

Just a Few More

A short story, by Ramirez Robinson

The psychiatrist walked into his office silently, clipboard in hand and his work face on. The man was in his forties, but looks older, due to the white hairs in his beard, and his few, but noticeable wrinkles. The psychiatrist sat down in his chair without looking at the younger man laying on the couch.

"Sorry about the wait, I just had to find your records." the psychiatrist apologized to his newest patient. He held a tape recorder up and he hit the record button. "Dr. Smith recording on the fifth of February, 2015. This is day one with newest patient, name is Patrick Williams, nineteen years old, star offensive linemen for high school football team." Smith hit the stop button. "Now tell me why you're here." Patrick looked up at the ceiling, he looked lost, that's the simple way to put it. "Patrick? I can't help you solve your problems if you don't tell me."

Patrick shook his head a few times before he looked towards Smith. "I'm a murderer Doc. I killed two people that night." Smith shook his head as he was writing down notes down on his otherwise empty piece of paper.

"It was accidental, you weren't fully there at the time. And I'm here to help you forgive yourself." Patrick nodded slowly as he sighed. "Now, tell me what happened." Smith instructed.

"It was June, I don't remember the precise date, but I know that it was a Saturday. Me and my girlfriend, Jessica were visiting her brother Lawrence's, new place. He was having a party to celebrate, and we decided to arrive before the party; Jessica wasn't a party person."

"If she wasn't a party person, then how did she end up in your car during the wreck?"

"I was just getting to that part. My best friend Danny arrived not too long after me and Jessica, (is basically my brother), we've been friends for ten plus years now. Whenever me and him get together, we just start talking. Knowing this, I told Jessica that she can take my car and to come pick me up later." Smith nodded as he wrote down the important details. "Continue."

"Me and Danny stayed at Lawrence's for the party, which started at around eight. Of course someone brought some booze, I don't know the name of that guy, but Lawrence knew him, so I didn't question it. Not too long after the beer was out, I took a can and that's when I started."

Dr. Smith nodded. "Now Patrick, have you drank alcohol before? I also hope that you knew that you could've just said no and had some water or nothing at all."

"I know Doc I could've, and I wish I did. To answer your first question, I drank before at some other parties, but it would normally be three cans of beer, nothing excessive. But that night was different. I think I had eight Redds Apple Ale, a few shots of Bacardi rum, and I think a bottle and a half of Crown Royal whiskey."

It took Dr. Smith a minute to comprehend that jump in how much alcohol Patrick consumed in one night. He gave the younger man a slow nod. "Alright then, so you were very intoxicated. Go on then."

"I was there until around two in the morning. That's when Jessica finally came back. At that point I hadn't drank anything for a hour, so I thought that I was more than capable of driving the short time that it takes to get to her house from the party."

"And how long was Jessica's house from her brother's home?"

Patrick shrugged. "Roughly forty minutes."

Dr. Smith wrote down that small segment. "*Lose of proper judgement skills. Common side effect of intoxication.*" He thought to himself before he nodded to Patrick, telling him to continue with the story.

"It took a few minutes of persuading, and I had to prove that I could walk straight without stumbling too much. Lucky for me, I was able to do so with some effort. Lucky for everyone else, Lawrence's house was out in the middle of the woods; it's one of those larger countryside houses you would see on TV all the time. So that meant that there was zero traffic on the road."

"Do you remember how you were driving at that time?"

"According to what Jessica was telling me before the wreck, I was swerving a little every couple of minutes, besides that I was flawless."

"If you were so flawless in your driving, then how did you end up killing two people?" Smith was curious at this point, and he needed to know how such a tragedy like this happened.

"There's this one part of the road that serves as a crossing for a four wheeler trail. At that one unlucky moment, an older couple, maybe in their forties were crossing the road the very moment that I was at that intersection. One second there was nothing, and the very next there they were."

Dr. Smith raised an eyebrow at that part of the story. "Do you know what the couple were doing out there so late?" Patrick nodded slowly. "From what I was told, the couple got stuck somewhere out on the trail, and it took them a few hours, they finally got out sometime after dark, and they were on their way back." Dr. Smith finished writing down the rest of the story. "I already know the rest of the story. You had a trial, and got fifteen years in prison, and when you get out, you'll never be able to get a license. So what did you learn from all of this punishment?"

Patrick looked at Dr. Smith and nodded slowly. "Drinking while intoxicated can ruin everything in a second. And it'll be a full year in just a few days. My mom's suppose to come visit and talk things through." A door opened a few seconds later. A prison guard walked in and said. "Times up Williams." Patrick stood up and said. "Yes sir." He looked back at Smith. "Same time next week Doc?"

Dr. Smith nodded as he wrote down the date. "That works with me." He told Patrick as the prisoner that was once known as an all star linebacker, with everything planned out for the next five years, crumbled into living at the near bottom of the social ladder for a quarter of his life. So don't drink and drive, it can ruin your whole life in an instant.