

The Worst day

Grade	<u>6th</u>
Fiction	<u> </u>
Poetry	<u> </u>
Nonfiction	<u>X</u>

I thought I would never be in a car accident. Well I thought wrong. This was in the middle of 2018. I was in fourth grade, it was a Friday. My life flashed before my eyes. I looked up and all I could see and hear was beeps and people honking. My mind was trying to process it.

This was supposed to be a sunny and a fun day, but it was the exact opposite. I wasn't going to school that day because I was going to Salt Lake with my older sister Jasmine, my nephew Aj, and my brother-in-law Martin. My sister, on the other hand, had to go to school, so it was like eight in the morning. When we got to the school, I saw my teacher and told her that I wasn't going to school. My mom and I were chilling in the car, talking to each other. I wasn't paying attention and looked up, but it was too late. I couldn't believe that I really got into a car accident. My mom couldn't stop so we ended up hitting the black jeep. There was a lady in the car. Good thing I had my seatbelt on. I hurt my stomach just a little. I looked up and I could see my breath, and my vision was blurry. My mom asked me if I was okay and that's when I snapped back to reality. I started to look at my mom to see if she was hurt. I started to feel a little sting on my neck and decided to look at it. I saw that the seatbelt cut my neck, but not too bad.

It was super cold outside and the heater in the car stopped working, which meant we were freezing. I thought I brought my hoodie but I brought a thin, small blanket. I started to ball my eyes out. One thing that I was scared of the most was my mom. She is from Mexico and I couldn't stop thinking about what might happen to her. I was grabbing her hand and saying, "No, I can't let them take you away from me."

"No baby, I won't let them take me away from you, I promise," my mom said, stuttering from the cold. I couldn't stop crying, my eyes as red as strawberries. I was shaking from the cold and from what had just happened to me. I couldn't stop crying. The sting from my neck got worse and I couldn't stand it. I looked in the mirror and I saw that the seatbelt cut my neck. I showed my mom and she looked surprised. One of the owners of the cars behind us asked if we were okay. My mom said we were fine. When he came to ask us, he saw me and he was surprised that there was a kid in the car. I could hear him on the phone with 911 and he said, "There is a crash on elk street by the McDonalds. There's a kid in the car."

He left to go see if the other person was okay, but I could still see he was on the phone. We called my brother-in-law Martin because the car was his, and my mom had just borrowed it. Our car was bigger than the other one. We told him to hurry up but he had to find someone to give him a ride and watch my nephews. He came in about twenty minutes later, but in those twenty minutes one of the officers asked for ID and other things. Martin finally came and brang Jeff, one of his friends.

He helped me get out of the car and also helped me get my stuff out of the car. One of the workers from the fire department helped us cross the street. It was still super cold. We went inside and ordered food. I got two breakfast burritos and a smoothie. When we sat down I said with tears about to pour out, "I don't want them to take my mom."

"Don't say that, they won't take your mom," Jeff said.

People were looking out the window with shock on their faces. I kept looking out the window to see what was happening. I saw them walk my way. It turns out that my mom didn't cause the accident and it was the other lady. My mom did get a ticket though, for not having a license. My mom got food and we talked. I asked my mom how much the ticket was and she said a one hundred bucks. While Martin and my mom talked I was playing on this game computer on the wall. "I'll pay for the ticket," Martin said generously to help with the money.

"You don't have to," my mom argued.

"Come on."

My mom thought about it and then replied, "Fine. Thank you so much for the help." After we left and went home, I packed up and left in a couple of hours.

This was the worst day of my life. I'm still traumatized to this day. It has been three years since the accident. I don't feel safe on highways or crowded places with a lot of cars anymore. I hate crazy drivers, and texters. When that happens my heart beats way too fast. I realize how fast they drive and check to see if they are on their phones. I trust people with my life when they drive. My fear has been doing a little better. My mom always thought the lady was on her phone, not paying attention to the road, and taking so long we just hit. I agree, because it looked like she was on her

phone. The cut on my neck healed and thankfully, it didn't leave a mark. I'm now older and still a little traumatized.