

A Proper Example

My parents always give themselves credit for how they raised me. No matter the subject, grades, awards, my hair, or even how I spoke. No matter what I also always denied it, claiming I was self made and was nothing like them. One major aspect of my claim was the difference in how we drove. In drivers ed, they told us that the great majority of teens would get into a crash as soon as they got their license. This effectively scared me into being a responsible driver. Both my parents however didn't seem to have a concern about their driving when they chose to look at their phone while on the road. My mother would often look at and respond to work messages and calls and my dad would do the same, just not as much. Time after time this occurred and eventually I started begging them to stop. I would have to be a more observant driver than them when they were behind the wheel.

At one point I got impatient, I took the phone from my mother's hand and reminded her in a frustrated tone to focus on the road. I'm still not sure if what happened was my fault or not, maybe the catalyst was the phone. All I wanted to do was keep us safe. I'd been knocked out before but not like what happened. There's that pain on the head that I would describe as faint but heavy and it lasts for days on end. We were on the way to my Busia's (grandmother in Polish) house and my mom has always had the route memorized. I knew my mom would be working when we got there but I was hoping she wouldn't get calls while in the car. I was also hoping the guardrail would keep us from danger but instead, it caught onto the car like a snare. It was similar to unwrapping a present where the hands were the guardrail and the wrapping was the car, torn apart like tissue paper.

It didn't feel like I was waking up, it felt like I was being forced to open my eyes when I'm half asleep. Everything was gone, and I don't just mean the car. It never really set in too well either, the reason dad and I had to use the navigation the next time we went to visit Busia.