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English 2

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### Worst of the Worst

My eyes opened in an instant but when I try to move the rest of my body, I am weak. Turning my head to the side, I see my brother and begin to wonder. Why is he there?

Using all the energy inside of me I sit in the upright position only to see the floor of my car. Adrenaline instantly shoots through my body. I look to the ground and see this giant pillow thing and under it, shattered glass. I look to my brother as he begins to open his eyes and see what had happened. Our entire car had flipped over on its side.

Shocked in fear I stumble on what to do. I look at my parents. The two of them are struggling to get their seat belts off. First, my mom gets her seat belt off and then my dad gets his off, only to see him fall towards my mom. He manages to push to the side and avoid hitting my mom. Immediately, my mom tells me to check on my brother and as I go to check on him he gets up.

At this time, a crowd of people came running towards our car.

“Are you ok?” yelled a woman in shock.

“Oh my god, how did this happen?” Exclaimed another man in confusion. They all then started banging on the car like it would do something.

“We’re OK, just open the trunk,” I remember hearing from my mom say in her thick accent. She had to repeat it once or twice but they finally understood and did as we asked.

When I had gotten out of the car I could see what had happened. We had used one of the cars as a ramp and flipped onto the side. Three other cars had also had dents in their sides from our car when we had attempted to evade the driver as he snaked out of the parking spot.

It was only minutes ago that I could remember myself sitting in the back seat next to my brother, playing on Nintendo DS enjoying my day. There was no way I could have possibly predicted an event like this would happen.

Soon ambulances and police had arrived at the scene and began talking to the man we hit. Everyone who had lived on that block had now been outside and looking at what had happened outside. After a few minutes of standing around, the police had finally come up to my parents to ask them about the accident.

“Who was driving the car?” was the first thing he had asked.

“I was.” responded my mom but instead of writing that down he questioned her.

“The people outside over there had told me that a man was next to the steering wheel when they saw you all get out.”

“I was driving,” my mom responding not being able to explain because her English wasn’t very good. She had no way to communicate to the officer any better than she had. At the time I was only a kid and I knew I couldn’t do anything which is why I had felt so bad at that time.

The rest of conversation went similarly to what had just happened, along with the rest of the day, and to make matters worse, everyone seemed to take the other guys side because they all

knew him, including the police that arrived on scene. For the rest of the day, people had treated us with little to no respect even going as far to make sly remarks in front of our faces, thinking we wouldn't understand. That day made me feel lesser of myself, as if I was different from everyone else and that it was a bad thing. It had turned my already bad situation into an internal conflict which in some ways was worse than the physical problem.

Seeing how the world isn't this great place for the first time is a frightening experience but I had learned one of the most valuable lessons from it. No matter how awful the problem you are facing is, remember it could always be worse. Everyday life throws a challenge at you, whether it's small or enormous and you just have to face it with hope it won't get larger. Always be grateful you are not dealing with a situation much worse than the one you are actually in.