

The Accident

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It was a hot summer day in Milboro Springs, Virginia; to be exact, it was the day before Mother's Day. My sister Alayna and I had been visiting with my grandma over the weekend. At this time, I was in the sixth grade while my sister was in the second. I still remember the day like it was yesterday.

My grandma, sister, and I were on our way home from Wal-Mart. I was sitting in the front seat with my legs crossed Indian-style while my sister was lying down in the backseat. Alayna had her seatbelt on but had loosened it so she could lie comfortably in the seat. My grandma had her huge, black sunglasses on with a bright yellow top and light brown spandex shorts. We were on our way to my other grandma's house to eat dinner. All I could think about was what we were going to eat for dinner.

As the car moved on, I began to become very sleepy. I was almost asleep when I felt the car hit the ditch; I bounced up and down for what seemed like an eternity. We rode the ditch for at least a quarter of a mile when, "Bam," we hit a tree. When I finally opened my eyes to realize what had happened, I found my sister in the middle between my grandma and me. Her face was covered with blood; she had hit the windshield. I looked at her, then my grandma; my grandma began to panic and scream, "Help!"

All of a sudden a strange man appeared and opened up the car door and said, "Are you all ok?" My grandma shouted that we needed an ambulance for my sister. He told us we needed to get out of the car, for it was smoking and might blow up. Then another car pulled up, and a woman named Mrs. Deeds called 911.

When I got out of the car, I became very dizzy and almost fainted, until the strange man handed me a blue raspberry Gatorade out of his vehicle. The next person to arrive on the scene was my grandpa, my grandma's ex husband. When he saw me, he hugged me and asked me if I was ok. I told him yes but my neck was sore. He told me to

lie down until the ambulance arrived. When he saw my sister, tears rolled down his face. He began yelling at my grandmother, asking her what she did. He did not even wait for a reply; he started towards his truck to get his first aid kit. When he got to my sister, he started to bandage up her face with gauze to control the excessive amount of bleeding.

The ambulance finally arrived. When they saw my sister, they called for a helicopter to take her to the hospital, for they did not think she was going to make it. Then a paramedic named Karen came over to me and asked me quite a few questions such as what had happened, if I was ok, where my body hurt.

The helicopter arrived, and the other set of paramedics rushed over to my sister and put her on a stretcher and carried her back to the helicopter. When the helicopter flew off, all I remember thinking was if my sister was going to make it. Then I was put on a stretcher and taken to the hospital, a different one from my sister; the ride seemed like it lasted forever. My grandma was also put on a stretcher and taken to the same hospital as me.

When I got to the hospital, I was taken into the emergency room and admitted into my own room. My Aunt Debbie had been called and came to be with me, for my parents and grandparents had to be with my sister. When the doctor arrived, he told me that they would need to take an x-ray of my collar bone to see if I had broken it. It seemed like days went by before my x-ray results came back, but when they did, the news was good; luckily I had not broken my collar bone. I only came out of the car accident with a seat belt burn on my neck and two scars on my knees. The doctor told my aunt that she could take me home. Before I left though I had to see my grandma, when I walked into her room she started to cry and tell me how sorry she was. Seeing her cry made me cry, I told her that everything was going to be fine, even though I was unsure. She ended up breaking her sternum and her pinky toe.

When I got in the car, I was afraid to ask about Alayna, but I finally asked, “Is Alayna ok?”

My aunt replied “Yes, but her face is cut up a lot and has quite a few stitches in her face.” When I heard those words come out of my aunt’s mouth a feeling of relief came over me. My sister’s ok, I thought, my sister’s ok.

Debbie took me to my grandfather's house, for he was finally back from the hospital. When I entered, he hugged me and told me that Alayna was doing fine but she would have to spend the night in the hospital. That night I could not sleep because of the pain in my neck, and I just thought about my sister.

The following morning Alayna and my parents pulled in my grandpa's driveway. When my sister entered the room, I was speechless, she had stitches all up the right side of her face and her left eyeball had blood in it. I did not even want to go near her; I was scared of the way she looked. My mom told me to go say hello to her, but I could not. It took me the rest of the day to cope after seeing my sister, but finally that night, I went to talk to her and gave her a hug. At that moment, I had never been so thankful.

Today I can still remember the car accident very vividly. I can still smell antifreeze leaking out of the car and see the way my sister's face looked. I believe that we had a guardian angel watching over us that day because if I had not had my legs crossed Indian-style, I would have lost my legs because the engine was pushed up under my feet. I am so thankful for that strange man, whose name I have now learned is Timmy Yules, for if he had not been there, my sister probably would have died. The lesson that I have learned from the car accident is to always wear your seatbelt correctly, never loosen it or not wear it, for if my sister had not had her seatbelt on at all, I know she would not be here today, nor would I. Another lesson I have learned is to not take people for granted because in that very second, I could have lost my sister. That day is a day I will never forget.