

Ella Kitchen

Ms.Stein

English P6

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## **Can It Wait?**

The yellow guardrail was insanely vibrant through all the white snow. As it's coming closer and closer to my car, I'm hearing the brakes shriek and the tires shred. The layer of snow covering the black ice made my car glide. Seconds later it was quiet, too quiet. Car lights clearing my pathway as I try to refocus my eyes on the highway. The light was dim but enough for me to see the yellow lines... Wait! I don't see any yellow lines!

It was 7:20 am and I rose out of my warm bed as my room was lit up by freshly powdered snow from the evening before. Hearing the creek of my door from my mom I already knew, it was going to be a snow day! I rushed downstairs to see my dad at the counter. I had just gotten my license weeks before and was contemplating even asking my dad the same question again. "Dad, can you please put my snow tires on." Of course his response stayed the same from the ones before. "Ella, it is too early, this is just a dusting of snow, it can wait," I then said to myself, well if he thinks it is just a dusting then I will be on my way. "I would not recommend driving Ella, you don't know what that snow may be covering," my dad said with his know it all tone.

Going anyway was not my best decision, but all my friends wanted to hang out so I had no other option. Being too excited about my license, emotions took over to not even think about how difficult it may be to drive, or it may have been just my ego. Starting the drive, I could feel

something was off. Unfortunately I had to take the highway to get where I needed to go and it was already getting blustry out. Deciding to still go on, but my car was not feeling the same way.

Turning onto the highway, the darkness and rapid wind started to approach. It was the kind of snow that was thick and gray. The type of scared I was feeling seemed different. Something I had never felt before, almost like I should not have left, as if I knew my dad was right. It was feeling fine at first, a straight away most of the time until exit 3D started to approach me. Haven had taken this exit before, and was very familiar with it, being worried was not on my mind. It is narrow and bumpy but not something new to me or my car.

Immediately I heard a scream, not mine, my car's. It was frightening but sometimes it makes noises because it is old, you know. The screaming got louder, but not as loud as mine grew. Frightened and tense, my hands almost wouldn't move the wheel. Yellow was all I could see, I remember this yellow, it was the guard rail, coming at me rapidly. Car lights flickering as my headlights begin to dim. All of it became a blur and got more quiet by the second. It's hurtful silence filling my car as I gain sight of the road again. If I could have chosen not to go out, I would have. All I kept saying to myself was I hope I arrive alive.