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All Went Wrong

A thin layer of delicate, white snow covers all in sight with a hidden sheet of ice underneath. It was the first snowfall of winter last year when everything went wrong. The day all started with me sleeping through the blurring noise of my alarm; the simple tap of my finger sent me drifting back to sleep.

The clock had read 6:50 A.M. when my body jolted me awake. I glanced over at my sister to find her sound asleep. A rush of anxiety flowed throughout as I realized the time and knew that arriving to school on time was out of the question.

A few seconds had passed and I snapped out of the daze of what to do and with a slightly louder voice I said "Shelbie get up! We are going to be late!"

With eyes half open she arose from her bed like a zombie rising from the grave. She nodded with affirmation as what I said had processed in her brain.

I began searching for the clothes I needed to start my day, but I ran into a small problem-- no clean clothes.

"I swore I started a load of laundry last night." I mumbled to myself.

I focused on trying to remember what I did exactly last night for a brief moment when the thought to check the washer popped into my head. I hesitantly walked over to the washer and as I predicted: my clothes were still in there.

*There is no way I could wear these clothes.* I thought to myself. I scurried around my closet-- which was home to clothes that haven't been worn since the first time I bought them-- in search for anything to wear. I ended up with an old BC Fire t-shirt and an old pair of jeans; not the best outfit, but it's better than nothing.

Time seemed to fly by fast because I took another look at the clock and it was now 7:30 A.M. and way past the time that we normally leave for school. I slid my binders and books into my bag and wrapped up making a peanut butter and jelly sandwich for lunch-- while Shelbie finished getting ready.

By 7:40 A.M. I was comfortably sitting in the passenger seat with my headphones in as Shelbie sped to school-- watching for cops along the way-- in hope of getting there at least ten minutes late. We had passed the residential area and a curve was coming up, but the thought of decreasing speed didn't cross either of our minds. Shelbie took the curve to fast and just our luck the car hit a ice patch in the road.

As the car drifted across the pavement, the front end rotated to the right and was heading in the direction of a telephone pole.

The next few moments I'm unable to remember. But the next thing I remember is looking around finding Shelbie trapped in her seat with the driver side door curved in and glass from the back window spread out like confetti in the car.

"Is everyone okay?" A voice from outside the car asked.

I looked to where the voice originated from and nodded in reassurance to a man by my window. The man-- I never asked his name-- helped Shelbie slip out from behind the wheel as I stumbled out of the car. After checking if either of us were hurt he had me call 9-1-1 while Shelbie called our mom.

A police officer didn't arrive until fifteen minutes later with my mom trailing behind. Before my mom could take us to get checked out, Shelbie was asked several questions.

*"Is this your first experience driving in winter?"*

*"Were you speeding?"*

After what felt like an interrogation, my mom took us to the emergency room where I sat in a stiff, uncomfortable chair for hours as Shelbie went through the process of getting checked out, since I was categorized as "okay".

My day ended in the uncomfortable chair in the emergency room-- resulting in the day where everything went wrong.