

The horrific experience of the car accident and causes of it

[Experience](#)



The noises I heard when it happened. Unfamiliar screams that came out of my mouth. The glass of the windows shattered everywhere as if someone splashed a cup of water. My hair swung onto my face, like whips.

Papa was sleeping while Mama was driving to the Father's Day festival in Arvada. It was so hot that day. Momo had his shirt open and , tired from the sleepover he had the day before, was sleeping just like his Papa. Karinna and I goofing off in the back. We were laughing and playing with our gum and toothpicks; making miniature blue cotton candy on a stick. " Can I draw a picture of you?" Karinna said taking out her drawing book. " Okay!" I said with a grin.

The cream colored car came at us, so fast. We were hit on the side of Momo and Mama's door. We spun in circles, slamming into another car. Then came another car. Our car met the median, we hit the front of the car, spun and hit the back. Hitting one more time. Finally we stopped.

" Get out!" Papa yelled from the front. I looked over at Momo, he looked dead. Panicking, I shook him, yelling " Wake up!", tears streaming down my face frightened of my little brothers life. " Are we at the festival?" Momo was clueless! He had been sleeping the whole time. He tried to open his door, but it was caved in because thats where we were hit. " No, just get out of the car Momo." I frantically slid him over my lap and handed him over to Karinna; who opened the smashed door leaving a little space between the car and the median. I sucked in my belly that had shatters of glass and squeezed out of the car.

Momo still clueless stood there in the road with Karinna and I. Adrenalin still running in my body, I couldn't think. I turned to see my Dad struggling to get out of the car with a paper bag in his hand. When he managed to get out he handed us the paperbag telling us to sit down. " Eat this, its good for you." he said walking over to my mom. We all looked down into the bag and saw an apple pie from Burger King. I wanted to cry. My poor dad had lost it! The crash damaged his brain! He told us a fast food place pie was good for us? Mama and Papa walked over to us. Mama was shaking, with a busted lip that looked like a smashed strawberry and a chunk of her arm missing.

Looking out into the road I saw cars passing by slowly looking at us, the three kids, frantically calling 911. Everything was happening so fast. I blinked and an ambulance was in front of our car. A lady paramedic walked over to us, asking us our names and ages. Her name was Cindy. As we were walking over the ambulance, there was a mexican lady. Hair pulled back in a braid, teeth all gold. She was crying, her face looked devastated after what she had done. The cream colored car was hers. She looked at the three of us, Karinna, Momo and I and cried, cried and cried. I saw Mama, my nice, funny, wonderful Mama on the stretcher, bleeding. " Its going to be okay Dani." Mama said smiling with lips like Angelina Jolie. I wanted to cry and the paramedic saw it " You can cry, it's okay." He kindly said looking at me smiling. I burst out into tears. My eyes were waterfalls, but not the beautiful kind. They were hot and heavy waterfalls. The ones that you don't want to go in because you are afraid the water will suck you in and drown you.