

# Narrative essay - why i will never speed again

Law, Criminal Justice



The most significant experience of my life would be what I am going through right now. I had gotten a car for Christmas from my parents that was 15 years old but is a very sporty little car that has a lot of life left in it. About a month after I got it, I had just been to see my girlfriend for a few minutes after work late one Friday night and was on my way home. While I was driving home, I was all alone in my car and there was not another car to be seen on the open highway and I wanted so bad to see how fast my car would go. So, not using my brain, I floored my car and took off flying! It felt absolutely amazing at that moment when I hit 100 miles per hour and kept right on going. It was so fantastic and such a rush until I got the scare of my life. All of a sudden I saw blue lights in my rear view mirror and went from elation to immediate fright. I was scared to death and knew I was caught. I was so nervous with butterflies in my stomach and thought I might even mess my pants! I knew then that all I could do now was to be as respectful as I could when the officer walked up to me. I was literally shaking, I was so scared. The officer was very nice about the whole thing, but he in fact clocked me at 112 in a 55 mile per hour zone. He informed me that he could very well arrest me and take me to jail right there on the spot. I was so thankful that he chose to call my parents instead. He did however issue me 2 misdemeanors and a date for court. My dad has a good friend that works for our local sheriff's office and my parents had my butt in his office first thing that following Monday morning and I got an awakening on what it is like to be locked up and got a really long lecture and lessons about how an automobile at that speed can be worse than any weapon. I never really thought before that a car can truly be a weapon, but when they got through

with me, I completely understood how I could not only put my own life in grave danger, but that I put other lives in danger as well. This could of cost me greatly, I could very well have gone to jail if not of even cost my own life or the life of an innocent person on the road that night. I could of lost my license completely and not been able to drive again for a long time, and the money for court and attorneys fees will no doubt cost my parents a great deal (which I have no doubt they will make me pay back). But in the meantime, I decided to make some of my own punishments and am working at least 10 or more hours per week doing voluntary community service at my local fire station. I have been working my tail off washing fire trucks, sweeping floors, washing garage doors, mopping, painting and on and on. I don't know yet what the true consequences will be out of all this, because I haven't gone to court yet and faced the judge. But I do know that the second scariest thing, after seeing those blue lights behind me that night, will be facing that judge. I am truly scared and ashamed to face my actions. I can only hope that all the voluntary community service I am doing before that time comes will help the judge understand how bad I feel. I am sharing this story because I need others to realize that any automobile can easily be used as a weapon and has the potential to harm people. I want everyone to know, as I do now that the speed limits are there to protect lives and not just to keep us from having fun with our cars. And as for me, I have learned my lesson well and will not be speeding again.