Bryan A. Brown

Eng 100

Essay #1: Creative Nonfiction (One-Month Memoir)

Essay #1: A month in a week

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. Traffic is mild. However, steep slopes and slush-snow make driving difficult. I stomp on the brake pad to stop my car’s momentum. I beep my horn frantically and apply pressure, as if the harder I press, the louder the horn will get. It’s to no avail. I clock my wheel sharply, at least 200 degrees. The wheels move. The car does not. It simply proceeds against my will. That feeling washes over me again. That feeling that any human being can relate to. That imminent feeling of impending, potential doom. A beige ban that remained immobile was also caught in my predicament. Angrily to myself I wonder, “Why can’t they hear the damn horn?” the reasons didn’t’ matter now. Boom! My Chrysler goes flying. After the collision, I got my car and checked for loses.

On a good note, no one was hurt and we both had insurance (the same to exact). The other driver’s car was in fair condition. On a bad note, car suffered. Suffered the equivalent of a broken orbital socket to a human. I was incensed, livid. The first thing I remember doing was confronting the other driver for his lack of driving. When I approached them, I peered in the car and the 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 teenaged males. And one neonate. For a moment, the thought flashed before my mind how serious this could have been but in the next moment none of that mattered to me.

“What the f@$% were you doing?” I yelled to the man. In the beginning and thought the whole situation, he handled things much more maturely than I.

“I was stuck what the hell do you want you me to do?” Before I realized it, the cops had arrived on the scene. They separated us before things got even more out of hand. After escorting me back to my car, he asked for license, registration, and proof of insurance. In the moment, I realized how lucky I was because I had just gotten insurance the day before and didn’t have 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 I began to regret my actions to the other driver because of how calm he was, they were. He wasn’t even mad that I rear-ended him and that accident I was potentially my fault. In my mind, I really thought that he had every right to be upset. 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 alright. They told me they were fine, I apologized and went on my way.