

Andrew's Car Accident Revelation

Presenting bad news has always been a hard task for anyone. I'm no exception to having difficulty with the task; I don't like being the bearer of bad news. I once found myself in a situation where I had to be the one to let my aunt Jessica know about a car accident that involved her son, my cousin. I knew the task would be hard. My aunt loved her son, and I knew that if she received bad news concerning him, it would put her at risk of having another heart attack. My aunt had suffered a severe heart attack several months before, and everyone knew that experiencing strong emotions could put her at risk of another one. I thought that if my aunt heard about the accident from another person, it could be worse, so I took up the responsibility. I guess that at that moment, I had no choice.

My cousin, whose name is Andrew, loved careless driving. According to him, careless driving made everyday driving a fun experience. On the day of the accident, my cousin was traveling to see his grandmother, who lives in Texas. Andrew loved our grandmother very much. That morning, his mother informed him that his grandmother had been admitted to the hospital. Andrew decided to drive to Texas to see our grandmother despite it being a weekday. I still remember Andrew calling me before he left the house to ask me to accompany him. I loved Grandma Tesh as well. However, I did not accompany him since I had an important presentation in class that afternoon.

Andrew was upset that I could not accompany him. The conversation with Andrew that morning was harsh; he did not understand how I could not skip class to see Grandma Tesh. I had not

realized it would be the last conversation I would have with my cousin. During break time, the principal called me to his office. Not knowing what to think, I went into the principal's office not knowing what to expect. To my surprise, I found a weeping principal immersed in a flood of tears. The principal was a friend of Andrew's family and was close with Andrew. When the principal told me the news, I could not believe it. For some minutes, I became numb and was unable to talk. Then reality hit me: my cousin Andrew had been involved in a fatal car accident and had lost his life. I ran out of the principal's office and drove home to my aunt's place.

Upon arrival, I saw my relatives there. They were all sad. Some were crying loudly, while others sat on the floor. When I entered my aunt's porch, my mother came to me weeping. She explained that most of them had just arrived and no one had told my aunt that her son had been involved in the car accident. According to my mother, my aunt thought that her mother had passed away. My mother explained to me that no one had the courage to reveal the news to my aunt due to her delicate health. She also explained that the whole family thought it would be best if I told my aunt what had happened. I was very close with my aunt. When my uncle died three years ago, my aunt found comfort in me rather than some other relatives. She always sought my companionship; to me, she was more than just my aunt.

I clearly remember that when I entered the house, my aunt came to hug me. I stood there for some minutes in her embrace, not knowing what to do. Then I took her hand and led her to Andrew's bedroom. She loved her son's bedroom. According to her, this room was a constant reminder of Andrew, especially when he was away. When we reached the bedroom, I got my aunt to sit down. First, I told her that Grandma Tesh was still alive and still in the hospital. This revelation confused her since she realized that it must have been another relative who had died. It

was then that she broke down and asked about her son. With all the tenderness and love in the world, I hugged her and told her about Andrew's car accident. Even now, I still remember the scream my aunt gave when she learned about the demise of her son. Those ten minutes that I spent with her in Andrew's bedroom that day were the longest ten minutes of my life so far.

Gradually, my aunt has learned to overcome her grief. From that experience, I learned the necessity that every individual should understand the significance of safe driving. From the police report we obtained, it was clear my cousin was speeding in the wrong lane when he met his death. If he had practiced responsible driving on that fateful day, he would still be alive. I also learned that divulging sad news is incredibly hard, especially if the recipient of the news is someone you love. Furthermore, I learned the importance of being caring and kind when delivering news like that. Luckily, my aunt did not have a heart attack after I told her about Andrew's passing. Lastly, I learned that in life, family should support one another during hard times. On that day, my aunt derived her strength from the fact that most of her family members were by her side.