

Looking in the rear view mirror you see your daughter in the backseat. She just finished her first day of school and is so excited to tell you about her day. As she begins to tell you all about the activities of the day, you hear your phone chime. Glancing over you see it's an urgent message from your boss and decide you need to respond. Your daughter sees this and stops talking as she knows when you're on your phone in the car you can't focus on anything else. Still looking at your phone you hear from the backseat "LOOK OUT!!!" You look up and see a semi-truck coming straight at your car. You feel your heart stop for at least 5 seconds as the headlights slowly approach closer and closer. After what feels like minutes, you swerve back into the other lane as the truck suddenly comes rushing by with its horn blaring.

You arrive home that night and the mood is somber. Your daughter is scared and your heart still hasn't come back down from your throat yet. You could have lost your own, and much worse, your daughter's life. You sit in silence all night and eventually go to sleep, or at least try to. You lay in bed all night just staring at the ceiling, imagining what life would be like had you not swerved out of the way in time. Your body feels full of rocks as you can't move anymore. You stare at the ceiling for an eternity before you decide to look over and see the clock read 5:15. Realizing you have to be up at 6 for the next day, you decide to close your eyes and finally slip into a deep sleep. You don't dream tonight but instead just see darkness and hear voices every now and then. Only being able to make out a few words every now and then you just listen as you let the time pass until your alarm goes off.

As the alarm continues to go off you start to wake up but realize your eyes won't open. The beeping of your alarm slowly gets longer and quieter. You finally notice the sound is no longer that of an alarm clock, but instead a heart monitor. You open your eyes and jolt up in a panic. As you wake up you look around to see you're in a monotone white room with equipment

painting the walls. Doctors begin to flood in and rush around you as they check your vitals and make sure everything is okay. One doctor is standing still next to you trying to talk to you but you can't hear a thing. The room is spinning as well as all the people in it. It's all moving so fast, but that's when you suddenly hear that you were in an accident and have been unconscious for 15 days. Time begins to freeze around you as you finally realize that you didn't swerve back into your lane. An eternity later time moves like normal again but the first thing that comes to mind is your daughter. You feel a large pit form in your stomach as your mouth forms the words "Where is my daughter?" The doctors all stop and exchange a look before someone speaks up, saying that she died in the crash. You feel as if every bone in your body is completely shattered. It feels like minutes before the doctors begin to move again, this time checking your vitals to make sure you didn't die as all the color leaves your body. Your daughter's first day of school was also her last, all because you decided that the little message couldn't wait another 5 minutes. Was that message worth your daughter not being able to arrive alive?