

## Lesson Learned

Contributed by Anthony Rogers

I love seeing teens like me driving their own car, cleaning it out on Sundays, going any place with their friends, or just simply riding in it. I am so envious. I don't know how can I get one of those since I still don't have enough money to buy one. Moreover, I'm not yet at legal age to get a driver's license. My brother, who's turning 18, learned driving at the age of 16. Our dad taught him how to drive because he said that my brother is more responsible and not hard-headed not like me. He always keeps his promises that's why our father trusts him so much. He even gave the keys to his car even though he doesn't have his own license yet. But that was before, now my brother has the right to drive and our dad bought him a second-hand car of his own.

One day, he asked my brother to run some errands at the market. It was just a few blocks away but too far to walk. Besides, there would be a lot of grocery bags to hold if he would do some shopping so he decided to use his car. I was at the garage, waiting for him to take the car out. I asked if I could come help him do the grocery shopping because I also need to buy some things for myself. He agreed. Then off we went to do the errands that our father gave him.

After buying everything on the list, my brother told me that we will take a stop at the souvenir shop nearby. He just had to pick up some of the small trinkets he ordered last week. But before he went out of the car, he told me that he'd be leaving the keys just in case an emergency happen. I know he was just bluffing. He was just testing if he can really trust me with his car or not. So I just nod.

Just a few seconds after my brother got out of the car, I already got anxious to try driving it for myself. I keep on looking at the car key. At last, temptation got the best out of me. I transferred to the driver's seat, started the engine. And there I was, driving as if the steering wheel called me. It seems so easy. I heard my brother yelling, trying to catch up. So I suddenly increased the speed, hitting it at 60 mph. I thought this only happens in movies, but now it is for real, I'm driving without anyone's consent!

But too much excitement ate me. I didn't notice the upcoming intersection and the stop light. The light was red, but I continued driving. Then, without batting an eyelash, I suddenly heard a loud sound. Bang! A truck crashed at the other side of the car. The car that I am currently driving rotated like laundry in a washing machine. When it was finally over, I touched my head thinking that I bled. And I did. I recognized my brother's voice, who took a cab to follow me. I lost consciousness after that. When I woke up, aside from bruises, I had a broken ribcage from the high impact of the collision that made me scream in pain. I learned my lesson. I was so traumatized by the accident that happened, that I swore, never in my life will I ever dream of driving again.