

“The Most Memorable Day of my Life”

By: Soha Khan

If I had gone home with her, I wouldn't be writing this. But instead, my mom picked me up that day. I remember my inside disappointment when I was told I couldn't go home with my friend. With a sense of disappointment I waved goodbye to my friends and walked towards the car. I would be going to my weekly group tennis class. I thought to myself, *Atleast you'll see her in a few minutes at tennis. She's always late though.* I had a bitter storm stewing in my stomach. *Of course, they were going to her house. Both of them, together with a fake frown that I'm not tagging along.* I thought with resentment. I turned towards the car window. There was an unusual clump of traffic holding everyone up. I remember brushing it off as “rush hour”.

I walked into the heavily fermented lobby of the local athletic center. As I entered the tennis court, I spotted familiar faces. *She* wasn't there yet. Her and this other girl were always at least ten minutes late. My racket made contact with the ball. I watched as the racket strings vibrated from the force. My forehead was beaded with sweat falling to my eyes. I turned to the clock on the opposite wall. It was 30 minutes until the end of class. I remember turning to my doubles partner in confusion. I mouthed *Where is she?* I was across the court, but I still heard the swish of the curtain-like door. My head snapped around in an instant, almost giving me whiplash. It wasn't my friend, but the other girl who was late. As she ran her laps, she quickly passed on the message. *She's been in a car crash.*

I was so shocked, I missed the next ball. A car crash? How could that have happened? There are traffic lights in nearly every major intersection. The other girl said she had witnessed it-her dad had stopped the car and helped them. I turned back to her and gave her a look, pushing her to tell details. She didn't elaborate. I painfully turned back to the clock, a tight feeling in my stomach. 25 more minutes until I can get to my phone and text her. All the jealousy and bitterness evaporated, but there was a tiny voice in my brain. *That's what they get for not hanging out with me.* I felt disgusted with myself.

I remember as soon as my class was over, I ran towards the bench. I grabbed my phone and frantically opened my messages. *Oh my god. You got into a car crash? Are you okay?* I texted her. No reply. 10 minutes later, no reply. What if something bad happened, I thought. *A slim chance she died.* I reassured myself. Suddenly, my phone beeped loudly. Both of my friends texted me.

I opened my texts with cold fingers. *Facetime me.* I rang the phone. When she picked up, I was horrified. Her face was dripping with blood, big bruises above her eye and by her chin. Her whole face was swollen and she had a massive bruise on her shin. My other friend suffered more. A big bruise underneath her eye and her braces went through her bottom lip. Her hip was dislocated and her arm had a chunk of bloody flesh. I remember

the next few days after that, they both looked like they had been in a street fight. The day after the crash, they were so silent it was awkward.

I think about that day a lot. It's memorable because of the feelings behind it. My bitterness and jealousy turned into thankfulness that I wasn't there. If I had been in that car, I would be in the hospital, sustaining physical and mental injuries far more than someone as fragile as me can handle. The thought of that sent shivers down my spine, suffocating and engulfing me in a cold sense of darkness. Fate had chosen me to stay safe, a memory which is hard to forget. Some days are remembered instantly- not because they are good, because they change everything.