After drinking a fourteen-pack, I tried to drive home (as I had recently been scolded for staying out all night) and got sideways entering the 57 freeway north-bound from Yorba Linda Boulevard in Fullerton, California. When my right front wheel hit the curb, the tie rod snapped, and I couldn't steer away from the back side of the wall of the car ports for the apartments there (where I had just been partying). My head hit the steering wheel on impact, removing my glasses, which I couldn't find after the fact. When I sat back up, the back of my head hit the beam that had come through the right side of the wind shield, over the driver's seat and through the left rear side window – which was about the same size as the wind-wings. If I'd been wearing a shoulder harness (which that car didn't have), I would have been decapitated – as would anyone in the passenger seat had I been carrying any passengers. I won't tell the part about fleeing the scene and reporting the car stolen – only to turn myself in the next morning and confess to what I had done to the Fullerton police where my dad was a lieutenant.