"Mom?" 19-year-old Amy asked as her brown eyes flitted open. "What's going on? Is everything all right?"

Her mother's eyes filled with tears. She looked so distraught as she told her daughter what had happened.

"Oh sweetie, I'm so sorry. You were in a car accident, and you will- will-" She was not able to finish the sentence without breaking into tears. What was wrong? And why would nobody tell her? Even when she asked the people working there, she was looked at with misty eyes and told that she would learn soon enough.

As Amy tried to understand this puzzling new mystery, she realized something.

"Mom, something's wrong. I can't feel my legs!"

"My baby, I'm so sorry." Amy's mother had to clear her throat to hold back the tears that were forming in her eyes. "When you got hit by that car, your legs became paralyzed. You'll never be able to walk again."

The room started to spin as that realization sank in. Never be able to walk again? That would also mean she could never dance again. Her dream since she was 6 would never come true.

Anger filled her and as she tried to thrash and scream, her weary body fell limp against the pillow of her hospital bed. She fell into a deep sleep, where car accidents and broken dreams haunted her nightmares.

"Amy, you need to drink this medicine. You're looking very pale, and you need to do what the doctor says."

Amy recognized the voice of her mother but was to devastated to open her eyes. So she took what the doctor had told her to swallow and then sank deep into anger.

Nothing would ever be the same. Her life had crumbled in front of her, and she had lost the one thing she had much passion for. The only thing that really mattered to her besides her family had been stripped away from her. How would she ever be able to go through life with a smile on her face when her life would never be the same?

The next few days of horrifying grief and anger felt like an eternity. Finally, when it was time to leave the hospital, she thought of how much she would miss dancing with her friends and how much she would let them down. She would miss the competition, and worst of all, she wouldn't ever get another chance.

As she was rolled out of the hospital and towards their new Subaru, the horrifying screech of tires and glass shattering sounds filled her mind making her relive all that happened.

"No, I-I can't." Amy muttered as she scrambled to roll as far from the car as possible. "I can't, not again."

Amy clutched her head, recovering a faint memory from the back of her mind. One that she hadn't realized was there. A scene played out in her head of a man in an orange Tesla. The car came closer and closer she swerved to the right and then-

"Amy! Amy! Are you there? Say something!"

As Amy drifted back to the present she realized that she had somehow fainted or something, she didn't quite know.

"Amy!" Her mother shouted with tears in her eyes. "I thought I had lost you for a second time!"

"I'm alright, I think…" Amy said. "I was just, caught in a memory."

Jus then, Amy clutched her head and moaned.

"Amy we really need to get you home, please." Her mother begged. So with a lot of promises about nothing going wrong and a bunch of resistance, Amy was safe in the car.

The next few days out of the hospital were a little hectic for Amy. She had to quit dance practice, and even though her friends told her she was going to be okay, they started leaving her out. More and more, Amy felt like she no longer belonged.

Amy decided to try and join a club to make her feel a little more included, but all the clubs were things she didn't or couldn't do. There was fencing and chess and baking, plus many others. She was so distraught as she wandered through the halls that she didn't pay attention to where she was going.

Amy crashed straight into a college kid of about 20. He had short brown hair and blue eyes. Amy collected herself and apologized profusely.

"I am so sorry; I wasn't paying attention. I-" She was cut off by the boy who said.

"It's fine. I should be the one to apologize. I wasn't looking and I should've been the one to move for you."

Now this was the nicest thing she'd heard anyone outside her family say to her since the car accident. It felt good to be complimented and appreciated.

"Thanks," Amy stuttered while trying to pick up her books that she had dropped when she bumped into him. "No one has really ever said that to me since I got this." She said pointing to the wheelchair she was sitting in.

"Well they should." The boy said the words with a smile, but Amy could see the doubt and gloom that covered his eyes. "My names James, what's yours?"

"I'm Amy." Amy stuttered, as she blushed and hid her face behind her blonde hair. Why did she always have to be so bad at this.

"Well," James said while picking up the books she had dropped. "I guess I'll see you later then!" He handed her back her books and gave a quick wave before disappearing into the crowd.

"That was odd." Amy said to herself. She quickly stacked her books up nicely and rolled straight to class.

That night after Amy got back from her first day at college after the crash, which they had now dubbed "The Incident," she was exhausted and ready to faint.

