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## Drug Out of a Ditch ...

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# Drug Out of a Ditch . . .

A Narrative by Mattie Maddox

A life can change in little as three seconds; for me it took just that long. Like any morning before school, I strapped on my backpack, grabbed my peach for breakfast, snatched up my keys, and headed out the door for school. It was a brisk, cool morning, the sun smiled down at me, and the birds were angels floating around singing; it was the first day cold enough to wear sweatpants. I live approximately twenty minutes from the school, so my car trips feel like driving to Oklahoma City and back every time I go somewhere. I cruised down the back roads listening to my usual country playlist and took the first juicy, sweet bite of a perfect Colorado peach. I drove a 2002 white GMC Sierra pickup that had crank windows. After I'd finished that peach, I cranked the window and tossed the peach pit out of the window. I took my eyes off the road for a fraction of a second, and that's all it took for my life to change.

I glanced back at the road as I cranked my window up and everything became a blur; it all happened so fast, and sometimes I question if it really happened at all. A mailbox came out of nowhere and startled me causing me to jerk the wheel too hard to one side, so I attempted to jerk the wheel to the other side and that's when I lost control. I didn't feel anything, and the only thing I can remember is hanging there, my truck laying on its passenger side, barbed wire strung everywhere, and my truck screaming at me to turn it off. I went into panic mode; frantically I undid my seatbelt, feet falling and hitting the passenger side window, which was now laying on the ground, and my shaky fingers rushing to turn the truck off. My next move was to call my dad; I searched everywhere in that busted up vehicle to find my phone, but couldn't because it had been ejected from the vehicle when I had rolled over.

I consistently mumbled, "This is just a bad dream. You're going to wake up." I mumbled the words until the words became screams. I had to get out of the vehicle, so I cranked the window down and used the steering wheel to boost myself out of my totaled truck.

Sitting on the driver side door I hollered to all the people that had stopped to watch, "I need a phone. Does anyone have a phone?" I tasted the blood and bile rising in my throat as I hopped down and grabbed the lady's outdated flip phone to call my dad.

"Hello?" I heard my dad's distant voice over the phone.

"Dad, it's Mattie. I got in a wreck and flipped my truck and I need you to come get me. I'm so sorry," my shaky breath blurted out as tears pricked the backs of my eyes.

I could hear his disappointed sigh, "Where are you?"

"On Falcon road by Grandma's old house. Hurry."

"Okay I'll be there in a minute." He hung up and I waited in agony for him to get there.

After an eternity of waiting, which was probably only ten minutes, my dad finally showed up. I practically fell in his arms; I didn't care that he was probably mad and disappointed. I just wanted him to hold me and make me not feel as awful about myself as I already did.

I half expected him to be red-faced, yelling, veins popping out of his neck, but all I saw was his eyes filled with concern and disappointment; I could feel the tension radiating off of him as we simply stood there staring at the mess I'd just made. His shoulders slowly relaxed, and he snaked his arm around me in a comforting hold that only my dad could give me. My dad was as thankful as I was that I managed to walk away with barely a scratch. He turned to me and simply asked, "Well how on earth did you manage to do this?" I just shook my head and stood there in silence until the police officer came over and asked how I had wrecked, so I repeated the tale of events to him and my dad.

I talked with the cops and repeated all the basic questions that they had asked me over and over. After that, I crawled into the wrecked truck like a frail little mouse and retrieved my books and bags, then went and sat in my dad's old, muddy farm truck praying for the day to be over.

My dad climbed into the truck and laid down a piece of paper, "Well, there's your 250 dollar reckless driving ticket." I burst into tears as I let all the events that had happened in the previous hour set in. All my dad whispered through my sobs was, "Hey, it's okay. Accidents happen. You'll be fine."

Those words made the pain go numb, and I let my disappointment in myself subside as he drove me to school.

As we walked into the school to check me in after my hectic morning, he leaned over and said, "You still have to play in your game tonight." I smiled a small smile and tried to ease my anxiety as I realized I had plenty for which to be thankful.