

## An Accident

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### Essay / Speech / Paragraph No. 1

Life is a vale of tears. It is a drama of pain. In this age of high-speed vehicles, accidents are very common. It is the mad craze for speed which is generally responsible for all the accidents. Only last week, I saw a very serious accident on the Ludhiana-Chandigarh road. I was scootering down from Chandigarh. As I was nearing Mohali. I saw bus going at a high speed. A car was following it. The car driver wanted to overtake the bus as he tried to do so, the vehicle collided against another car coming from the opposite direction. Both the cars turned turtle. Four of the occupants of the car were killed on the spot while another three were badly injured. People working in the nearby fields rushed to the scene of the crash. A few passengers of the bus were also seriously injured as it had struck against a tree. I could not see the mutilated and blood-stained bodies. I rushed to a telephone booth and rang up the police and the hospital authorities. Medical rescue party and the police reached the spot in a short time. Some of the injured were provided first aid on the spot while others were sent to the PGI at Chandigarh. The relatives of the dead were informed. It was a heart-rending spectacle. There were tears in every eye. Such accidents can certainly be avoided if the drivers observe the rules of the road. Speed, no doubt thrills, but it also kills. The golden rule to avoid accident is: 'Safety first, speed afterwards.'

### Essay / Speech / Paragraph No. 2

#### An Accident in which I was Involved

It was summer and I was attending a function at the International Youth Hostel in Diplomatic Enclave in New Delhi. It was 9 P.M. and I was in haste to reach my house in Rajouri Garden. As I was crossing a lawn to reach the bust stand, in the dark I stumbled over something and left off. I lost my consciousness. Thereafter, I don't know what happened to me.

I came to consciousness at midnight in the Medical Institute of India and wondered where I was. My arm was broken, wrist fractured and armpit dislocated. I had fallen into a deep pit and had become unconscious. Some foreigner heard the thud of my fall and he investigated the matter with a match stick. Then he informed the President of the function Mr. Prasad, who was still there on the premises and he knew me.

He took me out of the pit and took me to the Medical Institute of India. He telephoned to my parents and just informed them that I would not come home that

night. An operation was performed that night and my arm was put in plaster. Early next morning Mr. Prasad drove me home in his car. He was in hospital with me throughout the night. He was the Collector of Customs and had come straight from Bombay by air, he had not gone home even.

My people came to know of the accident only when I reached home. It was summer and I felt terrible in that well cemented plaster from finger tips to the armpit. I felt that the plaster was not necessary, especially in the hot weather of June and it could do me more harm than good. Besides, I felt that the plaster was not used thirty years back at Lahore when I had another similar accident, having been run over by car and my arm was straightened with splinter and cotton wool, which was equally effective.

I asked some private practitioner to help me to remove the plaster but they would not agree, considered it illegal, and even advised me not to do so. But I thought over it and decided to do so. But I thought over it and decided to do without it. So I bought a bottle of turpentine oil to soften plaster and chipped it bit by bit with the kitchen knife. It took me entire day to get rid of that heavy stuff. But I felt greatly relieved.

I retied my arm with cotton and cloth and it worked wonders. The fracture healed much quicker than the plaster could have done. In fact, the plaster could have harmed my arm and even left my elbow completely dislocated at the angle of ninety degrees.

Essay / Speech / Paragraph No. 3

### **An Accident**

It looked as if a storm was approaching. I was standing at a cross-road traffic junction, waiting to cross the road. I have always observed that particular cross-road to be extremely busy, with vehicles constantly on the move. I was headed towards the bus stop across the street, so I turned in the opposite direction of the cross-road to see if my bus was coming. As I turned back to have a look at the crossroad, I saw a flashy yellow sports car trying to beat the red light. Before I knew it, I heard a thunderous heart-stopping crash. The sports car had slammed head on into a green van right in the middle of the large intersection. Shattered windscreen glass was strewn all over the junction and the passers-by crowded round the scene. I saw one girl rushing to the telephone to report the accident. For a minute or two, nothing happened. Then, a man got out of the green van. His van was completely smashed in on the side of the collision. He looked shaken and furious. He walked over to the yellow car only to find that the driver was unconscious. Some helpful people went to the middle of the road to help the

unconscious man out of his car. The police and the ambulance arrived at about the same time. They noted down the positions of the vehicles and began asking for witnesses to the accident. I volunteered to give some details since I had seen the whole thing. I did not have time to think about missing my bus.

Essay / Speech / Paragraph No. 4

### **An Accident**

An accident is that happening which can in no measure bring any pleasure to anyone. Let us analyse why or when an accident occurs, on the road.

