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Unnecessary Damage From An Unnecessary Text

The odor of burning tires entered my nose. I reached out, pushing the side airbag away. Grasping for my door, I heard a low “clunk,” signaling it had opened. I unbuckled my seatbelt and lurched forward. Warm, dark liquid ran down my face which was apparent in my rear view mirror. It was painful to stand. My knees shook and my head pounded. My thoughts were mush inside of my skull. Holding onto the roof of my car, my eyes focused on the sight before me. The end of my car was pinned to a tree beside an intersection I was passing through moments before. The car pinning mine was releasing a thick, pungent smoke. The rear of my car was crushed. The hood of the other car was crushed. And, most and foremost, I felt as if everything inside of me was crushed. I slowly made my way to the driver's side of the other vehicle. Leaning my body against their door I peered inside, observing the driver's chest as it moved in and out ever so slightly. They looked relatively unhurt yet held a blank, teary-eyed stare towards the front of their vehicle.

A few residents who lived nearby came over to check on both the other driver and me after having heard the crash. After a few minutes the other driver stumbled out of their car, more shocked than injured. One of the residents called 911 and the police arrived not too soon after. The cause of the accident was ruled to be failure to come to a stop at a stop sign due to distracted driving. More specifically, the other driver was texting and driving. I can't find it within myself to be angry at them. The only emotion I felt in the moment was pure numbness. I was relieved that I was safe, yes. Relieved that I was only mildly scathed. But, at the same time I wish that the whole experience never occurred in the first place. What made me deserve to be the victim of

this person's stupidity? That question will never be answered. The only thing that's certain is the fact that we both came out of the crash and managed to arrive alive.