

The Impact of a Choice

Voices bounce through the car as we chatter frivolously.

“That spaghetti was amazing.”

“The breadsticks, wow that was the best Italian food I’ve had in my life.”

“We have to go back there, Mom.”

“What about the pesto? That was unbelievable”

“Did you try the chocolate cake, though? It was to die for.”

Ear-shattering shriek

“To die for...”

“To die for...”

My ears ring; picking up no sound.

“Am I deaf?”

It’s as if I am watching the scene as a slow-motion reel of images. My sisters head lunges forward. Click. Her head coming back up. Click. She’s sitting straight up. Click. Her head contacts the back of the seat. Click. Her mouth opens to cry out. Click. I hear no sound. Click. Click.Click.Click.

I feel something rushing by my left side almost as if it were water. A black wave racing alongside my body urging the car to go faster. Vulnerable, on its side, the car is forced forward. It screeches faster along the yellow line at the center of this black wave. I look forward and the multicolored lights blind me.

Stop.

A snake wound around my body holding me down. I claw at it, lunging forward, trying to break free. I plead with it to let me go, begging for freedom. It clings tighter digging into my

skin. Flesh breaks. Click. Falling forward; I am free. Eyelids reveal the world sideways; the ground is on my right instead of beneath me.

Strong hands grasp my shoulders pulling me out through the sunroof of the summer blue Saturn View. Silence. Even the little buzzes that are always there--absent. A tattered figure. Blood. Thick hot blood forcefully overwhelms my nose. A face. A familiar face. I cry out.

Denial.

“No! no! No!”

Hands wrenching me away. Pushing; I struggle but they are stronger. Vision blurring. Blink. Tears shatter on the pavement. Blurring. Blink. Shatter.

Brightness.

“Heaven?”

No, ambulance ceiling. Examination.

“The blood isn’t hers.”

Attempting to form words, but they fail me. I stutter. I can’t ask. I have to know.

“My mom, please.”

“It’s going to be okay, sweetie.”

No. Where is she?

Fuzzy brown fur shoved into my skinny arms. A welcoming, smiling face; brown threaded eyes. I press my tears into this stuffed creature, hugging him tightly against my tiny body. I sob as I listen to the sirens. The sirens. Noise floods my ears once again.

Clank. Through the metal doors. Wheels whirring, my mind urging them faster. Blinding brightness. Darkness. Brightness. Dark. Bright. Dark.Bright. Stop. I raise my head, a white coat, needle in hand. He’s sewing. He’s sewing her arm. Her arm. She’s sitting. She’s sitting up.

The blood is dried. She's looking at me. Her lips are moving. She's moving. She's alive. Alive. I wait.

She holds me. I cling to her. I'm sobbing. She rocks me. Back and forth. Back and forth. Back and forth.

"Someone hit our car baby. We are lucky to be alive. We are lucky I was the only one injured."

"You're okay?"

"I'm okay."

"You aren't gonna die?"

"No, baby."

The man who hit our beautiful blue car was drunk, driving a stolen car. He smashed into us, flipping our entire vehicle over and then causing it to skid for several feet on its side. However, this did not detain him in anyway. This man continued to drive and hit another family as he ran a red light. This family was not as fortunate as mine; two people were killed in their accident, and one of them was their mother. She did not even make it to the hospital but died right on impact. This drunk man remained completely unscathed by both accidents and was able to continue driving. He was later apprehended by authorities. Many people today do not understand the risk of driving under the influence; they think that it will not have the same effect on them, and they will be able to handle it. But this man who killed people thought the exact same thing.