

Tesia Arnold

Instructor's Name

ENGL 1013

Date

The Drive-Thru

Approximately ten minutes away from Van Buren going one way and ten minutes away from Alma going the other way, I, along with about 968 others, live in a town called Kibler, Arkansas. Although this small town is unfamiliar to most people, many travel through it every day. I have lived in the same house there all eighteen years of my life. The brown-bricked, one-story house sits right on the deadly curve across from Key's Grocery. It is a relatively small house with a long gravel driveway and a black metal fence surrounding the back side of it, which faces the highway.

Our home consists of a kitchen, a living room and dining room, three small bedrooms, and two bathrooms. A short hallway connects the living room and kitchen to the bedrooms and bathrooms on the other end of the house. My parents' bedroom and my bedroom sit on the side of the house nearest to the highway. A bathroom separates my sister's room and my room, and her room sits on the side of the house away from the highway.

When I was little, my home had always been a place of comfort and rest, a place of fun and carefree play, but most of all a place where I felt blanketed with safety. Then one winter night in 1990, when I was four years old, a horrible accident changed this safe dwelling place into a place of terror. This accident demolished my home and made it nearly unrecognizable.

My sister and I, along with my parents, went to bed early that night. My sister and I had school the next day, so, as always, we were forced to go to bed by 8:30 p.m. My parents,

exhausted after a long day at work, went right to bed after saying a prayer with us and tucking us in. After the chatter of my parents died down and my dad's snoring continued at a steady rhythm and pace, I quietly hopped out of my bed and tip-toed to my sister's room.

My sister was three years older than I, so she almost always kicked me out of her room within five minutes of my being there. But for some reason, that night she happily welcomed me in. I crawled up into her soft bed, and as soon as my head hit the pillow, my body was overtaken by tiredness. We quietly giggled and teased with one another, for we knew if we awoke our parents, I would be sent back to my room and we would both be unjustly punished the following day. After about ten minutes, we fell asleep.

Nearly six hours later, my family and I were abruptly awakened. A 1987 gray Pontiac had plowed through our fence and yard and driven into our house, into my room. I quickly popped up out of my sister's bed, thinking I had just had a horrible nightmare. But my sister had awakened also, and after hearing loud screams coming from my mother, I knew what I was experiencing was not just a dream. Not knowing what had happened, my sister and I sprinted toward my parents' room. We never made it. Once we reached my room, we could go no farther.

Our bodies froze at the sight of that car that had crashed into my room. I was more scared than I had ever been. I began to bawl in utter fear of the total destruction that I saw. The car had driven through my bedroom and slammed my dresser up against the headboard of my bed. My toys and clothes had been scattered everywhere, and smoke filled the room.

My mom and dad came running in. My mom had tears in her eyes as she ran up to me, hugging me and asking me if I had been hurt. She asked me if I was in my bed and several other questions I cannot recall. I could not speak. My sister answered all of my mom's questions and

assured her that I was okay because I had slept with her that night.

My dad grabbed my sister's hand, and my mom picked me up and held me as we all walked outside together. When we got to the side of the house where the car had hit, we saw that our home was totally demolished. Materials of our house, along with car parts, were scattered all around. And our yard was covered with swerved tire prints.

My grandparents then arrived, for my grandma was going to take me and my sister to their house, while my grandpa and parents stayed behind. Up to this point, we had not seen the driver, but as we walked to my grandma's car, a scraggly man, probably in his early forties, staggered toward us. "Is everybody okay?" he asked us. His speech was slurred, and his smell was very strong. He appeared to be untouched, with no bruises or scratches.

But my family and I, although physically unharmed, were emotionally and mentally hurt by this terrifying event. I did not speak for a week, and my sister had nightmares every night for several weeks. We lived with my grandparents for several weeks while repairs were being made on our home. It was difficult to return, and it took years for my sister and me to feel comfortable and safe again.

We now have huge boulders surrounding our house. We are still reminded of that horrible accident when drunk drivers, sleeping drivers, or speeding drivers miss the curve and slam into our rocks. Although the fear still dwells deep within us, we know that the boulders protect us.