

Less Money More Problems

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\$2,452.38 down the drain. All because of one silly mistake. “Hey, can you work tonight? Someone called out, they need you.” Said my mom. “Yeah of course” I responded. Summer break had just started and I had been asking my boss for more hours so I jumped at the chance to work that day. Before I realized it was 3 PM and I had to leave for work. I grabbed my uniform and got in my car.

It was just like any other time I had driven to work, it takes around 35 minutes to get there and there’s always a lot of traffic during the last 15 minutes of the drive. After about 20 minutes of driving, I had gotten to Westbrook. It was as busy as it always is during rush hour. Cruising down roads, blasting music, and looking at some of the construction. I looked ahead after only looking away for a couple of seconds and realized the cars in front of me were completely stopped and I wasn’t. I slam on my brakes, I could feel them stopping my car from inevitable doom. My heart starts racing and shortly after. BANG! I hit the truck in front of me. Out of frustration I yelled out swears while comprehending what just happened. I tried to drive my car off the road into a parking lot or anywhere off of this busy street. As I try to move my car and all I hear is metal scraping. I put the car in park and called the cops. While waiting for the cops I text my boss. “Can’t make it to work tonight, crashed in Westbrook.” I call my parents freaking out and ask my dad to come help me.

After talking with the guy I hit I found out I hit the trailer hitch on his truck, and thankfully I had braked early enough to stop either of us from getting injuries. But the front end of my car was completely messed up. Somehow nothing under the hood was damaged but I knew this would be a very expensive mistake. The truck was practically unscathed but if I had hit that truck any harder the amount of money it would cost to fix everything would have been way too expensive for one 16-year-old to pay for. My whole summer consisted of working and slowly paying for all the body work I needed to be done for my car. This was the most stressful summer of my life and not at all what I had planned. Moral of the story is don't drive distracted, do everything you can to make yourself pay attention while driving so you don't get in a situation like mine.