

It was February 7th, 2016, Super Bowl Sunday. A day that was celebrated by millions of Americans and one that, like Christmas, only comes once a year. And what comes with the Super Bowl, yes the parties. It was going to be just a couple of friends and I and we had been talking for weeks about the big game. We argued with one another about who was going to win and how this guy was going to explode and how this guy was going to be a bust, etc. It was so hyped that once the day came it felt surreal. I remember driving to my friend's house at about 4 PM that afternoon and parking my car in his driveway. That would unfortunately be the last time I parked that car.

I went inside and everyone greeted me at the door, all dressed in football jerseys and face paint. There were a lot more people that had showed up than expected, but I was fine with it. It was like the typical football party one might see in a commercial or straight out of a movie. I remember conversing for a while with my friends and others before the game started, until it was that time. Over the loud mumbling of voices we all hear the Sunday Night Football theme song, and after that moment we rushed for our seats and let the tension arise. It was shortly after this moment that I would enter into a downward spiral that would come to a tragic end later that night.

A friend of mine reached behind the couch that we were both sitting on and pulled out a backpack. I remember, it was black with orange accents running down the sides. He slowly unzipped it, paying close attention to the game. Although I still didn't know what it was for sure that my friend was grabbing, I had a pretty good idea. Sure enough I would be right. After unzipping the back, he pulled out a few 12 packs of Bud Light and placed them on the floor in front of me. After this I remember him nudging me with a big grin on his face, asking me to drink with him. I couldn't resist trying something new, so I agreed. He ripped open the box and tossed me a can. My first beer. I broke the seal and bent back the tab, and the rest is history. I briefly remember downing countless of them. I finished one and it was right on the next, all night long. After a short while I was beginning to get impaired and after that, things began to get hazy.

After a solid couple of hours of drinking, I finally stopped and shortly after this I felt the effects wear off. I was getting very tired and pretty drowsy so I wanted to fall asleep, but my parents required me to be home that night. I didn't know anybody else there I knew well enough to give me a ride back home and all of my friends had been drinking, so my options were to drive home tired and impaired, or to call my parents and confess and have them pick me up. At the time, I reasoned with myself that I felt fine and the alcohol had worn off so I would be alright to drive home myself. I said my goodbyes to my friends and walked out through the front door and right into the driver's seat of my car. I put the key in the ignition, closed my door and started the car up, and this is where things get blurry.

I remember leaving my friend's house and driving down the icy, pitch black back roads to my house. My vision was blurred and unable to register the corner turn fast enough, I turned the wheel a second too late and drove straight off into the trees. It is at this moment that I would have died had this story been true. Lucky for me, I didn't put myself in this situation and didn't have to come to this outcome, but there are far too many other teens who do make these same decisions and who do face these outcomes and this is why I have felt the urge to write this paper and display the importance I feel on the matter.

This hypothetical kid I spoke of in this short paper could fill in for any person who has ever died due to drunk driving, based off of only two things. They have to accept drinking alcohol and then get in a vehicle drunk or with someone else who has been drinking. Those are the only two things that need to occur and then everything else after usually leads to the same same unfortunate end. So while every tragedy may be unique, it always comes down to these two things. And because these tragic outcomes can only occur from the occurrence of these two things, the way to stop it is to either not drink or to not drive while drunk. Two very simple solutions, yet so hard to do by so many.

As a 17 year old teen, I have grown up knowing the dangers of drunk driving and never have nor ever will do such a thing, but it has only because of my awareness on the matter that I

haven't done it. And for this reason, it only makes sense that if a lot more people are educated, there would be a lot less incidents of drunk driving accidents. But I feel that not only does the matter need to have more awareness shed on it, but I think that the awareness that it spread needs to be valuable and in depth. It needs to be something that people will remember and life-like so that if the moment ever did arise, they would chose the right option and Arrive Alive.