Natasha McDaniel

Dr. Mallory

English 1101

June 2, 2018

The Worst Day of My life

When I was 15 I got in a wreck. After 21 years it’s still hard to talk about. It’s even hard to drive some days, even if it has been so long ago. I will always be reminded of that day because of the scars I bare. Not only physical scars but emotional scars as well. Life has and does get better as the days go by.

When you are 15 and have a boyfriend, especially one that can drive, that is the best feeling ever. You think you are the coolest person in school or maybe the group of people that you hang out with. But that can all change in a second. Life in general can change in a second. You can think everything is ok one minute and not be the next. Life as you know it will flash before your eyes with a near death experience.

Saturday January 27, 1997 21 years ago will be a day that will never be forgotten. Jeffery (my 18-year-old boyfriend that later became my husband) and I were coming from Dublin, GA from seeing my grandmother that was in the hospital. My mom was needing something from the house, so he and I were going to go get what she needed and take it back to her. However, we never made it to the house. He needed to go to his house and get something too, so we were on back roads to his house when we wrecked.

 This road was not well traveled and had holes. Jeffery hit one of the holes trying to miss another hole and the truck spun around. The truck wouldn’t go past 60 so I know that he wasn’t speeding. But we slid down six trees and almost hit a cement drainpipe. It was daylight when we wrecked, and it was night time before we were able to get help.

I lost consciousness for a little while. I do remember when I woke up that I had to dislocate my right leg to get out of the truck to get up a hill to try and wave down a car that was going down the road at the time. Jeffery had to wrap his shirt around my arm to control the bleeding. An ambulance finally came hours later to help and got us to the Telfair County hospital. I was alone. My mom was almost an hour away from me and they couldn’t get ahold of her and Jeffery was in another trauma room. I thought I was going to die. My arm was cut up bad and the bleeding they could not get controlled for a long time.

Finally, my mom came to me and eased my mind a little. I was asked all kinds of questions. Poked and prodded with needles for what seemed like hours. I did end have over 400 stitches in my face, hand, and arm. It was said too, that if I had been sitting on the passenger side instead of sitting in the middle, I would not be here today. When the truck slid down the six trees when I came to a final stop, it stopped on a tree stump and my head would have struck the stump and hit the temple and I would have died.

 The year of 1997 was not the best year for me. On February 1, my grandmother died. I couldn’t see her because they didn’t want her to see me all beat up from my wreck. I didn’t get to see her and tell her my final goodbyes. My heart still breaks because of that. However, my birthday present was getting my 400 stitches out. I would never want to relive that again. Life does get better as the days go by.