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### One Missed Step

Backing out of my grainy, unpaved dirt driveway in my silver 2010 Toyota Corolla, I started my adventure to my friend's lake house for the weekend. The speakers were booming with Kanye West and all the windows cranked down. As the road turns to paved concrete, I begin texting Roger letting them know I'm on my way. Then I started playing subway surfers on my brand new iPhone 6, half heartedly paying attention to the busyness in front of me. Roger kept texting me asking what I'm bringing and how to get there. "Roger, I know where to go and I brought everything I need. Stop spam-texting me. I'm in the middle of a subway-surfers game."

As my distraction to my phone increased, my awareness for the road went entirely out the window. The speedometer on the dash read 50, my mind so locked in from the thrill of being chased on a screen. I haven't even noticed my speed, and as I look up from this addicting monster, it's far from too late. The car in front of me has stopped.

My heart sank all the way down to the deep end of my intestines. Frantically, with half a second to react, I feel with my foot for the break, but in all the chaos, accelerate the gas. BOOM! I woke up in extreme pain, my body limping from head to toe as I became tightly tucked into the hospital bed in the rear of the ambulance. My ears would not stop ringing from the incredibly loud sirens that filled the once silent air. I broke down in a chaotic panic, each bone in my body in pain as I whimpered all the way to the hospital.

Totally in utter shock, I couldn't believe what just happened as I sat there in the tiny and cramped hospital bed. I began replaying the moment over and over again not being able to get over the fact that I almost just DIED. A few minutes passed, and eventually I heard Roger swinging the double doors open and dashing to my aid. "Dude, I couldn't believe my ears when I heard what happened to you. I will never text you or bother you while you drive again." "It's all good Roggy," my name for him ever since we played in diapers. "It's 100% my fault any of this happened. Distraction took over my brain and instead focused on a stupid game rather than looking up and realizing my foot's pushing over 50 while the car in front of me barely over 30." I felt ashamed and embarrassed at the instant regret I had for being so glued to my phone. If this experience didn't happen, what could happen to me? I'd still be doing the same exact thing everytime I go out for a drive. And maybe, the circumstances would turn out way worse.

Since that day, this moment will forever be ingrained in my mind as long as I'm alive here on earth. Thankfully more than lucky enough to recover from the brutal and almost fatal conditions I had been in. But for many, they might not be so lucky. The reality of one missed step or one half a second of reaction time can prove so fatal. People don't realize how dangerous it could be and I was just like one of those people. I nearly feel responsible for leaving all the people I knew and loved because of some stupid decision which is not fair to them at all. I have not and will not ever be distracted on my phone or anything else while I'm driving. I've learned to not take important moments in life for granted because tomorrow isn't guaranteed to anyone.