

July 23

July 23, 2016. We've been driving for 2 days already. We were driving to Colorado to visit my aunts new baby. My 2 older brothers, Feliz and Dominic were slouched in the back listening to their music. I turned my head slowly and peered out the window. We were approaching a nearby cliffside. The cliffside seemed steep. It was peering over a huge ocean of water. There was barely any railing to support a car accidentally driving through it. As we started to drive up the hill, the car started bumping around due to the roads. A series of "woahs" were heard throughout the car.

The bumpiness seemed to be descending the Further we went up. I decided this was the best moment to take a nap. I ended up being asleep for around 15 minutes before being awoken by screams throughout the car. Startled, I shoot my eyes open to a horrific view. My father had been trying to take control of the car. The roads have gotten so much bumpier that the car was swerving around on its own. My mother was frantically yelling in German while my brothers were screaming. It wasn't long until I joined my brothers screams. It wasn't till one major bump that silences us completely.

As I said before, Those railings weren't sturdy enough to prevent a car from falling through them. I just never expected it to be our car. This was one of those life or death situations. Time seemed to be playing everything around me in slow motion. I turned my head to the back window. I have a perfect view of the broken railing our car had went through. The water seemed only 15 feet above us. This seems to bring me back to reality. This was it.. I was going to die. Once my car hits the water, the glass windows start to crack. one by one chilling water broke away the weak glass. My brothers were

still screaming and my father was trying to calm them. I was also crying. The longer we sat in the car, the water came in faster. The chilling water against my exposed skin sent a shock throughout my body. The water now at knee level keeps on rising as I frantically search for an exit. When I thought all hope was lost, My mother starts calling my name. "Gerta! Gerta!" She points up to the sun roof that was still above water.

I step onto the middle seat for a boost. We had to act fast the water was already at my hips. I had my eldest brother push me out. With the water fighting against me it was hard. My brothers and I successfully made it out. My parents were still under with no breathable air. My father was next to be pulled out, so he could help pull out our mother. We pulled him out but the weight of us on the car and the weight of the water inside was too heavy. The car had started to go completely under. My mother was still in there... She had already been holding her breath for so long. I saw her drowning as my father tried pulling her out. My brothers and I had been holding each other crying. With one last tug we got her out just as the car sunk. Luckily, we all knew how to swim. My mother's limp body had been slung onto my father's back as we swam. When we made it, we ran to a nearby car that had denied giving us transportation to the hospital.

My father let out profanity as the car sped away. It wasn't long until another passing car saw our distress and took us. Once arrived, they quickly took my mother into the E.R. They were only in there for ten minutes before the doctor gave the famous I'm sorry speech. But were they really? Couldn't they have tried to restart her heart? But they didn't... I'd have to live with the fact my mother and unborn sibling had been taken away from me. It was a week later, the day I had been wanting to avoid. The funeral. I looked down at the two grave stones, my father insisted one for the baby. "July 23, 2016", My first car ride, heartbreak, and death...