

\*WHAM\*

The doors of the hospital flew open. On the stretcher, a teenage boy, not much older than 16, was bleeding profusely. His right arm and left foot were missing, nowhere to be seen on either his body, or near the stretcher. Various gashes and cuts covered his body. Paramedics were carting him towards the Emergency Room, screaming for a doctor. The boy was groaning in pain, barely able to stay conscious.

Once the paramedics got to the room, a doctor was waiting inside.

“What’s his condition?” the doctor asked.

One of the paramedics responded, “Right arm and left foot is missing, along with massive internal and external hemorrhaging.” They moved his body off the stretcher and onto the operating table.

“How did that happen?”

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30 minutes prior  
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Alec stumbled out of the house, music and lights loudly emanating from behind him. One of his friends popped out the door. “Hey, man, you think you’re okay to drive? You kinda drank a few shots.”

“I’rr be fhin, Thom. I-lh fel gud enouf ta driv.” Alec slurred.

“Okay, fine, whatever. Drive safe.” Tom disappeared back into the house.

Alec responded, “Dun’t tel meh wat ta du.” He grappled for his keys, and dropped them several times before he got to his car. With the ignition going, he swerved off into the night.

“Stupd Thom, thiks lh cat driv. lh gota tel hm lh had enouf a his sh-” Alec never finished that sentence. As he turned his head to look for his phone, he passed a red light, and an oncoming truck slammed into his right side. Almost immediately, he blacked out.

Five minutes later, he woke up, barely gripping his conscious. His head was on the ground, and a crimson red filled his vision, along with said ground. Pain was everywhere on his body, and he couldn’t feel his right arm. Paramedics were just about to pull him onto a stretcher, and deliver him into an ambulance. He only saw what remained of the car for a moment, a mangled mess of metal barely recognizable as a vehicle.

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Three Hours Later  
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Alec awoke on the hospital bed, groggy from the anesthetic. He barely remembered what happened last night. A party, some alcohol, and he thought he tried to drive home whilst... oh god, his arm.

He looked to his right to see a stub covered in bloody cloth. His arm had been severed off in the crash. A similar situation happened with his left foot.

The doctor walked in. "Ah, Alec, you're awake."

"W-what happened to me?!" Tears started rolling down Alec's face.

"You were in a car crash. Your car got hit on the right side, and sheared off your arm and foot. I'm afraid there's nothing we could do about it." The doctor flipped through some papers. "Oh, and your blood-alcohol levels were 0.16. You were drunk out of your mind."

"Why did I try to drive? Why didn't I make the right choice and get someone to drive me home?"

"When drunk, you don't have the same amount of logical thinking. It's best everyone know this, and force their friends to not drive when drunk. Otherwise, they might end up like you."