This situation arises when any two vehicles moving on the road try to race each other or in traffic language try to overtake each other. They try to overtake each other and that also at break-neck speed, little realising that the road is a road and not a racing track. In Delhi where I live, an accident, and death on the road is a very common occurrence and, there appears to be no remedy for it. In Delhi, the continuously growing traffic, the soaring population, and the multiple modes of transport both slow and fast move together, which is one basic cause of accidents. Besides this major hazard of Delhi roads, the complete lack of discipline also contributes to this tragic occurrence of accidents on the Delhi roads.

Once, I have also been a Witness of such a horrible accident that I just cannot forget even after so much time. It happened about two years back but still, even today the picture of the horror is vivid in my mind, and, so much so that at nights I wake up shouting aloud. The incident was so horrible that, I sometimes do wonder why I had to be there to be witness to it. That day, with the rude shock, I had even become unconscious, and, the fear has stuck to my impressionable mind.

It was evening time, and I was coming back from my tuition class when this horrid accident occurred in front of my eyes. While I was standing on the pavement getting ready to cross the road to go homewards, from one side, a grey coloured Maruti 800 was coming at an unusually fast speed and, just as it appeared in front of me, God knows from where, a truck loaded with goods came from around the corner, and just simply dashed into the little car. Oh! God, the car went flying into splinters in front of my eyes and, all the four people sitting inside, were crushed into a fine paste. A pool of blood came flowing out of the car. All was over in a split second, and, as could be expected, the truck driver jumped out of his cabin and ran away to save his dear life, before anyone even noticed the accident.

The horrid sight made me feel giddy, and my senses failed me. I just could not understand what I should do. However, collecting my wits with an effort, I went to the nearby police station and gave them the information of the accident. By the

time I returned to the spot once again, a huge crowd had gathered, and people were frantically shouting for the driver of the truck. Now, the four bodies were being removed from the car. Oh! what a sight, a ghastly sight it was now all of them, one man, two women, and a child had completely lost their human forms and had become flat blobs of flesh and blood. Besides, the man and woman in the front had even crushed their skulls into pieces and 'neither could even be handled. The woman at the back was also crushed but, her skull remained intact her limbs had been amputated by the momentum of the crash. As for the child, who could be about six or seven years old, was blown 'to smithereens, only her head was intact.

Having brought the police and now, seeing the condition of the inmates of the car from so close, and a pool of blood flowing on the road my head reeled once again and down with a thump I fell on the pavement. After this, I do not 'know what happened to me or to the accident victims. 'When I woke up the next morning, I found myself on my bed at home, with my parents beside me. My parents told me that, my address was found by the policemen, in my school diary and so, they had brought me home absolutely unconscious. I was told that, I had been unconscious for a good six hours, the shock had been so intense. When I remember that day and that incident even to-day, nervousness returns, and even now, I start wondering who those poor people could be, who had lost their lives at the altar of careless driving.

Essay / Speech / Paragraph No. 5

### **An Accident I Saw**

It was a cold day. There was some fog and not much traffic on the road. I was standing in the balcony of my house. Suddenly I heard a loud noise.

The driver of a car lost his balance at a turn. He crashed into an electric pole. I rushed for rescue. Many other people also came running.

The driver was badly hurt. We helped him to come out of the car. He had received a big cut on the forehead. He was profusely bleeding. Soon he was carried away in a car to the hospital.

The driver was the only person in the car. The car was badly smashed. A pool of blood had collected on the road.

After sometime a team of traffic police came. They cleared away the crowd. Then they began their investigation.

It was a horrible experience. I could not believe my eyes. It all happened in no time. I still feel frightened when remember the accident.

### **An Accident**

The road in front of my school is a narrow one and is always full of rush. Every afternoon when school is dismissed, the road becomes almost impassable as children, bicycles, cars and buses jostle and struggle to use it. Sometimes a policeman is there to help things out, but generally, chaos reigns and we have to be careful not to get involved in an accident. A few accidents have already occurred and I am a witness to one.

It happened just after the school. As usual the road was very busy and the vehicles were running in a great hurry. There was a loud blare of horn, a squeal of brakes and I saw a car knock into a boy. He fell as though his feet were swept under him.

Fortunately, the car was not moving very fast and the driver managed to stop the car before a wheel could run over the fallen boy.

Suddenly, all the traffic stopped. I ran over to the boy and saw blood on the road. He was bleeding from a cut on his head. A man came and carried him to hospital. A policeman came to calm things down.

As there was nothing I could do, I turned and walked down the road carefully. It was terrible to witness an accident. I certainly would not like to be involved in one.