

Pets and Driving Do Not Mix

Contributed by Dee

I really

don't know where I should begin this Story. I guess it's not really fair to call it that.. a story. It is, but it isn't make believe or fantasy. Not fictional by any means. I suppose with any incident, tragic or otherwise, the best place to begin is the beginning.

Forgive

me if I ramble on a bit. It's been a while since this experience happened and it's affected me so much in my daily life that not a day goes by that I don't think about it.

I was in

my little Neon car at the time. A no frills version to keep my costs down. In hindsight it probably wasn't the best choice for me, but that's a bridge I crossed a long time ago I guess. Regardless of my taste in vehicles I was driving in my home town, a small town, not many residents, twelve hundred or so at best.

You

always think that living in a peaceful community is your best and safe solution to the big city, but you give up some things that you can find readily in metropolitan areas like hospitals, police stations, fire departments and the like. In my case it was a vet.

My cat

Darius had been sick for several days and I made the decision that I wanted to take him to the vet which, unfortunately, was thirty miles away from my home. I loaded him up into his cozy cat container and set out for what usually is a simple trip.

Darius

was always a smart cat. He's older and has been around and seen a lot in those years being a cat I rescued from the ASPCA some years prior. He never was much of a fan of the cat carrier and would often pace, twirl and meow quite a lot.

I was

watching the road carefully because it is continually under construction. We get a lot of rain fall so the town city works decided to have ditches dug out on both sides so if you're not careful and you run off the side of the road you pretty much wind up in a ditch.

Considering

I was watching the road I wasn't paying attention to Darius. At some point during the drive he got himself free from his carrier and curled up on the backseat floor. Being a very affectionate cat I guess he wanted attention and he leaped into the front seat, into my lap.

Startled,

I slammed on the brake and jerked the wheel. Being on this uneven and rocky terrain the wheels couldn't grip correctly and I began to spin out. In a panic I must have hit the gas and realizing it, hit the brake. This sudden change of stop and go translated into a rollover.

I don't

remember much of what occurred from this point on until I woke up with my world totally turned upside down as my car was in the ditch, upside down. These roads aren't well traveled and while driving a tan car I kind of just blend in.

My arm

was broken and my seatbelt was jammed. The door was dented in enough so that I could not open it. Essentially I was stuck. For two days I stayed in the car, waiting and in severe pain. Darius was hurt on impact and died by me later that first day.

A group

of workmen, on their home from a job site, drove by the accident scene. I didn't think much of it since it happened a number of times and my voice was gone from screaming. Something caught their attention and they came back. One was a trained EMT and was able to check my statistics. Without cell service one of the truck men drove the extra 20 miles to get help while the others waited with me.

I spent some time in the hospital healing up. I

haven't driven since and that was several years ago. I still miss Darius and I've never replaced him.