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Senior Writing C

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 I remember hearing the faint ring in my ears as I slammed my head against the dashboard. The smoke from the hood engulfed my nose. My grandmother got out of the car, and I crawled out of the driver’s side door. My right eye remained closed and my vision shaky. From what I could see the car in front of us looked like junk yard scrap. I laid my body on the cool pavement and released a sigh of defeat. Next thing I was being lifted onto a stretcher. The volunteer fireman sat in the ambulance and asked me, “Where do you live? What is your name?” I could barely hear the muttered questions over all of the pain, let alone answer them.

 “Can I take my neck brace off?” I repeatedly asked the nurse, as soon as I entered the hospital. I received the same answer sternly, “No sweetheart, hang in there. We don’t know how stable your spine is right now.” Concussion test after CAT scan after blood test, my head spun around the room. “Danielle, you have whiplash, upper back strain, and a major concussion.” I heard the doctor and nurse talking, “she’s lucky to be alive, she dodged the bullet this time.” In that moment my concern was not my physical well-being. Only one question bounced around in my head, “when am I getting out of here?”

 The doctor demanded no technology, school-work, driving, or sunlight. “Great, nothing all day” I thought. The whole time I was out all I thought about was my school work. I could not fathom the amount of work I would have to make up when arriving back at school. Being my junior year of high school, this accident could not have come at a worse time. Overwhelmed and nervous, in a little more than two weeks’ time I came back to school. I was bombarded by teachers’ saying, “How are you feeling” or “Boy you have missed a lot!” I had constant headaches, and would come home from school upset and confused. I did not even know where to start on my work, and when I did I felt unfocused. This made me self-conscious about my learning capability and pushed me farther back from progress. I didn’t understand things as easily as before, like chemistry and algebra that had came to me so easily before. Nevertheless I kept pushing on.

 My junior year was something that I would not want to relive, but I learned more about myself than I ever thought I could. At this point in time, I did not believe writing my term paper could’ve ever been possible, but working on it every day for weeks straight, I received a B on the paper. Now in my senior year I know what to do to keep myself on track and to strive for the best in my future. This car accident had a negative impact on my life, but it taught me how strong willed and determined I can be.