"Hey sweetie, how was your day?" Amy recognized her Mom's timid voice she used ever since the incident.

I know she is just trying to make me feel a little better, but I hate being pampered like a child, but I can't say that to her face. Now can I?

As Amy turned around she noticed her dinner in her Mom's hands and the worried look that she had on her face.

"Okay I guess. However trying to find a way to get upstairs was a little trickier." Amy said with a forced smile. Maybe if she could make her Mom smile the awkwardness in the air would dim. It worked a little as a half-smile found its way to her Mom's face.

"Well, just holler if you need anything." At that, Amy's mother set down the meal on Amy's desk where she had been working before her Mom came in. She gave Amy a quick kiss on the forehead and walked out of the room.

Why did this happen to me? Were Amy's only thoughts as she pushed her food away and rolled to the edge of her bed. As she was trying to get settled in, she thought of everything that had happened and tried to piece everything together.

Amy's tired brain couldn't handle it and as she relived the memories, one image pushed through them all. A picture of a brown-haired boy with blue eyes. A person that she could rely on. No, not a person. A friend.

The next morning as Amy awoke she found her breakfast, cinnamon toast and orange juice, on her food tray with a note.

Sorry I'm not here this morning. Your father and I had to run to the store to grab some food for dinner tonight. Be careful when you head out the door. We love you.

-Mom & Dad

As Amy read the note and ate her breakfast, a warm tingly since entered her heart. *Happiness.* It had been so long since she'd had that feeling and she tried to cherish it and keep it burning as long as she could.

Sadly, it only lasted until she got to the University Of California. The only thing really keeping her going was the thought of the friend she had made yesterday. Amy hoped that she would bump into him again.

When Amy was just leaving college after another aggravating day, she saw someone running up to her.

"Amy! Hey, Amy!" James was running to catch up to her. "Hey, you forgot your schoolbook."

"Thanks." Amy said. She really was glad to have a friend outside of all of the craziness.

Amy took her math book from him, gave a quick nod and smile, and rolled away to the bus. She now had a fear of cars and never wanted to be in one or drive one ever again. But just as she was rolling onto the bus, she saw him get into an orange Tesla.

No, no, it couldn't be. Could it?

If it was true, why would he have kept that secret from her, and on the other hand, was he just trying to pity her? Why couldn't he have just told her in the beginning?

Amy didn't want to believe that the first person who had been friendly to her since the incident was the one who had caused it. But it did also explain the look of sorrow she had seen in his eyes the first time they met.

So if he really was the person-

Amy shut down that thought immediately. She knew she shouldn't leave it there untouched though, so she decided to ask him about it the next time she saw him in person.

That night and next morning she made sure to avoid him until after classes were over. She was worrying that if she talked to him then the truth would just tumble out as an ugly truth monster.

That afternoon after classes had finished, she texted James for him to meet her out in the fields.

"Hey Amy! What's up?" James said as he approached her with a smile. Clearly he didn't know what she had uncovered. Amy motioned for him to sit on the bench she had rolled her wheelchair next to.

"James," She started out, "I know that you probably don't know that I know this, but I have a very important question for you, and I want you to be completely honest, okay?"

"Okay." James replied, but Amy could tell he looked a little anxious and he wouldn't look straight at her.

"Were you the one who, who ran me off the road?" She had done it! And it was absolutely terrifying. She might lose the only friend she had.

"Yes, and I'm so sorry. I thought if I could get you to understand and maybe try to get you to be my friend, it would help with the truth somehow."

"But- but- why did you run the red? Why didn't you look?"

"Because, because I wasn't really paying attention. I had just gotten a call that my Mom had fallen down the stairs and had been taken away in an ambulance."

Even though he might have a small point, he still should've paid better attention. Now her only friend had been lying to her and had caused her world to fall apart. Amy couldn't handle it.

Amy turned and rolled away without another word.

That night Amy thought about all that had happened, and even if he didn't deserve it, it would be better to forgive him. He might not have had the best intentions, but that's what God would want her to do.

So Amy called him up, and told James that she shouldn't have acted that way. She said she was sorry and so did he. They forgave each other and even though Amy's life would never be the same, that was okay, because he apologized and she forgave, and that's all that mattered.

"And be kind and compassionate to

one another, forgiving one another,

just as God also forgave you in

Christ." Ephesians 4:32