

Don't Drink and Drive

What's it like to lose someone? It's empty. It's painful. You wake up every morning and gasp for air, trying to wake up from the nightmare that has engulfed the house. All because of a couple drinks.

Krista was driving home from her baby's birthday party. She had just turned two. The other driver, only 17, was driving her 16 year old friend home from a party. The baby cooed in the backseat of Krista's car, happier than ever. Cake filled her belly and party favors were spilled all over the floor. The teenagers had a couple shots, but decided there was no way it could have effected them. They drank all the time, so they believed that they had a strong tolerance. Do you think they knew that Krista was a doctor? That me and her other daughter were waiting for her to come home? It all had to end, just because of a couple drinks.

Krista's eyes widened as the blue Subaru headed towards the front end of her car. The two cars collided. Krista's car rolled one, two, three, four times. Each time the metal of the car crushed in on her unconscious body. The toddler let out a sharp cry, reaching for her mother. Krista grabbed onto the wheel and shut her eyes tight, praying the jerking movements of the car would stop.

Her eyes fluttered open hours later to find police prying the car apart to try to remove her. Vision blurry, she looked into the distance. A pair of converse stained red. Ambulances, three body bags. One smaller than the rest. Her breathing became more erratic, and the more she tried to free herself the heavier her chest felt. Krista's eyes moved to what she thought was the back-end of her car. It was no longer there, and neither was the purple car seat that had been so carefully placed there earlier.

"One.. Two.. Three!"

They pulled her body from the useless scraps of metal and placed her on a stretcher, racing her into the ambulance, shoving an oxygen mask on her face. Hot tears rolled down her cheeks as every part of her body screamed for help. Next she knew, she was asleep.

Attending a funeral is hard, but attending a toddlers funeral is even worse. Krista hated herself every day. Every single second of every day. The drunk driver got a lucky break, she didn't have to live with what she did. The 17 year old died instantly in the crash, along with her friend. A whole life wasted over one mistake.

Krista didn't show her face much anymore. She sat in her bedroom and wouldn't unlock the door for anyone, not even her spouse. The food in their house sat untouched, except for the occasional fly. The baby pictures in her house remained as painful memories, and the nursery door kept shut. Not a sound was heard from that family.

The day her husband found Krista hanging in her bedroom is the one we will never forget. A note sat on her bedside, explaining why she couldn't stay with us anymore. Her baby was her life, and now she had no reason to live. Another funeral. Two in the span of one year. Four lives taken unnecessarily.

We miss her every day. Every single useless day. Please don't drink and drive. You might just end a life.