

# Bicycle Crash

Contributed by Jessica Mornell

We hear different crash stories almost every day. Some are true, some are figments of hyped-up imaginations, some are factual with twists of fiction that add excitement to the story and there are those that simply wake you up to reality's grasp and you come tumbling down life's imaginary paradise.

This incident occurred a few weeks back. My boyfriend and I were in a hurry for a dinner appointment that we were already late for; as I was about to close the passenger door I realized I forgot my cell phone. I'm a very forgetful person; I even forget the next phrase I'm supposed to say when somebody cuts me off.

I got out of the car and went back inside to get my phone. I was gone for about a minute. As I got back in the car my boyfriend asked me if I forgot anything else and I told him I'm sure I got everything I needed. He backed out of the driveway and he drove to the corner of the street. I told him to hurry up but still be careful. He gets annoyed when I do that so we had our little lovers quarrel that lasted for about a couple of minutes.

He was speeding up a bit and he stopped just in time at a very busy intersection. He stepped on the brakes as the tires reached the road hump. I raised my voice unknowingly; I told him he should've been more careful since there were two cars coming from both our sides.

As we were arguing, a bicycle ridden by a man in his mid-thirties zipped past us revealing a kid no more than 5 years old sitting behind him. We watched as the bike zigzagged its tiny steel parts trying to avoid a car coming from the left and a suburban coming in fast from the right.

We watched with our mouths dropping inadvertently. It all happened so fast. We thought they had passed both vehicles when we heard the suburban's brakes hit so hard it created skid marks on the road. Only one scream was heard. We got out of the car and ran up to the man. He was holding the back tire of his mangled bike; it had gotten loose when the big van hit them. The child was nowhere to be seen. A few feet away from the crash scene, an elderly woman was crying for help.

The child was thrown in the air when the suburban crashed into the bike; he landed at least ten feet away from the crash site. I told my boyfriend to call for help. After a couple of minutes, we decided to drive the kid to the nearest village clinic. The doctor told us the kid probably has a sprained ankle and some bruises but no severe damage whatsoever. We went back to the intersection to tell the man where the child was and that he was going to be fine. We left after the man said his thanks.

Our lives are short, we may or we may not have the opportunity to live it out the way we want to. Incidents like this happen all around us. I'm thankful it wasn't me, if we had left earlier it might had been us in the accident.

I do feel pity for the man for his kid. It may have been his fault endangering the life of his child but nonetheless they were fortunate enough to get out of the crash alive. Life always has something surprising for us. I sometimes forget to be grateful for the life that I'm living at the moment. Now, I'm trying to live mine one day at a time. We only have one life. Better take real good care of it.