

Like every other Monday morning I was awoken to a serenade of Adele and Wiz Khalifa, which I abruptly put an end to with a press of the “Sleep” button. Little did I know that this would lead to our misfortune. (Foreshadowing) After awakening with a sudden jolt, I strenuously tucked my sheets neatly underneath my mattress, and went to wake my sister. That morning in particular was filled with the hustle and bustle of getting ready for school. I inhaled my small breakfast consisting of one piece of toast spread with peanut butter and ran upstairs to brush my teeth. I grabbed my shoes and hurried down the stairs as if I was being chased down by the jaws of a roaring fire. (Simile) Mom had our water bottles filled, sitting on the counter, which I grabbed quickly in my state of panic. “Dad just called and said that the roads were pretty slippery in some spots, so just be careful,” Mom warned.

“Ok,” I muttered.

Annoyed with my tone mom quickly shot back, “You girls need to get ready sooner so you have more time to get ready for school! I have had enough of you leaving at 7:46 and rushing to school!” I did know the roads would be slick, so I pondered the thought of letting Maggie, the more experienced driver, drive to school, or take the risk of driving myself. Maggie came hustling down the stairs once I had started the car, and she fastened her seatbelt before she put the car in reverse.

The driveway had been covered with thin layer of slick snow, and our car’s traction control abruptly turned on as we headed toward the cleared roads. As we made our way down our road, Smith Road, we saw a bus turning so we waited back awhile, giving it plenty of room to maneuver its oblong figure around the tight corner. We came to the stop sign and turned

left. "What was mom talking about? The roads look dry," I thought to myself. As usual, I double and triple checked my backpack to make sure it contained all of my materials for the school day ahead: "Spanish folder, flash drive, book, Chemistry, Algebra folder. Okay I'm all set," I reassured myself. When I looked up from my backpack I felt as though we were coming into the twisting curve a little too vigorously for the conditions, but who am I to correct my much older, wiser sister? As we closed in on the curves most acute point, I noticed a slight swivel in our cars regular pattern. The road had disappeared from underneath our wheels. They were searching for any road to take hold of, anything! Before we could stop any of this from happening, we were sliding across the centerline. (Suspense)

The car weaved back and forth teasing us as we fretted helplessly. I grabbed hold of my seat and slammed my foot into the steady floor in front of me, in hopes of a brake magically appearing. When nothing seemed to work, I felt my stomach churn at the sight of the winter scene shifting rapidly through our windshield. I grasped myself in my seat and inhaled a deep breath. Our car took one final skid and the front wheels lost hold of the finely paved road of ice. Our car was torn from the road slammed down the steep ditch. The incline encouraged our car to flip and roll as if it were a clumsy child tumbling with every step. (Simile) However, we were saved by the thick lush grass, now dead from winter's spell of frost, which locked our wheels in a straight downward journey. We were soon jolted to a sudden halt, in which our car slid in perfectly parallel to the road we were travelling peacefully down only moments ago.

We sat there in silence with our eyes wide, filled with icy tears of panic. We glanced up at road which we had been thrown from, and watched with embarrassment, the bus in which

we had passed only a minute ago. With a slight humorous tone Maggie sighed, "Mom is going to kill us! She just told me NOT to go in the ditch."

"Us?" I questioned, "YOU were the one driving!" I noticed a bright red truck slowing around the curve, but not for their own safety. "Maggie, open your door. They are waiting for you!" Maggie reassured the driver of the truck we were okay, and explained we only lived a minute away. As she got back into the car we both began a frantic search for our phones to contact our mother. I reached mine first, and struggled to press the numbers with my trembling fingers. Ring. Ring. Ring. The ringing continued... Finally my mom answered.

"Hello Blohm's," she greeted as usual.

"Mom? Ummm...We just went in the ditch!" I blurted quickly to relieve myself from the weight on my chest.

"Are you serious?"

"Yup!" I said jokingly to my humor.

"Well, where are you?" my mom stammered, quickly losing her patience.

"We went in by the first curve on Y...can you come and get us?"

"Sure, I'll be right there."

After being brought to school by my fuming mother, we dragged our bewildered minds through the rest of this long Monday. By the end of the day, we were both exhausted from the excitement of the morning...but little did we know that this was just the beginning of our \$700

adventure, caused by this series of unfortunate events that had occurred on one of our lovely Monday mornings.