

It Can Wait

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My stomach began to turn. It was only two hours before I would take my driver's test. As I was thinking of all the ways it could go wrong, my grandparents and aunt and uncle came. I put on a smile and opened the door. I was bombarded with kisses and good luck wishes for my test. As they greeted the rest of my family, I began thinking again, "What if I can't make a turn? What if I pass a stop sign? What if I go over the speed limit? What if? What if? What if?"

Spiraling into a horrible daydream, I heard my aunt's voice, "Lizzy, can I talk to you?"

Trying to catch my breath, I respond, "yeah, what's up?"

We stepped out onto the porch, and she began to talk, "Your Mom tells me you're pretty nervous about this test."

"What? of course not," I waved my hand nonchalantly, but I knew there was no putting on an act. She knows.

"I know it can be worrisome thinking about your test,

but it will be okay. I didn't pass mine the first few times I took it," she said.

"How is that supposed to make me feel better?" I remarked.

She gave me a look and continued, "the point is I did pass. I never gave up. But I wanted to tell you as a story. It's not about passing your test, because I know you will. It's about once you do."

I was intrigued, "okay, tell me."

She continued, "It was 8 years ago. I got a new phone. I was texting my friends when I hit a pothole and dropped it. The stoplight ahead turned red, and I began looking for my phone. When, the light turned green, I started driving with my eyes on the screen. Then, I heard a loud engine and looked up. A truck trying to get through a yellow light was speeding towards me. Clutching my phone, I slammed on the brakes, but it was too late. My head slammed against the headrest, and my ears started ringing. I remember waking up in a hospital. The nurse told me what had happened. After she told me, I had a clearer vision of the foggy memory. She told me about my fractured wrist, concussion and broken ribs. I was lucky to be alive."

My jaw dropped. I didn't have a clue this happened.

"Wow. I can't believe it. All because of a phone?"

"Yes," earnestly gazing into my eyes, she continued, "In the blink of an eye, I could have lost everything. When you pass your driver's test, promise me you will never use your phone while driving. Ever. Trust me, it can wait."

"Yes. Of course, I want to be safe and protect myself and other drivers around me," I announced. "Thank you, Aunt Amelia."

She smiled at me and said, "You're welcome, now go pass that test!"