Katina Galante

ENG 112

Formal Assignment #1- Narrative Project

You Never Know
“WAKE UP YOU’RE GOING TO BE LATE” I faintly heard my brothers voice interrupt my deep sleep as he rushed to catch his school bus.

I rolled over to the opposite side of my window. The beams of light were burning through the cracks in my shades to my eyelids. I opened my eyes and looked at the time. 7:15. Twenty minutes to get to school on time. Before I could have any thoughts, I felt my stomach drop like an anchor sinking into the ocean. I thought to myself, that’s odd, why does my stomach feel weird. I stood up and looked out my window overlooking the parking lot. I left my room to make sure my mom was up and ready to drive me to school. As I checked the 3 rooms in our small apartment, I felt the anchor sinking lower. Where was she? I began to panic. I went out front to make sure the car I saw from my window was hers. It wasn’t. But her friend was standing out front of my apartment looking just as confused as I was. I asked for a ride and began blowing up my dad’s phone up.

My dad and mom were separated at that time. But I wasn’t sure who else to text. My mom didn’t have many friends nor would she have talked to any of our family members late the previous night. I tried to think about the best case scenario to keep my anxiety from shooting through the roof.

ZZZZ ZZZ. My phone buzzed in the back pocket of the black sweatpants I had on from the night before. Due to how hectic my morning was, I just ran out the door for school without changing. I skimmed the humid, prison-like classroom wearing a pure blank stare on my face. The words coming out of my short and plump teacher’s mouth sounded like gibberish. I excused myself from the room and shuffled into the hallway to check my text message. It was from my dad.
“Your mom was in a motorcycle accident late last night. I don’t know if she is going to be okay.”

As I sat in math class during my freshman year of highschool, in my own little world, I felt my stomach twisting and wrapping itself up into one of those ridiculous pretzel yoga positions. I felt like my brain had lost it's operator, like that one episode of Spongebob where all his thoughts and memories were exploding all over the place. I was trying so hard to imagine all the possible places my mom could've been that morning. It was just so unlike her. She drove me to school every single morning.
I felt the olive color of my skin flush to white from head to toe. My stomach released from that tight yoga position and exploded throughout my entire body. My throat closed up and I could feel my eyes leaking uncontrollably. As I navigated through the humid, grey concrete hallways, all I was focused on was catching my breath. The walls were closing in on me just like my lungs were in my chest. I made it to my Jeep and attempted to gather myself before driving to Hahnemann Hospital. All I could think about was the argument her and I had the night before which ended in me slamming my door in her face. I replayed everything in my head. It is completely mind-blowing to me how that morning, the second I opened my eyes, I immediately had a funny feeling in my stomach. I had no clue why, but I did. Come to find out my mom had went out for a drink after our argument the previous night. She got on a motorcycle with some drunk dude bribing her with cheesesteaks in the city. Little did she know he would hit a vehicle head on, causing her to fly off the back. He ditched the Ben Franklin Parkway because some how he was not injured at all, leaving her there to be rescued by the ambulance.
The vibe in that place was dreary, and clenched onto me as soon as I stepped foot in the door. The smell of sanitation and rubber gloves crept up my nose. I trekked up to the fifth floor where my mom’s room was. My hands were clammy and I couldn’t seem to get in control of my breathing. I just wanted to be able to tell her I was sorry for our argument. The doctors approached me and told me she was lucky to be alive. She had a cracked skull, a fractured spine, and a bunch of cuts and bruises. I walked into the room and had an instant feeling of relief. The anchor rose from the deep hole in my stomach. She was laying there with her eyes open and a small corner smile.

“Hi honey” she said.

“Mom, I am sorry for being so unreasonable with you last night” I told her.

“Oh don’t worry about it, I’m happy you’re here” she replied.

“Me too.”

In that moment I felt incredibly blessed to have my mom, living and breathing there next to me. It was such a scary feeling not knowing whether or not she was going to make it. I will forever believe that she has a guardian angel watching over her. However, something that did not even cross my mind at the time, was the fact that one year, two years, three years from that day she would be a completely different person than she was before that accident.