Look Both Ways

By: Moka.Faizi

As I sat down, I could feel the chill in the black Highlander's seats. I passed my cousin the tin foil trays full of various foods at the back to make a place for us in the middle. Hearing the arguments around me dozed me off to go on my phone. Bright lights shone, allowing us to see the dim road. I could still hear my sisters yapping and going back and forth.

As soon as my eyes had gone from the bright screen of my phone to the window, I noticed a small Toyota speeding at us. I looked up at my sister in the driver's seat only looking one way as she drove forward. I triedto say stop but no words came out of my mouth and then a scream from the backseat. I felt my body jolt from one side of the car to the other. I close my eyes, feeling my cousin grab me and shield me from the glass with her long arms. Two wheels were now supporting our weight. I could feel the car leaning towards the left side almost flipping, Believing that these were our final moments, we were screaming and grasping each other. *Bam!!*

We're alive. We went back to being on four wheels. I couldn't see anything outside the windows expert airbags now coming from every direction. I pull my phone out as my headache after bangin' it against the window. Crying came from every direction of the car. I held my phone shaking not knowing how to type in three numbers, 911. My hands and my body felt dead and weak. I then looked up at my hurt sister and somehow was able to punch in the numbers.

“911 what's your emergency”. I heard over the now shattered phone.

“I I ..” The words jumbled in my mouth not being able to come out. Seeing red and blue flashing through the airbags, made my body go numb. I looked forward to my sisters seeing blood on one and the other sobbing, as my vision went black.

A few hours later I gained consciousness. I opened my eyes to a bright clean hospital room. Feeling a pit in my stomach, I somehow felt something went wrong.

“Is everyone okay?” I asked the nurse as she turned around, surprised I was awake.

“They're doing okay sweetie. It’ll just be a long recovery”. She said in a fake hopeful voice.

I layed there with the white covers over me, thinking how one small mistake of not looking both ways got us stuck in bed for two months.