Bryan A. Brown

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Essay #2: When it all comes crashing down

It’s the middle of February. It’s been snowing heavily for the past few hours and driving conditions are extremely hazardous. I’m on Baltimore pike in Springfield, PA. Traffic is mild despite weather conditions. Steep slopes and slush-snow make driving difficult. I stomp on the brake pad to stop my car’s momentum. I slam on my horn frantically and apply pressure, as if the harder I press my horn, the louder the horn will get. It’s to no avail. I maneuver my wheel sharply, at least 200 degrees, if not more. The wheels move. My car does not. It just simply pushes forward against my will, as if it were on a mission.

That feeling washes over like I’m lying flat on my back at the beach, the surging waters advances from feet to the top of my heard, slowly but surely submerging me. That feeling that any human being relate to. That feeling of imminent, impending doom. All humans can relate. It is the constant remainder of our own mortality. A beige van that reminded me of a large but, something out of alien, remained immobile and was now also caught in the quagmire that was forming.

Angrily I thought, “Why can’t this fool see my car?” The reasons didn’t matter now. Boom!! My Chrysler 300 touring that I just leased not even 7 months ago and the beetle van collide, a devastating impact on arrival. Before we made contact, all the hell that I went through to get the 300 flashed before my eyes. The rejections, disappointment, the regret maybe not getting the best deal because of my circumstance. It all came to me. Valuable pieces of the Chrysler goes flying, debris going airborne (mostly mine). After the collision, I checked myself first for damage and to my amazement, I was not maimed. I then proceeded to check my car for the known damages, how bad it was if you will. Because of the positioning of the other vehicle, the right front side of my 300 took the blunt of the damage. Headlight? Crushed into a metal, mangled, oblivion. I would compare it to having my orbital socket pulverized by someone’s left hook.

The impact was so powerful, parts of the vehicle were exposed that I didn’t even know existed. Apparently I had a black, rubber wheel protector covering the front side of the tire. That was absolutely shredded. The entire front bumper dangling by a thing piece of plastic, like when you peel your lips. The part comes off easily, but it’s the point of attachment that actually keeps it on and it the more difficult part ot get off. The window cleaning agent compartment was also transparent.

On a good note, no one was hurt and we both had insurance (the same to be exact). The other driver’s car was in fair condition. On a bad note, my car suffered. I was incensed, beyond livid. When I approached them, I peered into the car and its occupants. There was the driver, a morbidly obese Caucasian male in his late fifties at least, an obese Caucasian female in her late thirties or early forties, two teenage males, and one neonate female, for a split moment, my anger subsided as I realized how serious and tragic this incident could have been. The next moment none of that mattered to me.

“What the f@$% were you doing man!?, I screamed to the top of lungs with no disregard. Throughout the entire process, the mal dealt with the situation calmly. He had the patience of a saint. He handled thing much more maturely than I.

“I was stuck, what do you want me to do?” He and his family actually got stuck on a small incline that would have leaded them to a McDonalds. I found it so ironic that if the man just turned into a Subway or something, we wouldn’t be something here in the middle of the road. His gluttony cost him and me both. It cost way more than a Big Mac that’s for sure.

Before I realized it, the police had arrived on the scene. They separated us before things got even more heated because he did have his two sons (I assume) with him. After escorting me back to my car, he asked for license, registrations, and proof of insurance. In the moment, I realized how lucky I am. I had just got insurance the day before and was driving uninsured for 29 days prior to that. I show him all my papers. He talks among his cohorts to make sure everything checks out, I assume. I then dwell on the events that just passed

I began to regret my actions and letting me emoting get the best of me. It all stemmed from placidness. If he reciprocated my raw emotion, there would have been an altercation, I guarantee it. He wasn’t even mad that I rear-ended him, which in most insurance cases, or in most accident cases, I was potentially totally at fault. In my mind, I really thought hat he had every right to be upset as well. But he wasn’t. When I received all my paper work back, I came out my car and walked over to the other driver and made sure that he, his family, and the car was ok. I apologized profusely. They told me they were fine and thanked me for coming over and talking with them. I was pleasantly surprised that my car was still drivable. I got in and went on my way to work. I prayed that the worst was over.