

Life is Precious: My Car Accident Story

I believe life is precious. You can only live one life, unfortunately. Death, can sweep you away in an instant. Some people just let it happen, but others are just too stubborn to give up. I have a person in my life that has experienced this, along with myself.

In late January of this past year, 2009, I experienced a traumatic experience. My mother was driving my friend, me, and my brothers to my dad's house. My youngest brother, my friend, and I, were in the backseat and my eldest brother was in the passenger seat. My friend, my brother, and I were joking around and laughing in the backseat, when all of a sudden, the world went black. I opened my eyes moments later only to see my mother crying helplessly and weakly for help. I looked to my left, where my friend was, she was calling for her mother, saying "I want my mom, where is my mom?" and complaining that her shoulder hurt. I then looked to my right, and saw my little brother crying, and breathing harshly and saying "Mom wake up, Mom!!!" I, felt like crying but could not, I had to keep my brother and my friend, who are both two years younger than me, calm. My eldest brother, surprisingly was fine. He asked me if I was alright, and I responded by saying, my head hurts. My brother suddenly looked at the side of my face, and said "Jade put your gloves on your face." I was wondering why so of course I did it, then looked down at my glove, only to realize that my head was bleeding. It wasn't painful though, it was just, numb. I kept pressure on my head, still using my glove. Then, I heard my eldest brother say, "Get out of the car." First my friend walked out, followed by myself, and my younger brother walked out to the other side.

When we were fully out of the car, my mom was still trapped inside. Her door had been caved in and she was unable to move. I shed a tear, then quickly ran across the now, very backed up intersection, to the gas station across the way. There was a college aged boy standing there, on a cell phone, seemingly calling 911. I stood there for a second, until I saw him hang up. I said politely "Can you please call my dad?" He responded by saying, "Of course, sweetie, of course, what's the number?" I quickly told him and he dialed right away. I heard my father's deep soothing voice say "Hello?" "Yes, hello I am..." he said his name, "and I am standing here at the intersection of 6th street and Walnut with your daughter, her mother and siblings have just experienced a very bad car accident" said the man. "I will be there right away" I heard my father say. A police officer walked up to us and told us that it was too cold to be standing outside, and rushed us to his car.

My brothers, my friend and I were sitting in the police car when we suddenly saw my father sprinting toward my mother's car and looking around, obviously wondering where we were. The doors don't open from the inside in a police car, so I tapped on the window, directing toward my brother who was standing outside, and told him to open the door. He opened the door, and then I told him that my dad was there, I spotted him again, then ran into his arms. At this

point, there were firefighters prying my mother's car door open, and carrying her out on a stretcher. I watched as the ambulance rushed her away, began to cry, and then realized that my little brother was standing right next to me. He was not breathing well and his face was beat red. My little brother is an asthmatic, so I immediately alerted a medic.

Just then, a medic walked up to me, and started to clean my face with alcohol rub. She then put a cotton bandage on the side of my eye. The cut was not as bad as all of the blood made it look. The medic then told me to go find my brothers then follow her to the ambulance.

Once we were in the ambulance, one of the medics inside put my little brother on a breathing machine, which basically, was just helping him to breathe better and to get oxygen back into his lungs. My friend and I were on a ledge seat by the window and my oldest brother was sitting on a chair in the back, and my dad was sitting up front with the person driving the ambulance.

We quickly arrived at the hospital where we were each assigned a room, my friend and I were in a room together, and my brothers were each in their own rooms.

After we had all been released to go, I asked the nurse if we could go see my mom and she said we could. We went into my mom's room on the recovery floor. She had a bloody lip and told us that she cracked her pelvic bone, and broke some of her ribs.

This is when I realized that you don't know how much you love someone, until they are fighting for their life just so they can live to see your face everyday.

My mom is my idol. She has fought for her life in order to stay in mine and my siblings'. She has dumped guys she really liked, because she knows that when things are real bad, we are the ones that help her get through it the most. She has even gone days without eating so that we could eat.

I look to my mom for everything, and am hoping she will be around for a long time.

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