Writing 4

It was eleven o'clock at night when my phone rang. When I answered, I saw my mother's worried face on the screen, and I instantly sensed that something was amiss. In our conversation, she informed me about a car accident involving my younger sister. Fear gripped me, and I hurried to the hospital where my sister was being treated. The hospital corridors smelled of antiseptic, and the harsh light from the fluorescent bulbs intensified the tension in the air.

Entering the room, I found my sister in a hospital bed, battered but conscious. She recounted the events leading up to the accident. We had been driving for four hours when fatigue set in, prompting us to decide to stop at a small hotel. Little did we know that this choice would alter the course of our night.

The incident prompted contemplation on the fragility of life and the unpredictable twists of destiny. A wave of relief washed over me as I realized that, despite the scare, my sister would recover.