

Van Crash On Route to Disney

Contributed by Lax

My cousin told me this car crash story of their planned family holiday to Disneyland in Orlando, Florida that well, didn't exactly go as planned. Even though they never made it to Disneyland, thank goodness they're alright.

This happened way back in August of 1993. We were all still kids back then. At that time, my four cousins' ages ranged from about five to eleven years old so a trip to Disneyland on their summer vacation was most appropriate.

Their dad (my uncle) Ben was driving and their mom (my aunt) Ellen was seated in the backseat with my four cousins. Our Aunt Sissy (Aunt Ellen's sister) went along with them so that makes six people all in all who were riding in the van for that trip.

They were coming from Maryland and taking the very, very long drive all the way to Florida. It would take at least three days to drive down there, including all the rest stops they had to take. I'm not thankful that the accident happened at all, but I'm glad about the fact that it happened somewhere along the outskirts of Virginia - still close to Maryland. They were still in relatively close proximity to where they live so it was easy for them to turn back and head back home.

Anyway, so there they were, just coasting along the highway at a regular speed. They found themselves driving along side a delivery truck - small in size, but still much larger than the van. My cousins who were seated at the back of the van noticed that the delivery truck was slowly getting closer and closer to their right side. Uncle Ben couldn't see this because he was driving a bit ahead of the truck so he kept the van on their lane.

Before my cousins had time to react or warn their dad, the delivery truck smashed the right side of the van which sent them spinning out of their lane. Their van did a 360 turn that almost turned over to its side.

Everyone was so shocked and stunned by what had happened that it took a few moments before anyone did anything. Uncle Ben got out of the car and after checking himself, he checked up on everyone else. My youngest cousin was crying, but everyone was somehow okay. It was our Aunt Sissy who took the impact. As soon as she tried to stand up, she felt the pain shoot up in her back all the way up to her neck. The police who had arrived at the scene had someone take our Aunt Sissy to the hospital.

Meanwhile, the driver of the delivery truck was interrogated and his excuse was he was trying to avoid hitting another car that was also on his right side. After more prodding from the police, he came out with the truth that he had fallen asleep at the wheel.

Our Aunt Sissy suffered a minor neck injury which she had gotten from the whiplash effect of the truck hitting them. Everyone was okay, but their holiday plans were ruined. In 1996, my cousins were finally able to go to Disneyland, but I

believe they took a different route.