

The Wreck

(Based off a true story)

By CJ A.

The headlight sliced through the heavy Florida mist as my dad coasted down the back road just miles from our destination. The radio was a low hum, a soft companion to the rhythm of the tires on the damp pavement, until the world suddenly shifted to high speed.

Then, a dark figure came in from the distance. Seconds later, the window shattered as the car started spinning in circles. The glass pierced deeply into my pale skin. The smell of blood was permeating the air. Suddenly I begin to black out.

My eyelids open to a blurry light and all I hear are beeping sounds. Suddenly I realize I'm in the hospital, safe at last. My family was scared to death. I tried telling them I was ok, but I couldn't. I was so confused until my mom told me my voicebox was severely damaged and I had to stay in the hospital for a while. Time passed and after a few weeks I could talk again. Finally, I am out of this mess.