vibrating pain throughout my back and legs. Looking around and seeing the airbags and shattered glass everywhere. The aroma of gas was surrounding me in the air. I can faintly remember hearing sirens in the distance. After that my memory goes blank again and this time I wake up in a hospital bed but not able to move my arms from beside me. The handcuffs so tightly connected to the bed restrained me from much movement at all. I remember them feeling very cold and the dim lighting didn't help that feeling go away at all. My legs and back at this point are still throbbing with pain. I remember the doctor asking me how I felt and bringing in an officer with her. I had to give my initial statement to the officer and he left the room. The doctor told me at this point that I will be lucky if I can walk without crutches ever again.

I figured my son should hear the story since he just got his license and I think it paid off. Him pulling out of the driveway I felt a little more confident with him being a less distracted driver. I pray every day hoping that he will never make the same mistake I made. I pray every day hoping nobody makes that mistake. Life can crash just like a wave in a matter of seconds.