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12.2.2021

The Wall that Took it All

Hearing horns honking, my heart leaps as I pull out of my assigned parking spot at school. I notice three drivers checking their phones as we all exit the parking lot, but all of this chaos is typical. My radio is blasting the same country music as always. Station 99.9. My sister sits next to me in the passenger seat, telling me about her day. I make it out of the high school parking lot, an accomplishment itself, and I am sitting at a red light. The sound of the quick ding of my phone echoes throughout the car. Looking over I see my phone next to me, sitting there so innocently in the cup holder. I have to know who it is. What if it is important? By the sound of the ding, I know it is just a Snapchat, but now it's mystery consumes my thoughts. The light is red, so I can check it. When I grab my phone I feel a stab of guilt, as I see my little sister's eyes turn nervous in my peripheral vision. A rush of excitement fills me when I see a Snapchat from my friend. It is not just a notification, it is the feeling of being wanted. Doesn't everyone want to feel wanted? I am hooked. I opened the Snap and it was a picture of the wall. It is not so much the picture, more just the reassuring feeling of communication with as many friends as possible.

I quickly glance up and think I see green. I wonder if people have been waiting behind me, so I slam on the gas. Speeding through the light I realize that my light is still red. I look to my right and see a dump truck coming straight at me. My heart is racing out of my chest, but those would be my last few heartbeats. My phone is still in my hand. The picture of the wall is still open.

Looking down now, watching all of my family, friends, and people I didn't even think carried, crying not only over my dead body, but my sister's, I think back to the moment where everything was lost. The last thing I remember hearing was the soft scream of my sister before everything went silent, except for the glitchy beat of Tim McGraw singing "*Highway Don't Care*" on the radio. The last thing I saw was the splash of blood and flesh that once was my sister and best friend. The last thing I tasted was the blood in my mouth. The last thing I felt was the feeling of weight and being crumpled up and broken. The last thing I smelt was the stinging smell of burning tires on rough pavement after stopping too fast. The last thought I had was spent thinking about that picture of the wall and how it cost me, my sister, and our futures.

I chose a picture of a wall over myself. Over my own value and my sister's. I chose a picture of a wall over my parent's broken heart that their two perfect daughters are gone. I chose a picture of a wall over all the college acceptance letters that will be addressed to wasted potential, and sent to a house once filled with family, but now only regret, disappointment, and tears. I opened that Snap because it felt nice to be wanted. If only I realized how wanted I was when I saw the amount of people at my funeral. I could be with them if I had chosen to arrive alive.